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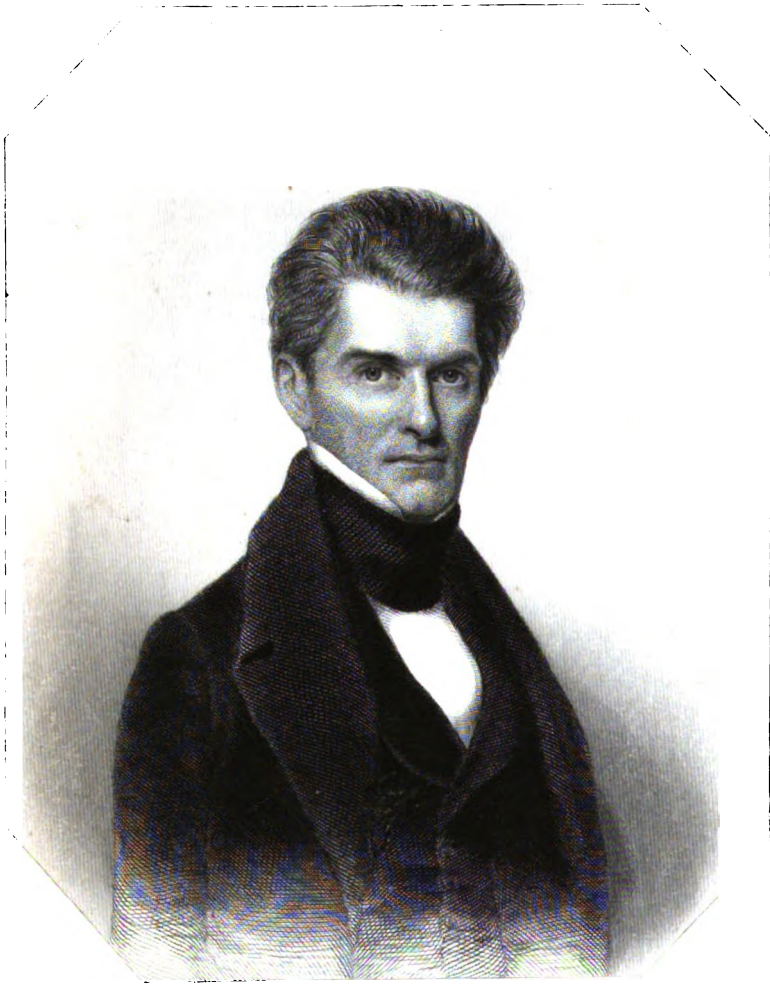

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THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

"THE BEST GOVERNMENT IS THAT WHICH GOVERNS LEAST."

NEW SERIES.

VOLUME XII.

NEW YORK:

J. & H. G. LANGLEY, 57 CHATHAM STREET.

1843.

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THE

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ENGLAND.*

A BEAUTIFUL practical application of the most difficult of the Christian precepts is exhibited by a large portion of our American press. Let it no longer be said that for our poor human nature it is a sublime impossibility to "love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." Let an Englishman come to this country and write an abusive book of his travels, be it never so false, never so flippant, never so crammed with crude absurdities and impertinences, it is sure of a "general circulation" among the British public, and from the British press welcome, commendation, daily reference and copious quotation. On the other hand, let an American undertake to present, to the indignant sympathies of his countrymen and the world, even an imperfect picture of all those hideous horrors of wrong and wretchedness, growing out of the oppression of the many by the few, which lie within the whited sepulchre of England's external greatness and glory,—let him bring to the task the heart of a man and the spirit of an American, which will not be restrained from a strong utterance of the feelings necessarily excited by the sickening spectacle,—and from a large portion of the American press he may expect to receive the neglect of total indifference when he is fortunate enough to escape the frown of positive hostility. Thus it is, that while on the one side the abusive lie against America is welcomed and applauded in England, on the other the indignant truth respecting England is disregarded or derided in America. We do not mean that this is a very remarkable instance of the spirit of the precept which commands the return of good for evil, and the offer of the left cheek to the smiter of the right, but it is at least a signal performance of its letter.

The fact is, and there is no denying it, that the number is not small among us who have really more sympathy—though they are scarcely conscious of it themselves, and would never confess it to others—more sympathy with the aristocratic institutions of England, than with the democratic genius of their own country and government. We have no desire to take the occasion

* The Condition and Fate of England. By the Author of "The Glory and Shame of England." 2 vols. 12mo. Second Edition. New York: J. & H. G. Langley, 57 Chatham street. 1843.

Histoire Criminelle du Gouvernement Anglais, depuis les premiers massacres de l'Irlande jusqu' à l'empoisonnement des Chinois; par Elias Regnault. Paris: Pagnerre, Editeur, Rue de Seine, 14 Bis. 1841. New York: In Press of J. S. Redfield.

to say a word grating harshly on the ears of our opponents in our division of parties, and will by no means pretend that all the American spirit, all the democratic feeling, is on our side, and all the aristocratic sentiment, the un-American spirit, on theirs; though we do insist that there is more, vastly more, of the former on ours, and of the latter on theirs, than *vice versâ*. At all events, there is a very strong and widely diffused anti-democratic principle and sentiment among us, manifesting itself continually in a great variety of modes and occasions, social and political. There is as much distrust and fear of "the People"—as much dislike of universal suffrage—as much dread of it when it does not exist, and regret for its existence where it has been irrevocably established—as much of that spirit which has little faith in human nature, and less love for it, and which aims always to govern the "lower classes" by strong law and plenty of it—which delights to stand above and aloof, and to whose ears the words Equality, Liberty, Brotherhood, are either unmeaning sounds or harsh discords—as much of all this among us, we are almost tempted to say, as in England itself. All those in whom this spirit exists, incline strongly with all the grain of their bias in favor of the aristocratic principles of the English system, even though they may concede that it is there carried somewhat too far. They receive with no favor, with no sympathy, democratic versions of the real character of that system, as illustrated by its desolating consequences upon those wretched masses of the agricultural and manufacturing operatives, on whose degradation and destitution is reared all that gorgeous structure of the nobility of England.

Is this spirit—strong as it is, though latent, latent often even from the consciousness of those most deeply tinged with it—is this spirit confined to a few? Would that it were. It is at least sufficient almost entirely to paralyze the natural impulse and tendency which we might expect to witness in the American heart in sympathy toward that same cause of liberty in our mother-country which our revolution established in triumph for us, and which our example has taught and stimulated the Reformers of England to strive and struggle for, even under all the superincumbent weight of social and political disadvantages, under which they can but heave and toss like the giant whose sighs are the hot breath, and whose groans the fearful mutterings of Etna. What do we care for or about English Radicalism or Chartism, or any movement of the kind, or anybody connected with them? What attention do we pay to them? What cheer of encouragement, what word or token of sympathy, to say nothing of more substantial aid, do they ever get from us—do we ever dream of sending? An occasional cold and careless paragraph among the ample columns devoted by our leading newspapers to the foreign news brought by each packet a day or two later than its predecessor, is all the notice their cause or their movements ever receive from our press. We know little or nothing of their men. Their papers are never quoted from; we doubt much if any of ours exchange with them. In a word, wrapped up in the selfish satisfaction of our own possession of all they are so painfully contending for, we seem to take less interest in their struggles and sufferings than we should do in the affairs of the people of the moon—if there are any there—and if we had access to any knowledge of their sayings and doings.

The operation of this same spirit is very apparent in the reception which has been accorded by the greater part of the press—at least that of our Atlantic cities, so far as it has fallen under our observation—to the volume referred to at the commencement of this Article. Its author, during a recent visit to England, directed his attention less to the superficial splendors which usually fill the eye of the American traveller, than to the dreadful oppressions under which the wretched millions of the working population sigh and suffer, in a condition of which the permitted continuance seems almost enough to provoke an indignant denial of the existence of a ruling Providence of power and good. He looked into these things with the eye of a republican, and feeling for them with the heart of a Christian, he has denounced them, as well became him, in both capacities. He has seen with just regret the ignorance prevailing among his countrymen about the real facts and details of this sub-

ject, and that consequent apathy in regard to them for which he has felt a natural surprise and shame; and his object has been to lay before them such a condensed summary of the terrible truth, as will at the same time supply their deficiency of information, and stimulate their slumbering sympathies. Mr. Lester's former hasty and slip-shod book, on "The Glory and Shame of England," was, indeed, disfigured by many faults, which laid it justly bare to criticism, though, as we remarked on its appearance, it contained a great deal for which we could most cordially thank him for his labors, and was animated by a feeling which went far to redeem worse offences of style and manner. The present one is altogether superior in every respect to the former; though, from the general similarity of subject, and the spirit in which it is treated, it perhaps suffers somewhat from a personal prejudice left on many minds by the other. It is better arranged and digested; and, though not free from literary faults which we have no desire to extenuate, is generally in better taste and style, and the evident product of more deliberate pains and more careful revision.

The greatest merit of the book is that which has been imputed to it as a defect, the copiousness of its quotations. Aware of the difficulty of finding credence for all he had to tell, even on the part of a favorably disposed audience,—still more of the abuse and contradiction to be expected from adverse prejudice and national irritation, to every mere statement or description of his own,—he has aimed at every step to fortify his progress by English authority and evidence, of a character beyond the reach of those assaults which he could hardly expect himself to be able to withstand. He has made English writers, English reviewers, English statisticians, English ministers, either tell or verify the sad story he desired to present to his country, of English misgovernment and wretchedness. In the points of fact which he has selected for illustration of his assertions, he has generally been careful to take such as are symptomatic in their character, and which present in a word a whole history of their antecedents and attendant circumstances—as the fruit is the sufficient proof of the existence of root, trunk, branches, soil, sun, air, and all the necessary causes and concomitants to its production. And, taken as a whole, the work presents a view of the condition of the People of England, as authentic in its evidences as it is dark in its shades and harrowing in many of its details, which we should be glad to see diffused in as wide a circulation on our side of the Atlantic, as any "American Notes for General Circulation" have received on the other. The information, we repeat, is wanted among us, and every year as it developes and accelerates the tendency now moving fast onward in England towards a radical reform or a terrible revolution, will increase its value and interest.

The work of M. Regnault, a strong liberal writer of the present day, in Paris, we are led to notice in the present Article, from having observed the announcement that it is shortly to be translated and republished here. Its title sufficiently indicates its character. "The Criminal History of the English Government, from the earliest massacres in Ireland to the poisoning of the Chinese," written by a Frenchman, is not likely to present a picture very gay in its colors, or drawn with a very delicate pencil. "The Criminal History of the English Government," exclaims M. Regnault in his preface, "needs neither declamation nor hyperbole. The facts speak for themselves. To narrate is to accuse; to read is to condemn. In these hideous annals, where every page is a blot, every line a wrong, we are only embarrassed by the fecundity of crime and the perplexity of choice." Lamarque furnishes him one of the mottoes for his title-page,—"Punic faith has found its match in modern times in English faith;" and Cato the other, which follows as its cordial commentary, "*Delenda Carthago!*" The latter denunciation he seems no less anxious to carry into practical effect than was the stern old republican from whom he borrows it. He calls upon France to be the modern Rome to this modern Carthage. "In other times," writes M. Regnault, very ridiculously and very Frenchly, "when this same England, departing from the paths of Christianity, was gradually returning towards its former Saxon paganism, it was from the shores of France that those warriors issued who assembled at the voice

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of the sovereign pontiff. The day has come to go and chastise these degenerate Normans, and to imitate the example of their own ancestors. The English government, in violating the rights of other nations, has placed itself beyond the pale of all rights. Let the standard of European crusade be unfurled against the pirates! Let every nation, every city, every voice, repeat the sacred cry, 'God wills it! God wills it!' Never was excommunication better merited; and when the colossus of clay shall crumble beneath the blows of the indignant nations, never, in the history of empires, will a greater ruin have taught a greater lesson." Whether M. Regnault will meet with the same success, in his invocation of a general European crusade against England, which attended the same cry from the inspired lips from which he quotes it, may well be a subject of some slight degree of doubt, however free he himself seems from entertaining any.

It is not indeed the English people, but rather their government, against which he would direct this exterminating vengeance of the world. Nations are only responsible to the extent that they are free. "What we wish to combat," says he, "is that guilty oligarchy which Napoleon cursed on his bed of death; what we wish to devote to the execration of the nations, is that detestable community of feudal traffickers which has consecrated falsehood, and erected pillage into a principle. We would cheerfully extend the hand of friendship to the British people; but to reach them we must overthrow the aristocracy which holds them enchained in a splendid slavery."

The following is the concluding paragraph of Mr. Regnault's philippic: "Let it not be supposed that in a vain spirit of ambition, we would invoke useless wars, and aspire to any triumphs of personal feeling. The nations of to-day—we recognize the fact—desire order and peace; they have come to understand other glories than the glory of arms; they dream of other conquests than the conquest of territory. But it is because we do acknowledge this tendency that we demand aloud the annihilation of that oligarchy of England which in every region of the globe is a cause of disorder and wretchedness. It alone at the present day sanctions violence, and perpetuates spoliation; it alone disturbs the security of the nations, and compromises the peace of the world. Let the world, then, reach the consummation of peace by one last war; let it go and seize in their den these pirates who have assumed to themselves the monopoly of crime. Let us summon to the standard of civilisation and justice all the nations who have accounts to settle with this arrogant aristocracy; let us rally the formidable cohort of its victims, and then, from North America to the East Indies, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Mediterranean, from the North Sea to the Cape of Good Hope, we should behold gathering together men of every race, to come and take their part in the execution of sentence on the common enemy; and every nation of the globe would appear before the eye of the expiring oligarchy, to repeat to it in turn the funereal words which sounded in the ears of Richard the Third—'*Despair and die!*'"

With all this rhapsody we have of course no further sympathy than a full and earnest participation in the wish for the speedy downfall of that thrice-cursed image of Baal, the Aristocracy of England. We would not see it accomplished, good as is the end, by the bad means here indicated, even if these means appeared within any measurable distance of feasibility. We would aim toward its achievement in a far different manner, a far different spirit. It must be by the People of England themselves that their own emancipation must be effected; and by them it can best be done by bloodless methods. It is a remarkable fact, that the man who at this moment stands at the head of the English democratic movement, is a member of that only Christian denomination which has adopted the true spirit of the gospel of their profession, with respect to the moral lawfulness of the use of violence and the shedding of blood—we refer to Joseph Sturge, the Quaker, of Birmingham. The great political organization of which he is president, "The Complete Suffrage Union," is rapidly extending over the whole United Kingdom, and attaching to itself, and to the movement to which they have heretofore been strongly averse, the great body of the substantial middle classes. Discountenancing all violence, upholding the peaceful sanctions of order and law, but

denouncing the oppressions of aristocratic misgovernment, and preaching strongly the great ideas of human rights, and demanding universal suffrage as the only peaceful and adequate remedy to the evils whose exasperation must soon otherwise seek other modes of redress and revenge, this organization is working with great steadiness and power toward the end which is far sooner and better to be attained in this mode than by any of the furious follies of Chartism. Though totally distinct from the Chartists, as an organized party, the great principles of reform to which they pledge and devote themselves are identical with the six points of the Charter—namely, universal suffrage, the ballot, annual parliaments, compensation to members of parliament, no property qualification for the office, and correspondence of representation to population. Pervaded and regulated by the spirit of which its pious and peaceful President may be regarded as an expression, the "Complete Suffrage Union" harmonizes in its direction with every other effort of reform, while it commands the confidence of thousands deterred from participation in these movements by the violent spirit so often evinced by their supporters. We regard it as one of the most auspicious and hopeful indications apparent in the troubled confusion of the present politics of England, that this great and growing organization is thus under the presidency of a "Friend," a man, moreover, of character so pure, so philanthropic, so devoted to the principles of liberty in the spirit of love, as Joseph Sturge.*

To return to Mr. Lester's work, of which it was our design to present a general idea to our readers. This will perhaps best be done by a brief recapitulation of the subjects of the several parts, or books, into which it is divided. The first embraces a view of the Power and Magnificence of the British Empire, with illustrations of the spirit of the feudal and of the modern age. The second exhibits a grievous picture of the general condition of the mass of the British people in *past* ages—their burdens and sufferings during centuries of unrelieved oppression. The third and fourth treat of the injustice, the wrongs, the oppressive laws and cruel enactments under which the majority of the British people are *now* struggling, and contain a vigorous and victorious reply to the contradictions of Mr. Lester's former work in a recent publication entitled "The Shame and Glory of England Vindicated." The fifth and sixth present a harrowing description of the sufferings and crime, the ignorance and degradation, which have been caused by these oppressive and unparalleled burdens laid upon the people. The seventh treats of the woes and wrongs of Ireland under the tyranny of the British yoke, pointing to the repeal of the legislative union as the only relief for the evils that yet oppress her. The eighth relates to the feelings of the people of England in view of the deep injustice they have so long suffered, and their determination to endure their slavery no longer; while the ninth exhibits the opposition of the aristocracy to the liberties of the people, and their determination still to keep them in subjection. The tenth discusses the progress of the Democratic Principle throughout the world, and especially in Great Britain; and the eleventh and last illustrates the author's prediction of an inevitable and speedy termination to the state of things depicted throughout the course of the preceding books, in either a deep and wide-reaching reform, or a tremendous revolution. A short Appendix adds a caustic and indignant review of a pamphlet recently published by Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, of his "Impressions of the Church of England," in which is administered a rebuke to an "un-Americanized American," as just as it is severe. From the

* The character as well as the creed of Mr. Sturge made him naturally, in regard to the institution of slavery in this country, (which he visited a few years ago, after a tour in the British West India Islands), an abolitionist. We have nothing to do with him here in that capacity. He meant well, undoubtedly, but of course had no better understanding of the peculiar political relations of this country than other foreigners, especially Englishmen. After his return to England, he discovered the truth that there were heavier chains at home, and perhaps a higher duty to devote his energies first to the task of breaking or lightening *them*.

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last named portion of the work we are tempted to make the following quotation,—which follows some comments on a speech in which Bishop Doane had expressed an approbation of the English union of the Church and State, which certainly sounds exceedingly strange from the lips of an American minister of the Gospel:

"Yet all this, anti-republican as it is, we could have passed without notice, and only pitied the bigotry and servility displayed in it. But there is one thing not to be pardoned, and which will awaken the indignation of every man who has a drop of the blood of the Puritans running in his veins. In a speech made by the Bishop in Saint Mary's Hall, Coventry, is found the following remarkable passage, which I have taken the liberty to underscore;—'I have lived in a land peopled by those who emigrated from this country. It is the *fashion* to call *some* of them the Pilgrim Fathers—men who *fancied themselves somehow straitened* in the enjoyment of religious liberty—who, in the claim of greater freedom in God's worship and service, set out for distant shores, and planted themselves in a region now called New England: I enter not into the inquiry as to the *character of these men, the justice of their complaints*, or the *motives* for their proceedings—*I will accord to them all that charity can ask.* They went from here as they thought, and truly believed, the true followers of the Gospel of Jesus Christ; preaching, *as they thought*, the very principles of the Reformation—but without a church—without a Liturgy—*with no transmitted authority from God to minister in holy things.*'

"The result of this sacrilegious invasion of the prerogatives of the church he makes to be the prevalence of 'Unitarianism, Atheism, and Pantheism,' in New England.

"Now, I venture to say, that no native-born American for the last half century, has dared to utter so contemptible a *sneer* at the Pilgrim Fathers; and yet he is 'willing to accord them all that charity can ask.' And what 'charity,' Sir Bishop, do the Pilgrim Fathers ask of *you?* Charity! No other American has been found so false to his country, and those who left him the rich heritage he enjoys, as not to render them a proud and cheerful *reverence.* Charity from a Bishop of the Church of England to the Pilgrim Fathers!

You say it is a *fashion* to call *some* of them *Pilgrim Fathers*, intimating, in no obscure language, that it is the *sobriquet* of the ignorant and superstitious. You add, 'Men who *fancied* themselves somehow straitened in the enjoyment of their religious liberty.'—A *fancy* indeed, that cost them dear. The war-whoop of the Indian—the roar of the wintry storm—a desolate, unpeopled continent—methinks were a sad relief from *fancied* wrongs.

"Poor credulous, superstitious men, to leave the bosom of the mother church, whose *slightest* fault was that she was a *dry nurse!* You 'will enter into no inquiry as to the *character* of these men.' Indeed! You will in charity forbear—with that species of insinuation which is the worst calumny's best weapon—lest painful truths should be divulged! Meek minister of Christ, how much you can overlook even when you cannot forgive! But seriously, Sir Bishop, do you venture at this day to wag your mitred head at the 'MAYFLOWER,' as she struggles along the middle Atlantic, surrounded by all the terrors of the midnight storm? Can it be that insulting fling was meant for that frail, yet God-protected vessel, as she rocks in Massachusetts Bay—her icy deck crowded with men kneeling in solemn covenant with God, who alas! had given them 'no authority to minister in holy things.' Poor deluded men! under '*fancied*' wrongs they had fled to our inhospitable wilderness, and having 'no authority to minister in holy things,' they must live without Christianity. No cathedrals—no rich livings—no widow's tithes—no poor man's church rates—no fines on the renewal of leases—no fox-hunting clergy—no starved curates—and above all, no Bishops deriving their authority from St. Peter through *all* the Popes—none of these things to constitute them a church of the living God!

"You have the honor, Sir, of being the first one who has sneered at the Pilgrim Fathers, while enjoying the priceless privileges of moral and political liberty won by their blood. Far from my humble pen the presumption of undertaking to defend those noble men! There are their graves, but the dead are not in them—they live in the hearts of their countrymen. Around them cluster the noblest associations of freedom. The civil and religious liberty they left us we hold and will hold for ever, though there are found men in our midst so false to their birth, so servile to foreign despotism, as to talk depreciatingly of them, and fulsomely in a company of English hierarchs about the glorious privilege of a union of Church and State!"

The following extract from another portion of the work will serve to show the extent and value of the electoral

reform embodied in that splendid disappointment, the Reform Bill of Earl Grey—of which the result is, that less than one hundred and sixty-five thousand voters, or about the one hundred and sixty-fourth part of the whole people, create the majority in the House of Commons, which rules the rest of the twenty-seven millions of population!—

"It was a radical defect in the Reform Bill, that it made no provision for securing any fixed and fair proportion between the number of representatives and the number of electors. A few rotten boroughs were disfranchized, it is true, and the elective franchise somewhat extended; but Manchester, with 8,000 electors, and a population as large as New York, sends no more members to Parliament than Thetford, with only 160 voters. No distinction is made between Liverpool, with 12,000 electors, and Chippenham, with only 217. Harwich, with only 181 electors, returns as many members as the West Riding of Yorkshire, with 30,000. It is still an unequal and unjust system upon which the House of Commons is constituted; the mass of the people are still disfranchised, for of the total male population of the three kingdoms over twenty-one years of age, *only one man in six is allowed to vote.*

"From Lewis's 'Four Reformed Parliaments,' and the 'Registration Returns for 1841,' I find that the total number of electors in Great Britain and Ireland is only 994,731.—*A large deduction should, however, be made even from this number, for a plurality of votes, as the majority of freeholders have at least two votes—one for the borough and one for the county.* This would very much reduce the number of electors. From the authorities I have quoted above, it appears that *a sixth part of the constituency of the three kingdoms. returns a clear majority of the House of Commons.* While the entire constituency is only 994,731,—THREE HUNDRED AND FORTY-ONE MEMBERS OUT OF 658, ARE ELECTED BY 164,810 VOTERS!"

In treating of the actual suffering and degradation resulting from so many past centuries of misgovernment still continued with but slight mitigation, Mr. Lester divides the operative classes into the Agricultural and the Commercial Laborers. We shall give such extracts as our limits permit from his statements respecting both:

"AGRICULTURAL LABORERS.—Always choosing to substantiate my statements by English authorities, I shall open this section with a few words from the Westminster Review for January, 1842, to do away with the false impression which has been so common in the United States, and into the belief of which, so many Englishmen have been deluded; that the peasantry of England are 'the happiest peasantry in the world!' An impression which has no other foundation than the dreams of the poet, or the false representations of oppressive landlords.

"Says the Review, 'There is not a step, but simply a hand's-breadth between the condition of our agricultural laborers, and pauperism! For although the labor of our parish yards and Unions is more dependent and less remunerated than that of the free labor of those who keep themselves aloof from the parish, yet such is the actual condition of the farming men of this country, to say nothing of Ireland, that if only sickness during a few weeks assail them, or they lose employment for the same length of time, they have nothing to fall back upon, but the large district receptacles for the sick, the famishing, and the infirm. . . Misery everywhere exists—vast and incalculable misery! but it is more obvious, condensed, palpitating, and fuller of interest to a mere casual observer, in the great towns and cities, than in the fields, moors, fens, and mountains of our land. Misery in the country is less obvious to the passer-by, to the votary of pleasure and dissipation, and even to the man of leisure and reflection: but it is not the less real. The cottagers of England, once so cheerful and gay, are melancholy and mournful. The voice of singing is never heard within their walls. Their unhappy inmates vegetate on potatoes and hard dumplings, and keep themselves warm with hot water poured over one small teaspoonful of tea that barely colors the water, and which is administered to the fretful children by their anxious and impoverished parents.'

. . . . . .

"Soon after the 'anti-corn-law league' was organized, a new spirit of inquiry into the condition of the people was awakened. This resulted in so thorough an investigation, and in the accumulation of facts so incontrovertible, that no person who has any reputation for accuracy or intelligence to preserve, will risk it upon a denial of the terrible truth—that misery *vast and incalculable* everywhere prevails in the three kingdoms; and that the agricultural laborers, so far from being exempt from the general distress, have been among the severest sufferers.

"In giving an account of an investigation into the condition of the peasantry of

Devonshire, the garden of England, the editor of the anti-corn circular says:—'We invite particular attention to the account of the condition of the Devonshire peasantry, given in this number. It appears that the average wages paid to the laborers who till the soil of that garden of England, are under eight shillings a week! Tens of thousands of heads of families are there toiling for a shilling or fourteen pence a day each, which, supposing them to have a wife and three children, will not be more than eighteenpence a head;—less by sixpence than is allowed for the subsistence of a pauper in the Manchester workhouse,—nay, less than is paid for the food and clothing of the criminals confined in our New Bailey prison! Such are the peasantry of beautiful Devonshire. Truly may it be said of that county,—God created a paradise, and man has surrounded it with an atmosphere of misery, and peopled it with the wretched victims of selfish legislation!'

"In putting on record the weekly expenditure of a peasant's family, whose receipts were seven shillings a week, the writer adds, 'the account subjoined is not imaginative, being taken from the mouth of an honest and industrious peasant, living and working in the parish of Tiverton. His family consists of himself, his wife, and four children,—the ages of the latter being seven, six, four, and two years.' The following is the literal account given me by the parties:

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Rent of two rooms and garden			1	4
One peck of wheat	2s.	0d.		
Grinding	0	1½		
Barm	0	0½		
			2	2
Half a bag of potatoes			2	6
One pound of Lard			0	7½
Candles			0	1
Soap			0	1
Salt			0	0½
Milk, (scalded), six pints			0	2
			7	0

. . . . . .

"This account was published in the Somerset County Gazette. The editor expressed great surprise that such a state of things prevailed in Devonshire, and congratulated the peasantry of Somerset on their independence. A committee, however, was appointed to make a similar inquiry into *their* condition. In reference to it the editor says:—'At the Board of Guardians on Wednesday, however, we received painful evidence that the agricultural laborers of Somerset are, if it be possible, worse off than those of Devonshire. One case will be sufficient.

"'A woman applied for relief in consequence of the ill health of herself and children, and the certificate of the medical officer stated her to be suffering from want of sufficient nourishment. She bore two children in her arms, one of them having inflamed eyes. The case was strictly examined, and with a view to information on the real state of our boasted peasantry—the *happy* children of the soil—the *pride* of our land, as they are called by poets and landlords, we put several questions, the answers to which filled us with surprise. The following is the substance of her statement.

"'Her husband is a farm laborer, working for a farmer in the immediate neighborhood of Taunton. *His wages are seven shillings a week only*, with an allowance of cider for himself. We ascertained that these were the wages generally given by the farmers in this vicin ity The family consists of the peasant, his wife, and five children under ten years old. The farmer sells them wheat, not the best, but still, she said, very good, at eight shillings a bushel. She bought half a bushel a week, which consumed four shillings out of the seven. She paid eighteen pence a week for house rent; it cost her sixpence a week for grinding, baking and barm, to make the wheat into bread; another sixpence was consumed in firing, and only a solitary sixpence was left to provide the family with the *luxury* of potatoes, clothes, and other necessaries, for comforts they had none. And this is the condition of the English laborer.'

"These, and similar accounts of the peasantry in every part of England, were published more than two years ago. Since then the state of things has been growing worse and worse every day. The price of food has greatly increased. Commercial embarrassment has carried a distress hitherto unknown through every part of the country; and the most undoubted authorities, Quarterly Reviews, Members of Parliament, London and Provincial Journals, have all confirmed the sad truth, that although the peasantry have been surrounded by overflowing granaries, yet 'those that till the earth and make it lovely and fruitful by their labors, are only allowed the slave's share of the many blessings they produce.'

. . . . . .

"In the debate in the House of Lords on the collieries, Earl Fitzwilliam expressed the belief that if the inquiry was extended to the peasantry, they would be found in a condition no better than that of the 'SLAVES IN THE COAL MINES:' and in this belief several noble lords concurred.

"I might crowd facts together and accumulate evidence, but the case would be no more strongly made out. Our Repub-

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lican travellers have said little about the condition of the poor in Great Britain of any class; much less have they thought of looking for distress in the English cottage. Little has been known, even in England, among the higher classes, of the agricultural distress until recently, and they have cared still less than they knew. All hear the groan of the Factory operatives who are congregated in dense masses in the large manufacturing towns. But from the scattered and isolated position of the country laborers, their sufferings are less likely to be inquired into. Poets who vegetate in Grub street attics may sing of "vine-clad cottages," and Republican tourists, who struggle to gain admittance to aristocratic circles abroad, (and this is no difficult matter for any foreigner,) and who are there flattered, not only out of their republicanism but their humanity, may say a thousand soft things of Lords and Ladies, and England being a Paradise; it will nevertheless remain true, that 'there is not a *step* but simply a *hand's-breadth* between the condition of the English agricultural laborer and pauperism.'"

We have extracted the more copiously from the pages which treat of the Agricultural Laborers in England, because the general fact of the Factory distress is less novel to most of our readers than the equally bad condition of these "muzzled oxen that tread out the corn." We pass over all that relates to the Collieries, the ineffable horror of which was so recently brought up to the light of day—with only an allusion to the remark made by some of the most sensible members of the House of Lords, on the occasion of the Bill for their reform, which grew out of these revelations, namely, that it was questionable whether there was any humanity in going any further than a very slight modification of some of the abuses of the system, as they were, after all, a refuge from greater evils of their starvation above ground.

We have no space to dwell on the condition of the slaves of the Factory system, though we have not been able to read through Mr. Lester's accumulation of facts and evidence in relation to their destitution and degradation without the most sickening sensations. It is evident that very little good has resulted from the enactments which were adopted in 1833, after the celebrated Report of the Factory Commissioners, to regulate the abuses of the employment of Infant Labor. "Our factories," says a recent number of an excellent journal, the "Non-Conformist," "are daily scenes, *even now*, of hecatombs of youthful victims, sacrificed not only without remorse, but with a stoical indifference, to which it is difficult, we should imagine, for human nature, in its most depraved state, to attain." "Thirty thousand children," says the London Morning Post, "many of them *under eight years of age*, are worked in cotton factories even now, in many cases, *more than twelve hours a day*. Nay, these helpless creatures are compelled (as was fully proved before a Parliamentary Committee) to walk after the machinery *from twenty to thirty miles a day*. The cruelties proved, by irresistible evidence, to be committed on these helpless victims of our gambling system of trade, are sufficient to chill the blood of every person possessed of the ordinary attributes of humanity." "It is a monstrous thing," says the Quarterly Review, Dec., 1840, "to behold the condition, moral and physical, of the juvenile portion of our operative classes, more especially that which is found in the crowded lanes and courts of the larger towns, the charnel-houses of our race. . . . Emerging from these lairs of filth and disorder, the young workers,—'rising early, and late taking rest'—go forth that they may toil through the *fifteen, sixteen, nay seventeen relentless hours*, in sinks and abysses, oftentimes even more offensive and pernicious than the holes they have quitted; enfeebled in health and exasperated in spirit, having neither that repose which is restorative to the body, nor that precious medicine which can alone tranquillize the soul, they are forced to live and die as though it were the interest of the state to make them pigmies in strength and heathens in religion. Much are we often tempted to imprecate on these cities the curse of Jericho (Joshua 6, xxvi.); but far better is it for us, at most humble distance, to imitate those gracious and holy tears which fell over the pride and covetousness and ignorance of Jerusalem."

Of the ignorance and demoralization, the necessary accompaniments of the state of semi-starvation of the great mass of the English operatives, we need not speak. The proportion of

them is extremely small who possess, or can acquire, even the humblest rudiments of education. "The conclusion forced upon us from the testimony we have adduced," writes Mr. Lester, "is, that among the working classes, which are by far the most numerous, *not more than one half, so far as direct education is concerned, are in a condition very much better than barbarians!*" And he thus closes the chapter devoted to this branch of his sad subject:

"In bringing to a close this faint but dreary picture of the woes of the poor, I again ask what has England yet done for the mass of her slave population at home? She has been experimenting on human suffering for a thousand years. While she has made her commerce and wealth eclipse that of Alexandria and Tyre—while she has extended her domain over continents, and reared an empire greater than that of Rome—while she has enlarged the bounds of civilisation in the earth—she has not yet achieved the first work of all just governments,—to supply the lowest physical wants of her people. But there is something more painful to contemplate than a famishing population—it is a population of heathen under the shadow of a Christian throne."

However, thank heaven, things are fast ripening in England for a change of all this. The present generation cannot pass away without beholding it. To be effectual, the change must be radical and thorough indeed. The Corn-Laws must be the first thing to go—that question is now beyond argument. The annual burthen of the interest on the National Debt must be the next. Labor must be relieved from the crushing weight of that tax. In one mode or another it must be transferred to accumulated Property, with as little hardship as possible to the actual holders of the funds, especially the less wealthy classes of them. There are various modes in which this can be done. Let the necessary property and income taxes increase, perhaps largely, in proportion to the rising scale of wealth. Let the whole wealth of the three kingdoms be taxed directly to any extent necessary for its redemption. Labor, destitute Labor, would not suffer by this, though there would needs be some considerable transfers of wealth from certain classes of holders to others. The Debt need not be repudiated; unrighteous as it is, let it be paid; or at least the compromise might be made between the different classes of wealth, by the payment of all under a certain amount. Let the Establishment go next, and, applying its property toward the extinction of the Debt, let the various forms of Religion, purified and renovated by the process, find the support which in this country proves so ample, in the Voluntary Principle. And let the enormous burthen of the support of the splendor of the monarchy and its attendant aristocracy, and the great military establishments, with the thousands and tens of thousands of little drains upon the public treasury, growing out of the official abuses and corruptions incident to them, be cast off by the only means adequate to reach the evil, the adoption of a simple, easy, and cheap republican form of government. All this must come soon. The *parts* of the huge fabric of the English system are so inseparably united together, that the fall of one must drag down all the rest. It cannot work on much longer. The dike that restrains the great ocean force of the roused energies of the People is fast wearing away. As soon as one single breach is made, the whole will soon be swept away. God speed the advent of the day!—God bless the noble men engaged in the noble work!

By a coincidence which proves the coincidence of sympathy from which it proceeds, we have received, for the same Number in which this Article appears, from one of the truest Poets our country has produced, some fine lines addressed to this gallant and glorious band—the Reformers of England. They will be found on another page; but we may be permitted to quote their concluding verse, with the warm and earnest adoption both of their exhortation and their prayer:

"Press on!—and we who may not share
The toil or glory of your fight,
May ask, at least, in earnest prayer,
God's blessing on the Right!"

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ODE FOR NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

BY GEO. H. COLTON, AUTHOR OF "TECUMSEH."

I. 1.

HARK! I heard a mournful sound,
  Deep as ocean's groaning surge;
Minds are wildly wailing round
  A low, funereal dirge;
And spirit voices meet my ear
With solemn sadness and appalling fear!
What can it be doth thus my soul affright,
And startle e'en the slumbering Night?
It seems with sullen roar Oblivion's wave
Rolling o'er nations dead and Nature in her grave!

I. 2.

Lo! a haggard spectre train,
  Wild and shadowy shapes appear,
Bearing on with woful plain
  A corse and sable bier;
Disease, and Pain, and Penury,
And Melancholy of the tearful eye,
Friendship with altered brow, and baffled Guile,
Remorse, that ne'er was seen to smile,
Envy, Mistrust, wan Grief, and wasted Care,
And Disappointment sad, and suicide Despair.

I. 3.

"Wearily, O, wearily,"
  (The mournful chant was said),
"We bear thy clay-cold corse, O Year, along:
  Thy children all are dead;
One by one we saw them die,
And join the Past's innumerable throng.
Thy faithful followers we have been,
  Ever wasting hapless Man,
  Whose joyless life is shortened to a span,
Tracking his weary steps through each dark scene.
Childhood, and Youth, and withered Age,
  On each and all we aye attend,
'Till reaching life's last dusty stage,
The pilgrim hails e'en tyrant Death a friend,
Smiles at the icy touch, and joyeth at his end.

II. 1.

"Sisters, brothers, slowly bear
  To his grave the perished Year,
Wailing to the darkened air
  A dirge above his bier.
Around him flitting, faded Hours,
Scatter upon his corse pale, withered flowers;
For he is hasting to that dim domain,
Whence he may ne'er return again,
The Past,—into that peopled Solitude,
The voiceless, shadowy throng, the years beyond the Flood.

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II. 2.

"Ever with the perishing years
  From the earth man's race decay,
Journeying on in dust and tears,
  Of Time and Death the prey!
Ours is the joy to see them fall,
To wrap them in the winding-sheet and pall,
And bearing their cold forms, like thine, along,
With mockery of mourning song,
Whelm them at last 'neath dark Oblivion's main,
Whence they and thou, O Year, shall never wake again!"

II. 3.

Merrily, O, merrily,
  Arose another strain,
As this strange company did disappear;
  And lo! a joyous train
Passed before my wondering eye,
Bearing in lifted arms the infant Year.
Pleasure, and Youth, and laughing Love,
  Hand in hand with Joy and Mirth,
  And star-eyed Hope, that ever looks from earth,
And radiant Fancy in light measure move.
On silken wings the blooming Hours
  Hovered above the sleeping child,
Dispensing fairest, freshest flowers,
  Until the boy awoke, and waking smiled,
  To hear this rising strain, so solemn, sweet, and wild.

III. 1.

"See the golden Morn arise,
  Where the first faint streaks appear,
Climbing up the dewy skies
  To hail the new-born Year!
Attendants of the princely boy,
We bring man's wasted race sweet peace and joy,
While flee yon ghastly train with gloomy Night
Before us and the dawning light.
Raise we on high the joyous natal lay,
And bear the new-born King to meet the early day.

III. 2.

"See the star of Bethlehem
  Up the burning east ascend!
Cherubim and Seraphim
  Upon its course attend!
Away, away the shadows roll,
That hopeless darkened erst the human soul,
As its bright beams on that mean mansion shine,
Where lowly sleeps the Child Divine.
'Peace, peace to men!' the heavenly voices sing,
And 'peace, good will to men!' the heavenly arches ring!

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III. 3.

"Cheerily, then, cheerily,
O child of Earth and Heaven,
Bear thou the lot that is appointed here;
Grateful for bounty given,
O'er thy sorrows weep nor sigh,
But welcome with sweet smiles the new-born Year.
For Earth is always beautiful,
In her every hue and form;
Enrobed in sunshine, or begirt with storm,
Still, ever still the Earth is beautiful.
However roll Time's restless wave,
Yield not, O man, thy soul to gloom,
Nor deem thy resting-place the grave,
But watching Bethlehem's star beyond the tomb,
Hope for immortal life and never-fading bloom!"

New Haven.

TO THE REFORMERS OF ENGLAND.*

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

God bless ye, brothers!—In the fight
Ye're waging now, ye cannot fail,
For better is your sense of right
Than kingcraft's triple mail.

Than tyrant's law or bigot's ban
More mighty is your simplest word;
The free heart of an honest man
Than crosier or the sword.

Go—let your bloated Church rehearse
The lesson it has learned so well;
It moves not with its prayer or curse
The gates of Heaven or hell.

Let the State scaffold rise again—
Did Freedom die when Russell died?
Forget ye how the blood of Vane
From earth's green bosom cried?

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* The present struggle in Great Britain between the People and the Aristocracy—between liberal, republican principles and class legislation—has not attracted that notice in this country which the important interests staked upon its issue would seem to claim at the hands of American democracy. The formation of the National Complete Suffrage Association—pledged to universal suffrage and annual parliaments—at the head of which stands Joseph Sturge, the eminent "Quaker Chartist of Birmingham," has had the effect of uniting the middle and working classes throughout the United Kingdom, and inducing the liberal electors to make common cause with the disfranchised class. Among those who are directly or indirectly connected with this movement are Lord Brougham, Daniel O'Connell, Dr. Bowring, M.P., Sherman Crawford, M.P., Col. Thompson, Feargus O'Conner, and T. S. Duncombe, M.P. A national conference of delegates has been invited to meet at Birmingham on the 27th of December to prepare a bill for complete suffrage, and the other points of the Charter, to be submitted to Parliament. J. G. W.

The great hearts of your olden time
  Are beating with you, full and strong;
All holy memories and sublime
  And glorious round ye throng.

The bluff, bold men of Runnymead
  Are with ye still in times like these;
The shades of England's mighty dead,
  Your cloud of witnesses!

The truths ye urge are borne abroad
  By every wind and every tide;
The voice of Nature and of God
  Speaks out upon your side.

The weapons which your hands have found
  Are those which Heaven itself has wrought,
Light, Truth, and Love;—your battle-ground
  The free, broad field of Thought.

No partial, selfish purpose breaks
  The simple beauty of your plan,
Nor lie from throne or altar shakes
  Your steady faith in man.

The languid pulse of England starts
  And bounds beneath your words of power;
The beating of her million hearts
  Is with you at this hour!

And Thou who, with undoubting eye,
  Through present cloud and gathering storm
Canst see the span of Freedom's sky
  And sunshine soft and warm,—

Oh, pure Reformer!—not in vain
  Thy generous trust in human kind;
The good which bloodshed could not gain,
  Thy peaceful zeal shall find.

Press on!—the triumph shall be won
  Of common rights and equal laws,
The glorious dream of Harrington,
  And Sidney's Good Old Cause.

Blessing the Cotter and the Crown,
  Sweetening worn Labor's bitter cup;
And, plucking not the highest down,
  Lifting the lowest up,

Press on!—and we who may not share
  The toil or glory of your fight,
May ask, at least, in earnest prayer,
  God's blessing on the Right!

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THE LAST DESMONDS;

OR, THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," "RINGWOOD THE ROVER," &c.

FAR off in the extreme west of Ireland, there may be seen to this day, on the summit of a huge weather-beaten rock which overlooks the vasty billows of the wild Atlantic, the ruins of a huge baronial castle. Nothing can possibly be conceived more grand, or at the same time more desolate and awful, than the site of those stern pinnacles and battlements, frowning above the barren waste of waters,—the bare and herbless granite of the cliffs, the very base of which was lashed, at all times and tides, by the incessant surf that rolled in, all unbroken and unchecked, with the full sweep of thrice a thousand miles, from the shores of the western world—the huge black reefs and isolated boulders showing their inaccessible bald heads, perpetually moist and dripping, amid the yeast of waves—the total absence of all vegetation, even the stunted ling and hardy lichens refusing to exist in a spot so exposed to the ungenial blasts that howled so bleak and cutting over the restless ocean—the dissonant and piercing clangor of the sea-fowl which had their roosts and nesting places by myriads in the crevices and caverns of the castle rock—the very loneliness of those unfrequented waters across which rarely—almost never—were seen to glide the sails of merchantman or cruiser, save when the irresistible rage of the shrieking storm swept them, imploring aid all fruitlessly by minute guns, unheard amid the thunder of the waves, to certain and inevitable shipwreck—all was most solitary, stern, and savage, but in its very solitude and sternness how wondrous, how sublimely beautiful! For miles around the castle stretched bleak and treeless hills, covered with ragged heather, and fern, and stunted grasses, alternating with level tracts of treacherous black bog and green morasses; but nothing that deserved the name of tree took root in that cold soil, or sheltered those wide wastes from the sweep of the western gales. Here and there, it is true, on the eastern brow of some craggy hill, a few short ragged firs, gnarled and distorted and staghorned, grown grey with age ere they had reached a fourth part of their natural stature, mixed with dwarf junipers and patches of low furze, broke the monotonous expanse of waving fern and heath; while yet more rarely, in some secluded gorge, sheltered by over-topping moors, and watered by a mountain torrent, a scattered growth of birch and elders, with now and then a mountain ash or aspen, offered a grateful covert to the shy woodcock, when October brought him from his Norwegian fastnesses to haunts less rigorous and frozen.

To this bleak picture there was, however, one exception—a deep and narrow valley, scarce more indeed than a ravine, which lay close to the landward of the castle rock, and isolated it, save at one narrow point, from the mainland. Through this sequestered glen, completely shut off as it was, and embayed from every wind of heaven, a clear bright trout stream came dancing down, ever with merry music, over its pebbly bed, to add its mite of tribute to the vast treasury of ocean, sweeping from side to side of the dell in eccentric curves, and leaving in each bend and angle of its course, plats of the greenest turf that ever wooed the feet of the wild elves and fays that so abound in the romantic creed of Erin. Here, under the shadow of the tall grey rock, grew many a tall and stately timber tree,—ash, sycamore, elm, and linden; yet so deep was the gorge, and so narrow, that, except when you stood on the castle platform looking directly down into the cleft at your feet, the eye pased over it unnoticed, its rich fresh verdure adding nothing to the bleak desert in the midst of which it formed one green oasis. Still higher up this valley—which, as you ascended it from

its mouth to the southward of the castle, after almost encircling the crag, and approaching so near to the sea that it was only hindered there from falling into it by the neck of cliffs three hundred feet in height joining the promontory to the main, turned almost at right angles to the eastward—you came to a thick grove of yew trees, immense in the spread of their black tufted branches, and of an age, as it was said, coeval with the foundation of the Castle-on-the Crag. These singular and gloomy trees surrounded with their wall of ever-during shade a small space nearly semicircular, which had been used from time immemorial as a place of sepulture for the inhabitants of the castle, so long as such there were, and afterward for the sparse population of that wild barony. At the extremity of this little amphitheatre, above which the glen degenerates into a mere ravine not above ten feet wide, there stands a little chapel, with its stone cross above the ivy-mantled belfry, and its sacred well, covered by a wrought arch of gothic stone-work at the right hand of its low portal. This little place of worship was, at the time of which we write, when the proud castle was already mouldering in slow decay, kept in repair and clean and perfect; and, though its doors stood ever open, the candles were never wanting at the shrine, nor holy water in the font beside the entrance, nor flowers before the picture of the Virgin. The graves in the wild burial ground without were few and humble, consisting for the most part of the long low green mounds, unmarked by any headstone, which indicate the last homes of the poor and nameless. To this, however, there were a few exceptions; for close beneath the eaves of the chapel stood four or five tall headstones, all overgrown with moss and lichens, but still displaying the remains of much rich and elaborate carving, and hard by these two large square monuments, the larger of which bore upon its cover two full length effigies—one of an armed knight, with his mail hood on his head, and his heater-shaped shield slung about his neck, and his hands folded on the pommel of his crossletted sword, and his legs, clad in mail hose and spurs of knighthood, crossed one above the other to denote how he had warred in Palestine to win from Paynim hands the tomb of the Redeemer,—the other, a fair lady in robe of dignity, and coif, and wimple, with her hands joined in prayer upon her bosom. The lid of the other tomb displayed, in the sculpture of an age somewhat older and semi-barbarous, the figure of a mitred abbot with scapulary, beads and crosier, and an inscription, which had been renewed by some pious hand from age to age, and might be still decyphered—"Galfridus Desmond, abbas mitratus, cæsus a Danis, 1143." At a short distance from these relics of remote antiquity, under the shadow of one, the noblest, of the yew trees, were two large new-made graves, not yet adorned by any tomb or headstone, but surrounded by a rude railing of unbarked saplings; while opposite to these, on the other side of the cemetery, were eight or ten carved monuments, of different ages and various sculptured forms, all bearing the high name of Desmond.

It was about two months after the fatal battle of the Boyne had ended the last hopes of the worst and weakest of the Stuarts, and rendered hundreds of the most noble gentlemen of Ireland houseless and nameless fugitives, when on a dark and lowering night two persons might have been seen, had there been any there to watch them, making their way up the glen I have described, toward the lonely chapel. One of these was an elderly man, with hair almost entirely white, but hale and vigorous still, dressed in a suit of plain black clothes with silk stockings and large buckles in his low-heeled shoes. He wore no sword, although that was a period when every personage who had the smallest claim to rank or gentle blood would as soon have been seen abroad without his hat, as without that appendage so necessary to a gentleman. This, and the plain cravat of snow-white cambric, with something grave and precise in the cut of his garments, and yet more something singularly venerable and benignant in the expression of his features and the whole air and carriage of his person, would have gone far to lead to the opinion that he was a member of the clerical profession, even had the first words of his companion not set the matter beyond doubt. The other was a stronger, taller man—though still in the earliest prime of

youthful manhood, not altogether habited as a soldier of that day—for that was still the day of corslet and cuirass glittering with burnished steel; but still with enough in his garb to denote one to whom military service was nothing foreign or unknown, although it might not be perhaps his regular profession. He wore the collarless broad-skirted coat of the period, of a deep mazarine blue color, splendidly laced with gold; the sleeves, which terminated midway between the elbow and the wrist, were decorated by a fall of Mechlin lace nearly a foot in breadth, as well as the ends of his cravat and all the bosom of his shirt. His shoulders were adorned, in place of the modern epaulet, by knots of crimson ribbon; and a silken scarf of the same tint crossed his right breast, and supported his long basket-hilted rapier. His breeches were of white doeskin, but a small part of these alone was visible, for his high horseman's boots, polished until they shone as bright as metal, extended to his mid thigh; and with the addition of a low broad-brimmed hat, the crown surrounded by a band of white feathers, completed the attire of a cavalier of 1688.

This gallantly dressed person was, as I have already observed, young, vigorously built, and of a stature which, though decidedly above the middle height of men, was of such perfect symmetry that it was not till you compared him with others, that you discovered how large and muscular were all his limbs, and how much they promised both of strength and activity. His features were, moreover, uncommonly well cut and handsome, with a bright clear blue eye, and a profusion of rich chestnut-colored hair falling in heavy curls over his neck and shoulders. His carriage was erect, though easy and full of natural grace, but there was something in his gait and bearing that told a tale of heavy grief weighing upon the heart with its stern icy burthen; and a dark cloud of cheerless gloom was spread over his fine lineaments, like a broad shadow blotting out the gleamy lights, and flattening all the salient points of a sunny landscape. His voice, too, as he addressed his aged friend, was full of something more than melancholy, for it was hollow and almost unnaturally deep, and it came forth from his lips with a cold impassive flow, as if he had endured so much of evil that he had become hardened to it, and not only hardened, but reckless, and beyond the fear of being wounded by anything external that could in possibility befall him; and yet it was as musical a voice as ever was accompanied by harp or cittern, and it was not long since that it had resounded first and gayest in every scene of minstrelsy and mirth, that its rich ringing laugh had been remarkable in the midst of a thousand. The first words which he uttered, after a long and gloomy silence, were on the subject that was uppermost in his thoughts:

"Sad, father, sad indeed, are all these tidings you have given me—most terrible and sad—when the best news of all is banishment and confiscation; and thence, through all the catalogue of ills, to fire-raising, death and desolation. Nothing indeed but honor left to us. My father, slain on his own hearthstone by these curst heretic marauders—my mother, dead of a broken heart so quickly—brothers and sister fled I know not whither, never perhaps to meet me any more—myself a branded outlaw, whom, like the grey wolf on the hill, any man may kill for his skin, with a price on my head; but, blessed be the saints for all things, with no blot on my name! Is not this, father, enough to make a bolder and a better man than I despair, even of help from heaven?"

"No, my son, no! God of his grace forbid!" replied the priest, for such indeed he was. "Heaven tries us oft for our improvement, and punishes us sometimes—not men alone, nor even kings, but realms and nations—for sins against its majesty; and of all these, there is none greater than lack of faith in Him in the breath of whose nostrils is the life of all humanity, the fate of the universe in the hollow of whose hand! No, no, my son, despair not! when he hath chastened enough his people, and they have bowed them in submission to his judgments, he will repent him of his indignation, and turn his face away from us no longer. Despair is but rebellion against Him whose mercy is for ever and for ever, and the abundance of whose grace cannot be meted by the measurement of man. Remember that

it is whom he loveth that he chasteneth the sorest; bow, therefore, to his rod in meekness and humility, and be sure that although thou sinnest against him even to seventy times seven, he will not crush thee utterly, nor make thy burthen heavier than thou mayst bear and live. Was it not his anointed king that said, 'I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread?' Arm thyself, then, my son, with the shield of long-suffering and faith, and bless the hand that smites thee; for what art thou, that the Most Highest should hold back his right hand from judgment for thy sake, that endurest at the best but for a day? or what have been thy sorrows and thy sufferings to His, who died on that accursed tree, that thou among the rest should live and not die?"

"Aye, father," answered the young man, "but I have heard that even He, with reverence be it spoken, prayed on the Mount of Olives, that that cup might be removed from him."

"True; but he added to his prayer," returned the priest, crossing himself as he spoke, "'Nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done;' and so mayst thou pray, too, my son; and if He listeth, he *will* remove it from you. Nevertheless, if it seem *not* good unto Him so to deal with you, forget not that even from that Holy One the cup was not removed; and that the will, which *was* done, was the will of the Father that is in heaven. But thou mayst pray, my son—O! I would have thee to pray always; and I too will pray with you, and pray for you, and it may be the glorious saints will join in our petition; so be of good cheer, my dear son, and above all, despair not."

"Well, father," answered the young man, "despair is not the fault either of our countrymen in general, or of my race in particular; nor do I think myself more subject to despondency than others. Were I alone in the world with my good sword, and the Duke of Berwick's commendation to the Great King of France, I should fear nothing but that I could hew myself a path through the world with the best of them; but I confess that the uncertainty what fate may befall my brothers and my sister, weighs heavily indeed upon my spirit—so much indeed, as well nigh to overpower all its native buoyancy. It was especially the hope of learning something from you concerning those beloved ones, that brought me hither, through dangers quite innumerable, coupled to the desire of looking once more on the graves of those who gave me birth, before I quit the land of my nativity for ever. Since sure I am, that I indeed depart, never to look again upon these old familiar places; never to hear the deep roar of the lashing surf on these black rocks—a stern and fearful note to others, but dear to me as the sweet lullaby that soothed my infancy to slumber."

"Nay! nay! why cling to so sad fancies?" the old man made reply. "I doubt not but good times will yet return to this distracted island, when our king shall enjoy his own again, and the usurper be driven forth from the land which soon must sicken of his cold foreign yoke, and dull, relentless policy—when our church shall collect its scattered sons, even as a hen gathereth its little ones under its guardian wings—when all this tyranny, to which it seemeth good to the Most High now for our transgressions to subject us, shall pass away for ever, and liberty, and peace, and true religion, light up their blessed beacons through a regenerated land, to guide a happy people to their enfranchised homes!"

"Amen!" said the young soldier, very solemnly, "Amen! and may it be so very shortly—but mark me, father, when that time come, if it shall come indeed, it will find me at rest and in a foreign grave." These," and he pointed, as he spoke, to the newly made graves of his parents, into sight of which he had just come—"these are the last sepulchres that shall be dug through the green sod of Erin, for any of the race of Desmond. We who have now survived this ruin, may flourish or may wither—may rise in fortunes till we mate with the highest, or may sink to be humbler than the humblest; but flourishing or fading we shall live on a foreign soil, and high or lowly in estate, when dead, we shall lie in foreign graves. It was foretold in Padua, to my great-grandsire, that the third generation after him should be the last whose bones should be collected to the graves of their forefathers—should be the last o'er whose

decease the spirit of our house should keen and wring its hands, released thereafter from the loyalty of its immortal sorrow."

"Fables! my son—mere fables!" the priest answered, "which it is idle, and not idle only, but ruinous to the soul, to believe or hearken to!"

"Be it so, father," answered Gerald Desmond, "but, Irish I was born!—Irish in all my thoughts, and hopes, and creed, and superstition, and Irish I shall die, be sure of it! It cannot but be harmless, my belief, if it be idle; for it detracts nothing from the power or majesty, or mercy of Him who rules the universe, nor does it rob me of one particle of my trust in Him who alone can save. But to our duty, father; let me join with you in the celebration of the last mass I shall hear in the land of my ancestors."

The priest made no reply, but entering the chapel, instantly set himself to prepare for the performance of those sacred rites over the graves of his departed friends, which are so grateful to the surviving relatives in countries of the Romish faith. Sadly upon the damp turf kneeled the youthful soldier, beside the low green mounds which covered all the mortal part of a respected father, of a beloved—oh! how devotedly beloved and how long unforgotten—mother, and watered the rank grass with bitter tears, while the good priest solemnly performed the sacred service. Darkness had fallen on the lonely glen, and the pale moon had risen; although her light was constantly obstructed by the fast-driving clouds, through which she waded, as they swept blackly in from the horizon, over the stormy sea before the wild west wind. Yet they cared not for storm or darkness, those lone mourners; nor did they give one thought to the unseasonable hour, or to the coming tempest, until their holy duties were performed; then they rose, melancholy, yet in some sort consoled; and in the deep hush of overmastering feeling took their way down the valley, to the seaward. Before, however, they had reached the space beneath the castle crags, the urgency of circumstance had forced them to subdue the grief that was so busy at their breasts, and to converse one with the other on those important matters which they might never more have the occasion to discuss.

"And must you positively set sail,"—asked the old man abruptly, following up the train of thought which had engaged his mind during their silent walk—"now—this very night?"

"This very hour—this very moment, if it be possible, my father," replied the young man anxiously. "I have but too much reason to believe that the direction of my flight was suspected; and that I have been tracked hitherward by some of the Dutch dragoons. I had much difficulty in escaping from them yesterday, and did so only by my unerring knowledge of the country. Dermody's lugger has been lying on and off these two days in the bay to take me up, and her boat, with Kavanagh and the two Joyces, and *Shan More*, is waiting for me even now, in the cove under the castle crag."

"And yet it is a fearful night even now, and promises as wild a tempest as was ever brewed in the west. Hark to the long dull roar of the flood-tide—hark to the melancholy wailing howl of the fast rising gale."

"It rises from the northwest, father," Gerald answered, "and with that we can beat out of the bay in any weather. Besides what matters it?—Dermody's lugger is as stiff a sea-boat as swims the Channel, yet were she the most leaky tub that ever took in water, still would I go on board this night—this hour! Better to sink a freeman in the pure waters of the broad free ocean, than to fall a chained prisoner on the bloody scaffold, or swing like a dog on the base gallows. Therefore, I bless the very tempest that lashes the blue waves into whiteness—it promises a quick run to the gay shores of Normandy; or, if that may not be, a little moment's struggle, and a free grave in the dear seas that wash my country! Nor, sinner as I am, know I that any future time will find me fitter to go hence, than I stand now, without one tie to bind me down to earth! without one hope or aspiration, if it be not of heaven! Bless me, then, ere I go—bless me, good father—for here begins the path to the castle cove, where we must part, never to meet in this world more—and there goes *Shan More's* signal!"—and as he spoke, a

rocket shot up from behind the ruined castle, and ploughing its long, fiery furrow athwart the stormy sky, burst into a bright shower of sparks that flickered for a moment as they fell earthward, and then vanished.

"Bless thee, my son," exclaimed the old man, laying his wrinkled hand on the young soldier's brow, as he knelt bare-headed before him—"and may"——but his prayer was cut short by a loud shout from the landward side of the ravine, followed almost immediately by the booming of a heavy gun from the lugger in the bay, and the appearance of another rocket launched into the air from the cove mouth. "Fly! fly! — Heaven be about you! fly!"—the priest shrieked wildly, as he heard the hoarse shout from the hill—"the heretics are on us!"—and Gerald Desmond sprang from his knee, and stood listening intently for a minute's space, with one hand on the hilt of his long rapier, and the other grasping the butt of a concealed pistol. He stood but for a moment; for scarce had that brief interval elapsed, before the wavering red glare of twenty or more torches, made from the unctuous wood of the bog-pine, flashed out above the brow of the landward hills, which, while they were reflected back in many a dazzling line from the cuirasses of the Dutch dragoons, cast a wide flood of dusky lustre into the bottom of the glen, and half revealed the figures of the priest and Gerald to his inveterate pursuers. He turned, he waved his hand, he leaped into the black and narrow chasm, through which the path wound shoreward, as one familiar even in the gloom of night with every turn and labyrinth of its course. But as he turned, the quick sharp flashes of half-a-dozen carabines lit up the grove and glen for a moment, and the full-ringing sounds of their reports drowned the hard clatter of his steel-shod boots upon the rocky soil. Fired at random, as it was, the volley availed nothing; and seeing now that he could effect nothing for the fugitive, the priest retreated silently into the covert of the shadowy trees, and made good his escape, unseen and unsuspected, to the yew grove beside the chapel, and thence to his own solitary habitation.

Not so with Gerald Desmond; for though the soldiers would have been sturdy thrown out, and unable to follow him a step, after he darted into that darksome path, there were those with them who knew every rock and dingle for miles around that spot, themselves inhabitants of that wild moorland barony, and who, maddened by party zeal, and the yet fiercer fury of fanaticism, forgot that they were Irishmen, and played the shameful part of bloodhounds to the foreign soldiery,—bloodhounds indeed! to traffic in the gore of their own persecuted countrymen. Three of these, then, one clad in the equipments of an Orange trooper, the others in the rude garb of peasants, but all well armed with sword and pistol, rushed headlong down the steep hill-side, waving their torches, and calling with wild yells and imprecations, upon the heavier and more phlegmatic Dutchmen, to follow with all speed. So close did these three press upon his traces, that when he cleared the rocky cleft through which the path descended to the beach, they were not thirty yards behind him, and so much was he encumbered by his heavy horseman's boots, that they gained on him every moment, and must have overtaken him, had it been necessary for him to run far over the loose and clattering shingles. But Gerald had not now to traverse above ten yards, ere he should reach the little cove, sheltered by a projecting reef from the tremendous surf which was dashing in with a roar louder than the loudest thunder; and warned by the hubbub and the volley which had reached their ears, the crew had launched the boat, which lay with her head seaward, and sat to their oars, ready to dart at a moment's warning into the whirling billows, which foamed and raved as white as the driven snow, scarce one boat's length beyond the mouth of their little haven. The lugger with her foresail backed, was lying to in the bay at a short half mile's distance, seeming to disregard entirely the heavy gale and flood-tide which were setting her in momently toward the lee-shore; but the continual glare of the blue lights which she kept throwing up, rendering the whole wild scene as light as day, though with a lurid and unnatural lustre, and the occasional burst of flame and smoke which surged out from her bow-port with a dull heavy roar, denoted her anxiety to get her crew on board, and

quit a berth so undesirable, if not actually dangerous. And now the boat's crew, seeing Gerald close at hand, and as it seemed, quite safe, sent up a long wild cheer, and backed the boat a little shoreward to receive him—but as they did so, when the fugitive was scarce six paces from the boat, and his pursuers not twice as far behind him, his foot slipped on some wet sea-weed that piled the treacherous beach, and he fell headlong. Answering with a yell wherein malignity and joy were fiercely blended, the enemy leaped on to seize him. Had he attempted to resume his flight, he was undone, for, ere by any possibility he could have regained his foothold the foremost of the traitors must have grappled him; but he was calm and perfectly collected, as though no peril were at hand. Slowly he rose upon one knee, drawing with each hand a long horseman's pistol from his girdle—he took a quick but steady aim at the leading man, nor did he draw his trigger, until he could have almost reached him with his rapier—then came the keen flash, and the simultaneous shot—and the unerring bullet crashed through the traitor's scull, as though it had been paper; and he leaped up into the air, and fell, with his arms extended and the blood bubbling from his lips, close to the feet of his slayer. Then Gerald leaped up from his knee, and drew himself to his full height, and levelling his second pistol, fired deliberately as before, and with the like effect; the second man fell dead, close to the carcase of his leader. Yet still the third came bounding forward, waving his torch in his left hand, and brandishing his ready broadsword; while from the entrance of the secret path, a dozen of the Dutch dragoons might be seen hurrying to support or avenge the nimbler guides who led them. Two bounds brought Gerald to the very verge; one other would have placed him in the stern-sheets of the ready barge; but he took not that other—his quick eye saw that his pursuer was too close at his heels. Rapier in hand, he turned. Three quick home passes flashed in the torch light, and the weapon of the Orangeman went whirling through the air, leaving his wrist half dislocated by the force of the wrench which had disarmed him. A loud shout from the oarsmen! and, in the midst of a harmless volley from the Dutchmen, the bullets of which pattered on the water like large rain-drops, the boat shot seaward, bearing the rescued fugitive. Within five minutes the blue lights ceased to burn,—the lugger spread her canvass to the gale, and while it howled among her straining cordage, and stretched each sail almost to rending, danced on her way toward the safe shores of France, glad as the waves that laughed around her prow.

Nearly a year had passed away, winter had come and gone, and the young promise of fair spring had been made good by the full flush of gorgeous summer, yet had no tidings of the fate of Gerald Desmond reached the old priest, who cherished still the memory of that departed race, feeling at every hour the truth of the Roman's exquisite complaint:—"*Heu! quanto minus cum reliquis versari, quam horum meminisse.*" Whether he perished in the waves, however, on that wild night when he departed from the desolate home of his fathers, or reached in safety the gay shores for which he steered, was never known with any certainty in Ireland; never, at least, until the worthy Jesuit had laid down from his earthly toils in that low bed, from which there is no waking on this side of eternity—had changed this scene of weariness and woe for that bright world wherein the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Rumors, of course, were rife, and contradictory as ever; one fact alone was certain, that Dermody's fleet lugger was never seen again on that black coast, and that for many a day the gentry missed the rich Bourdeaux wines and Mechlin laces, the poorer folks the genuine cognac or choice old Nantz which he was wont to dispense duty free, until the want created a supply, and a fresh set of welcome desperadoes filled up the places vacated by the two Joyces and *Shan More*. It was said, and most likely truly,—for many fragments of such a vessel with spars and sails resembling those of the free trader had been picked up by the fishermen along the coast after the gale subsided,—that beyond doubt the Nora Creina, for in so soft a name the smugglers' bark delighted, perished upon the very night in question; but there were men—seafaring men—who were as well known

at St. Malo, Honfleur, and Harfleur, and Dieppe, as on their native coast—who swore with many a stout and truthful asseveration that they had several times seen Dermody and all his crew along the French shores, and that they knew right well where they could find them any day, were they so minded. Still nothing was known accurately, until, when more than half a century had elapsed, and the last hopes of the Stuarts had been extinguished at Culloden, *Shan More* himself returned to die at home, and narrated the wanderings and the woes, the exploits and the sufferings and the sorrows of Gerald Desmond, whom he professed to have followed to the last; —and not of Gerald only, but of the whole race, whom it would seem, by his wild story, fate had pursued with more than its accustomed sternness, hunting them, like the awful destiny of Œdipus, to the accomplishment of the dark prophecy which, if the truth were known, probably tended in no small degree to bring about its own completion. He was an old, old man, having indeed outrun his hundredth year, yet were his senses perfect, and his rude peasant bearing had been completely overlaid by a half-jaunty, half-dignified military air, which did not, indeed, sit amiss on his erect and still unbended form, his limbs, which had been cast in a mould of Herculean strength, and the white venerable locks which curled about his scarred and weather-beaten forehead. His language, too, was no less improved than his manner, and, in short, there was something in the whole tone and character of the man which assured all his hearers of the truth of his narration. To it, however, it is not now my purpose to adhere, couched as it was in quaint half-French, half-Irish phraseology, but rather to follow him whom we have seen start on his course, an outcast and an exile, through all the phases of a strange chequered life to that far bourne from which no traveller returns, whether for good or evil.

Nearly a year, then, had elapsed between the flight of Gerald Desmond and the period at which I propose to resume the narrative; nor had the interval been unmarked by events of much importance, and such as operated with much weight on the proceedings and the fortunes of my hero. Having escaped with the crew of the lugger in the boats, when she went ashore, Desmond had reached Dieppe in safety, and not without much toil and some suffering, had made his way to the metropolis, and thence to the court of the weak and unhappy James, at St. Germains. Once there, the gallantry which he had shown in the disastrous battle of the Boyne, added to the favor of the Duke of Berwick, and to the importance of his kindred and connexions in the British Isles, whom it was so necessary for the fallen king to conciliate, speedily procured him a majority in the French-English Guards, and further a small court appointment, the salary of which was provided by the munificence of Louis the Fourteenth, whose generous and disinterested kindness towards his brother king, when a discrowned and penniless exile, cannot be praised too highly. Still Gerald Desmond, although an honorable occupation was thus given to him, with such a competence as far more than sufficed for the arrangement of his soldier *ménage*, continued ill at ease, and restless and unhappy. On parade he was regular as clockwork; nor was there in the whole of that superb brigade, which was so long maintained in France as the body-guard of the exiled dynasty, with all the style and appointments, including uniform and colors, of the English Guards, one officer more diligent in the performance of his duties, more skilful in the tactics of the day, more reverenced by his men, or beloved by his comrades, than the young Irish major. It was, however, by his conduct in the field alone that he had gained this point of estimation; for, though he was a regular attendant at the regimental mess, he never mingled in the revels of the corps, nor displayed any touch of that wild, sparkling wit and reckless humor which had distinguished him of old, and which was still characteristic of his comrades; who, although exiles like himself, seemed to have lost no tittle of their native tendency to glee and frolic, in changing the green fields of Erin for the trim avenues of royal gardens and the grand etiquettes of the Parisian court; but verified by their light-hearted frankness and Irish turbulence of humor the ancient adage,

"Cœlum, non animum, mutant qui trans mare currunt."

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For many months this state of things continued, till it had at length become a matter of as much notoriety that Gerald Desmond was the victim of some incessant and deep-rooted sorrow, as that he was one of the best officers in the French brigade of English Guards. Many months, indeed, passed before any one presumed to intrude upon his secret griefs, so far as to inquire their cause even; but when in time the facts of the case were made known to the Duke of Berwick, that noble and kind-hearted prince called Desmond to his quarters after parade one morning, and dealt with him so unaffectedly, and with so manly and straightforward a courtesy, that he won from him easily the cause of his unwonted gravity and gloom, and soon so ordered matters as in some sort to relieve, if not remove them. Still ignorant of the fate of his two brothers and his sister, (who had been forced to fly from Ireland when their name was proscribed and their house ruined, before the fate of Gerald, who was supposed, in the first instance, to have fallen by the bloody Boyne, had been ascertained), the generous young man, now head of his high race, had never for one instant ceased to torment himself with vain imaginings, to ponder on the chances of their fortunes, to long with a vain and yearning eagerness to find them out, in what part of the world soever they had found refuge, and to collect them once more into one family, with himself as their guardian and protector.

It is a singular thing, but by no means of so rare occurrence as one would naturally suppose, that, after we may have been striving for days and months, or even years, in the hope of accomplishing some favorite object, and striving all in vain, when the first obstacle is suddenly and as it were accidentally removed, the other circumstances which have opposed our progress are similarly and as unexpectedly changed. No person who has seriously thought upon the changes and chances of human existence, can fail to have observed this fact; and to be aware that in the midst of the every-day routine of ordinary matter-of-fact life events are constantly occurring, wilder and stranger than the most fanciful imaginings of poetical romance. And thus it was now with Gerald Desmond. For on the very day on which the Duke signified to him that one year's leave of absence had been granted him, and that he was authorized, by letters which he handed to him as he spoke, to draw his pay and the emoluments of his office from the Royal Treasury, he received certain and unquestionable advices that both his brothers were, with their sister, sojourning in Rome, under the Pope's protection, although in circumstances of extreme indigence, and almost of distress. It will be readily believed that Gerald made no tarrying at St. Germains, now that his utmost hopes appeared to be in the direct course of accomplishment; the father as the Duke of Berwick—not weary of assisting those who had indeed lost their all, and sunk from rank and wealth and power, among the highest in their own native land, to outlawry and poverty and exile, by their uncompromising loyalty to his own family—gave him a promise, unsolicited and equally unhoped for, that both his brothers should be enrolled instantly either as cadets in the guard or as officers in the line of the French-Irish army.

The route from Paris across the Alps to Rome was in those days a matter of far greater difficulty than it is now, when a far mightier than Hannibal not only has outrivalled him who

"Diduxit scopulos, et montes rupit aceto,"

but has left, clear to after generations, the giant footprints of his immortal march, in valleys bridged, and icy summits levelled, and a broad easy road athwart the howling regions of eternal winter. Yet it was practicable even then, although by journeys far less rapid and more toilsome than those by which the modern traveller is whirled in his easy britschka along a level turnpike where Alps on Alps arise; and Gerald Desmond, by dint of riding almost day and night, and paying the most extraordinary prices for relays of horses contrived to reach the Everlasting City within three weeks from the day when he issued from the gates of the French capital.

It was an hour past midnight when by the light of a full moon—the broad, bright, glorious moon of southern climes—he pricked his jaded horse along the

old Æmilian Way, and crossed the yellow Tiber, and rode through the vast relics of unnumbered ages into the foul and ruin-cumbered streets of her, whilom the Queen of Empires. Hope was exulting at his heart, and rapture—the mighty yearning toward the playmates of his first innocent and guiltless days—the sharers of his first joys and sorrows, soon to be gratified by full fruition of their love—the high anticipations of their surprise, their more than earthly joy—the dreams, all but accomplished, of a calm, honorable, happy future. The very clatter of his horse's hoofs on the rough pavement of those streets that erst resounded to the march of Cæsar's brazen legions, the martial symphonies of thrice six hundred years of conquest and of empire, was drowned by the loud beatings of his tumultuous heart. The monuments that at another time would have enchained his very soul in awe-stricken and voiceless admiration, were passed in heedless haste. The ruins of the immortal Coliseum, the great modern fane of his own cherished faith, the pillars of the mighty dead, the altars of the living God, were scarcely seen, as he spurred by them, so eager and impetuous was his haste to clasp those loved ones to his bosom. His courier led him to an inn, and roused the sleepy inmates; and there, declining all the offers of the obsequious Italian host, even at that untimely hour he procured the services of a guide, who should conduct him forthwith to the obscure and sordid quarter wherein those adored exiles had occupied a temporary home. Distant, indeed, and obscure and loathsome was that quarter. The very streets were heaped with festering piles of decayed vegetables, dead dogs, and filth and garbage of every possible description. The houses, or huts rather, were wretched, low, half-ruined tenements, with here and there the giant relics of some immortal structure of the old iron Romans frowning down in contempt upon the squalor and base lethargic supineness of their degenerate descendants;—and amid these, with a heart now bleeding at the bare idea of the privations, the distress, the misery, both past and present, of those beloved ones, now kindling into rapturous joy at the bright anticipation of their opening prospects, the gallant soldier followed the steps of his loquacious *cicerone*. After an hour's walking they reached an open space in the suburbs of the town, and here, before the portals of what had in its day been a proud palace-home of nobles, but was now all dismantled and fast falling into ruin, he halted at the Italian's bidding.

"*Eccola!*" he exclaimed, "*Signore*—this is the villa of the old Pandolfi."

"This, fellow—this?" cried the astonished and horror-stricken soldier, "why this is a mere ruin. No one *can* live here, in this damp and dismantled shell."

"Yes, yes, there do, signore—many poor folks live here—quite many families. His excellency can surely see the lights there on the fourth story. There, I have heard tell, live the English strangers, of whom, no doubt, his excellency is in quest; they say that they were nobles in their own distant land, though now so poor—oh me, so poor! and I believe it, too, signore, for once I saw the youthful signorina, and though she was so pale and bent and delicate, and clad, too, in the poorest weeds, she was of the extremest beauty, with blue eyes—blue as the heavens above us—and beautiful blond hair, and little hands and feet, and a shape like a wood-nymph—and such an air too—so serene, and calm, and proud—proud with a sort of tranquil and half-humble haughtiness—oh, beyond doubt she is noble!"

"Then lead on—lead on quickly," exclaimed the fiery youth, "death of your life, lead on!" and with the words they entered at the unbarred door; and passing, on the first and second floors, the foul and miserable lairs of the most low and wretched paupers, they stumbled in the dark up the frail, creaking stairs, reeking with every sort of foul and nauseous abomination, until they reached the corridor at the head of the fourth flight.

Here, most unlike the regions they had passed, they found the landing-place, though ruinous and tottering, quite clean and neatly swept, with a coarse mat before each door, and a light burning in a rude lanthorn of oiled paper, swung from the ceiling by a long hempen cord. The noise which had been made by Gerald and his guide as they were mounting the decayed and clattering steps, had roused,

as it would seem, the inmates; for before they could knock at the door of the apartment, whence they had seen the light while in the street below, it was thrown open, and a young man, or stripling rather, for he could not possibly have exceeded his eighteenth summer—appeared on the lintel with a light in one hand, and a long-barrelled horseman's pistol in the other, inquiring in a querulous and impatient tone, who it was that came thither, with so much noise, and at an hour so untimely. Gerald gazed steadfastly upon him, and scarcely recognized the form or features of one who had been his mother's darling, the pride and pet and beauty of the household. The long dark hair, indeed, still fell back from his broad and noble brows in rich luxuriance, but the wild flashing light of the blue eye was dimmed and clouded; the speaking features were downcast, and pale, and thin, and haggard; the frame was lean and wasted, almost to emaciation; the dress, though scrupulously neat and cleanly, was of the most penurious fashion and material. Thus the two brothers met, the elder gazing half doubtfully on the younger, although the light fell full upon his face —the younger not once suspecting that the stranger, splendidly clad in a half-military, foreign garb, could be the brother who, he had too much reason to believe, had fallen twelve months at least before, in a far distant region. But Gerald gazed not long before he found the traces, although changed and faded, of what he yet remembered in that young wasted visage.

"Spencer," he cried, "do you not know me, Spencer? It is I, Gerald Desmond—I have been searching for you this year past, and praise be to God! I have found you, even thus, thus wretchedly! But this shall be amended; I bring you hope and happiness!"

"Too late! you bring them too late, Gerald," exclaimed the boy, flinging aside both light and pistol, and throwing himself into his brother's arms, sobbing upon his bosom as if his heart would break. "Too late, for one of us at least; and she, the best, the dearest."

"Who? what? In the name of Heaven, what mean you?"

"Marcia is dying."

"No! no! oh no!" cried Gerald, "Oh God! my God—it cannot—shall

added, flinging several broad pieces to the guide who had conducted him. "Fly! and bring food, wine, fruit—the best and costliest—summon the wisest leeches—begone! nay, send my courier hither! now lead in, lead in, Spencer—where is my brother Ulick?"

"Watching by Marcia's bed; she slumbers the last hour—but Gerald, Gerald, all hope is over now; the surgeon has assured us that she cannot live beyond to-morrow, and she, too, feels and knows it; the last rites of our church have been administered, and all but the last struggle is already over. We had—I say, we *had* even nerved our souls to bear it! but this—this—this is indeed too much! to see aid close at hand, but useless—to feel and know that had this come but two weeks sooner—she might have lived for years to bless us! and now—now, Gerald, before another sun shall set—Heaven will have gained an angel—and we lost —— Oh God! grant us power to bear it!" and a long flood of convulsive weeping concluded his incoherent and passionate lamentation.

And now, astonished at the long stay of Spencer, and perhaps apprehensive of some fresh evil, the second brother, Ulick, came forth barefooted from the bedside of his dying sister. "What is the matter—what new ill is it, Spencer?" he inquired, in a voice so hollow, yet so resolute and set, that one saw readily that fate had dealt already so sternly with the speaker that there was indeed scarcely any ill which could now shake him further.

"No ill—no ill—but oh, my God! it is a good that cuts more deeply than any evil we have undergone!"—exclaimed the boy, still sobbing half convulsively. "Gerald has come back—come back to us from the grave—with wealth, and happiness, and hope within his giving—when it is all too late!"

"Gerald come back! you are mad, boy!"—cried the elder and somewhat less impulsive Ulick. "Gerald is cold in a bloody grave beside Boyne water——"

"Indeed he is not, Ulick," answered Gerald, advancing towards him with extended arms; "I was, indeed, severely wounded, but I came off alive, and managed to escape; and here I am, dear brother, with not much wealth indeed, but with good hope of happi-

tell me, Ulick, tell me that this poor boy is distraught with suffering and sorrow—tell me, I pray you, as you would have me live, that Marcia is not dying!"

"Would God I could—would God, I could so tell you, Gerald—with any hope of speaking truly! But there *is* no hope now except in Heaven. She never was, you know, other than delicate and weak; and now famine, and cold, and hope deferred, and sorrow, have wasted her down to a shadow; and she has waned and faded day by day—paler and thinner, and more feeble, till it would seem that now there is nothing bodily about her. Her spirit is indeed as sweet and beautiful and strong as ever—but, Gerald, that spirit will be with its God to-morrow!"

He answered no word; but went in, silently and softly; and passing through the outer room, a large and once magnificent saloon, now all dismantled and stripped bare, and quite unfurnished with the exception of a pallet bed, a large rude table, and some two or three broken chairs, entered the bedchamber of his dying sister. Here, as in all that he had seen, everything was as clean as in the noblest mansion, but poor almost beyond anything that we can conceive of poverty. The very bed on which the sick girl lay was destitute of necessary coverings, and to supply the want of these a portion of her brothers' garments had been spread over her emaciated form; for it was winter, and, although in Italy, the cold of those large, fireless, and unfurnished chambers was damp, and of a piercing chillness. And she, the girl who lay there—living, but death-like!—it was but too unquestionably evident, as those, who had so faithfully attended her, had not failed to perceive, that all in truth of life, save the last parting struggle, was already over. She lay upon her back, with one arm folded over her frail bosom, and so attenuated was her whole frame by the insidious malady which was consuming her, that it scarce seemed to elevate the bed-clothes; her thin transparent fingers, liker to the claws of a bird than to a human hand, clutched with a feverish grasp the linen which was scarce whiter than themselves, as it rose and fell with a motion hardly perceptible, so feeble was the breathing of the sleeper. The fine golden hair, which had been ever so rich an ornament to her unrivalled beauty, now folded simply round the classic outlines of a head whose symmetry nothing could alter or impair, was dim and tangled, and clogged with the cold dews of coming dissolution. Her lovely features, still lovely, though all sharpened and emaciated, were pale and white as snow, with every blue vein visibly rising up above the surface of the skin. Her lips alone retained their natural hue, but high up on either cheek bone there was a small round spot of that intense and fearful crimson, which is perhaps the surest indication of that accursed disease, which ever seems to select for its victims the brightest and loveliest of our race. There needed no words now to convince Gerald Desmond that hope indeed had fled. He stood upon the threshold, motionless, voiceless, passionless; smitten as it would seem to stone, like her who in one hour beheld the whole of that fair progeny in which she so exulted pierced by the vengeful arrows of Latona's vengeance. He stood, and gazed, gazed steadfastly and silently, upon that dying sister whom his heart had so long yearned to gather to his bosom. He gazed apparently unmoved, for hope was dead within him, and he felt in the unutterable anguish of that moment as if he never should feel anything again. It was that girl, that sister, for whom his spirit had so toiled and grieved—for whom his hopes had so been kindled—and now to find her thus! Not a tear came to bedew his burning eyelids, not a groan relieved the tension of his bursting bosom. His brothers stood behind him, and prepared, as they were, to see some passionate and lamentable outbreak of his feelings, they were appalled almost beyond conception by his calm air, and utter want, as it appeared, of any sense of agony or sorrow. By and by he kneeled down beside her bed, and burying his head in the coverlid, waited in speechless anguish the time of her awaking. An hour perhaps passed thus, and day was beginning to dawn faintly; and sounds of some early passengers and country carts were occasionally heard in the streets, when the poor invalid moved restlessly, and murmured something in her sleep—it was the name of Gerald—then! then! the tears gushed

out from the eyes, hitherto so hot and arid, of the stout-hearted soldier; not singly or in drops, but in a flood at once, as of some prisoned lake that bursts the floodgate which confines it. She moved again, and raised her eyelids, displaying the unnatural brightness of the clear glassy orbs within, and making a slight effort to raise herself up in bed—"Spencer," she murmured, "Ulick, is it morning? Oh, I have slept so sweetly; and such delightful dreams have visited my pillow; my father has been standing by my side, and our dear mother, with that sweet smile upon her lips, that we can never any of us cease to recollect, but oh! so radiant and immortal. And then I dreamed that Gerald had come back to us, our own lost Gerald, ——" "And if it were so, Marcia," replied the younger Desmond. "If *what* were so?" said the girl, evidently much excited, not seeing her long lost brother whose form was shadowed by the curtain, "what can you mean? If Gerald had returned? He has! he has! I see it in your faces; he was not killed, he has come back to us! oh God, all merciful and gracious God! all glory be to thee, that thou hast listened to the sinner's prayer."

"He has, indeed, returned, sweet Marcia," exclaimed Gerald, rising up from his knees, "my own dear, dearest sister;" and, as he stooped down to embrace her, with an exertion of strength such as she had not been capable of before for many days, she sprang into his arms, and clasped her hands convulsively about his neck, and covered his lips with close burning kisses.

"Oh, God be praised!" she cried; "Oh, God be praised! that I have seen, have kissed you again, Gerald, dear Gerald, my own darling brother! Now shall I go hence happy—now shall I die all happily and willing; for this, for this alone did my soul tarry! Let me look on thee, Gerald—bring the light nearer, Spencer—nearer—yet nearer—brother—Oh, it is dim, so dim!"—and she drew her head back a little way, and held that beloved face at arm's length for a minute, gazing upon his features, as if she would devour them with her eyes before they faded from her sight for ever. Then drawing him once more toward her, "Oh!" she exclaimed, "Oh I am too, too happy! so sweet, so calmly tranquil! Kiss me—quick! kiss me, Gerald—dear—dearest—Spencer—Ulick—Oh! my God, this is—this is——Gerald—Ger——" and the word died upon her lips, and her white arms released their hold, and without groan, or sigh, or struggle, a radiant smile beaming on every thin transparent feature, she sank back on the pillow.

It was over—over with all its toils, and feverish joys, and fitful sorrows—life's anxious dream—and she slept well!

During those moments of overmastering excitement, all of the brothers were aware that several persons had come into the apartment, but not one of them had turned to take note who. It was the courier, with the physician and the nurses; and with them came by accident the kind confessor, who was the only friend the Desmonds had found in their sorrow. Having foreseen, on the previous evening, the near approach of the destroyer, he had come in with the first dawn of day to soothe his lovely patient by his pure ministering; and his was the deep sad sonorous voice, which exclaimed in tones of almost unearthly harmony, as he stretched forth his arms over the mournful group, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; Blessed be the name of the Lord! *Orate, fratres!*" and at the words all sank upon their knees unquestioning, and communed with their God in silent sorrow.

There was an open space—a small green meadow without the walls of the Eternal City, yet still within the shadow of their old renown; a small green meadow, covered with the softest and the richest turf that ever clad the bosom of Italian earth; washed on one side by the immortal waves of Tiber, and watered by a nameless rill that found its way down from some one of the seven hills to join the deathless river. On one side of this verdant space there stood a small white pyramid, erected over the last home of Caius Cestius. It was a spot little known in those days, though it has now obtained a sad celebrity, having been consecrated of late years as the Protestant burying-ground of Rome, where many a weary head has laid down to its last sleep, far from friends, home, and kindred; but there was something so calm and beautiful in its sequestered site, that it had ever been

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a favorite haunt of Marcia Desmond. She had found there, in one of her lonely rambles, an antique tomb, the tomb of a Roman girl—like herself, young and most unhappy. There is, indeed, something very touching in the brief record which is borne by that time-worn slab, as it has been recorded by the mightiest bard of modern England; and when it is considered that Marcia found, or fancied, a strong similarity between the fortunes of the young Roman and her own, it will not be surprising that she should have chosen it as a favorite place of meditation, and, when she became aware that she was dying, that she should have selected its vicinity for her long home. A very old stone-pine shadows it with an almost gloomy umbrage; and in the leaves of that old pine there is a never silent whisper that harmonizes with the ripple of the little stream, the only other sound that is heard in these lovely precincts. Beneath the tree and beside the rivulet, stood the discolored slab that told where slept the sleep of ages—

Julia Alpinula
Hic jaceo,
Infelicis patris infelix proles,
Deæ Aventinæ sacerdos;
Exorare patris necem non potui
Male mori in fatis ille erat.
Vixi anno XXIII.

And on the evening of the very day that saw the death of Marcia, there was another low green mound hard by it, with a small cross of snow-white marble at the feet, and a plain upright pillar at the head, whereon were carved these words—

Marcia Desmond,
Anno Ætatis XVIIIMO.,
Patriæ infelicis infelix exul.
Dulcissimæ ad memoriam sororis
Hunc lapidem sacravimus,
Fratres infelicissimi.
Oh utinam nos quoque!
Ora et adora.

Around this humble tomb, when the moon had just risen above the summit of the pyramid of Cestius, three youths were kneeling; two clad in complete suits of handsome mourning, with black-hilted rapiers by their side, the third in the superb uniform of the English Guard, with a black scarf about his arm, and a crape sword-knot on the hilt of his weapon. At a short distance sat a courier on his horse, and a boy near him was holding three tall chargers. The Desmonds—for they it was who were gathered for the last time round the bed of their cherished sister—had hung a garland on the headstone; had prayed and wept in silence over those loved ashes. And now they bent them, one by one, and kissed the turf that covered them, and rose up calm and tearless, and mounted their war-horses, and, without turning their heads, rode away rapidly on the way that led to France.

Another year passed over, and though the death of Marcia had cast a deep and continual gloom over the life of Gerald Desmond, he forced himself to maintain a firm and cheerful bearing, and did his duty ever, as a man, a soldier, and a Christian. His youngest brother, Spencer, had been admitted instantly on their return to Paris to an ensigncy in the English Guard, and Ulick was appointed captain in the French corps of Marines. The war still raged between the governments of France and England; although, since Ireland had been reduced completely by Ginckel, in the desperate affairs of Athlone and Aghrim, it was carried on almost entirely by sea. Powerful fleets had been equipped by both nations; and although the English, when supported by the Dutch squadron, were somewhat superior in numbers, that superiority was in no wise sufficient to deter their adversaries from disputing the possession of the narrow seas, with obstinate and daring gallantry. A large encampment had been formed on the coast of Normandy at La Hogue, in which no less than twelve thousand Irish, who had chosen to undergo exile from their native land, rather than to endure the government of King William, were assembled still under the commission and command of King James the Second, although new clothed and armed at the expense of the King of France. These gallant spirits,—to reinforce whom the English Guards had been marched down from Paris, as well as several of the best regiments of the French Line, with a fine park of artillery,—were full of brightest hopes of being soon permitted to invade their own dear island, wherein they well knew that one bright gleam of success would stir up thousands, aye! tens of thousands, of wild fiery hearts to their assistance. Triumphant aspirations, high dreams

of soon effacing the disgrace—if disgrace there be in suffering defeat, when doing all that merits victory—of the Boyne Water, and their subsequent disasters; and the vision of replacing on the throne of his dominions, the king whom they loved so devotedly, although with so small cause for their undeviating loyalty, possessed the hearts of those brave men; and keen was the anxiety with which they watched the ocean, whereon the hostile fleets were soon expected to encounter.

The gallant Tourville had set sail, some time before, with sixty-three ships of the line, hoisting his own flag in the Rising Sun, a first-rate, of a hundred and four cannon; while Russel, the brave English admiral, was known to be at sea, with the intent of joining the Dutch squadrons under Allemonde, Callemberg, and Vandergoes; so that the Irish were with good cause hourly expecting to receive the news of a general engagement. Here, then, the brothers were all in arms together; all resolutely set on achieving honor, although but one was situated so as to have cause for hoping an immediate opportunity of displaying the wild valor of his race—and this one, Ulick, who with a strong detachment of musqueteers of the marine, had been embarked on board the flag-ship of the admiral. Such was the state of things, when on a glorious day, in the latter part of May, a rumor reached the camp that many sails were in sight in the offing; and, as it may be readily believed, there needed not a repetition of this long-wished intelligence to send every soul, private or officer, of the Irish host, hurrying down like madmen to the rocky shore of the deep bay, which at this point indents the coast of Normandy. It was a glorious day, as bright as a clear atmosphere and blazing sun could make it; the sea was ruffled into a thousand sparkling waves, that tossed their foam-capt crests to meet the glorious sunshine; and the long line of triple breakers came dashing in upon the white and dazzling sands, with a glad roar that echoed like a giant's laughter among the caverned rocks that line that iron coast. A thousand sea-birds were abroad and on the wing, fanning the light air with their snowy pinions; and as the fleecy clouds swept over the sun's disk before the freshening breeze, vast massive shadows would sail across the bosom of the deep, leaving it now all glittering in life and lustre, now veiling it in sullen gloom. A gayer spectacle can hardly be imagined, than was afforded by the lovely view—the little town of La Hogue lying among the black rocks on the left, with its fishing boats and crowded quays, and commodious haven; a few small barks dancing out merrily from the harbor's mouth toward the advancing fleet; and all the foreground of the scene brilliant with the gay uniforms and dazzling armor of the assembled soldiery.

It was not long before a dull and heavy roar might be heard far to seaward, increasing constantly as the breeze freshened, and making itself to be recognized clearly as the voice of ordnance. Anon the ships, which had been seen at first but indistinctly in the remote offing, loomed up one after another, till by the aid of glasses above a hundred sail could be distinguished at one moment, though at the next they would be lost to sight, enveloped in the dense wreaths of the mighty cannonade. Louder and louder grew the voice of battle, and nigher drew the combatants, and fiercer and more fiery waxed the impatient spirits of the brave spectators. The morning passed, and noon was on the waters; and, faster yet and faster pealed the incessant din across the shuddering billows—and now so near had drawn the ships, that their distinctive colors might be made out at their mast-heads. Alas, for the brave lookers on! for soon it became but too evident that the French fleet was in full flight, before the combined Dutch and English squadrons. By three of the clock, they had distinguished the great flag-ship of the Count de Tourville, with all her top-masts shot away, drifting in bodily toward Cherbourg, and quite unmanageable; though she was fighting still with desperate resolution, and vomiting forth broadside after broadside against Sir Ralph Delaval's division, which crowded all sail in pursuing the French admiral, who was in company with the Conquérant of eighty guns, and another first-rate. Scarce had the Irish made out this, before a large division of store-ships and transports laden with ammunition ran in, and dropped their anchors just off the haven of La Hogue,

eighteen sail of the line covering their retreat, and keeping up a running fight against Sir George Rooke's division. Just at this moment, when the total defeat of the French navy appeared to be inevitable, two officers were standing at some distance to the westward of the town of La Hogue, nearer to Cherbourg, watching the incidents of that disastrous day with the most eager scrutiny. One was a tall and powerful man, splendidly equipped as a major of the Guards, the other an ensign in the same honorable corps.

"Fate goes against us, Spencer," said the elder officer, who was no other than Gerald Desmond—"Fate goes against us. Here is the whole fleet crushed, and all our hopes of carrying the war into Ireland blighted for this year. And see! there goes the Rising Sun, dismantled and half-beaten, with our poor Ulick on board of her! Take my horse, Spencer, and ride up to the General—yonder he stands with his staff about him—and ask leave, in my name, for yourself and me to ride toward Cherbourg, and see what comes of it. I will go after our men and fresh horses."

The young man galloped off, and ere he had returned with the permission, which was readily accorded, Gerald had collected four or five of his attendants, well armed and mounted, and was awaiting him with two fresh chargers ready saddled. Mounting at once, they galloped, at the top of their speed, along the summit of the huge black rocks toward Cherbourg, the whole of the sad spectacle spreading out more and more distinct and map-like before their eyes, as they turned the point of Cape la Hogue, and could descry that narrow dangerous strait, known as the Race of Alderney, with the main body of the French fleet steering with all sail set among its perilous reefs and shoals, so as to escape the close pursuit of Sir John Ashby, and the Dutch squadron of Allemonde. And now the Rising Sun was fairly abreast of them, drifting in with the tide of flood, all her masts having by this time been shot away sheer to the deck, at about a mile's distance from the coast. She came in, broadside on, still desperately fighting against three large English ships which under full sail hovered round her, raking her constantly, and fairly sweeping her decks at every fresh discharge; and now she struck, stern foremost, on the sands, swung round, thumped heavily upon the ground, and rolling over on her beam ends, lay with her deck to seaward, a mere wreck at the mercy of the waves. The moment they perceived this, all the English ships hove to, and hoisting out their boats, manned them, and sent them off for the dismasted admiral. "Spur! spur!" cried Gerald, "spur for your lives!" and with the words, he wheeled his horse; and dashing down a deep cleft or gully in the rocks, reached the smooth beach at the base of the cliffs, just as the English boats boarded the helpless wreck. For a few moments the crew fought desperately hand to hand with the boarders; but seeing that no good was to be derived from further desperation, the officers drew off their men, who were seen leaping into the waves and struggling as best they might toward the shore, among the English boats, which had pulled in between the stranded vessel and the beach, and were now making terrible havoc with the fugitives.

The ship was now completely in the possession of the enemy, who were already setting it on fire in many places, except that a small knot of musqueteers were still drawn up about the flag-staff on the poop, and were maintaining a vigorous fire of small arms on the English sailors. Charge after charge was made against that dauntless handful; and thinned, divided, and surrounded, they were fast falling before their enemies, when a young officer, bare-headed, but magnificently dressed in the uniform of the French Marine, darted out from among them, and severing the ensign from the staff, wrapped it about his body like a scarf, and cut his way desperately through the English sailors who opposed him, toward the gangway. The eyes of Gerald and his brother were rivetted upon the daring soldier—rivetted, oh! with what keen and agonizing interest—for both had recognized the form of Ulick Desmond. They saw him, hacked with a dozen wounds, weak, tottering, and faint, yet make his way through the dense throng, and plunge into the water. Reviving from his momentary faintness, he struck out for the shore, and would assuredly have reached it, but that the English, furious

at the loss of the ensign, hailed some of their boat crews and pointed out the swimmer. A furious struggle followed, and just as the young man had arrived within ten yards, at furthest, of the shore, he was pierced by a thrust from a boat-hook; and they were hauling him into the launch with that murderous implement, when, with a wild shout, Gerald Desmond plunged his spurs in the flanks of his charger, and followed by his brother and his train, dashed headlong into the foamy billows. Fiercely the noble horses strove through the roaring surf—the long straight broadswords of the riders were flashing in a moment among the pikes and cutlasses of the boat's crew; pistol shots rang, and bullets whizzed in the melée, but in less than ten minutes the gallant boy was rescued by his brother's hand, and borne in safety to the shore.

"Is it safe—is it safe, Gerald?" he asked wildly, as he recovered his senses, lying with his head on his brother's knee, —and, as he spoke, he strove to clear away the hair matted and clogged with gore from his dim eyes, and grappled with his other hand at his breast in search of the colors.

"It is—it is safe—Ulick," exclaimed Gerald, "gallantly, nobly saved!—but you, my glorious boy—my gallant brother——"

"Have done my duty," answered the noble youth, "have done my duty living—and die as becomes a Desmond!"

"No! no! it must not be," exclaimed the elder, with a frantic gesture, "you shall not die, my brother! Oh, Heaven! that there were but a surgeon."

"Not all the surgeons in the world could save me—nor would I wish it—Gerald—but help me, help me to stand up. I would die standing."

And, with the words, he struggled to his feet, and by the aid of his brothers stood up erect and stately, looking toward the vessel, which was now wrapt in one sheet of devouring flame, and the boats of the English squadron, which were collecting in a cluster to pull out to their vessels. Meantime the French sailors who had escaped from the wreck, with many of the officers and the Count de Jourville himself, had collected round the dying youth; but he saw none of them, nor heeded;—he fixed his glazing eyes upon the flames that were devouring the proud ship, and tearing the ensign from his breast, and waving it triumphantly aloft—"*France! France! et la gloire!*" he shouted. "God save King James—Huzza! huzza for Ireland!" Not a man there but joined in that wild shout of mingled triumph and defiance. "France, France, and Ireland! Huzza!" the mighty shout pealed far to seaward; and the blunt English sailors, touched by the daring gallantry of the bold action, tossed their oars up, and answered the wild acclamation of their national hereditary foemen by a loud, spontaneous burst of regular cheering. The brief fire waned in the eyes of the Irish stripling—his haughty gesture ceased—his proud arm sank—he was dead—dead in that moment of sad triumph! They raised him from the sands; they bore him, with that ensign for his pall, and captains of the fleet for his bearers, and the brave admiral for mourner, to the old church at Cherbourg, and there they laid him in his glory, far from his native land and on a foreign shore; and the proud standard which he rescued, still waves above his tomb, and there still may be read, the brief, bold epitaph:

"True until death, Ulick Desmond."

Not a word beyond this is there recorded; but still tradition has preserved the most minute particulars of that grand exploit; and the rude fishermen still point to the spot where the young gallant stranger died, prodigal of life for France's glory!

A darker cloud, yet darker than before, was on the life of Gerald Desmond. But one was now left to him—but one of that fair brotherhood that sported erst so joyously together on the green hills of Connaught; and in that one it now seemed that the whole life and soul of Gerald was wrapped up. No father ever toiled for a loved child, no lover for an idolized mistress, as he did for that youngest orphan. Side by side, at the feast, in the fight, in the same tent, at the same board, in the same company upon the battle plain, those gallant brothers lived. Yet still would Gerald say, as the deep shadow crossed his brow, "Fate! it is fate that we shall die asunder!" Years passed, long years, and they waxed full of scars

and glory. In every battle that was fought in those days of continual warfare, the Irish Guards were foremost; and foremost of the Guards were those bold Desmonds. It boots not to record the several actions; for every year had its campaign, every campaign its series of desperate battles; Steenkirke, and Larden, and the sieges of Namur had, each and all, afforded opportunities to those brave men to gain fresh laurels. William the Third was dead, and Anne of Denmark had succeeded the usurper, and a new star appeared upon the military horizon—the great Marlborough; and Hochstaelt, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, and Blenheim, showed that the game of war was ever changeful, and that blind fortune is still fickle, even to mightiest monarchs; yet still the Desmonds bore, as it would seem, charmed lives, while all their comrades fell around them. The hapless James himself had died in exile, and his son was proclaimed King of England at St. Germain's, and recognized for such at Versailles. Anne passed away; and the first king of the house of Brunswick sat on the throne of England; yet still the fourteenth Louis upheld the exiled Stuarts, and still among the firmest of the adherents of that noble house were the two Irish brothers. In the unfortunate and ill-concerted rising of Fifteen, both were engaged, having accompanied the Pretender to Peterhead, served through the whole of that brief and disastrous campaign, and finally made good their escape with him from the wild shores of Badenoch. Years passed—long years; and Gerald Desmond, now a grey-headed veteran, covered with scars and orders, commanded as lieutenant-colonel the second regiment of the French Guard; his brother Spencer, a weather-beaten soldier likewise, serving immediately below him as a senior major in the same battalion—and it was war—still war! A second George was on the throne of England; and still the Stuarts maintained their claims with stubborn resolution, and still the king of France supported them.

Flanders, unhappy Flanders, was still, as ever, the battle ground of nations. Bent on its conquest, the French king had there assembled a prodigious army under the famous Marshal Saxe, and had invested the strong town of Tournay on the last day of April. The Duke of Cumberland, who had assumed the chief command of the allied army at Soignies with the Count Konigoll and the Prince of Waldeck, resolved to march, although inferior far in strength, to the relief of Tournay. On the twenty-eighth day of April he took post at Maulbre in sight of the French army, which was encamped on an eminence extending from the village of Antoine to a large wood beyond Vezon, having Fontenoy in its front. Two days were also consumed in skirmishing, and affairs of outposts, but on the morning of the thirtieth a furious cannonade commenced a general action. The British infantry in force, with the household brigade of the footguards at their head, rushed resolutely in upon Fontenoy, and drove the French foot back beyond their batteries, of which they actually gained possession for a few moments; but being unsupported by their own horse on both flanks, and being at the same time threatened by the French cavalry, they fell back regularly, although under a tremendous fire of artillery which did prodigious execution. It was not long, however, before those gallant forces were rallied, and returned to the shock with redoubled ardor; and now the French Guards were advanced to meet the shock of their rivals. It was an awful, yet at the same time a spirit-stirring sight, to see those two superb brigades, the body guards of the two rival kings of one fair island, drawn up in deadly opposition; the self-same uniforms of scarlet with the same royal facings, their very buttons and embroidery of the same fashion, their plumes and standards, sashes and swords and gorgets—all, in their most minute details, the very same; yet ranged with level arms, in hostile armies; natives of the same kingdom, with the same glorious banner, the red cross of St. George, floating above their heads, yet armed against each other—armed and determined! Yet was there no blind rage, no fierce fanaticism among the high-bred gentlemen who led those choice brigades. The glittering battalions of the French Guard were drawn up in magnificent array along the crest of a low hill, the officers standing a little way in front of the several lines, while up the gentle slope their English rivals were advancing with a determined front in slow

and regular order. And then a circumstance occurred, more wildly and romantically singular than the most fanciful conception of the poet; so singular, indeed, that history scarce dares record it. For, when the two brigades were within thirty paces—the muskets on both sides already levelled, but not a shot having as yet been interchanged—when they were so close that every man could see the face and read the features of every individual antagonist, features wherein they could detect no sign of wavering or trepidation, the officers of the French Guard, Count d'Auteroche and Gerald Desmond, commanding the battalions, stepped forward and saluted the colors of their enemies. Instantly, at a word, the British brigade halted; and Lord John Hay, who led them, and all his officers, took off their plumed hats and bowed low to their chivalric foemen; and then, recovering their arms, slowly advanced to the onset. They were not twenty yards apart, when Lord John Hay cried out in a clear, trumpet-like voice, "Gentlemen of the French Guard, we await your fire!" But the Count d'Auteroche replied, "Gentlemen of the English Guard, the French Guard never give, but receive the first fire!" Then those punctilious foes addressed themselves to act in earnest. The officers at that time bore long canes, and the French Guard might see them, with these and their spontoons, ranging the firelocks of their men to a lower and more deadly level, and hear the stern deep orders, "Steady, men, steady. Aim low! Present!" They heard, and waited that deliberate volley with their own muskets levelled, and every eye glaring along the polished barrel to single out its victim; but not one private soldier so much as thought of anticipating that decisive shot. "Fire!" and one quick simultaneous flash burst from above three thousand muskets, and the sharp roar of the platoon came singly as if from one gun. Fatal, most fatal, was that slaughtering volley! Above one-third of the whole force of the French Guard, with far more than the same proportion of the officers, dropped in the places where they stood, either slain outright or disabled; but the well disciplined and gallant Irish, of whom the ranks consisted, closed up over the dead and dying, poured in their answering volley with terrible, although by no means equal execution, for the smoke hindered them from taking aim so surely; and then fixing their bayonets, with the wild thrilling yell of Ireland, and the deep charging shout of England, they dashed to the encounter. Four bullets of that fatal volley had pierced the noble form of Spencer Desmond, though, strange to say, Gerald, who stood in front, more exposed even than his brother, escaped unharmed from that tremendous hail-storm. Without a groan or cry, he sprang three feet into the air, and fell, dead as a stone, at the feet of his brother. Terrific was the cry that rang from the pale lips of that grey-headed veteran, "Revenge! Revenge Desmond and Ireland! Revenge!" and with the levelled steel, he and his fiery followers poured, like the torrents of their native hills, upon the stubborn foe. Tremendous was the havoc, but in vain! Both those brigades of Guards did well sustain their honor. Not a man turned on his heel to save his life; not a rank was broken; not a line wavered; not a drum nor a stand of colors on either side was taken. Each man fell in his place where shot or bayonet found him. Four several times they paused for breath, and dressed and re-organized their shattered companies; and four times they renewed the terrible encounter. The sword of Gerald Desmond was wet from point to hilt with the blood of the noblest of the foe; none could withstand the concentrated fury of his onset, no skill could parry his impetuous thrusts, no strength ward off his downright blows. His tongue, indeed, clave to his jaws, and his arm was literally weary with havoc; when, finding that the Dutch and Hanoverian horse would not sustain the British, unwillingly the Duke of Cumberland gave orders to retreat, leaving twelve thousand men upon the field, but drawing off his army in good order, and though he lost the battle, losing no honor on the dread day of Fontenoy.

And Spencer, too, was dead,—dead in the arms of victory; and Gerald was, as he had ever prophesied, alone,—alone, the last of his race, in that broad barren wilderness, the world! Where shall he find a grave? Spencer lay where he fell;

no monument raised over him, no epitaph engraved; but while the village yet retains its name, and history has a page left unforgotten, Fontenoy is his monument, his epitaph is Fontenoy.

It was scarce two months later, that a small frigate set sail from Port St. Nazaire, with the young Chevalier, and a determined handful of devoted followers. They sailed round the west coast of Ireland, and Gerald Desmond—for, faithful to the last, he was still at his post—saw from the deck the turrets of his ancestral home, and breathed one sigh toward the tombs of his happy parents; happy in the poor privilege of lying under the green sod of their native Erin! They landed in the Hebrides, crossed over to the main, and then commenced the last campaign that has been fought upon the soil of England. Splendid campaign! brilliant, and promising, but how deceitful in its promise! Never was throne more nearly won than by those bold adventurers. But what avails it to record what has been written by pens with which no living writer can contend! It is enough to say that Gerald Desmond fought in the van at Preston Pans and Falkirk; that, had his bold advice been followed, instead of loitering at Derby, the Prince would have dashed on for London; and that a Stuart might once again have sat upon the throne of England! But so it was not ordered. Bloody Culloden finished the last hopes of the latest Jacobites; and in the last charge of the butcher Cumberland's dragoons, when all the host was scattered and disorganized, routed, and trampled under foot, and mercilessly sabred, Gerald, with half-a-dozen others, charged home, and breaking the ranks of the dragoons, actually cut his way to within six paces of the Duke's person, when a shot struck his charger, and he was hurled headlong to the ground. Starting to his feet, he cut down, one by one, three dragoons who essayed to seize him; and, although offered quarter, made a defence so desperate, calling repeatedly upon the men to kill him, that the Duke himself cried aloud to the soldiers to "shoot the scoundrel before worse should come of it." The brutal order was obeyed instantly, and three balls struck the gallant veteran. He staggered, but still stood erect, and, nerving himself with a last dying effort, broke his good sword across his knee, and flung the fragments from him, never to be borne by another, or wielded in what he deemed a less holy cause; raised his plumed hat from his long snowy locks, and, crying in a loud clear voice, "God save King James!" yielded his gallant spirit, thankful to quit a world in which he stood all desolate, without a friend, or kinsman, or king, or cause, or country! No tombstone covered the last Desmond. His corpse was thrust, with fifty others, into a rude trench cut in the bare moor of Culloden by the hands of the peasantry after the strife was over. And now the green grass grows all rank above it, and the wild broom and heather shed their bright blossoms on the soldier's grave, and the grey plover sings his obsequies. Thus was the prophecy fulfilled. No one of that high race slept in the sepulchre of his forefathers; no two were buried in one country. In their lives they were unhappy although glorious, and in their deaths they were divided. Verily of them it might be said that, although in their pleasant childhood

They filled one home with glee,
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mountain, stream, and sea.

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THE DYING MACHINIST.*

John Fitch, a native of Connecticut, was probably the earliest inventor of the steamboat. In the year 1786, on the Delaware River, was made his first successful experiment; but from lack of sufficient patronage, he was unable to carry out the discovery. His life was one of hardship and penury, and ended in grief and disappointment. He was confident, however, to the last, in the ultimate success of his invention, and predicted all its future vastness and advantages. His dying request was, "that he might be buried on the banks of the Ohio, *where the song of the boatmen might enliven the stillness of his resting-place, and the music of the steam-engine soothe his spirit.*"—the ruling passion strong in death, and it was gratified.

WHERE broad Ohio's stream goes sweeping
Gloriously toward the setting sun,
He prayed might be his last, long sleeping,
His latest wish—his only one.

Meet prayer from one whose years were given
To work the thought his genius gave,
Who first beheld his steam-bark driven
Fire-winged o'er the foaming wave.

He lived one scene of want and sorrow,
A feverish strife—a troubled dream;
Each scant to-day fed by to-morrow,
Yet toiled he still his glorious scheme.

'Twas his to meet the world's derision,
Cold doubt of friends, foes' taunt unkind,
The mockery of "madman's vision,"
For truth to which their own was blind.

He lived not to the great fulfilling
His genius saw and sought so long,
And for that future, oft and willing,
Endured privation, pain, and wrong.

He heard their mighty voices sounding
By his own blue Atlantic strand;
And watched them o'er its wide-wave bounding,
Heralds to every furthest land.

He saw them climb each olden river,
Europe, fair Asia's fabled streams,
Saw Afric's hidden floods deliver
The secrets of their time-long dreams.

He saw what yet shall be earth's wonder,
Nor long the stern design may sleep,
Steam-navies launch their iron thunder
In battle o'er the trembling deep.

He saw, foretold, and, heart-elated,
Lived on this dream of brighter days,
And caught afar the fame that waited,
His lowly toil, in world-wide praise.

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* We are pleased to learn that the Life and Letters of this interesting and "most unfortunate man," to whose memory we willingly insert this tribute, will shortly be given to the world—we believe by Miss Leslie, of Philadelphia.—ED. D. M.

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Then turned and thought, with saddened spirit,
  Time's judgments how unjust, and vain!
How happier hands would seize his merit,
  And wield the palm and reap the gain.

He knew the thoughtless world ungrateful,—
  So have its noblest spirits known,
Still of the life-debt all forgetful,
  Or pays when he who earned is gone!

He mused, and toiled, and died; they made him
  A bed beside that fair broad wave,
There to his lonely rest they laid him,
  Where few now mark his humble grave.

At morn, at noon, when eve is steeping
  With shadowy red the river's breast,
As star-light on the charmed wave sleeping,
  So peaceful may his spirit rest!

Tuscaloosa, Ala. J. S. B.

SYNTHETIC PHILOSOPHY.

(CONTINUED.*)

BY O. A. BROWNSON.

V.

OPERATIONS OF THE MIND.

PSYCHOLOGISTS, in addition to Activity, Intelligence, and Sensibility,—the three faculties of the subject already enumerated,—distinguish in the mind certain Powers which they divide into Moral Powers and Intellectual Powers. These powers are Perceiving, Remembering, Imagining, Reflecting, Comparing, Compounding, Distinguishing, Abstracting, Desiring, Willing, and Reasoning; all of which may be arranged, and treated, under the three general heads of

1. PERCEPTION,
2. WILLING,
3. REASONING.

But as these are facts of life, mere modes of the activity of the subject, not principles, or elements of human nature, they are more properly termed, as Locke terms them, OPERATIONS of the Mind, than *powers* or faculties of the mind, as they are termed by Reid and Stewart.

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§ 1. *Perception.*

PERCEPTION is the official name, in the Scottish school, for the recognition by the external senses of material objects, and answers to the *Sensation* of the old French school of Condillac. But the restriction of the term to this class of our cognitions is purely arbitrary. The fact designated by it is common to all our mental operations. We perceive in sensation, in sentiment, in desire, in volition, in reasoning, in consciousness. This is implied in the fact, which lies at the basis of all science of Life, that the subject never

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* From last Number, page 578.

manifests itself, in any degree, nor in any direction, or under any aspect, save in conjunction with the object.

It is not easy to define Perception. It is the simplest operation of the subject, and therefore incapable of being resolved into a simpler operation, or explained by being shown to have some analogy to another operation more easily apprehended. Reference to the etymology of the word, here as well as elsewhere, may help us to seize the psychological fact designated by it. The word comes to us from the Latin *per-capio*, and means *to seize, to take hold of, to possess, or invade.* Its radical meaning is *to seize*, and implies that the subject establishes between itself and the object the relation of possession. Every being capable of establishing or sustaining any relation between itself and another, must be percipient. Hence Leibnitz endows his monads, or elements of things, with perception. In perception the percipient subject contrives in some way to *invade* and *possess* the object. Hence with the French the word *perception* is applied to the collection of taxes and imposts.

Locke says that "in bare naked perception the mind is for the most part passive;" but according to the view just given of the meaning of the term, the subject must be not passive but active. Even Locke himself implies as much, notwithstanding what he says to the contrary; for he reckons perception among the *operations* of the mind, and assures us that there can be no perception, though all the requisite external conditions be present, unless there be also a *noting* of the mind from within. This noting from within must needs be an active operation. The subject, in point of fact, never is passive at all. According to the Formula of the Me already established, the subject is inherently, essentially a cause, or productive force. We cannot then be passive, for our passivity would negative our activity. Perception must always be taken, then, as an *active* operation. Analyzed, it gives us: 1. The subject perceiving: 2. The *conatum*, or effort of the subject to perceive: and 3. The presence of the object, the seizure or apprehension of which, is the perception.

The doctrine of passivity, that we are passive in the reception of external impressions, has no solid foundation. It is unquestionably true that there can be no mental phenomenon save by the concurrence of an active force from without; but it is also equally true that there can be no mental phenomenon but from the concurrence of an active force from within. Even in the reception of an external impression we are not passive but active. If we did not exist, we could not *receive* an impression; if we were totally inactive, that is, literally dead, we should be precisely as if we were not, and therefore as incapable of receiving an impression as of giving one. No phenomenon, whether we speak of man, animals, plants, or inorganic matter, can be generated save by the concurrence of TWO FORCES, both of which must act, and act too from opposite directions. Every phenomenon of every *dependent* being, is necessarily THE RESULTANT OF TWO FACTORS. In life, no more than in arithmetic, can we obtain a product with only a single factor. All nature is created according to one and the same original Type or Idea. Through the whole runs a never failing duality; all is bifold, or separated, as it were, into two sexes, without whose conjunction there is never a generation. But more of this when we come to speak of the FORMULA OF THE OBJECT, or what some philosophers call Ontology, or the Science of Being, in opposition to Psychology, or the Science of the SUBJECT; though very improperly, for being is as predicable of me or Subject, as of not me or Object.

Though in perception the subject is always active, yet in simple perception it is not sufficiently so, to be as Locke contends, able to *note* the object. In simple perception nothing is noted, distinguished; and therefore, strictly speaking, nothing cognized or known. Clear, vivid perceptions, in which the subject marks or distinguishes the object, are APPERCEPTIONS. These, however, do not differ at bottom from simple perceptions. Simple perceptions are so feeble, so dim, confused, and short-lived, their objects are so numerous, run one so into another, come and go in such rapid succession, that the subject is unable to distinguish

them one from another. In the apperceptions we distinguish; in the perceptions we do not. In the former we *think* our existence; in the latter we have only an obscure and confused *sense* of it. Any seizure of the object is an act of intelligence, if the subject seizing be only conscious. That which enables one to be conscious, to include oneself, is sentiment, or sensibility. A being destitute of sentiment, would be capable of perception; but might be incapable of cognition. But, since man is sensible in his essence, he must always act whenever he acts, in some degree, as sensibility. Consequently, a certain degree of sentiment must enter into each one, even the feeblest and most obscure, of his perceptions. The perception then does not, as we might at first sight suppose, become apperception by the addition of sentiment, but by becoming more marked and distinct. Perception, then, *in man*, is of the same nature with cognition, and always is cognition when there is not such a multitude of perceptions rushing as it were upon us at once, and with such rapidity that nothing can be distinguished; as when we witness the rapid revolutions of a wheel, the points follow one another in such quick succession, that there appears to us to be no succession at all; as a top when it spins with the greatest rapidity does not appear even to move.

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§ 2. *Memory.*

Under the head of Remembering, or Memory, may be considered more at large, certain objections to the doctrine, that the subject never does and never can know itself save in the phenomenon in conjunction with the object, and that the object is always veritably not me; that is, is always really and truly existing out of the subject and independent of it.

In opposition to the first of these assertions, it is alleged that the subject can know itself in itself; for there is an order of facts open to our inspection, when once we retire within ourselves, in which we may study the subject by direct, immediate consciousness. In opposition to the second assertion, it is urged, that though it is unquestionably true that the subject must needs have in every fact of life an object, yet since we can, as in reflection and imagination, think on the facts which we have ourselves created, the object may, in certain cases at least, be of our own creating, and therefore not necessarily not me, in the strict sense contended for.

1. Our life, as we look upon it, consists entirely in efforts to explore and find out ourselves. The soul, restless and uneasy at home, goes out into the not me, to find what is necessary to fill up its view of itself. Since it finds itself only in finding the object, and only so far forth as it finds the object; and since it finds the object only in finding itself, and only so far forth as it finds itself, all our inquiries may be summed up in the two questions, What is the subject? What is the object? The answer to the one of these questions, will always be the answer to the other. At bottom they are not two questions, but one question, and those old sages who summed up all in the injunction, "Know thyself," were not so far out of the way. According to the doctrine, thus far contended for, man knows himself only so far as he comes to know God and nature, and God and nature only so far as he comes to know himself. The knowledge of the one is always by the knowledge of the other, and the knowledge of both is but one and the same knowledge; or at least, only the reciprocal knowledge of two correlative terms, as will hereafter be shown at full length.

The question, what is the subject? it follows from this, can never be fully answered, save by one who knows all that there is to be known. Before we can answer it, we must know both God and nature, and know them completely. The whole of our life, individual and social, temporal and eternal, cannot suffice for a knowledge so extensive; for in order to be able to suffice for it, we should need to be capable of an infinite knowledge. The subject unquestionably represents in life the infinite, but represents it only in a finite manner; in order to represent it in an infinite manner, it must itself be infinite, which it is not and never can be. The complete and final answer to the question, what is the subject? must

then for ever transcend our powers. The only question we can answer, is what has the subject found itself to be? The answer to this question would be an inventory of the present intellectual wealth of the race, and a sort of *novum Organon* of science, and a means of advancing the sciences.

This question, what has the subject found itself to be? though by no means easily answered, *can* be answered by a profound study of the monuments of the individual and the race; that is, the facts of Memory, and the facts of History. But a class of modern psychologists smile at our modesty, when we talk of the difficulty of answering this question, and of limiting our inquiries to this relative knowledge of the subject and the object. They tell us, that the soul may know itself as it were absolutely; for it can study, if not itself in itself, yet itself in its facts, and these facts in itself. The facts which reveal the soul, are in the soul; we carry them always about with us, and may find them whenever we look steadily within. We can study them as easily and as certainly, as we can the facts of physical science. We observe the facts of external nature by the external senses, and proceed by induction to the construction of a science of the universe; we may, in like manner, observe the facts of the soul by immediate consciousness, and proceed by induction to the construction of a complete Psychology, or science of the soul. If this were so, nothing would be more simple and easy than to know ourselves; for nothing is or can be more certain than the facts of consciousness.

But even admitting that there is the order of facts, of which these psychologists speak, and that we can study them by immediate consciousness, the study of the soul in them would not be the study of the soul in itself, for they are the phenomena of the soul; and the study of the soul in them would still be the study of the soul in its phenomena, according to the principle laid down, that being must always be studied in the phenomenon; that the category of substance can be seized and studied only in the category of cause.

Moreover, the knowledge of the subject obtained from these facts, even admitting that we can know them in the manner and to the extent alleged, would not be a complete and final answer to the question, what is the subject? unless it be assumed that the subject has already completely realized itself. If it be conceded that man has not as yet attained to the utmost limits of his possibility, that he has yet an Ideal, and therefore a Future, the knowledge contended for would not be an absolute knowledge of the subject; but merely a knowledge of what it has thus far found itself to be; that is to say, the same relative knowledge to which we contend all our knowledge is necessarily restricted.

But these psychologists misapprehend the character of the order of facts of which they speak; the world which contains them when they are observed; and the light or psychical faculty by means of which they are studied. The distinction they contend for, between what they call external senses and an internal sense or consciousness, does not really exist, and has been made in consequence of too strong a desire to establish, as it were, a parallelism between physical science and psychological science. This parallelism no doubt in some sort exists; but not in the sense contended. There is in fact no purely physical science; and no purely psychological science. Our physics depend always on our metaphysics; because the subject always includes itself as one of the elements of all its thoughts. It therefore necessarily constitutes one of the elements of physical science, as much as it does of psychological science; and the worth of its physical science always depends on the view which it takes of itself. As it knows itself only as the correlative of object, in all its science of itself, it must include as one of the elements of that science, the object or not me. Each science therefore contains the other, and the two are, as has just been intimated, not two sciences, but one science. As the science of nature is always *by* the science of the subject, and as the science of the subject is *by* the science of nature, the method of studying one or the other is doubtless the same. But we have not two sets of senses, one for the external, and one for the internal, one for nature, and the other for

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the subject. The observer is always the subject, the me, the whole me and nothing but the me. I always observe, whatever the field of my observation, by virtue of my own inherent intelligence, or rather power of intelligencing. This power is one and indivisible, as is necessarily implied in the unity of the subject, which we found affirmed by its substantiality. This is always one and the same light, whether it shine out through those windows of the soul called the external senses, or whether it blazes out in the brilliant but brief light of consciousness. What this illumines I observe; what it leaves in the shade I cannot observe. In external sense, and in consciousness, the observer is always the same,—always the one invariable, persisting subject, which I call me, myself.

The light, or power, by which I observe, or by which I am rendered capable of observing, is not only one and indivisible, but is always myself, and in no sense whatever distinguishable from me. It is me, inherently, essentially, not something separable from me, and capable of being distributed among different organs. The brain is called an organ of the mind, but the *power* to think is not the brain, is not secreted by it, does not reside in it. *It* does not think, *I* think; *It* is not the intelligent subject or force; *I* am that intelligent subject or force. The material, or physical organs, improperly termed senses, since they are not senses, but organs of sense, do not observe; *I* observe. The body does not feel; *I* feel. The pain which I say is in my foot, is not a pain which my foot feels, but a pain which I feel; and I may even continue to feel it for a time, after my foot has been amputated and removed far from me. Consciousness does not know, for it is not an agent, nor even the faculty of an agent. I am the agent and I, not the consciousness—know. It is not correct to speak of the senses as observing the external world, and consciousness the internal world, as if I, the real and only subject, were standing idly by, with no conceivable employment, but that of merely listening to the reports which consciousness and the senses are so obliging as to make to me. It is always I myself, that sees, hears, feels, knows, although by means of appropriate organs, according to the conditions of my being and modes of activity. Consciousness, it cannot be repeated too often, is not a sense, a faculty, a power, nor even a fact of a peculiar sort; but simply the subject becoming able to recognize itself in the phenomenon, and to say, *I* am, *I* think, *I* will, *I* know, *I* love. All activity, whether voluntary or involuntary intelligent, or sentient, is in the subject,—is in fact the subject itself. Whatever is done, the me or subject does it; that is, when we contemplate the fact from the subjective side. It observes, because it is an *active* intelligence; knows, because it is an intelligent force. It is itself both the intelligence and the force in their indissoluble unity. There can be, then, no *external* intelligence, unless we can conceive the subject being external to itself; that is, out of itself. All intelligence is and needs must be internal, in the subject itself; and therefore must be internal also all our powers of observation, whatever they be, and whatever, or wherever, their organs.

Nor is this all. There not only are not the two sets of faculties for observing, supposed, but there are not even the *two fields* of observation contended for. There is not an external field of observation, and an internal field. It is admitted, that the subject may study itself in its facts, and learn itself, so far as it has entered into them; but it cannot and does not study these facts in itself. It is the observer; and all on the side of the observer. It cannot double itself over, as it were, and be at once the observer and the observed; nor can it divide itself into two halves, and observe one half of itself with the other. Now, nothing can be in the subject, or on the side of the subject, but the subject itself. If then these facts are in the soul, they are subject, and not object; and therefore cannot be studied. Nothing which is in the subject, till projected in the phenomenon, can, for this reason, be observed. All observation, since the subject is the observer, must therefore needs be external. All objects of contemplation, reflection, observation, study, or even imagination, must therefore be exterior to the subject. The very term *object*, implies that the facts concerned are out of the subject, standing over against it.

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It is because they are thus out of the subject, standing over against it, that they are called *objects*, instead of subject, which they would be, were they in the me. The light, power, or faculty of observing is internal, subjective; but the observation itself is made always from within outwards,—made in the external, and just as much, and as inevitably so, in the case of the facts of consciousness, as in the facts of the material world. What is so often said, about "introspection," "looking within," "studying the soul by immediate consciousness," must not then be too strictly construed. The facts which philosophers and divines have in view, when they exhort us to look within, are no doubt very real, and very necessary to be studied, in order to become acquainted with ourselves. They are facts, nay, facts open to our inspection; but they must be regarded as existing out and independent of the subject, not in it, and therefore, as not me.

Moreover, these facts, which are called facts of consciousness, and which constitute what is called the *internal* world, are not, when objects of study, facts of *consciousness*, nor are they observed by immediate consciousness. A fact of consciousness, or a fact in which I am conscious, is always a present intellectual act, in which I recognize myself as the subject acting. The thought I am *thinking*, whatever it be, not the one I *have* thought, is the fact of consciousness. Consciousness concerns always the present, and, like the subject itself, has no past, and no future. The moment I arrest myself thinking, and attempt to seize the thought, and to make it an object of reflection, it ceases to be the thought I *am* thinking, and becomes the thought I *was* thinking, and on which I am now reflecting. The fact of consciousness, is now myself reflecting on the thought I was thinking, or rather the thought I am thinking on that thought. The fact of consciousness, then, dies the moment we attempt to seize it, and to make it the object of our observation, and a new fact is born. Observation of psychological facts by means of immediate consciousness, is then out of the question.

That there is the order of facts we are considering, and that they must be studied as the indispensable condition of being able to answer the question, what is the subject? there is and can be no doubt. They are the products of our past living; they are the *facts* of the subject, what it has done, or rather, the facts in which it has realized itself, so far as realized itself it has; and they must therefore, if known, reveal the subject to itself, as a picture reveals the artist, or a book its author. There has been no error in directing our attention to this order of facts, as a means of learning ourselves; nor in the importance which has been ascribed to them; but in calling them, when studied, facts of consciousness; in alleging that it is by immediate consciousness that we study them; in pretending that it is *in* the subject that they are studied; and in calling the study of the subject in these, a study of the soul by itself in itself, and not the study of itself in its phenomena. They are facts,—no doubt facts having a peculiar relation to the subject, but still facts, and in the condition of all facts which fall under our observation,—exterior to the subject, and therefore really and truly not me.

So much I have thought it not improper to say in answer to the first objection urged, an objection which can hardly have failed to suggest itself to the most careless reader. No one pretends that the subject cannot study itself; but simply, that it cannot study itself directly, immediately; but indirectly, mediately, in its phenomena.

The facts which are sometimes called facts of consciousness, are, properly speaking, Facts of Memory. They are, as I have said, products of our past life; but not on this account facts of consciousness, any more than is the book I have written, or the machine I have constructed, a fact of my consciousness. When remembered, I no doubt am conscious that, *when present*, I found myself in them as their subject. It is this fact which connects them in a peculiar manner with myself, and which has led some able psychologists to call them facts of consciousness. But they are not facts of consciousness, even when remembered; for the difference between a pain which we are now experiencing, and

one which we merely remember to have experienced, is very obvious, and escapes no one's attention.

2. But these facts are unquestionably products of our past life. They can be remembered, as we say, *recalled* by memory; and when so recalled, they are *objects* of study—objects of thought—and, therefore, according to the principles laid down, not only *object*, but veritably NOT ME. But, if they are products of our past life, the creations of the subject, even admitting that the subject can manifest itself only in conjunction with the object, does it not follow that the object may be its own creation, and therefore after all really, and, so to speak, vitally subjective? If the subject can create its own object, as in reflecting on its own products, what evidence does the fact that it cannot manifest itself without an object, furnish that the object is really not me, existing out of the subject and independent of it?

That the facts of Memory are products of our past life, is conceded; that when remembered they are *objects* of thought, is not only conceded but contended; and therefore that in certain cases, and under certain restrictions, the object is a product of the subject, will not be denied. But, in calling these facts, *products of our past life*, we necessarily assume that our life begun *prior* to their production. They could not have been produced before we began to live, that is, to manifest ourselves. We must have acted prior to them. If then we can never act, as is certainly the case, save in conjunction with the object, we must have had, prior to them, an object, which could have been in no sense whatever the creation of the subject. Moreover, let it be borne in mind, that these facts are not created by that act of the subject in which they are the object. They were the product not of that act, but of a prior act, and therefore had a sort of independent existence of the subject, before they became the object of its life.

But, although the Facts of Memory are products of our past life, they are not products of the subject acting alone. The past life of which they were the products, consisted, like all dependent life, in the reciprocal action and reaction of subject and object. They were never then, even when facts of consciousness, purely subjective facts. Nothing is purely subjective but the me itself, or that which is all on the side of the subject; but all on the side of the subject, these facts never were. They are indeed the products of our past *thinking*; but like all thought, the resultant of TWO FACTORS, the *joint* product of the simultaneous action and reaction of both subject and object. They are, then, even considered in their origin, no more subjective facts, than they are objective facts. They are neither one nor the other, but partake of the nature of both.

Moreover, MEMORY itself, or the power by which we remember them, and are able to make them objects of reflection, is, *in its manifestation*, no more purely subjective than is the manifestation of the power to think or to perceive. Memory, properly speaking, is not a faculty of the subject, but an act, and therefore, according to the condition of all acting, the subject displaying itself in conjunction with the object. The subject by itself alone can no more remember than it can think. It needs physical and external conditions as much as seeing or hearing. In some states of the body we can no more remember than in some states of the visual organs we can see. In some states we remember with ease, in some with difficulty, in others not at all. Sometimes it is impossible to remember in one state what has been experienced in another, as is witnessed by the phenomena of sleep and natural or artificial somnambulism. Moreover, some outward circumstance, some external occasion, some motive or reason more or less urgent for remembering, is essential to induce us to remember, and even then, will we never so energetically, if the objective conditions of remembering are not favorable, we cannot remember. There must always be some fact of our present life, some present occasion, which demands the past, to cause us to resort to the past, and to consult its records. Since, then, we can remember only in concurrence with the objective, Memory itself must not be regarded as purely subjective; and therefore, of course, must not be regarded as purely sub-

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jective the facts of memory. The fact, then, that the facts of memory may be objects of reflection, then force of thought, makes nothing against the fundamental position, that THE OBJECT IS ALWAYS NOT ME.

3. But what after all is Memory? Where are these facts of our past life when we cannot, or do not, remember them? They are not in the subject, for if they were, and the subject had the power of looking into itself, they would be always present in fact both to the subject and to its view, and therefore there would, and could be no memory. They could never fall into the past, never be lost sight of,—forgotten;—but would be always present facts; for the subject being always itself present, of course whatever it contains would also be present. If they were always present in the soul, and the soul could always look into itself, it could also always see them, and be immediately conscious of their presence. But neither is by any means the case. These facts do fall into the past, and not unfrequently escape wholly from our sight. We do not carry our whole past always, as it were, under our eyes. We can remember but a very little of our past life, only here and there a thought, a sentiment, or an event, that stood out in bold relief,—only here and there one flower that bloomed amid the millions that faded, and wasted their fragrance and beauty unnoted. The rich trains of thought, the pure and eloquent feelings awakened in us by the beauty, the grandeur, the agitation or the repose of nature, by the sweet and thrilling melodies of the harp, the conversation of the great and the wise, the venerable and the good, the true, the lovely, and the loved, have passed away and become to us as the receding echo of a pleasant dream, which we remember to have had, but which we can no longer recall. Could this be so, if the products of our past life were still in us, and we had the power of looking into ourselves, and reviewing them at our leisure?

But, if these facts do fall into the past, and, to some extent, fade away from our sight, they do not vanish entirely. Some of them we remember, and the fact that we can remember them is a proof that they in some sense do still continue to exist. What I remember is never a new creation, but always an old friend or acquaintance, revisiting me, with or without invitation. If these products of our past life, when not remembered, had ceased to exist, they would have become precisely as if they had never been, and it would be no more possible to remember them, than to remember, if the expression will be permitted, what had never occurred. The past, then, since, to some extent at least, it is open to memory, cannot be dead, but must be still something. It has not ceased to be. Forgotten it may be; we may not hear its eloquent voices, nor be charmed by its melodies, but it has not gone wholly out. One day, one happy moment, it shall return to our view in all, and even in more than all its original freshness and beauty. As we grow old, the veriest trifles of our childhood and youth come back to us, and we find again thoughts, sentiments, events, which move us, and even more powerfully than they did when they were actually present. We still find the friend of our youth so early and so suddenly taken from us; the beloved of my heart, from whom I have been separated by death, for long years, returns to me again, and my heart swells and my eyes overflow, as I look upon the sweet face that won me, and listen to the silver tones of that voice which charmed me. Could that which had ceased to be, which had become as if it had never been, come back to my heart with such vividness, and have such power to move me? No, no. The facts of my past life then still are, but WHERE ARE THEY?

It may be answered that they are in the Memory, but this answer cannot be accepted, for it is merely a repetition of the fact that prompts the question. It is merely saying that we remember, that under certain circumstances, we seem to ourselves to find again, though not as present, the facts of our past life. Memory is not something distinct from me. There is not the subject, and by its side, but distinct from it, a memory. Memory is the subject itself, the subject remembering. Nothing can be said to exist in the memory which may not be said to exist in the subject. These facts, we have seen, do

not exist in the subject; they do not exist in what is called the world of space, for they are not corporeal; where, then, do they or can they exist? There is but one answer to be given to this question; it is that they EXIST IN TIME as bodies do in space. Memory, though involving much which is, in the present state of our knowledge, wholly inexplicable, may be defined, THE SUBJECT PERCEIVING IN TIME.

This view of Memory, which, I believe, is not a very common one, though not altogether original with me, is of very great importance, and may help us to explain some phenomena which have hitherto been inexplicable. It recognizes a world of Time as well as a world of space, and in man the power of perceiving in the one world as well as in the other. On any other view of memory, time would have no meaning, would have no contents. The future we should say is not yet, and the past has ceased to be. There would, then, remain only the present, which is a mere point, and the type, if I may so speak, not of time, but of Eternity, that is, of NO-time. Space marks the relations which bodies hold to each other, not merely as they exist in our mind, as Kant maintains, but as they exist in the Divine Mind, that is, as they really exist. Time marks the order in which events succeed, and not only the order of the events which have been, but also of the events which are to be. Events bear, then, the same relation to time, that bodies do to space, and perception of the events is properly perception in time, as perception of bodies is perception in space.

But time has two divisions, the Past and the Future. Memory is the subject PERCEIVING IN THE PAST; but may we not also perceive in the future? Cannot man look before as well as after? Does not the prophetic element, then, bear the same relation to the soul that the historical does? and is not PROPHECY found to be a fact as well attested in man's history as Memory itself? It may, or it may not exist in as great a degree; man may not have the same power of foresight that he has of after-sight; yet the power to foresee is as unquestionable and as universal as the power to remember. Every man presages to a greater or less extent, has always a more or less vivid presentiment of what is to fall out. Most people can relate some remarkable instances of foresight or presentiment which have occurred in the course of their experience.

This FORESIGHT is not always clear and distinct, but in general feeble and confused; and so is it with our perception of bodies in space. It is only here and there one that is distinctly marked; the greater portion coming within the range of our vision are perceived only confusedly, as are the small particles of water which compose the wave I see rolling in upon the beach, or the hum of each separate insect which goes to make up the total hum of the swarm to which I listen. In Memory, too, our perceptions are for the most part of the same confused character. We often foresee with as much distinctness as we remember; and the objects of which we have a presentiment, not unfrequently stand out before us in as clear and as brilliant a light as the objects we perceive in space, and are capable of being discerned with equal ease and exactness.

Leibnitz contends that we not only have a *reminiscence* of all our past thoughts, but a PRESENTIMENT of all our thoughts, though in a confused manner, without distinguishing them. The fact that we perceive only in a confused manner without distinguishing one perception from another, makes nothing against the fact that we do perceive. We must not suppose that our actual perceptions are confined to the few distinct perceptions in which we not only perceive but apperceive. The me, or subject, is essentially active and percipient; the object, all nature, is always before it, around it, and streaming into it with ten thousand influences, each of which must, from the nature of the case, be perceived; for, unperceived, they would not and could not be *influences;* they would be as if they were not. In deep sleep, in fainting, in stupor, there is perception, but no apperception; or how otherwise could we awaken, or return, or be recalled, to consciousness? We close the eyelids unconsciously, when any foreign body approaches the eyes. We are at times swayed to and fro,

are powerfully affected, we know not how, and cannot tell wherefore. We experience the most pleasurable, or the most painful sensations, without a clear or distinct perception of any external cause. When we walk for our pleasure, we not seldom take one direction rather than another, without any reason of which we are conscious; and when we walk, lost in revery, or rapt in our own meditations, we turn aside, and with perfect unconsciousness carefully avoid the obstructions to our progress, which may be lying in our pathway. We must needs perceive what comes within the range of our organs of perception; and yet we seldom mark the roar of the Ocean near which we live, breaking on the distant beach; the hum of the city through which we daily pass; the rich and varied beauty of the landscape which has been lying spread out before us in warm sunlight from our childhood; and yet these influence our characters, and nice observers can easily tell, on seeing and conversing for a short time with a stranger, the general description of the natural scenery amidst which he has been brought up. Objects are constantly before us which we do not note; sounds are perpetually ringing in our ears of which we are unconscious; and yet remove those objects, silence those sounds, and we should instantly miss them; a sense of loneliness or desertion would come over us, and we should look around to find that of which, when present, we took no notice. These considerations, and many more of the same kind, warrant the induction, that we may perceive without apperceiving, and that we are never to assume that we do not perceive, when all the conditions of perception are present, merely because we do not distinguish our perceptions one from another, or because they are too numerous and too rapid in their transit across the plane of our vision, to allow us to clothe them with form, and thus convert them into thoughts. While, then, we may say with Locke, that the soul does not always *think*, we must still contend with Leibnitz, that it always *perceives*, and everywhere.

These feeble, confused, undistinguished perceptions, play a very important part in the conduct of life. It is by them that we must explain what are called *involuntary* actions. By them we are also able to account for a great variety of phenomena, which without them would be wholly inexplicable. Assuming that we may perceive without apperceiving, and in the world of time as well as in the world of space, we can readily account for the fact that we are so seldom surprised when we become conscious of perceiving, and for the fact long ago noted by Plato, and by him made the basis of his argument for the immortality of the soul, that all knowledge comes to us ever as a *reminiscence*, as something which we have previously known, and now suddenly remember. When a man utters a new and striking thought in my hearing, I seem to myself to have had that thought before. In all my observations on nature, in all my reflections on science, art, and morals, I seem to myself, for the most part, to be reviewing what I had before seen, though hastily and imperfectly. The authors who take hold of the popular heart, and enter into the life of their race as its restorers, rarely surprise us; they seem to us to be saying what we all had always thought or felt, but had never been able to express, and had never before heard expressed. This is precisely the effect we should look for in case we had, as Leibnitz says, "a presentiment of all our thoughts." The soul had had a presentiment, a dim and confused perception, before the clear and distinct view which converts the perception into a thought. What is subsequently thought had, as it were, in some degree, been foreseen and predicted. Hence we find that prophecy never surprises us; and the bulk of mankind, they who are not prejudiced by systems and theories, find no difficulty *à priori* in crediting to the fullest extent, those individuals who from time to time stand out from their race as the providential representatives of the prophetic power of our nature. Our power of clear and distinct perception in time as well as in space, varies with the state of our mind and body. We know by experience, that in our own case the power to foresee in certain states of nervous excitement or exaltation of sentiment, in trance, or what the Alexandrian philosophers called *ecstasy*, is altogether greater

and more certain than in our ordinary state. Hence the Pythoness who gave forth her oracles in her moments of almost convulsive excitement, natural or artificial, may readily have perceived what she predicted. The belief in oracles among the heathen, then, as well as in the prophets and seers among the Hebrews, may have had something solid at bottom.

To the same power of perceiving without apperceiving, and of perceiving in time, as well as in space, must be attributed our faith in the order and stability of nature. On this faith is founded the whole conduct of life; and yet it is no induction from experience, and no logical inference from the immutability of the Creator. It is never obtained by a logical process. Because the sun rose to-day, or because I have seen it rise for a thousand days, I cannot say that it will rise to-morrow. Men, too, have this faith, who never think of inferring it from the experience of the past. It is not inferred from the immutability of the Creator; for it may be found where there is no belief in the Creator, and where men have not asked themselves, if the immutability of the Creator involves the immutability of the creation. Nor is it inferable from the immutability of the Creator. We all admit that God is immutable, but none of us admit the immutability of creation. If we have a right to infer the order and stability of nature from the fact that God is immutable, it is only because this fact implies that there can be no change in his works. If no change in his works, then, no progress, no deterioration; all is fixed, immovable. And yet in the case of man, we know this is not true. Humanity is capable both of improvement and of deterioration. There are no data from which this faith can be inferred, and, as a matter of fact, it never is an inference. Yet all men have it, and in every act of their lives, in the least and the greatest, presuppose it. Whence comes it? The soul perceives in time, and in time future, as well as in time past. It has always a presentiment of the continuance of this order and stability, which must survive, whatever the changes nature may undergo.

To this same power we must attribute our faith in our own personal identity, a faith which we retain, notwithstanding the perpetual interruptions of consciousness, as in deep sleep when we do not dream, in fainting, and stupor. These interruptions never shake our faith in our own identity. We are always the same, invariable, persisting subject. The subject finds itself, recognizes its own existence only in its acts. It is not always conscious, does not always think; and therefore, if it acted only when it thought, it would at times lose all sense of itself, which in point of fact never happens. It perceives, always; and in all perception it acts; and in all acting, however feeble or confused, it must have a feeble and obscure sense of its own being;—too feeble and obscure, it may be, to give it a clear and distinct consciousness, yet always sufficient to keep alive a faith in its own identity and persistence.

The fact here touched upon, might perhaps carry us farther yet, and account, in some manner, for our faith in Immortality, and, at the same time, show us that the substance of that faith rests on as high a degree of certainty as that which we have of our present existence. The faith in Immortality, which in some form is, and always has been the universal faith of mankind, is after all nothing but the faith which we have in our own identity and persistence, and requires no other conditions. It is a presentiment of the soul, an actual perception in time, shading off as all time does into eternity.

How the soul can perceive in time, past or future, is no doubt inexplicable; so is it, how it can perceive in space. There is no more mystery in the one case than in the other. All we can do, is to determine what it perceives; *how* it perceives, we shall never be in a condition to explain. All we can do, all we shall ever be able to do, is to say that it perceives because it is essentially a percipient activity, which after all is only saying simply that it perceives.

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§ 3. *Imagination.*

Imagining or Imagination, is commonly reckoned among the original facul-

ties of the soul; but it is more properly a fact of human life, implying the presence and activity of all the faculties. As an operation of the mind, taken in a broad and perhaps loose sense, it is hardly a simple operation, but partakes in some degree of reasoning as well as of perceiving, and of perceiving in time as well as in space; yet taken strictly, it is in the main, if not entirely, a mere mode or degree of perceiving, and therefore appropriately enough treated under the general head of PERCEPTION.

The name of this operation is borrowed, not from what may be regarded as its essence, but from one of its incidents, or frequent, though not unfailing, accompaniments. Taken literally, the word implies the act of *representing* by images, and perhaps, the act of so representing *actual* existences; but the operation itself is chiefly concerned with *ideal* existences; and its essence consists rather in the degree of intenseness and energy with which those existences are perceived, than in the mode in which they are expressed or represented.

In Imagination, as in perception, as in apperception, there are both subject and object; but the object is for the most part ideal, and therefore commonly supposed to be a mode, affection, or creation of the subject; and therefore again as wholly subjective and without objective validity. Hence, *imaginary* would say *fictitious*, unreal, without any solid foundation. But the object in Imagination, as in thought, according to the doctrine already laid down, must be really not me, and therefore really existing out and independent of the subject. The subject in imagining, is as far from being or creating its own object as in apperceiving or remembering. Imagination in its elements differs not at all from apperception, nor indeed from simple perception. The difference is a difference in quantity, not in quality. It is distinguished from apperception, as apperception is distinguished from perception, that is, by being a higher degree of the same activity. We may reckon FOUR degrees of activity, which may be named,

1. PERCEPTION.
2. APPERCEPTION.
3. IMAGINATION.
4. ECSTASY or TRANCE.

Heighten perception to a given degree, and it is apperception; heighten apperception to a given degree, and it is Imagination; heighten Imagination to a given degree, and it is Ecstasy or Trance. The reality of the phenomena included by the ancient Alexandrian school under the head of Ecstasy, and which the modern believers in mesmerism ascribe to the mesmeric state, cannot be altogether denied; but as they are still wrapt in great obscurity, and as we are unable to affirm anything with much positiveness concerning them, they are best classed under the head of Imagination, with which they are certainly allied, and from which in the present state of our knowledge they are by no means easily distinguished. Including then the ecstasy of the ancients, and the mesmeric state of the moderns, under the head of Imagination, we must reduce the degrees of activity to THREE, Perception, Apperception, and Imagination; of which Imagination will be the *highest*, and differing from the other two only in being a more intense and energetic degree of the same activity.

In Imagination we apperceive, but with greater intenseness and energy than in ordinary thought. Hence, the NOTION or Form with which the subject clothes the naked elements of the thought, is more real, living, substantial, than in ordinary thinking. A man imagining is a greater, a more vigorous and exalted being, than a man merely thinking. Herein is the true distinction between the ordinary thinker and the poet, and between the artisan and the artist. Intensify ordinary thought, and it is poetry; as is evinced by the fact that all real thinkers, all men of sincere and earnest minds, in their more felicitous moments, when acting with the whole force and energy of their being, become more or less imaginative, and rise into strains of genuine poetry. Intensify the power of the artisan, and the miserable sign he is painting for some obscure village inn, becomes a Madonna, in which shall be inshrined "the beauty of holiness." The rough, jarring tones of the rude peasant, grating harsh discord on the ear, become sweet, musical, tender,

and touching, the moment his heart warms up with a generous passion, or melts with love and devotion.

The fact here insisted on deserves the attention of all who are concerned with Æsthetics, or the science of the Fine Arts. Every one has felt that poetry depends on the imagination, but wherein imagination differs from other mental operations, no one seems to have been able to determine. It evidently is not in the *expression*, otherwise all figurative or symbolical expressions would be poetical; and the huge, ill-shapen beasts of Hindoo and Egyptian mythology, would be truer specimens of art, than the symmetrical, graceful, and finished productions of Grecian genius. "White as snow," "swift as the wind," "quick as lightning," and similar expressions, are figurative in a high degree; but, whatever they may once have been, are now far from being poetical, or indicating the presence of imagination. They may be used poetically, but they are ordinarily nothing more than extravagant prose. Those who have agreed that Imagination is not in the expression, have usually considered it a special faculty of human nature, and have considered poetry to be the result of a special power of the soul not called into exercise in ordinary prose. Yet analysis of the finest passages of poetry taken from Homer, Dante, Milton, or Shakspeare, will by no means sustain this view. These passages indicate the presence of no original element of human nature, not essential to the driest and dullest prose. Art contains no elements not requisite to the most ordinary productions of the artisan. Every stone-cutter is an incipient Phidias; and the richest and sublimest of Beethoven's Symphonies, contain no elements not contained in the usual tones of the human voice, and brought into play in ordinary speech. Few men are artists; yet all men are able in a degree to relish Art. The germs of the poet are in all hearts; hence, the true poet fetches from all hearts an echo to his song. All men love the poet, for he is to them what they are aspiring to be,—is themselves enlarged. All men love Art, and are moved by it. The rude Indian paints the prow of his canoe, polishes his war-club and his bow; and the Indian maiden strings her beads of wampum, and decks her hair with shells, to win his admiration or his love. The artist, whether painter, poet, sculptor, architect, or musician, is no doubt above the mass of men, and very distinguishable from them; but not by having aught of which they have not the elements. In this respect, all men are brothers, and equals.

The simple truth is, there is not the radical distinction between poetry and prose, between imagination and ordinary thinking, commonly contended for. Poetry and prose differ not in kind, but are merely different degrees of what at the bottom is the same. All prose writers, of the least genius, when warmed up, are poetical in thought and expression; and our truest poets, for the most part of the time, give us merely measured prose. Prose rises imperceptibly into poetry; and poetry sinks imperceptibly into prose. No man can define the exact boundary line between them; and it is only when at a considerable distance from the line, that we can tell whether we are in the territory of the one or of the other. On each side of the line, there is and always must be a disputed territory, which will be enlarged or contracted according to the intensity and energy of the life of him who undertakes to adjust the dispute.

Imagination has at times been called the *creative* faculty of the soul, and therefore looked upon as the highest faculty of our nature. But all activity is creative. To act is to do, to effect, or produce something; that is, to create. Man is active by nature, and therefore must act in all his phenomena. He must then be creative in them all. He is then creative, not because he is imaginative, but because he is active. Including, as we have said, under the head of Imagination, the phenomena which the ancients ascribed to ecstasy, and the moderns to the mesmeric state, man is *more* active in imagination than in any other of his operations, because imagination is the highest degree of activity of which he is capable.

In regard to this higher degree of activity, men differ one from another, and the same man differs from himself, at different epochs of his life. The

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susceptibility of this degree of activity, that is, of imagination, depends on the relative proportion in which the faculty we have called Sensibility, enters into our original constitution, or the special degree of excitement it may at the moment be undergoing. The Sensibility, by which must be understood, not merely the power of being placed in relation with the external world, the RECEPTIVITY of the Kantian philosophy, is, if I may so speak, the central element of the me or subject. It is this which is more especially at the bottom of all those of our phenomena which indicate the highest and intensest degree of life, as emotion, passion, affection, love, joy, grief. This faculty is not possessed by all men in the same relative proportion. In some men it is scarcely discernible. These are cold, dry, hard, and though not unfrequently passing for men of thought, are usually regarded as unamiable, dull, uninteresting, drudges, mere plodders, who doubtless are not without their use in the world, but who are never among the chiefs of their race, the lights of their age. In others again this faculty seems to predominate; and these are those of our race who have, if one may so speak, the largest, the richest, and the loftiest nature; and life, that is, action, that is, again, manifestation of our being, must needs be with these more intense and energetic than with those of a narrower and less richly endowed nature. Just in proportion, then, as this element predominates in the original constitution of the individual, or just in proportion as it is for the time being, naturally or artificially, rendered the predominating element in the life of the individual, will be that individual's susceptibility of imagination.

Life being in this individual more intense and energetic than in ordinary men, or at least than in their ordinary state of inward excitement, he must necessarily clothe his thoughts with richer, more vivid, and substantial forms; which again will require a more vivid and expressive language for their utterance. Hence the peculiar language of imagination; hence poetry; hence all the various forms of Art. All are but the various language the soul adopts in its states of highest and best sustained activity, as the means of giving utterance to its own intense, energetic, and, therefore, creative life. But after all, the difference is not a difference in kind. In the simplest act we perform we are creative, in a degree; and the simplest and most prosaic forms of expression we ever adopt, are constructed on the same principle, after the same laws, and are in fact at bottom the same with those of the sublimest and richest Art.

The Greeks, it is true, seem to have regarded the Imagination as a specially creative faculty. We see this in the fact of their calling the poet a *maker*. They must have supposed that imagination, on which poetry depends, deals only with the Ideal, and that the Ideal is the mere creature of the subject. Hence, they make the essence of poetry consist in *fiction*. Fiction is that which is *made up* by the poet out of himself, his own fancies and conceits, and needs, and has no objective basis. All the truth or reality there is in poetry, and therefore in imagination, on this hypothesis, is simply and exclusively of the subject's own creating. But this is by no means true.

Imagination, unquestionably, deals much with the Ideal; but not exclusively, nor is all dealing with the Ideal, Imagination. Metaphysics, ethics, transcendental mathematics and geometry, nay, all reasoning, as will hereafter be seen, the most abstract, the dryest, the dullest even, deals with the Ideal not less than does Imagination. We may perceive the Ideal feebly, listlessly, as well as intensely and energetically; and it is only in the last case that perception of the Ideal is Imagination. We may also perceive the Actual with intensity and energy, with the highest degree of activity we can experience. If so, Imagination may deal with the actual world as well as with the ideal world. The essence of Imagination does not consist either in the object with which it deals, nor in the mode or manner in which the subject *represents* the object; but solely, as we have seen, in the intensity and energy with which the object is seized. The actual world is often seized with great intensity and energy, as we may learn by reading historical, descriptive, and didactic poetry. In the "Hind and Panther" of Dryden,

even political and theological speculation and reasoning become imaginative and poetical. It must be a very defective definition that excludes from the domain of poetry, Pope's Essay on Man and his Moral Essays, the Satires of Horace and Juvenal, the "Rerum Natura" of Lucretius, the sixth Book of the Æneid, or even Wordsworth's Excursion, with the exception of some of the details and descriptions.

Nevertheless the object with which Imagination deals, unquestionably, for the most part, belongs to the Ideal world, and it may be maintained, with great plausibility at least, that in what may, for distinction's sake, be termed the poetry of the Actual, the poesy consists in the detection and representation of the Ideal. This is evidently the thought of those who place the essence of poetry not in fiction, nor in imitation, but in what is called INVENTION, that is to say, in *finding*. In our ordinary state, or at least the bulk of mankind in their ordinary state, stop with the Actual. A primrose by the river's brink is a primrose and nothing but a primrose; man is merely a two-legged animal without feathers; all nature appears, and is what, and only what, it appears. There are individuals who never get beyond this state; individuals to whom there is never the mighty and dread Unknown before which they stand in awe, or shrink into insignificance. Even whole nations, with the exception of a cultivated class, little numerous, rarely if ever get through the Actual. In proof of this, might be cited the much boasted Anglo-Saxon race. The genuine Englishman of the lower class, is perhaps the least imaginative human being conceivable. English Literature surpasses that of all modern nations in genuine works of imagination; and yet there is, strictly speaking, for the Anglo-Saxon race, no genuine national poetry. The English have no national songs, no national airs, as have their neighbors the Scotch and the Irish, or the Italians, and the people of Northern and Eastern Europe. The peasant Burns could hardly have been born south of the Tweed. Similar remarks may be made on the Anglo-Americans. We are by no means an imaginative people. We import our songs and music, as we do our silks and broadcloths. And yet, however it may be with the mass of the uncultivated English and Americans, however it may be with some individuals through their whole lives, and with all men during their ordinary state of inward excitement, there are to most men moments when the actual becomes transparent, and reveals to their view the rich and magnificent world of the Ideal lying beyond, its basis and its possibility. To all intense and energetic action the Actual becomes merely a symbol of the Ideal. All men, when wrought up to a high degree of well sustained activity, are imaginative, and do perceive more than has as yet been realized. Perhaps, were we to change our point of view somewhat, even the English and American branches of the Saxon race, would themselves be found to be not altogether without imagination. They are a practical people, but they often display in the direction of mere practical life, an intense and energetic activity, that approaches very nearly to the poetical. They have, after all, a national song in the steam-engine and the deep-laden ship, and national music in the ringing of the ever-busy hammer of industry.

Let it be admitted, then, if it be insisted on, that poetry consists in the intense and energetic detection and representation of the Ideal in the Actual, and therefore that Imagination, according to the common faith of mankind, deals altogether with the Ideal; it will not follow that the object is merely a modification, affection, or creation of the subject. The Ideal is always *found* by the poet, not *made*, and is as truly objective as the Actual in which he finds it. The Ideal exists out of us, and independent of us; only it exists as the Ideal, not as the Actual. It is as truly perceived, and in the most fervid imagination is as truly an object of perception, as is a man, a horse, a plant, or an animal. When I see an individual man, I call him at once a *man*; but by what authority do I so call him? Unquestionably because I recognize in him the *genus*, or race, by virtue of which he is a man, and not a horse, or a dog. This *genus* or race is not actual, but ideal, and it has no *actual* existence save in individual men and women. Yet it is not itself individual, is not all in one individual,

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nor all in all individuals; for it is at once in all individuals, is the basis of each individual, and the infinite possibility of each to be more than he is. Whatever force, or substance, or power, we recognize in a particular man, it belongs to him not as a pure individual, but as a representative of humanity. To deny, then, in the case of man the objectivity and independence of the Ideal, would be to deny the objectivity and independence of the Actual, which never is but by virtue of the Ideal. Imagination, then, by dealing with the Ideal, no more deals with the unsubstantial, the fictitious, the supposititious, the chimerical, or the subjective, than though it dealt solely with the Actual.

This is not the common opinion. Men have made poetry consist in fiction, not in truth; and the severest remark is to accuse one of "drawing on his imagination for his facts." Even Shakspeare, whom one may dare cite for his philosophy as well as for his poetry, seems to have adopted the common notion, that in Imagination the subject creates its own object:

"*Hip.* 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.
"*The.* More strange than true; I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys,
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold:
That is the madman; the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt;
The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to *airy nothing*
A local habitation and a name,
Such tricks hath strong imagination."

And yet according to the Formula of Thought, already established, which makes it a phenomenon with three indestructible and inseparable elements, namely, SUBJECT, OBJECT, and FORM, these *airy nothings* are not nothing, but something; for the subject is always me, and the object always not me.

But must we then take all the creations of the poet, the chimeras, hydras, monsters, and demons of popular superstition, the fairies, genii, heroes, demigods, gods, and goddesses, bodied forth by the various national mythologies of ancient and modern times;—all the heroes and heroines of novels, fables, and what we term fictitious history,—must we take all these as so many real personages, as actually existing, out and independent of the subject, as Peter, James, or John? To us who contemplate them, reflect on them, they are unquestionably not me, that is, really objective existences, but existing as facts of memory, and belonging therefore to the world of time. To the subject who created them, they were the NOTIONS, or the FORMS with which he clothed real thoughts or actual apperceptions. The Form of the Thought or Apperception is always, as has already been shown, the creation of the intelligence of the subject; but *it is never created save when that intelligence acts in conjunction with a real object*, belonging to the world of immediate perception; to the world of memory; or to the world of foresight. These creations differ only in degree from our ordinary *notions*, or the commonest forms which we give to our apperceptions. They are created by the subject, not by the subject acting without an object, but acting in conjunction with the object; and therefore they conceal under them an *objective* reality, no less than a subjective reality.

This will be evident, if we but analyze any one of these "airy nothings" of the poet. The elements out of which they are constructed are always real apperceptions, never pure fictions. We may imagine a mountain of gold, when no mountain of gold shall actually exist; but what is this mountain of gold but the combination of two facts of memory, namely, the conception of gold obtained from the memory, or, what here is the same thing, *experience* of gold, and the conception of mountain ob-

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tained from the same source? Had we never had any experience of gold and mountain, we should have been wholly unable to imagine a mountain of gold. Take the dainty, delicate spirit Ariel of Shakspeare, or the devil-begotten Caliban, and it may be seen by even a slight analysis, that Shakspeare has created nothing but the form with which he has clothed the actual facts of his own experience. The same remark may be made of Oberon, Titania, Robin Goodfellow, and the whole race of little people, as well as the giants of Teutonic Mythology. The pattern men and women of our novel-writers are nothing but combinations, more or less felicitous, of what they have really experienced. All the conceptions out of which these pattern men and women are constructed, are furnished by actual experience. They may surpass the men and women one actually meets in society, but they do not surpass the Ideal suggested or revealed by them. In chiselling a Venus or an Apollo, the artist has unquestionably embodied a beauty which surpasses all actual beauty, but not all the beauty actually present to his view. There hovered before him as he worked, a beauty, which perpetually baffled his efforts to seize and fix in his glowing marble. He has created nothing. The beauty I worship in a Madonna is not supposititious; it is not the creation of a mortal. The mortal has but found and revealed the Immortal. He has but imperfectly embodied what his actual experience has enabled him to perceive. Find an artist who, having never looked on the delicate features and graceful form of woman, can yet give us a Venus, or who, having never marked the masculine form and vigor of man, can yet give us an Apollo, and you will find one who can create out of himself, without needing to draw on experience for the materials with which to work.

All the creations of the poet, or the beings of imagination, whether lovely or unlovely, chaste or unchaste, are nothing but the forms with which men attempt to clothe their apperceptions, all of which include necessarily subject and object, though in some cases the object may be the product of our past life, or what we have termed a fact of memory. Out of these apperceptions they are all constructed. They differ, then, at bottom not at all from what we have already termed the NOTION or Form of the Thought. Intensify the Notion in ordinary thinking, and you have one of these poetical creations,—a Venus or an Apollo, an Ariel or a Caliban, a Miranda or a Lady Macbeth.

The object in Imagination is, then, really not me. There is always truth, and even a high order of truth, under the wildest and most extravagant fancies and conceits of the lover, the madman, and the poet. Not all unreal is the bright world of Romance into which we rise from the dull Actual in all our moments of higher and intenser life. The "land of dreams," in which the lover and the poet, in their intensest frenzy, rise free and delighted, is, if we did but know it, more substantial than this cold, dry, work-day world, in which for the most part of the time we merely vegetate, and call it living. In these moments the soul penetrates beyond the Actual to the Ideal, which is the basis of all reality, that in which we are all, without seeming to know it, immersed as in a vast ocean of being.

But every *notion*, we have seen, has its face of error, because it is the creature of the subject, and the subject is finite. So also must all the forms of Imagination have their face of error. None of these express, or can express, the *whole* truth, or nothing but the truth. Nevertheless, as man in the Imaginative state is in his highest state of activity, acting with his greatest force and energy, both as sentiment and as intelligence, it follows that the forms of the Imagination are the truest and the least inadequate of any of the forms with which he clothes his thoughts. They are the highest and most expressive forms he ever adopts; and contain the highest and most comprehensive truth to which he ever naturally attains. There is profounder truth in the Parthenon or Saint Peter's, than in the *Novum Organon;* and a Head of Jupiter by Phidias, or a Madonna by Raphael, is worth more than the Critique of Pure Reason. Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, and Milton, contain more philosophy than Aristotle,

Saint Thomas, or Leibnitz, can comprehend, and the Thousand and One Nights more than the Essay on the Human Understanding. The only real instructor of the human race is the artist, and it is as artists, as men wrought up to the intensest life, and therefore acting from the full force of their being, that Socrates, Plato, Descartes, the great and universally admitted philosophers, have been able to quicken the race, and set it forward to higher and more comprehensive life. No man is really a philosopher till warmed up into the artist. Here is the sacredness of Art, and the explanation of the fact, that the highest truths are always uttered by men when under the influence of the loftiest and most genuine Imagination.

CASSANDRA.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

"For in much wisdom is much grief; and he who increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."

Joy the halls of Troy surrounded,
  Ere the lofty city fell;
Golden hymns of gladness sounded
  From the harp's exulting swell.
All the warriors' toils are over,
  Arms no more the heroes bear,
For Pelides, royal lover,
  Weds with Priam's daughter fair.

Laurel wreaths their temples pressing,
  Many a festive train, with joy,
Throng to supplicate a blessing
  From the deities of Troy.
Sounds of mirth and gladness only
  Through the streets tumultuous flow,
Save where, in its sorrow lonely,
  One sole bosom beats with woe.

Joyless, joys around unheeding,
  Desolate, alone to rove,
Silently, Cassandra, speeding,
  Sought Apollo's laurel grove.
To the wood's remote recesses
  The prophetic maiden fled,
And, with wildly-flowing tresses,
  Thus with angry grief she said:

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* The November number of Blackwood's Magazine, in which appears another translation of this poem, published subsequently to the contribution of the present one to the Democratic Review, extracts the following just and striking criticism on the subject of this poem, from Madame de Staël:—"One sees in this ode the curse inflicted on a mortal by the prescience of a God. Is not the grief of the Prophetess that of all who possess a superior intellect with an impassioned heart? Under a shape wholly poetic, Schiller has embodied an idea grandly moral, viz., that the true genius (that of the sentiment) is a victim to itself, even when spared by others. There are no nuptials for Cassandra—not that she is insensible—not that she is disdained, but the clear penetration of her soul passes in an instant both life and death, and can only repose in heaven."—*L'Allemagne*, Part II., c. 13.

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"Joy each brow around me brightens,
  Happiness each heart expands,
Hope my parents' bosom lightens,
  As a bride my sister stands;
I alone no dreams can cherish,
  No delusion lives for me,
O'er these towers, soon doomed to perish,
  Vengeance hov'ring near I see.

"Torches glow with brightness splendid,
  Not, alas, in Hymen's hand—
With the clouds the flames are blended,
  Not the sacrificial brand;
And a feast is spread in gladness,
  And in mirth and royal state,
Yet my heart, in gloomy sadness,
  Hears the tread of coming fate.

"And they smile upon my anguish,
  And they chide my flowing tears,
In the desert I must languish,
  Lonely in my bosom's fears;
And the gay, unheeding, leave me,
  The scornful laugh my woe to see;
Bitterly didst thou deceive me,
  Pythian god!—most bitterly!

"Oh! a fatal lot has bound me
  Darkening oracles to tell;
Why, when all are blind around me,
  Why must I discern so well?
Why, with wisdom false and hollow,
  Must I, unavailing, see?
Fate its fearful course will follow,
  That which is decreed must be.

"Why, from scenes of grief and terror,
  Must the veil fall off for me?
Life was in the happy error,
  In the knowledge death I see.
Take, oh take the gift for ever
  That discloses naught but woe,
Henceforth, let a mortal never
  Truth immortal seek to know.

"Oh that, free from care and sadness,
  Blind again my soul could be;
Never sang I strains of gladness,
  Since the note was breathed by thee!
True, the future is before me,
  But I lose the present day;
Boding grief dark shadows o'er me,—
  Take thy treach'rous gift away!

"Never on my flowing tresses
  Did the bridal garland bloom,
Since I vowed in the recesses
  Of the shrine of care and gloom;
All my youth was grief unending,
  Never knew I aught but tears,
And each sad event impending
  Filled my boding heart with fears.

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"All around no sorrow knowing,
  Warm and bright with life and love,
With the hopes of youth are glowing;
  I alone no joy can prove.
Vainly spring new charms may borrow,
  Deck with festive flowers the earth;
Who that fears the coming sorrow
  Can enjoy the present mirth?

"What bright hopes my sister blessing,
  Fill her heart with joy and pride,
When the noblest Greek, caressing,
  Claims her as his promised bride.
In her bosom's exultation,
  While fond visions glad her sight,
Little envies she the station,
  Phœbus, of thy dwelling bright.

"And I, too, have seen before me
  Him my heart would fain approve,
All his glances bright implore me,
  Sparkling with the glow of love;
Willingly, with him uniting,
  Would I pass life's varied scene,
But a Stygian shade affrighting,
  Sternly, darkly glides between.

"All her pallid sprites arraying,
  Proserpine has sent to me;
Wheresoe'er my steps are straying,
  Spectres beck'ning, near I see:
With the sports of youth uniting,
  Mingle an appalling train,
Joys and hopes for ever blighting,—
  Peace I ne'er may know again.

"Now I see the weapon glitter,
  And the eye of murder glow;
Fear and terror, dark and bitter,
  In a tide around me flow.
Not a hope my soul can cherish,
  Vainly fate I seek to fly,
Doomed to see my country perish,
  In a stranger's land to die!"

Still her latest words vibrated,
  When a murmured sound of dread
From the temple penetrated—
  Thetis' gallant son lay dead!
Eris o'er the city towering,
  Shakes her serpent locks with joy,
And the thunder darkly lowering,
  Gathers o'er devoted Troy.

November, 1842. H. M.

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GENERAL JACKSON'S FINE.

BY A. KENDALL.

At the recent session of Congress, several memorials were presented, asking that the fine of one thousand dollars imposed on General Jackson by Judge Hall, in 1815, for the enforcement of Martial Law in New Orleans, during the British invasion, might be refunded; and they have been followed by instructions from several States to the same effect. Senator Linn of Missouri, obedient to the same just and noble impulse, obtained leave and introduced a bill in the following words, viz.:

"*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled,* That the proper accounting officers of the Treasury be, and they are hereby, directed to ascertain the amount of the penalty or damages awarded by the District Judge of the United States at New Orleans, in the year eighteen hundred and fifteen, against Major-General Andrew Jackson, then Commander-in-chief of that district, for official acts in that capacity, and paid by him at the time; and that the sum so paid, with interest at six per cent. per annum, be paid to Major-General Andrew Jackson, out of any moneys in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated."

This bill, let it be observed, does not undertake to decide whether General Jackson's conduct, in the transactions for which the fine was imposed, was right or wrong, legal or illegal, necessary severity or wanton oppression. Nor does it decide whether the conduct of the judge, in imposing the fine, was right or wrong, legal or illegal, necessary severity or wanton oppression.

Was there any man in Congress who thought General Jackson's conduct entirely legal?—he might vote for it. Was there any one who believed his acts illegal, but absolutely necessary to the defence of the city?—*he* might vote for it. Was there any one who believed that his acts were illegal and unnecessary, and yet that they flowed from the purest and most exalted motives?—*he* might vote for it? Was there any one who even believed that the motives actuating him at the moment were not good, but that his offence was atoned for by his subsequent submission to the authority by Judge Hall?—*he* might vote for it. Was there any one who thought the General wrong in every respect of the question, and yet felt that it was unworthy a great nation to profit by holding on upon a sum of money taken from the private property of a citizen who has won so much glory for his country and filled its highest offices?—*he* might vote for it. Any man actuated by any motive which can excite and justify human action, might have voted for a bill thus drawn, without committing himself upon any point involved in the original controversy. Nor would it be reasonable to infer from such a vote, after the practice of this government from its origin, in remitting fines and forfeitures, and refunding damages assessed upon public officers for acts judicially decided to be in violation of law, that the person giving it intended to censure the Judge who imposed the fine. Every member of Congress might fully believe that both parties were actuated by the purest motives, and yet that the fines, forfeiture or damages, ought to be refunded. In this spirit, without doubt, many sums have been refunded to military officers as well as collectors of the customs and others, which were awarded by the courts for acts done by them in violation of the strict letter of law, but with pure motives and in an honest zeal to serve the public.

In Mr. Linn's Bill there was no imputation upon Judge Hall, who had imposed the fine, express or implied. No man could justly infer from it, had it passed, that in the opinion of Congress Judge Hall acted illegally, vindictively or oppressively. In the absence of any preamble or declaration explaining the motives of Congress, it would have been considered like an ordinary case in which a collector or

other agent of the government from pure motives performs acts or exacts moneys in violation of law, and Congress, though satisfied that the decision of the court is perfectly right, steps in to save a faithful public officer from harm on account of his innocent mistake and patriotic intent. It might have been expected, therefore, that this Bill would pass by acclamation. Such, however, was not its fate. It was first referred to the committee on the Judiciary. Mr. Berrien, the chairman of that committee, reported it back to the Senate, with a statement that "the committee are unable to recommend the passing of the Bill;" giving as reasons, that "no evidence in support of this Bill, or of these memorials and resolutions, has been laid before the committee;" that the "claim is not made by General Jackson, or by any one appearing to be authorized in his behalf," &c., &c. We felt shame for our Senate on reading this report. To require evidence that General Jackson was fined and paid the fine, is as absurd as to require evidence of the Declaration of Independence, the adoption of the Constitution, or any other event in the public history of our country. It belittles Congress, as carrying with it the idea of studied and quibbling evasion. Nor does the implied requirement, that the gallant old soldier should apply for this money in person, add to the dignity of this report. It looks like a desire that he shall humble himself, and become a beggar at the bar of Congress, for that justice which the memorialists and Legislatures of the two great States of Ohio and New York asked might be spontaneously awarded. It would have read better in our annals, if the committee, admitting the facts which are notorious to every intelligent man in the Republic, had taken the ground that the fine was *rightfully imposed* and *justly exacted;* that General Jackson *deserved* the punishment thus inflicted upon him; and that to refund it would be an unsafe precedent, encouraging to future military usurpers. There would have been *dignity* in this position, if sincerely assumed, though in our opinion unwarranted by the facts and principles involved in the case.

When the Bill came up for discussion in the Senate, new grounds of opposition, not suggested by the committee, were discovered. In advocating its passage, the Democratic Senators claimed it as a matter of justice to General Jackson, who had done no more than duty required of him; and some of them did not hesitate to charge that Judge Hall had been actuated by personal considerations and vindictive feelings. The Whig Senators thereupon, assumed the ground that they were called upon by this Bill to *condemn Judge Hall* and *reverse his decision!* In this aspect of the case, they were not willing to vote for it (though it was perfectly silent as to the motives and legality of the acts of both parties), without a proviso expressly excluding any conclusion unfavorable to the Judge. The Judge was assailed on the one hand and defended on the other, but the Bill was silent. Where was the necessity of making it speak? Was not the defence of the Whigs a sufficient set-off to the attacks of the Democrats? Could more force be given to the one or the other by any proviso inserted in the Bill? Why not let the reputation of Judge Hall, like that of General Jackson, rest upon its own merits and the defence of his friends?

Mr. Conrad, a new Senator from Louisiana, took the lead in making up this issue. After having stated, somewhat erroneously, the acts for which the fine was imposed, and the decision of Judge Hall therefore, he said:

"This is the sentence we are called upon to reverse as unjust, erroneous and illegal. However willing he might be to return this money to General Jackson *ex gratiâ*—however anxious he might be to do anything consistent with truth and principle, to gratify General Jackson or his friends, on this floor or elsewhere, he could not do this. He could not do it, because he believed the judgment conformable to law and justice; he could not do it, because he would thereby sanction a dangerous precedent, that might hereafter be invoked by some military chieftain less magnanimous than General Jackson, to the subversion of the liberties of his country; he could not do it, because he would thereby contribute to revive an exploded calumny against a portion of his constituents; he could not do it, because he would, in so doing, affix an unjust stigma upon the character of the upright magistrate by whom this sentence was pronounced."

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Now, there was not a word in the Bill, as our readers have seen, involving any of these consequences. There was not a word to show that it was not gotten up and voted for "*ex gratiâ*" altogether. There was nothing to prevent Mr. Conrad and his associates from voting for it on that ground, leaving Mr. Linn, Mr. Benton, Mr. Buchanan, &c., &c., to vote for it on that or any other ground. Mr. Conrad's assertion, that the Judge was "an upright magistrate," might have been deemed sufficient to counterbalance any other Senator's opinion to the contrary, so long as neither appeared in the Bill. But *silence* as to the conduct of the Judge *was deemed an imputation upon it!* The fine could not be refunded to the General without a salvo for the Judge's character! These discreet friends of the absent and the dead practically admitted that his character could not, like that of other judges in like cases, be left to stand or fall by its own merits; but must be propped up by an express reservation. Had we been the advocate of the Judge and the guardian of his reputation, we should have repelled the proviso on the ground that he stood proudly vindicated by history itself without it. We would not have admitted by such a proposition, that a spot, or the shadow of a spot, rested on his untarnished ermine. It pleased the Whigs, however, to modify the Bill and annex a proviso, after which it read in the following form, viz.:

"That there be remitted and refunded to General Andrew Jackson, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, the amount of a fine and costs imposed upon him by the District Court of the United States for the District of Louisiana, for an alleged contempt of court, with interest, at the rate of six per centum per annum: *Provided always*, That this act shall not be construed as an expression of the opinion of Congress upon any judicial proceeding or legal question growing out of the declaration of martial law by General Jackson during the defence of New Orleans."

For two reasons it was now impossible for those who considered Judge Hall's conduct illegal, and the refunding of this money an act of sheer justice, to vote for the Bill. First, it forced them to say what their motive *was not*, and in so doing, took from them the leading consideration which governed *their* votes. So far as they were concerned, they intended their votes for the Bill should be considered a condemnation of the Judge's proceedings. They did not wish the Bill to exclude or include any member's reasons for his vote, deeming it sufficient to let them rest in his own bosom, or be declared in open Senate, as he might deem right and proper. Secondly, they believed the Bill in that shape would be unacceptable, if not insulting, to General Jackson. They had too much self-respect, as well as respect for the noble old chieftain, to tender him an act of justice environed with buts and ifs, conditions, limitations, and provisos. The Bill was consequently rejected by the votes of its original friends.

Shame to our country! She still retains in her Treasury a thousand dollars exacted from a man who will be her pride and her boast in all time to come, for acts which nine-tenths of her people justify and applaud! The main object of this Article, however, is (with the aid of the private papers of the eminent individual to whom it refers) to refresh the memory of our countrymen in relation to the incidents connected with the defence of New Orleans in 1814–15; to bring to the knowledge of the public a few additional facts, and correct the errors of pretended history. In accomplishing these objects we make four distinct points, viz.:

1. The enforcement of Martial Law in question was absolutely necessary.
2. The acts for which General Jackson was fined were the necessary results of that enforcement.
3. The enforcement of Martial Law was legal.
4. The imposition of the fine by Judge Hall was illegal.

1. Necessity of Martial Law.—The year 1814 witnessed the capture of Washington and the burning of our Capitol. While our country was thus disgraced at its centre, General Jackson was fighting his way through the Creek nation to the Gulf of Mexico. Scarcely had he compelled the Indians to sue for peace, when from afar came the note of British preparation for the invasion and conquest of the southwestern portion of the Union. Much

had been done in the destruction of the Indian force on which the invaders relied, but the general peace in Europe enabled Great Britain to turn against the United States additional armies, inured to war and flushed with the recent conquest of Napoleon. As preludes to the invasion, expeditions were sent to Pensacola, and an attempt was made to take Mobile. The latter failed through the gallantry of the garrison of Fort Bowyer; and General Jackson entered Florida, then a Spanish province, took Pensacola, and drove the British out to sea. Having thus cleared his rear of the enemy, he repaired to New Orleans, the main point of attack, where he arrived on the first day of December, 1814.

There is a remarkable sensitiveness among the Louisiana Whig patriots of this day, whenever it is said or insinuated that any disaffection existed among the population of that State which required the restraints of Martial Law. No such feeling existed prior to the battle of the eighth of January, 1815. It exhibited itself soon afterward, not among the noble band who that day laid low the chivalry of Britain, but among the non-combatants who had left the city to escape from danger, or listened in its balconies to the roar of the cannon with which they had no inclination to court a nearer acquaintance. When the battle was won, and imminent danger no longer impended, these men became all as brave as Cæsar or Napoleon, and yet as devoted to liberty as Cato or Hampden. Not only so, but they loudly asseverated, that the whole population, every soul, was equally as brave and patriotic as themselves, and needed not the restraints of the Martial Law, nor the watchfulness of their sleepless chief, to keep them from mischief. The descendants of this race live to this day, and are found in the United States Senate, where they even make an effort to get their faith endorsed by Congress. Among the patriarchs of this tribe, who are brave when the battle is over, noisy in proportion to their lack of service, and ever ready to scent usurpation in the active defenders of their country, were Judge Hall and Judge Martin in 1815, and of their descendants are Senator Conrad and Senator Barrow in 1842. Judge Hall was the principal *actor*, and Judge Martin the *historian*, of this devoted clan. Upon this history Mr. Conrad relies for his facts, as well as his deductions; taking care, however, to notice only such passages as go to sustain his positions.

That the great mass of population in Louisiana was devoted to the government and country during the last war, has never been doubted or denied by General Jackson or his friends. Their fidelity and patriotism were proved, not by the asseverations of the Halls and the Martins, the Conrads or the Barrows, but by the rattling of their muskets and the roar of their cannon in the face of the enemy. They entered, heart and soul, into the spirit which actuated their invincible chief, and nobly stood by him in all his dangers, and proudly shared in all his triumphs.

But that *every man* in Louisiana was a pure and devoted patriot, incorruptible, faithful and brave, as the fireside warriors, peace patriots and Whig politicians would have the world believe, is contradicted by incontestable facts and authentic history. Judge Martin himself testifies to the fact, that a portion of the population of Louisiana had, from the purchase of the Territory down to the late war, been disaffected to the American government. In giving an account of the transfer of the Territory to the United States, (Vol. ii., page 199,) he says:—

"The tricolored made room for the striped banner under repeated peals of artillery and musketry. A group of citizens of the United States, who stood on the corner of the square, waved their hats in token of respect for their country's flag, and a few of them greeted it with their voices. *No emotion was manifested by any other part of the crowd.*"

In fact, so strong were the apprehensions of resistance from the old population, that the American citizens in New Orleans, as the Judge states, organized themselves into an *exclusive* military company to support the new authorities.

At pages 263–4, speaking of the western frontier of Louisiana, Martin says:—

"Cordero had sent a large reinforcement to Nacogdoches; Porter had not two hundred men under his command on Red River. In a letter to the Secretary of War

on the 15th February, he stated the great disaffection of the people around him, nineteen of whom out of twenty preferred the government of Spain to that of the United States."

At pages 245, 249, 251, 252, 257, 260–61, may be found passages testifying to constant dissatisfaction and discontent on the part of a portion of the population towards the government of the United States.

At page 327 he states, that Nichols found emissaries to circulate his proclamation "over the country between the Mobile river and the Mississippi;" and he relates that a British emissary was arrested, having in his possession proclamations to the people of Louisiana on the 23d December, many of which the army found stuck up as it advanced to attack the invaders. It was the treason of thirty or forty fishermen, living in a village at the mouth of Bayou Bienvenu, which disclosed the channel through which the British reached the Mississippi, piloted their barges and furnished them guides and spies. Latour, in his "Historical Memoir of the war in West Florida and Louisiana" (pages 82–3), has recorded the names of ten of these traitors, of whom he says:

"These are well known to have aided the British in disembarking their troops, serving as pilots on board their vessels and boats, and acting as spies for them from the period of their arrival on our coast.

"It was their practice, when they came to town to sell their fish, to get all the information they could, for the purpose of carrying it to the English when they went out to fish in Lake Borgne. On the 20th December, the day preceding the arrival of the detachment (of American militia) at the village, the British Captain Peadie had come disguised, accompanied by the three first named fishermen, as far as the bank of the Mississippi, and had even tasted its water. It was from his report, after having thus examined the country, that the enemy determined to penetrate by Villeré's canal, whose banks at the time afforded firm footing from the landing-place in the prairie to the river."

Without noticing this *entire village of traitors*, and many other facts of a similar character, equally well established, Judge Martin declares, in contradiction of his own authority in other passages, that no treason or disaffection existed among the population of Louisiana! At page 340, vol. ii., he says, that "not one shadow of treason or disaffection appeared among them;" page 345, that "no State was more free from sedition, disaffection or treason;" page 351, that "every bosom glowed with feelings of national honor; everything showed nothing was to be apprehended from disaffection, disloyalty or treason."

This is asserted by the Judge in reference to a period of time when certain inhabitants of Louisiana were, as was well established, collecting information in New Orleans itself for the use of the enemy, conveying it to him by boats, acting as his pilots and guides, and leading British spies through the country to explore the most eligible route for approaching the city! If, in one spot, the entire population of a village were traitors, were there *none* elsewhere? Were *they* the only miscreants in communication with the enemy? Had not these fishermen their friends and accomplices in the *city itself?* It would be contrary to reason to suppose they had not, as it is contrary to fact to assert it.

Of the state of things illustrated by subsequent events, General Jackson was apprised before he reached New Orleans, through correspondence with Governor Claiborne and others.

In a letter, dated the 8th of August, 1814, the Governor, after stating that the corps of the city had resisted his orders making a requisition for active service, remarked: "I have reason to calculate upon the patriotism of the interior and western counties. I know, also, that there are many faithful citizens in New Orleans; but there are others in whose attachment to the United States I ought not to confide." August 12th, after declaring his confidence in a vast majority, &c., he says,—"but there are others much devoted to the interest of Spain, and whose partiality to the English is not less observable than their dislike to the American government." August 24th, he says,—"a cause of indescribable chagrin to me is, that I am not at the head of a willing and united people." September 8th, he says:—"There is in this city a much greater spirit of disaffection than I anticipated; and among the faithful Louisianians there is a

despondency which palsies all my preparations."..."From the great mixture of characters in this city, we have as much to fear from within as from without."..."I think with you, that our country is filled with spies and traitors; I have written pressingly on the subject to the city authorities and parish judges. I hope some efficient regulations will speedily be adopted by the first, and more vigilance exerted for the future by the latter."

Individual disaffection and treason were not the only difficulties the patriotic Governor informed General Jackson he had to encounter. The Legislature of the State could not be relied on for any efficient action. They had sustained the city companies of militia in refusing to obey a requisition of the Governor, ordering a draft of men to join General Flournoy, then in command of the United States' troops in that quarter, the Senate declaring the requisition illegal and oppressive, and the House of Representatives rejecting a proposition to approve of it. Some of the French residents, claiming to be subjects of France, sought exemption from military duty through the interference of the French Consul. In fine, it was the opinion of the Governor, repeatedly expressed in his letters to General Jackson, that in case of attack, so great were the jealousies and disaffection of a portion of the people, that the chief reliance for defence must be on the regular troops and the militia of the Western States.

It was with impressions made by this information that General Jackson went to New Orleans. The candor of Judge Martin as a historian, may be appreciated from the consideration, that, well knowing the facts developed by these extracts from the Governor's letters, which had been published before he wrote, he attributed those impressions to the enemies of Claiborne, &c. "Unfortunately," says he, page 340, "he [General Jackson] had been surrounded from the moment of his arrival by persons from the ranks of the opposition to Claiborne, Hall, and the State government; and it was soon discovered that he had become impressed with the idea that a great part of the population of Louisiana was disaffected, and the city full of traitors and spies." The strength of the bias which could dictate such a sentence, is shown by the undeniable fact admitted by the Judge in the same page, that Claiborne himself was one of the principal agents in misleading the General's mind, a course which our historian charitably attributes to a disposition to magnify his own importance! But ought the Judge to blame General Jackson for believing what was told him both by the "*enemies of Claiborne*" and by *Claiborne himself*, —even if it had been wholly unfounded?

Such was the state of things at New Orleans on General Jackson's arrival. The city was full of spies and traitors. The Legislature, then in session, had interfered with the military arrangements of the government; and refusing either to adjourn or to take those energetic measures rendered necessary by the emergency, only increased the embarrassments by which the Commander of the Army was surrounded. The requisitions of the Governor had been disobeyed, though made under the authority of the General Government, and there was no assurance that they would in future be treated with more respect.

This was not all. Detachments of militia had been ordered from Tennessee and Kentucky, but the time of their arrival was uncertain. Whether they would be efficient or not, was doubtful, for they were mostly without arms. Supplies of arms and ammunitions of war had been asked by the General, the preceding summer, and a part of them were leisurely floating down the river in a flat-boat; but when they would reach the city no one could tell. There was no depôt of arms or ammunitions, or public stores of any kind, in New Orleans. General Jackson was left to create his own resources, being supplied only with men; and even of them he had a supply totally inadequate, in any hands but his own, to the defence of the city. At the time of the capture of the gun-boats on Lake Borgne, on the fourteenth of December, leaving General Jackson nothing to rely on but his land forces, he had at command but about seven hundred regular soldiers, one thousand Louisiana militia, and one hundred and fifty seamen and marines, scarcely equal to a well provided army of one thousand two hundred men. He was obliged to have the city and the country

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thoroughly searched for arms, and a large proportion of those obtained were useless for want of flints; a deficiency which was made up by seven thousand pistol-flints procured from the privateersmen of Barrataria.

It is scarcely possible to make out a stronger case of necessity for the concentration of power in the hands of a military commander. Neglected by the General Government; not adequately seconded, to say the least, by that of Louisiana; almost without arms; with a force too weak, even if well armed, to make an effective defence; surrounded by a motley population, the fidelity of a portion of which was worse than equivocal; having to create an army, arms and supplies, invigorate the desponding, overawe the treacherous, animate the brave, and direct the whole against the invading foe,—he needed the absolute control of all the *men* and *means* which New Orleans contained. Fully satisfied that by these means, and these only, the city could be defended, and having taken the advice of the most considerate as well as patriotic men around him, he declared Martial Law. Among those who approved the measure, were the Governor of the State, the patriotic members of the Legislature, and Judge Hall himself, who had been present at the consultations, and who, on the annunciation of the General's determination, was heard to exclaim—"*Now there is some hope of saving the city.*"

But, let it be remembered, Martial Law was not enforced beyond the necessity which called for it. The Governor, the Legislature, the Judges, the city authorities and all the civil magistrates, were left in the unmolested discharge of their ordinary functions, except in cases where their suspension was necessary to prevent intercourse with the enemy, and to concentrate all the resources of the city in its defence.

2. General Jackson was fined for acts which were the necessary results of Martial Law.—There was some diversity of opinion in Congress as to the *specific acts* for which General Jackson was fined. Nor does the record of the court, an official copy of which is now before us, show that fact with the precision which ought to be preserved in so grave a matter. On the 31st of March, 1815, the last day of the proceedings, it exhibits a list of seventeen interrogatories put to the General, states that he refused to answer them, and thus concludes, viz.:

"Whereupon the Court proceeded to pronounce judgment, which was, that Major-General Andrew Jackson do pay a fine of one thousand dollars."

Turning back, we find that the first order in this case, of record the 22d of March, was in these words, viz.:

"That the said Major-General Andrew Jackson show cause on Friday next, the 24th of March inst., at 10 o'clock, A. M., why an attachment should not be awarded against him for contempt of this Court, in having disrespectfully wrested from the Clerk aforesaid an original order of the honorable the Judge of this Court, for the issuing of a writ of Habeas Corpus in the case of a certain Louis Louallier, then imprisoned by the said Major-General Jackson and for detaining the same; also, for disregarding the said writ of Habeas Corpus when issued and served; in having imprisoned the honorable the Judge of this Court; and for other contempts, as stated by the witnessess."

In the absence of anything more definite or direct, we assume that the three specified charges here made, were the grounds on which the Judge rested the imposition of the fine:

1. Disregarding a writ of Habeas Corpus.
2. Imprisoning the Judge.
3. Wresting an order from the Clerk, and retaining it.

A short narrative will show, that two of the acts charged were the direct and necessary consequences of enforcing Martial Law, and that the last resulted mediately from the same cause.

Approving the enforcement of Martial Law, Judge Hall at first submitted to it like a good citizen. His acquiescence was attested by the fact, that he applied for and obtained a dispensation in his favor of one of its regulations, which required every person found in the streets after nine o'clock at night to be arrested as a spy, and detained for examination. As danger thickened around, he left the city and remained out of harm's way until after the battle of the 8th January. He left the people, whose rights he was afterwards too zealous to protect, to

the uncontrolled dominion of a military chieftain. Their property was seized to feed, clothe, and form shelter for his soldiers. Several persons coming into the city with reports were arrested, sent to the lines, and compelled to fight, much against their will. On one occasion, when an indignant Frenchman came to demand his bags of cotton which the General had *unlawfully* taken to build a breastwork between his army and the British, he *put a musket into the complainant's hands, made him step up between the bags, and help to defend them.* He demolished a sugar-house belonging to a private citizen, merely because it was in the way of his military operations. Innumerable were the *unlawful acts* perpetrated upon the citizen and his property in the progress of the defence—*unlawful* according to the code of Judges Hall and Martin; and yet no Judge Hall was there, either to defend the country against a foreign invader, or the citizen against oppression under the rigors of the Martial Law! He was far beyond the reach of the groans of the oppressed, and the thunder of the enemy's cannon. But Martial Law, by bringing the entire resources of the city and its environs under the control of one energetic and sleepless mind, enabled him to baffle the proud and powerful invader, and the dark clouds of danger were breaking away. Then, Judge Hall again made his appearance in the city, not to aid in consummating the triumph of its defenders, but to resist the measure which he had approved as the only hope of safety, to weaken its defences, and distinguish himself, at a most untimely moment, as the dauntless champion of the civil power!

It will be remembered, that prior to the declaration of Martial Law some of the French citizens had claimed exemption from military duty, under certificates of the French Consul that they were subjects of the King of France. This game was now renewed, and such certificates were again granted, not only for real aliens, but to many who had been naturalized, and exercised the highest privilege of citizens by voting at the elections. This, with other causes, growing out of the nature of General Jackson's army, generated a spirit of discontent, particularly after the embarkation of the British army, which arose in some cases to mutiny and desertion. The enemy were still hovering on the coast, and their future designs were undisclosed. It was incumbent on General Jackson firmly to maintain his position, and prevent the dissolution of his army, until he had an undoubted assurance that their designs upon the city had been totally abandoned.

To check the abuse committed by the French Consul, then himself a subject of Martial Law, the General ordered all the alien French claiming exemption under the certificate of the French Consul, to retire one hundred and twenty miles from the city. This order brought out a communication in the Louisiana Courier, denouncing it in strong terms, advising disobedience to it, and declaring Martial Law "*useless,*" (to use the author's own words), "*when the presence of the foe and honor call us to arms, but which becomes degrading when their shameful flight suffers us to enjoy a glorious rest, which fear and terror ought not to disturb.*"

The name of Louis Louaillier, a naturalized Frenchman and a member of the Legislature, was given up by the editor as the author of the communication. This open defiance made it absolutely necessary that General Jackson should enforce the Military Law still prevailing; otherwise, his authority would have been brought into contempt, and his army dissolved. Already had whole detachments broken up and deserted, and whole companies refused to obey his orders. Intelligence that a treaty of peace had been signed at Ghent had been brought by Mr. Livingston, who arrived from the British squadron on the 10th of February; but the enemy had not suspended his hostile operations: the state of war still existed, with all its responsibilities, and an enemy's army, still powerful in numbers and discipline, was at hand to take advantage of any circumstance which could promise success in a renewal of the attack on New Orleans. To awe the restless, as well as the treacherous, and enforce obedience until danger disappeared, General Jackson ordered the arrest and trial of Louaillier for violation of the Martial Law. His publication was on the 3d March, and his arrest on the 5th. On the same day,

he applied through his counsel to Judge Hall for a writ of Habeas Corpus, which was ordered returnable the next day. At the Judge's request, Mr. Morel, Louaillier's counsel, informed General Jackson by letter of his order. The crisis had now arrived. The civil power was brought into direct conflict with the military, and the question was, whether General Jackson should take the necessary steps to vindicate his authority, or, forfeiting the respect and losing the obedience of those he commanded, see his army disbanded, and the approaches to the city thrown open to the enemy. Without a moment's hesitation, he ordered the arrest of the Judge, and was promptly obeyed.

No man can read this brief narrative without perceiving that the arrest of both Louaillier and the Judge were the logical and necessary results of Martial Law, and *absolutely indispensable to maintain its authority.* The publication of Louaillier, and the order of the Judge, were both in defiance of that law, and if acquiesced in or submitted to there was an end of the military authority.

Up to this time no news of peace had been received, except that which came from the British squadron. After receiving that news, the British commanders *had proceeded to take Fort Bowyer*, and would they not more eagerly have seized upon New Orleans, had they found the American General off his guard, or his army broken up? What a consummation this would have been for the fair-weather patriots who hid their heads when the thunders rolled, but when the lightnings appeared in the distance, filled the air with croakings of danger from the mighty mind which had shielded their country and themselves from the fury of the storm! At the moment of Judge Hall's arrest, General Jackson had every reason to believe, that the British force wanted but the opportunity, notwithstanding the rumor of peace which had reached them, to repeat upon New Orleans the game they had played upon Fort Bowyer. Admiral Cochrane had, indeed, the day after the surrender of the fort, addressed a letter to General Jackson, apprising him of this information, and congratulating him upon the event; but there was no suggestion in it tending towards a suspension of hostilities. A man of General Jackson's vigilance, with the example of Fort Bowyer before him, would be very likely to construe such a letter into a probable stratagem to throw him off his guard. Every prudent man will say, that there was nothing, then known to General Jackson, which would justify relaxation, and that the causes which required the enforcement of Martial Law, though somewhat mitigated, still existed in commanding force.

The first *American* news of peace reached New Orleans on the 6th of March, *the day after Judge Hall's arrest.* An express arrived from Washington, with an open letter from the Postmaster-General, directed to the postmasters on the routes, instructing them to expedite his journey, inasmuch as he was despatched to convey the tidings of peace; but *not a word of peace was there in the packet he delivered to General Jackson.* A blunder had been committed in the War Department, and instead of the news of *peace*, General Jackson received instructions to *raise more troops!* He was at a loss how to act. That a treaty of peace had been concluded by the negotiators at Ghent, he had no doubt; but whether it had been or would be ratified, he had no means of knowing. To assume that a state of peace existed, and abandon his means of defence without more definite information, or an admission to that effect from the British commander in his vicinity, was palpably injudicious and unsafe. After deliberation, he determined to discharge so much of the Louisiana militia as had been levied *en masse*, with orders to hold themselves in readiness to return at a moment's warning; to seek from the enemy a suspension of hostilities; and in every other respect maintain his military position until he received full information in relation to the treaty, or a favorable reply from the British commander. One or both he had a right to expect within a single week.

What more could he have done consistently with the high duties and responsibilities with which he was entrusted? With what promptitude he sought, upon receiving the first reliable information of peace, to release his countrymen from the rigors of Martial Law, is shown by the following extract of his letter to General Lambert,

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written the very day the express arrived, viz.:

"*Head-Quarters,*
"March 6, 1815.

"SIR:

"I have just received intelligence from Washington, which leaves little doubt in my mind that the treaty signed at Ghent, between the United States and Great Britain, has been ratified by the President and Senate of the United States; but by some unaccountable accident, a despatch on another subject has been substituted for the one intended to give me an official notice of this event. The one I have received, however, is accompanied by an order from the postmaster-general, directing his deputies to forward the express carrying intelligence of the recent peace. Of this order I enclose a copy. And from other sources, to which I give credit, I learn that the same express brought official notice of the treaty to the Governor of Tennessee. I have deemed it a duty, without loss of time, to communicate the exact state of those circumstances, that you might determine whether they would not justify you in agreeing, by a cessation of all hostilities, to anticipate the happy return of peace between our two nations, which the first direct intelligence must bring to us in official form."

General Jackson's motives for writing the foregoing are clearly developed by the following extract of a letter to the Secretary of War, written the same day, acknowledging the receipt of the packet brought by the express, viz.:

"This letter was of date the 14th ult., and you may imagine my surprise after seeing it, to find in the packet nothing but the letter and enclosures above mentioned. I still remain in uncertainty whether the exchange of ratifications has taken place, and am, therefore, at a loss how to dispose of the militia now under my command. It is my intention, however, to discharge immediately those which have been called out *en masse*, and to retain the volunteers and drafted militia until the expiration of their terms of service, which is near at hand, or until I receive certain intelligence that the treaty has been ratified. I lament, if this event has taken place, that the intelligence has not been officially communicated to me, as well on account of the inconvenience and hardship to the soldiery, who must be longer detained, as of the expenses of the government."

What more was it safe to do, until he had certain intelligence of the ratification of the treaty, or at least a reply from the British commander, assenting to a suspension of hostilities? Would any man so situated, and confident as General Jackson was, that a very few days would put an end to all uncertainty, have further changed the position he then occupied?

Days passed away, and no reply came from the British commander, nor was there any further intelligence from Washington. Judge Hall remained under guard up to the 11th March, when an order was issued directing him to be conveyed beyond the line of the sentinels—that is to say, beyond *the camp*—which was about four miles above the city, and there set at liberty, with orders not to return "until the ratification of the treaty was regularly announced, or the British shall have left the southern coast." This order was executed on the 12th.

On the 13th March, the much desired official intelligence of the ratification of the Treaty of Peace was received in camp, by another express from Washington. The news was announced in the following general order, viz.:

"*Head-Quarters, 7th Military District,*
"*Adjutant-General's Office.*

"The commanding General, with the most lively emotions of joy, and of gratitude to Heaven, announces to the troops under his command, that a treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain was ratified and exchanged at Washington, on the 17th February last.

"In consequence whereof, he loses not an instant in revoking and annulling the general order issued on the 15th day of December last, proclaiming Martial Law, which is hereby revoked, annulled, and countermanded; and he orders all hostilities immediately to cease against the troops and subjects of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

"And in order that the general joy attending this event may extend to all manner of persons, the commanding General proclaims and orders a pardon for all military offences heretofore committed in this district, and orders that all persons in confinement, under such charges, be immediately discharged.

("By order,)
"ROBERT BUTLER,
"Adjutant-General."

"*New Orleans*, March 13th, 1815.

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Here was an end of Martial Law, and of all proceedings under it. On the same day, General Jackson communicated the fact to the British commander, and on the next discharged his whole militia force.

About a week afterwards, the General received General Lambert's reply, dated the 16th March, to his letter of the 6th, proposing a suspension of hostilities. What was that reply? Not that the proposition was acceded to, but that *his instructions would not allow him to enter into any written stipulation, or to give publicity officially in any way to a cessation of hostilities, until he received the intelligence from an accredited person from the British government, of the treaty having been ratified and exchanged, authorizing him to carry it into execution.*

We wish to fix the reader's attention to a few leading facts herein established, viz.:

1. The original necessity for enforcing Martial Law.

2. The necessity of continuing it after the embarkation of the British army, until it was certain they did not intend to repeat their attacks upon New Orleans.

3. That the British, when they took Fort Bowyer, had the same news of peace which General Jackson had when he arrested Judge Hall; and had more reason to confide in it, because with them it came from friends, but with him from enemies.

4. That promptly on receiving the first reliable news of peace, General Jackson sought to obtain a suspension of hostilities in order that he might, in anticipation of official intelligence, relieve the government from expense, the militia from an arduous service, and the citizens of New Orleans from the restraints of Martial Law.

5. That he did not succeed in obtaining a suspension of hostilities, and that up to the 13th of March, 1815, *a state of war actually existed in that region, as perfect as that in which was fought the battle of the 8th of January.*

After events had fully developed themselves, it was easy to perceive how General Jackson might have done otherwise than he did; but highly and greatly as the man was gifted, he was not gifted with prescience, nor with the power of knowing in New Orleans what was passing at Washington. To appreciate his conduct, we must place ourselves in his position and throw out of view all that subsequent developments have brought to our knowledge. Who is there that can confidently say, he could have done *better*, or *so well?* If any one, *let him vote to keep in the Treasury the Old Soldier's money.*

Long as it is, we cannot close this part of our exposition without further notice of Judge Martin's *History*, so called, on which Senator Conrad relies for his facts and opinions. No man can read so much of this book as relates to General Jackson, without perceiving that the heart of its author is imbued with a hatred which renders his head incapable of doing justice. Almost every page is stained with gall so palpably and deeply, as to drive truth from its lines and all faith from the mind of its reader. Of many points we select one only, to illustrate the fidelity of the history and the character of its author.

After detailing the arrest of Louaillier and Judge Hall, on the 5th of March, and the sending to the Clerk of the Court for the petition on which the Habeas Corpus was ordered, Martin proceeds in these words:

> "In the meantime, an express from the Department of War had arrived, with intelligence that the President of the United States *had ratified the treaty, and an exchange of ratifications had taken place at Washington on the 17th of February,* the preceding month. By an accident which was not accounted for, another packet had been put into the hands of the messenger, instead of the one containing *the official information of the exchange of ratifications.* But the man was bearer of an open letter from the postmaster to all his deputies on the road, to expedite him with the utmost celerity, as he carried information of the recent peace. He declared he had handed an official notice of this event to the Governor of the State of Tennessee."

Now, the assertion of this historian that this express was sent with "*official information of the exchange of ratifications,*" is totally unfounded. He neither bore nor reported any such intelligence. The despatch which was intended for him was in the following words, viz.:

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"CIRCULAR.

"*Department of War,*
February 14th, 1815.

"SIR:

"It is with great satisfaction I inform you that a treaty of peace was concluded between the United States and Great Britain at Ghent, on the 24th day of December last. A copy of the treaty was received to-day by Mr. Carroll, has been examined by the President, and will, I have no doubt, be ratified.

"I give you this information that hostilities may immediately cease between our troops and those of Great Britain.

"I have the honor to be, sir, with great respect, your most obedient servant.

"JAS. MONROE.

"Major-General ANDREW JACKSON."

The news sent was merely the facts, that a treaty had been *signed* and *received at Washington;* not that it had been *ratified* and *exchanged*, as our careful historian asserts. Is this an unintentional mistake? Charity might think so but for another consideration: General Jackson, as we have seen, immediately communicated the news brought by the express of the 6th to the British commander, of which Judge Martin gives the following account, viz.:

"One of his first acts on the *sixth*, was a communication to Lambert which Latour has preserved. It is in the following words," &c.

After giving so much of the letter as detailed the facts connected with the express, he continues his extract as follows, viz.:

"From other circumstances to which I give credit, I learn that the same express brought official notice of the ratification of the treaty to the Governor of Tennessee."

General Jackson's Letter Book being within our reach, we examined it and found this passage recorded as follows, viz.:

"And from other sources to which I give credit, I learn that the same express brought official notice of the treaty to the Governor of Tennessee."

To see who is responsible for this alteration of an official letter, we recurred to Latour, where at pages 94 and 95 of the Appendix, we find the letter in full. It is evidently copied from General Jackson's Letter Book, and the foregoing passage corresponds with that book to the letter:

LATOUR.	MARTIN.
"And from other *sources* to which I give credit, I learn that the same express brought official notice of the treaty to the Governor of Tennessee."	"From other *circumstances* to which I give credit, I learn that the same express brought official notice *of the ratification* of the treaty to the Governor of Tennessee."

The words "*of the ratification,*" not being found in the original record nor in Latour's copy, must have been interpolated by Judge Martin, who has committed the double crime of falsifying the letter and making Latour responsible for it!

In the paragraph asserting this falsehood there is a further error which shows how little confidence is to be placed in this "History." It is, that the treaty was ratified on the 17*th of February*. The despatch which Martin falsely says announced this event; was dated on the 14th, and that which really did announce it, was dated on the 16th, and began as follows, viz.:

"I had the honor to inform you on the 4th inst., that Mr. Carroll had arrived with the treaty signed by the ministers of the United States and Great Britain at Ghent on the 24th of December. I have now the satisfaction to announce to you that this treaty has been ratified," &c.

Persisting in error to the last, Judge Martin records the events of the 13th of March, as follows, viz.:

"At the dawn of light on Monday, the 13th, an express reached head-quarters, with *the despatch which had been accidentally misplaced*, in the office of the Secretary of War, three weeks before," &c.

Now, *that* despatch did not reach General Jackson until the 17th of March, and the one brought by *this* express was the letter of the 16th, announcing the *ratification* of the treaty.

Such is Judge Martin's "*History*" and Senator Conrad's great authority. The most honest man may commit errors, and even commit so many as to

destroy all confidence in his statements. But how an honest man can alter and interpolate an official letter, at the same time professing to take it from another book in which it stands accurately recorded, remains for Judge Martin or his friend Senator Conrad to explain. The *bearing* of the falsehood and interpolation is, to impress it strongly on the mind of the reader, that this *first express brought news of the ratification of the treaty, and that General Jackson, well apprised of the fact, still kept Judge Hall in confinement from the 6th to the 12th of March.*

Proceeding in the order laid down at the outset of this discussion, it remains for us to show that,

3. "THE ENFORCEMENT OF MARTIAL LAW WAS LEGAL."—Among General Jackson's papers having relation to Martial Law at New Orleans, we find the following endorsement: "*E. Livingston's Opinion as to Martial Law;*" the body of which is in Mr. Livingston's handwriting, viz.:

"On the nature and effect of the proclamation of Martial Law by Major-General Jackson, my opinion is, that such proclamation is unknown to the Constitution and laws of the United States.

"1st. That it is to be justified only by the necessity of the case; and that, therefore, the General proclaims it at his risk and under his responsibility, both to the Government and to individuals. When the necessity is apparent, he will meet reward instead of punishment from his Government; and individual claims for damages must be appreciated by the same rule under the discretion of a jury. Should they, in the opinion of the Government, decide falsely against their officer, they have a right, which they have frequently exercised, of indemnifying him for the disinterested responsibility he has incurred.

"2d. That the effect of a proclamation of Martial Law, *de facto*, is to bring all persons who may happen to be within the district comprised in the proclamation under the purview of such law, and, therefore, all persons capable of defending the country, within the district, are subject to such law by virtue of the proclamation, and may be tried during its continuance by virtue thereof."

This opinion is without date; but it evidently preceded or soon followed the proclamation of Martial Law, Mr. Livingston being at that time one of General Jackson's Aids. By the views contained in this paper, the General appears to have been governed at the time; and it was probably the fountain of the opinions expressed and acted on by him and his friends ever since. For the crudities of this paper its author should not be censured; for the circumstances of the moment prevented that deliberate consideration which so new and complicated a question demanded.

We agree with Mr. Livingston, that the *proclamation* of Martial Law is "unknown to the Constitution and laws." It cannot confer upon the General who makes it, any power whatsoever which he would not possess without it. If intended to do so, it is an assumption of power which, as Mr. Livingston says, can "be justified only by the necessity of the case." But *did General Jackson, at New Orleans, assert or exercise any substantial power under his proclamation which he did not possess without it?*

Martial Law exists, in this country as in all others, *wherever there is an army and a camp.* It is not arbitrary, but, as in civil cases, is regulated by the Constitution and statute laws, by rules established by the Executive under authority of Congress, and by customs and usages which constitute a sort of *Common Law of war.* It marches with an army and encamps with it. It covers the ground on which the army treads, and pervades its camp, the limits of which are marked by its lines of sentinels. Although a state of war enlarges its scope, it exists in time of peace.

Martial Law at New Orleans did not spring from General Jackson's proclamation; it *went there with his army,* and its jurisdiction was *co-extensive with his camp.*

The supremacy of the civil power over the military, is a republican axiom. But it does not follow that the supreme civil power cannot and does not make the military in some cases superior to *inferior* civil magistrates and tribunals.

The civil power vested in the President and Congress, has established by statute the rules and articles of war. It is the same power exercised by the same agents which declares war, and by such declaration vests in the

commanders of armies all those powers derived from the customs and usages of war.

What written law is there which authorizes the commander of an army or detachment to put out sentinels and piquets with orders to arrest, and, if need be, to shoot any person, friend or foe, who attempts to pass without giving the countersign? Here is a power of *life and death* exercised by every commander; and yet no trace of it can be found in the acts of Congress, or even in any rules prescribed by the President or Secretary of War. What written law is there which authorizes a military commander on his march in time of war, to encamp on the farm of a citizen, pull down his fence, and occupy his houses? No such authority is conferred by Congress, and yet it is constantly exercised. What written law is there which authorizes the commander of the garrison in a besieged city, to destroy any buildings, the property of private citizens, which may intercept his own fire, or protect the enemy in his advances? Yet this power is constantly exercised, not only by the commanders of garrisons, but by besiegers and by armies operating against an enemy in the open field. What written law is there authorizing a military commander to impress teams and their drivers, and even seize provisions and supplies for his army, when necessary to his movements and operations? Yet the exercise of this power is frequent, and sometimes absolutely necessary in time of war.

Innumerable are the acts which the commander of an army may rightfully perform, especially in time of war, without responsibility to any subordinate branch of the civil power. Can a judge, by *Habeas Corpus* or any other process, arrest the sentinel at his post? Would it not be this sentinel's duty to shoot down the marshal, the sheriff, the constable, or any other officer, even the judge himself, who should attempt to seize him? Could any officer of the law pass the sentinel into the camp for the purpose of arresting any one therein, without permission of the commanding officer? If he attempted to do so, without giving the countersign, would it not be the sentinel's duty to arrest him, or, if absolutely necessary, to shoot him down upon the spot? Is there anything in the laws of the country which would make such an act murder?

When, in the presence of an enemy, the commander takes possession of a farm house and makes it his headquarters without the consent of the owner, is there any law which will punish him for trespass? There is another farm house which obstructs his shot, and protects the enemy, and by his order it is burnt—will the law hold him responsible for damages? His sentinels stop the farmer and his family, occupants of a farm house within the line of sentinels, from passing and repassing, even on his own farm, lest intelligence might be conveyed to the enemy. Could the farmer maintain an action of trespass or false imprisonment against either the sentinel or the General? Would it make any difference, were the occupants of the house a lawyer, a judge, or even the governor of a State?

The principle that the civil magistrate cannot penetrate a military camp for the purpose of making an arrest, is recognized by the rules and articles of war prescribed by Congress. Those articles require all commanding officers, "upon application duly made by or in behalf of the party or parties injured, to use their utmost endeavors to deliver over such accused person or persons," being "any commissioned officer or soldier," who shall be accused of a capital crime, or of having used violence, or committed any offence against the persons or property of any citizen of the United States;" and also "to be aiding and assisting to the officers of justice in apprehending and securing the person or persons so accused, in order to bring him or them to trial." The penalty for wilfully neglecting or refusing, is cashiering.

Can any civil officer drag the soldier from his ranks in the midst of battle, or arrest the General in command? Is it in the power of the judge, or any other civil magistrate, thus, or in any other way, to do the work of the enemy and lay the country at his feet? There is no *such* supremacy of the civil power; there is no *such* subordination of the military.

When Congress declared war in 1812, they by that act invested the military commanders with all the authority derived from the common law of war as well as statute law, and the

regulations founded thereon. General Jackson, like the rest, was vested, in certain contingencies, with the power of life and death; with power to seize property or to destroy it, to establish a camp and prevent all persons from entering or departing from it under any pretences whatever. With all these powers he marched to New Orleans. The object of the enemy was to take the city; his duty was to defend it. He made it his head-quarters, and stretched his line of sentinels around it. The city and its immediate environs became *his camp*. By the laws of war he had a right to order his sentinels to arrest, or, if need be, to shoot down, any person,—judge, governor, legislator, city magistrate, or private citizen, who should attempt to pass his lines without giving the countersign. He had a right to prescribe rules for preserving order in his camp, to establish patrols to enforce them, to arrest any citizen violating them, to confine him or send him beyond his lines. All the citizens of New Orleans were in the condition of the occupants of a farm house which might be included within an encampment in the vicinity of an enemy. The Commanding General had a right to let them go beyond his lines or require them to remain within; to let them remain within or to send them out; to let them go at large or restrain them, as he might find necessary or most conducive to the defence of the city. He might, as he did, for the same purpose, seize and use, or destroy the property of the citizen; and yet he violated no law.

"*Silent leges inter arma*" is as true now as it was in the days of conquering Rome. There are occasions when the military power knows no superior among the inferior magistrates of the country. The law itself, for such emergencies, places it above the local civil magistracy, which is *silent* at its command. It could not punish General Jackson for destroying the buildings on Chalmette's plantation lying between his lines and those of the enemy; it could not hold him responsible for the damage done to McCarty's house, which he occupied as his head quarters; it could not rightfully amerce him for restraints imposed on those who chose to remain within his camp. There his power was, for the occasion, lawfully supreme; while that occasion lasted, civil authority existed in his camp only by sufferance. Is not this true principle and sound law? Is it not true that New Orleans was a military camp? Is it not lawful for a General to establish a police for his camp, incompatible with the entire liberty of the citizen, and for the time subversive of the civil power, or at least suspending its ordinary exercises? Was not the mind of Mr. Livingston, and has not the public mind since, been led away from the true ground by the fact, that on this occasion *a city*, with all its people and magistracy—the capital of a State, with its governor, legislature, and judges, together with the Federal judges and other civil officers—*were embraced in the camp*, and came within the jurisdiction of its police? Yet, in principle and in law, what is a city more than a farm house? What are governors, legislators, judges, and magistrates, more than the humble farmer and his family? Our argument assumes that New Orleans was a *military camp*, and as such might be lawfully subjected to such police as the defence of the country and the safety and discipline of the army, in the opinion of the Commanding General, urgently required. To establish and enforce it, required no *declaration* of Martial Law, that being already *the law of the camp, and consequently the law of the city*. Every person therein was, *ipso facto*, the subject of such law, and the powers of all civil magistrates incompatible with it were suspended. The Commanding Officer, as the administrator of Martial Law, could compel any individuals, or the whole population, to remain within his lines or retire beyond them; could require them to retire from the streets within certain hours; could prevent their correspondence with all the world beyond the lines, and prohibit all acts within them tending to produce want, discontent, or mutiny, or in any way weaken the military arm. Nay, he could seize or destroy their property, as the emergencies of the service might require, compel them to render personal services, and restrain the refractory or treacherous by placing them in confinement. Is it not so? Has not a General all these powers *over his camp*, whether it be in the open field in the presence of the enemy, in a beleaguered entrenchment, or in a besieged city?

If this view of the subject be correct, General Jackson's declaration of Martial Law should be considered merely in the character of *a notice of his intention* to exercise the powers vested in him by the laws of war. It gave him no new powers, nor did it impose on the citizen any additional obligations.

Did General Jackson actually exercise any powers, by virtue of this declaration, which he was not authorized to exercise by the recognized laws of war?

Let us look at that series of acts which ended in the arrest of Judge Hall, and gave occasion for the imposition of the fine in question.

Many Frenchmen born, for the purpose of securing exemption from military duty, procured certificates from the French Consul, declaring them to be subjects of the King of France. These certificates were given *in the midst of the General's camp*, and tended to weaken his means of defence, by taking effective soldiers from his ranks, and producing dissatisfaction and a spirit of mutiny among those who remained. Might not the General, in strict conformity with military law, have placed both the Consul and his protegés in confinement? He adopted the milder expedient of *ordering them out of his camp.*

Then came the publication of Louaillier, harshly censuring this order as an act of tyranny, and openly advising disobedience. This publication, be it remembered, *was made in the midst of the camp.* Its direct and manifest object was to bring the military authority into contempt.

The arrest of the author was, in our view of the General's lawful authority over his camp, not only a matter of right, but of indispensable duty. Instead of violating the constitution and laws of his country, he but performed the solemn obligation of executing them by preserving the just authority of its military commanders over its armies and their encampments.

Yet it was for this act that Judge Hall, himself at that moment the subject of military law, and abiding in the midst of the camp, issued his writ of Habeas Corpus. This was making himself the accomplice of Louaillier in stirring up discontent and mutiny in the camp; the same principles which required the arrest of the one, demanded with a louder voice the restraint of the other. The Judge was kept under guard a few days, and then sent out of the camp, and set at liberty.

The subsequent trial of Louaillier by a Court Martial, has nothing to do with the legality of the arrest either of that individual or the Judge. To that step General Jackson was no doubt led by the last clause in Mr. Livingston's opinion above quoted, which seems to consider the *declaration* of Martial Law the source of the power he exercised. In the law itself, we find nothing to justify any step not necessary to put a stop to the mischief; and we are inclined to think the Court Martial right in the decision that they had no jurisdiction in the case.

The power of the General, under Martial Law, seems to be altogether *preventive*, except in cases where the law itself provides for punishment. In this case, it seems to us, that the preventive power can only be exercised by keeping the mischief-maker in confinement, or sending him beyond the limits of the camp. In effect, this was the result in the case of Louaillier, and nothing beyond it was attempted in the case of Judge Hall.

These facts and reasons lead us to the conclusion, that in ordering French aliens and the French Consul beyond the limits of his camp, in arresting and confining Louaillier for an open attempt within his camp to produce discontent and disobedience, and in confining and sending out of his camp Judge Hall for attempting to sustain Louaillier, General Jackson trampled on no constitution, and violated no law; but, on the contrary, faithfully executed the powers vested in him by the constitution and laws as a military commander, for the preservation of order in his camp, the safety of his army, and the defence of his country.

If, in any case, he transcended that authority, it was not in those acts for which he was fined.

We come now to the last head, viz.:

4. THE IMPOSITION OF THE FINE BY JUDGE HALL WAS ILLEGAL.

Those who assent to the conclusion that the acts of General Jackson were legal, need no further argument to satisfy them that the fine, so far as founded on those acts, was illegal. If by law the military power is raised

above the subordinate civil magistrate in any case, it follows that in such case the Judge who attempts to put down that power under color of his civil authority, is himself the violator of the laws, and deserves the punishment he would inflict.

But there is another view of this subject more general, and perhaps not less important. It is in the assumption of power by the Judge to determine what constituted a contempt, and to punish it at his discretion. This is the legislative, judicial, and executive power united, which constitutes a perfect despotism. In this case it was the worse, because it was a case in which the Judge's own honor and reputation were deeply concerned. He undertook to *create the offence* and *prescribe the penalty;* to *inquire into the facts* and *find the verdict;* to *pronounce the sentence* and *cause it to be enforced;* and all this in vindication of his own wounded feelings and offended dignity! There is not a word in the constitution and laws of the country vesting such a power in a Judge. It was never vindicated, except on the ground of *necessity.* Shall necessity justify the assumption of ungranted power by every judicial tribunal in the country, and shall not a stronger necessity justify a military commander in exercising similar powers to preserve the country from conquest, and those very tribunals from destruction? But General Jackson did not exercise *similar* powers. He assumed no power to *try and condemn* those whom he had arrested. Martial Law had its courts; and this very Louaillier, whose arrest caused the interference of Judge Hall, was not tried and punished by General Jackson, but was tried and acquitted by a Court Martial. Which is most fearful, Martial Law administered by a Court Martial, or Judicial Law where the court, often as in this case, composed of *one man,* makes the rule, judges of its infraction, and inflicts the punishment? The General is but the executor of *a written code,* under the decisions of an independent court; the Judge has no rule but his will, and assumes to himself the power of the Turkish Sultan.

That the exercise of this terrible power was so long tolerated by the United States, can be accounted for only from the fact that in practice it has been confined to a few cases. Some years ago, Judge Peck, of Missouri, was impeached before the United States' Senate, and came near being removed from office, for proceedings analogous to those of Judge Hall at New Orleans. The facts and principles there brought under consideration, induced Congress immediately thereafter to pass a declaratory act, defining the law of contempt in the following words, viz.:

"*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,* That the power of the several courts of the United States to issue attachments, and inflict summary punishment for contempts of court, shall not be construedto extend to any cases except the misbehavior of any person or persons in the presence of the said courts, or so near thereto as to obstruct the administration of justice; the misbehavior of any of the officers of the said courts in their official transactions; and the disobedience or resistance, by any officer of the said courts, party, juror, witness, or any other person or persons, to any lawful writ, process, order, rule, decree, or command of the said courts."

This act did not alter the law, but simply declared what it was. Applied to the facts of General Jackson's case, it declares that Judge Hall's proceedings were in violation of the law.

Imprisoning a *Judge* is not by this act, *a contempt of court;* nor is wresting an original order from the hands of the clerk; and as for disregarding a writ of Habeas Corpus, it was not served upon him until the time for its return had passed. Besides, the writ was not a "*lawful* writ," a Judge having no rightful power to set up the judicial against the military power *in the midst of a camp.* We have, then, not only the absence of all delegation of power to Judge Hall, authorizing him to impose the fine on the grounds stated, but also the express declaration of Congress that he did not possess it. Need we go further to prove that the imposition of this fine was illegal? Is it not enough, that there was not only no legal authority, but that Congress has declared, after solemn consideration, that no such power was ever vested in a Judge or a court under such circumstances? If the Judge's arrest was

illegal, he had the same remedy as any other citizen. Instead of assuming to punish the act himself, he should have brought an action, and submitted his case to a disinterested court and jury. If wresting an order from the Clerk was illegal, there was a remedy for the recovery of the paper, otherwise than by process for contempt.

In reference to this paper, it is due to General Jackson that the facts should be understood. Louaillier was arrested on the 5th March. He obtained an order for a writ of Habeas Corpus on the same day. General Jackson was informed of the order immediately after it was made, and forthwith issued his order for the arrest of the Judge, which was promptly executed. On the same evening he was informed that the date of the Judge's order had been altered to the 6th March, whereby the record of the court would be made to show that the order for the Habeas Corpus was not made until the day after the Judge's arrest. To satisfy his own mind he sent for the paper; it was brought and put into his hands by the Clerk of the court. That paper is now before us. It is a petition for a Habeas Corpus addressed to Judge Hall by P. L. Morel, as counsel for Louaillier, sworn to by Morel, and on the back is Judge Hall's order. On looking at them, no man can doubt that both the affidavit and order were originally dated *March 5th*, and that the figure 6 was afterwards written over the 5 in another hand, and with blacker ink. With this paper is a letter from Morel to General Jackson dated the 5th, written in the same hand, and evidently with the same ink, and there is other evidence that the original dates of the petition and order were the 5th March.

General Jackson, seeing that the record of the court was likely to be made false, with the *effect*, if not the *design*, to show that he had arrested Judge Hall for acts which had not yet been performed, deemed it essential to his own safety, to keep this paper in his possession. This he did, furnishing a certified copy, and the record was made to *speak the truth*.

Was he not right? No just man will answer nay. But if he were not right, was a process for contempt the proper remedy? The proof was, not that he *wrested* this paper from the hands of the Clerk, but that the Clerk, on his sending for it, voluntarily carried it and put it into the General's hands. Thus far, most certainly, no punishable offence was committed. If any wrong was done, it was in the *detention* of the paper. Does the law provide no remedy for this short of the assumption of despotic power by the Judge? Judge Hall's conduct in this case was the more extraordinary, because he did not deem it his duty to demand or exact *a restoration of the paper*. He admitted that no harm had been done, by quietly leaving the original paper in the hands of the General. It was no part of his decision that the paper should be *restored*, but he contented himself with *imposing a fine for taking it*. Ought he not, upon the principles assumed by him, to have required a return of the paper under pain of further fine and imprisonment?

In view of these facts and principles, we do not hesitate to say, that so far as relates to this point, the fine was illegal; *first*, because there was no illegal taking of the paper; *secondly*, because there was another remedy for its detention if proved to be wrongful; and *thirdly*, because the judges have never possessed constitutional or legal authority to punish either the peaceful taking or detention of such a paper by process for contempt, as was virtually decided by Congress in the case of Judge Peck.

We might enlarge upon the illegality of Judge Hall's proceedings; but it is not necessary. To us it seems incontrovertibly clear, that the act of the Judge in imposing the fine was unconstitutional and flagrantly illegal. If so, how can Congress justify themselves to the country or the world, for longer keeping in the Treasury the money thus wrongfully extorted from one of their fellow-citizens?

We have materials for a more extended exposition of the conduct of Judge Hall; but deeming it unnecessary at present as a means of doing justice to General Jackson, we refrain from the ungrateful task. A few more words relating to the conduct of General Jackson personally, shall conclude this paper, which has already transcended the limits within which we had hoped to confine it. It will probably reach the hands of most of the readers of the Democratic Review, on or before the

8th of January—a day on which we best prefer that it should be read—a day on which we trust it will not be found tedious, whatever might be our success in interesting the reader's attention on any other.

Was General Jackson, at the time of these proceedings, or has he been since, guilty of any misconduct which can weigh against his just claim upon the country for relief and remuneration? Even Mr. Conrad pays him a tribute of admiration for his ready submission to the judicial authority represented in the person of Judge Hall. It is a tribute which no man can in his own heart withhold, when he reflects that the General felt these proceedings as a wanton outrage on his property and reputation. Totally differing from Mr. Conrad as to the merits of Judge Hall, we yet look upon the concluding scene of these proceedings in his court, as one of the most morally sublime spectacles ever described by the pen of history.

Here came the General in obedience to the summons of the Court, flushed with victory, surrounded by devoted friends and admiring thousands, who looked upon the conduct of the Judge as ungrateful, tyrannical, and cruel. Excited to the utmost, they needed but an encouraging word, gesture, or look, to take justice into their own hands, and punish the magistrate who, actuated as they believed by personal considerations, was about to inflict an outrageous wrong on one whose only crime was the most disinterested devotion to the service of his country.

There sat the Judge trembling with terror at the excitement which prevailed around him, and, upon an open outbreak of applause bestowed upon the conquering hero on his approach, announcing his purpose to adjourn the Court under plea of personal insecurity. Instantly, at a word from the venerated Chief, the murmuring crowd was hushed to silence; and turning to the Judge, he then said, "*Go on—the arm which has protected the city from invasion, will protect this Court in the discharge of what it conceives to be its duty, or perish in the attempt.*" Thus protected, the Judge announced his decision to be a fine of *one thousand dollars.* It was paid on the spot.

On retiring from the court house, the General was most unwillingly lifted into a carriage and drawn by men to his lodgings amidst the most enthusiastic shouts; and there, having begged the attention of the crowd, he implored them, if they had any regard for him, to refrain from every act of insult or outrage upon the judicial authorities, assuring them of his firm reliance on his government and country for redress of the wrong he had just suffered at their hands. To the noble course of this great man on that trying occasion, was Judge Hall indebted for his personal safety; and to that course is our country indebted for a page of its history more brilliant than the record of the preceding military achievements.

To parry the blow as far as was in their power, the ladies of New Orleans, by a subscription limited to a dollar each, immediately raised the amount, and tendered it to their protector. He accepted the sum thus nobly offered, not for himself, nor as a reimbursement of the unjust fine, but for the widows and orphans who had been made such in the defence of the city, among whom it was accordingly distributed.

Is there anything in all this which should make our Members of Congress *tenacious* to retain in the Treasury, the money thus wrongfully exacted?

And what in this respect has been the conduct of the General since? Has he availed himself of a popularity and power over the public mind exceeded only by those of Washington, to secure personal advantages to himself, or even obtain a return of the money unrighteously exacted? Instead of harassing Congress with appeals to do him justice, he did not while in power, we verily believe, breathe a wish to his most confidential friends. Though surrounded since his retirement by pecuniary difficulties most painful to one who has ever considered his honor involved in fidelity to every promise, his course was the same, until some of his grateful countrymen bethought themselves that one more act of justice was due to their great benefactor, and spontaneously appealed to their representatives to render it.

In this delicate and proud reserve as to all that was personal when he had unparalleled power and influence, is there anything which should prevent Congress from doing justice at this late day, and atoning for the only remaining

act which the dying patriot feels as a wrong inflicted upon him by the authorities of his beloved country? Whatever others may think, with us the desire that this old man shall die with the consciousness that in *every* thing, the most minute, as well as the most important, his country has done him complete justice, would constitute a consideration decisive on any question of doubt.

To the Members of Congress, of whatever party, we say, let not this good and great man die with a feeling that his country has been in the least unjust or ungrateful to him. No man can at this day doubt his perfect devotion to her institutions in the acts complained of, and all his important public acts since, however mistaken in his objects or his means. What beyond pure motives and entire devotion to her interests and glory, can a country ask of its public servants? The time has not come when man is infallible; and when error of opinion comes to be punished as crime, no honest man will accept stations of high trust and heavy responsibility, or in them dare to act up to the level of the critical occasions when countries are to be saved or lost.

MINISTERING ANGELS.

BY EMILY E. CHUBBUCK.

Mother, has the dove that nestled
  Lovingly upon thy breast,
Folded up its little pinion,
  And in darkness gone to rest?
Nay, the grave is dark and dreary,
  But the lost one is not there;
Hear'st thou not its gentle whisper,
  Floating on the ambient air?
It is near thee, gentle mother,
  Near thee at the evening hour;
Its soft kiss is in the zephyr,
  It looks up from every flower.
And when, Night's dark shadows fleeing,
  Low thou bendest thee in prayer,
And thy heart feels nearest heaven,
  Then thy angel babe is there.

Maiden, has thy noble brother,
  On whose manly form thine eye
Lov'd full oft in pride to linger,
  On whose heart thou could'st rely,
Though all other hearts deceived thee,
  All proved hollow, earth grew drear;
Whose protection, ever o'er thee,
  Hid thee from the cold world's sneer,—
Has he left thee here to struggle,
  All unaided on thy way?
Nay, he still can guide and guard thee,
  Still thy faltering steps can stay:
Still when danger hovers o'er thee,
  He than danger is more near;
When in grief thou'st none to pity,
  He, the sainted, marks each tear.

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Lover, is the light extinguished,
  Of the gem that in thy heart
Hidden deeply, to thy being
  All its sunshine could impart?
Look above! 'tis burning brighter
  Than the very stars in heaven;
And to light thy dangerous pathway,
  All its new-found glory's given.
With the sons of earth commingling,
  Thou the lov'd one mayst forget,
Bright eyes flashing, tresses waving,
  May have power to win thee yet;
But e'en then that guardian spirit
  Oft will whisper in thine ear,
And in silence, and at midnight,
  Thou wilt know she hovers near.

Orphan, thou most sorely stricken
  Of the mourners thronging earth,
Clouds half veil thy brightest sunshine,
  Sadness mingles with thy mirth.
Yet, altho' that gentle bosom,
  Which has pillowed oft thy head,
Now is cold, thy mother's spirit
  Cannot rest among the dead.
Still her watchful eye is o'er thee,
  Through the day, and still at night,
Hers the eye that guards thy slumber,
  Making thy young dreams so bright.
O! the friends, the friends we've cherish'd,
  How we weep to see them die—
All unthinking they're the angels
  That will guide us to the sky!

Utica, N.Y.

SONNET.

To Martin Van Buren.

Fallen? No, thou art not! Rather would I share
  Thy consciousness of truth, unshrinking trust
  That right shall yet be might, and from the dust
The poor man's honest cause arise, than wear
The venal honors that the proud prepare
  For those who serve their craft and gainful lust.
  Thou dost retire, like him of old, the Just,
For crime of too much worth, and thou shalt bear
  Home to thy quiet farm no self-disgust;
Each patriot heart shall keep thee in its prayer,
  Believing that the People e'en in wrong
Are honest still, and nobly shall declare
Their sense of error, hailing thee ere long
More glorious from the shade, and from defeat more strong.

Written, Philadelphia,
March 4, 1841.

G.

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NEUROLOGY.

"Quæque ipse vidi."

In surveying the history of discoveries in natural science, one of the most peculiar facts that strike the view is the circumstance that for years, aye and even ages, preceding the development of some important principle, many of the leading phenomena had been repeatedly observed; and when the grand conclusion deduced from these phenomena was once announced to the world, the result excited less astonishment than the circumstance of its having been so long unperceived. Men of the most exalted genius would seem often to stumble over these facts, and even not unfrequently to pick them up and handle them, and still fail to discover their most obvious bearing. Hence it has always occurred that attempts have been made to rob the discoverer of his honors, however well merited, on the ground that certain of the essential facts had been previously well known. Thus has it been with the kindred subject of Phrenology, whose enemies, failing in the effort to subvert its principles, endeavored to show that what was true in it was not new, and what was new was not true. And in illustration of the circumstance just adverted to, that the tendency of natural phenomena is often by no means appreciated even by the most acute observers, it may be mentioned that Gall himself once struck accidentally upon one of the most important facts of "Neurology" without discovering the general law to which it most obviously pointed. The same remark is applicable to the experiments without number performed during the last fifty years in France, Germany, England, and the United States, upon subjects put into the somnambulic state by means of the Mesmeric process.

The earliest knowledge that we have of these discoveries in "Neurology" on the part of Dr. Buchanan, is, that in April, 1841, he was giving public lectures and experiments on the subject at Little Rock, Arkansas. We are the more particular in referring to this date, as an attempt has been made in the city of New York to establish a priority of claim, based upon experiments made in the latter part of the same year. But by this time the announcement of Dr. Buchanan's discoveries had spread by means of the journals of the day, over the whole extent of our wide domain. "These experiments," in the words of their author, "occupied the whole ground of Phrenology; more than doubled the number of distinct organs; and established propositions in physiology and therapeutics, of much more importance than the Phrenological doctrines which had been thus established." Instead of hastening to our Atlantic cities, in the reasonable hope that here a discovery of such magnitude would be more speedily and fully appreciated, Dr. Buchanan remained in the far West, quietly prosecuting his investigations to the end of perfecting his system of Neurology. So far as regards cerebral excitability, he could not but be aware that others would, by this process, attract the public mind, and that it would be caught up even for popular exhibitions; but justly considering this as entirely subordinate to the science he aimed to establish by this means, he directed his efforts solely to the accomplishment of the scientific end in view.

As these discoveries embrace, in their wide range, not only the mental physiology of the brain, constituting *Phrenology*, but also the physiology of every corporeal organ as dependent upon special portions of the cerebral mass, it follows that it was necessary to substitute a new term. Were the functions of the brain exclusively mental, the term Phrenology would be sufficiently comprehensive; but as its control over the corporeal functions is not less decided and important, the term *Neurology*, or science of the nervous substance, has been judiciously selected as expressive of all the phenomena comprised within its wide limits. These two classes of functions, Dr. Buchanan distinguishes by the terms *psychological* and *physiological*,

which are, indeed, quite expressive in their more popular acceptation; but, as the phenomena of the mind, in our present existence, can be manifested only through cerebral structure, we cannot see that this class of functions is less physiological than the other. This double function of the brain, as demonstrated by Dr. Buchanan, we consider as its *mental* and *corporeal* physiology.

To Dr. Buchanan is due the distinguished honor of being the *first individual to excite the organs of the brain by agencies applied externally directly over them*, before which the discoveries of Gall, Spurzheim, or Sir Charles Bell—men who have been justly regarded as benefactors of their race—dwindle into comparative insignificance. This important discovery has given us a key to man's nature, moral, intellectual, and physical; for, by this means, in "*impressible*" subjects, have become discoverable the various cerebral organs which are not only connected with the phenomena of thought and feeling, but control the corporeal functions. As man is pervaded by the imponderable and invisible fluids, which radiate from him unceasingly, such as the electric, galvanic, magnetic, and (according to Dr. Buchanan) "neurauric," the laws of these he would seem also to have demonstrated. He has likewise clearly established the general truths of phrenology, corrected many errors of detail, and developed the subject with such a degree of minuteness that it now may be said to resemble the full-grown adult as compared with the child.

"Neurology," says Dr. Buchanan, "while it incorporates the entire mass of Physiology with Phrenology, makes a revolution in the latter science. Although the greater portions of the organs discovered by Gall and Spurzheim, have been, in the main, correctly described, yet experiment has proved about one-third of the number to have been incorrectly understood. Nor does the catalogue of Gall, Spurzheim, Combe, or Vimont, embrace a sufficient number of functions to explain the diversified phenomena of human character. . . . The number of independent functions which may thus be demonstrated by experiment with an adequately susceptible person, amounts to one hundred and sixty-six; but, for convenience of instruction, I demonstrate usually not more than one hundred. With a subject of large brain, well cultivated mind, and high susceptibility, I have no doubt that even as many as two hundred might be shown *distinctly*."

The agent employed most generally by Dr. Buchanan to excite the various functions of the nervous system, is the same as that used in the operations termed Mesmerism or Animal Magnetism, viz., the aura of the nervous system, which is radiated and conducted freely from the human hand. Instead, however, of putting the subject first into the Mesmeric somnambulic condition, which renders the phenomena that follow highly deceptive and inaccurate, Dr. Buchanan operates upon his subject in the *waking* state, free from the mental delusions which may be supposed to pertain to somnambulism. This impressible class, which is a very limited one, may not only have a portion of the brain so energetically stimulated, by the touch of another, as to manifest its particular function predominantly; but the individual becomes equally excited when he places his fingers on the cranial regions of the cerebral organs of another person.

These characteristic and leading principles of Dr. Buchanan's system are here adverted to merely in a general way, as they will be again brought under notice by us, both in a sketch of the principles of Neurology by Dr. Buchanan himself, and in the diversified experiments of a committee, appointed by a public audience in the city of New York, for the purpose of investigating the pretensions of Dr. Buchanan to the claim of having enlarged the boundaries of anthropological science.

These announcements are, indeed, of a startling character, extraordinary to all, and to many wholly beyond credence. Had Dr. Buchanan lived in an earlier age of the world, when philosophy had not yet asserted its noble prerogative of releasing the mind from the bondage of superstition, instead of being regarded as a bold and original thinker and an untiring searcher after truth, he would have been dreaded, or perhaps persecuted, as a necromancer casting his magic spells over the body and soul of his victim. But, notwithstanding the wise

in all ages, seeing the deceptions constantly practised on mankind by the marvellous, have been very justly on their guard against easy credulity, it does not become the true philosopher of the nineteenth century to close the organs of his five external senses against the intrusion of any evidence which might possibly disturb some favorite and long cherished system. It does not become the philosophic inquirer to decide precipitately that any phenomenon is too marvellous for belief. Many natural phenomena which were formerly regarded with superstitious awe, as, for instance, the *Spectre of Brocken*, which consisted of a gigantic image of man delineated on the sky,—the fact of troops performing their evolutions on the surface of a lake, or on the face of an inaccessible precipice,—or the equally extraordinary phantasm of a ship's being seen in the air, in the solitude of the ocean's waste, notwithstanding no vessel was within reach of the eye,—are all now satisfactorily explained by the unequal refractive powers of the atmosphere, arising from its variable temperature. "It is impossible," says Dr. Brewster, "to study these phenomena without being impressed with the conviction, that nature is full of the marvellous, and that the progress of science, and the diffusion of knowledge, are alone capable of dispelling the fears which her wonders must necessarily excite, even in enlightened minds."

In like manner, to those unaware that each mental faculty has its distinct organ in the brain, the proposition that these emotions or faculties may be excited at will, as when we call forth the different notes of a musical instrument, is so startling as to be beyond credibility; but to the mind of the phrenologist, who has been wont to contemplate the great truths of his science, the announcement of such results offers no violence. This field of scientific research, which offers a harvest rich in new and valuable facts, is open to every laborer; and we find accordingly, that it has been already entered upon by many philosophical inquirers. We, as well as many others, have witnessed repeated experimental verifications of the excitement of the separate organs of the brain, thus calling forth, in an intense degree, their natural language and action. Although the number of those having brains thus excitable, is comparatively small, yet in every society of a few hundred individuals, there will be found some subjects impressible in a greater or less degree. To those in whom scepticism is a predominant organ, we would seriously recommend the perusal of the following lines written by Galileo to Kepler, which are not the worse for having been oft quoted:—

"*Here, at Padua, is the principal professor of philosophy, whom I have repeatedly and urgently requested to look at the moon and planets through my glasses, which he pertinaciously refuses to do.*"

We would now proceed to illustrate the general subject of NEUROLOGY, by bringing before the reader certain portions of a report on experimental investigations, published in the "Evening Post" of the 6th December, entitled—

"Minutes of the Proceedings of a Committee appointed by the public audience attending the lectures of Dr. Buchanan, to superintend experiments relating to 'Neurology,' and to prepare experiments suitable for public exhibition."

The committee met on the 4th and 5th of November, and spent several hours each day in the performance of a variety of experiments, but as a general impression prevailed that the results exhibited were not, on the whole, of a character so marked and unequivocal as to be very satisfactory, Dr. Buchanan stated that he had relied on the expectation that some impressible subjects would be brought to the meeting by members of the committee, but that there had not been any of a character other than very imperfect and doubtful. He suggested that a sub-committee should be appointed, who could witness experiments in greater privacy upon some subjects who might be found unwilling to appear before so large a number as the general committee, and who would also be able to bestow more time on the investigation of the subject than could be done by the larger number. This suggestion being adopted, the following gentlemen were appointed as that sub-committee:—Rev. Henry W. Bellows, Messrs. William C. Bryant and John L. O'Sullivan, and Dr. Samuel Forry. The first-named of these gentlemen was prevented by absence from the city from

being present at the greater part of the experiments made, and from participating in the report.

We will present, in the first place, the conclusions of this sub-committee:

"REPORT OF THE SUB-COMMITTEE.

"The sub-committee, appointed to witness private experiments by Dr. Buchanan, beg leave to report, to the committee from which their appointment emanated, that they have held meetings, of which an account is given in their minutes subjoined. Their object has been to give to the subject an attention, at the same time cautious and candid, and to present a simple statement of their observations, to serve as a basis for the deductions of others, rather than of any positive conclusions of their own, as to the correctness of those views and opinions to which Dr. Buchanan has given the name of the science of 'Neurology,' as discovered and developed by him.

"For the sake of rendering more intelligible the bearing of the facts and appearances observed, upon those principles propounded by Dr. Buchanan, of which they are presented as illustrations and evidences, the sub-committee present also a brief and general statement of the outlines of Dr. Buchanan's system, as furnished by himself, at their request.

"In justice to Dr. Buchanan, they at the same time feel bound to declare the highly favorable manner in which, throughout all the intercourse growing out of this investigation, they have been impressed by the evident intelligence, sincerity, and earnestness of convictions, and truthfulness of conduct and deportment, strongly characterizing that gentleman; and that they are fully satisfied of the honorable motives prompting his present devotion to these investigations, in the sole spirit of a student of science, a pursuer of truth, and a friend of his race. They will also add that, feeling every reason to believe in the good faith and veracity of the subjects of these experiments—independent of those experiments which were, in themselves, of a nature to preclude deception—they deem it their duty, in view of the extraordinary facts they have witnessed, to say that, although they have obtained a very imperfect knowledge of the system of Dr. Buchanan, and have been prevented by the pressure of their other avocations from bestowing on the subject as much time as would have been desirable to themselves; they have had sufficient evidence to satisfy them that Dr. Buchanan's views have a rational experimental foundation, and that the subject opens a field of investigation second to no other in immediate interest, and in promise of important future results to science and humanity.

"The different members of the sub-committee have not all been present at all the meetings described in their minutes. Some of them have, however, in private, on other occasions than those here referred to, witnessed other similar experiments, of the most interesting and satisfactory character, which are not here described, because not witnessed by them collectively, in that capacity in which alone they have to make the present report. The absence of Mr. Bellows from the city, at the time of submitting this report, renders it necessary to forego the advantage of his participation in it. The minutes were prepared by Dr. Forry, from notes taken at the time of the various experiments. The papers appended to this report are a brief and general statement, by Dr. Buchanan, of the outlines of his system or science of 'Neurology,' and the minutes of the proceedings of the sub-committee.

"All of which is respectfully submitted.

"WM. C. BRYANT,
"J. L. O'SULLIVAN,
"SAMUEL FORRY, M. D."

Every reader must determine for himself the degree of confidence to which the statements of this committee are entitled. The name of one of its members is already classical in the English language; Dr. Forry's recent excellent work on the Climate and Endemic Influences of the United States has given him, though a young man, an honorable place among the scientific observers and writers of the day; while, however otherwise obscure, the remaining name is not unknown to the readers of the Review, through which he has the honor, monthly, of coming into a relation with them, grateful on the one side, and not unfriendly, it is hoped, on the other.

The following outlines of the principles of Neurology, by Dr. Buchanan himself, will, in connection with the remarks already made, afford the reader at least some general idea of the subject:

"Gentlemen—As you desire from me a sketch of the principles of Neurology, I submit the following brief statement, hoping that its brevity will not render it obscure:

"The word Neurology, as it relates to man, is but another name for the great science of Anthropology, because the

science of the nervous substance necessarily includes all the manifestations of mind and life connected with or dependent upon that substance, which we know is the seat of life and the organ of the mind.

"Physiology, Pathology, Insanity, and what has been called Animal Magnetism, Mental Philosophy or Phrenology, Cranioscopy, Physiognomy, Education, &c., are partial views of the phenomena and systematic laws of the human constitution, which constitute the science of Neurology.

"The characteristic feature of that system of Neurology which I have brought before the public is, that it has been established by means of cautious and decisive experiments, and may easily be verified by any individual who has the necessary patience to pursue the investigation of the subject.

"The experiments consist in exciting the various functions of the nervous substance in the cranium or the body by the application of the proper stimulating agents. Every article of the materia medica possesses in some form, or to some extent, the power of exciting and modifying the functions; Galvanism, Electricity, Magnetism, and Caloric, possess efficient exciting powers; but no agent that I have used possesses so efficient, and at the same time, so congenial an influence, as the aura of the nervous system.

"This Neuraura, which is the agent by which one individual makes a physiological impression upon another, when in contact, is radiated and conducted freely from the human hand. The experiments which I have made in your presence, consist in applying this Neuraura to the various portions of the brain, upon which it may make an impression through the cranium and the face, which present no obstacles to its transmission.

"To develope important results from such experiments, it is necessary that we should make them upon persons whose cerebral action is easily excited or deranged by slight influences. It is necessary that the portion of the brain which we excite should be so energetically stimulated as to become predominant over all the other portions, and to manifest its functions in a pure and distinct form, unmingled with any different or counteracting functions. It is also extremely desirable that the experiments should be made upon persons whose mental cultivation, sagacity, and integrity, render their descriptions of their own sensations cautious, exact, and worthy of implicit confidence.

"As my experiments have been repeated by many phrenologists and others, and have generally been attempted by them during the state of somnambulism superinduced by mesmeric operations, I would remark that such experiments are often highly deceptive and inaccurate. Experiments should be made in the natural condition of the subject, and free from the imaginative excitement which belongs to somnambulism. As far as I have heard of the result of the somnambulic experiments, I know of but few cases in which the operator has not been misled by his imaginative subject.

"An extensive course of experiments upon persons of intelligence, in their natural state of mind, has established and placed beyond a doubt, the fact that the brain, as a psychological organ, manifests an immense number of mental functions, and that there are no phrenological divisions in the brain, other than the anfractuosities of the convolutions, and that there are no simple primitive cerebral organs manifesting a pure special single function, unless we carry our subdivisions so far as to make a primitive organ of each constituent fibre of a convolution.

"The number of cerebral organs which we may recognize is, therefore, a matter of arbitrary arrangement, as we may divide the brain, for convenience, into three, four, or five regions, or with equal precision and functional accuracy, into three, four, or five hundred. From fifty to a hundred subdivisions would be as many as we can learn to locate correctly, and is a sufficient number for practical purposes.

"It is established with equal certainty, that the brain is as much a physiological as a psychological organ, and that it maintains its sympathies with the body, and exercises its controlling power over it by means of certain conductor organs at the base of the encephalon, by which it radiates volitionary, circulatory and secretory influences to the muscular system and other tissues of the body. Eeach portion of the brain has an intimate relation or sympathy with its particular region of the body, and exercises a modifying influence upon the general circulation and innervation of the system. It is through the conductor organs that the special relations of the brain and the body are established, and all the physiological effects which may be produced by operating upon the brain, may be as easily, and, indeed, more promptly evolved by operating upon the corresponding conductors, which transmit their influence directly.

"Thus do we explain the relations of the brain to the body, and by carrying out the mathematical laws of cerebral physio.

logy, we show the influence of each hemisphere of the brain upon the opposite hemisphere, and through that upon the correlative half of the body.

"To explain the relations of the mind to the brain, and the peculiar mode or laws of their connection, would not be a more difficult task than to explain the relations between the brain and the body —either of which would seem to the novice a chimerical undertaking.

"This higher psychological philosophy, however, constitutes no part of the psychologico-physiological system to which I have called the attention of the public, and which aims at extensive education and medical utility. Of this system, I have given you a few imperfect illustrations, and regret that I have not had the opportunity of illustrating, in your presence, the beneficial influence which may be exerted upon the sick.

"The experiments with medicines applied to the fingers, were designed to illustrate some important principles in reference to human impressibility, and the mode in which medicines produce their effects.

"The experiment of bringing an impressible person into contact with the head of another, illustrates the laws of transmission of the Neuraura, and presents us a method of accomplishing a perfect diagnosis of disease, as well as of exploring the physiology of the brain, and ascertaining the characters of particular individuals. This method, which I have been for some time engaged in applying to practice, must ultimately take the precedence of all other methods of diagnosis and examination, either for character, for disease, or for the establishment of scientific principles.

"In conclusion, permit me to remark, that the principles of Neurology have been established by innumerable coincident harmonious facts, similar to those which you have witnessed, and that unless the testimony of our senses is utterly false, or unless a large number of intelligent observers have been suddenly seized by an epidemic and methodic insanity, a new class of facts has been developed, and a new science exists, which imperiously demands the attention of all lovers of truth or friends of man, and which, if even half of its bright promise is realized, must originate a great and happy era in the history of human progress.

"With high respect, enhanced by the cordiality, courtesy and promptness with which you have engaged in your recent duties, I remain,

"Your humble servant,

"Jos. R. Buchanan.

"Messrs. Bryant, Forry and O'Sullivan."

We shall next introduce to the reader some extracts from the minutes of the sub-committee. As these minutes alone would cover twice the space allotted to this article, we are obliged to exclude the greater portion; and to decide which shall go in, and which shall not, we find no easy task.

"Sub-committee met on the 11th of November. Present, Mr. Bryant and Dr. Forry.

"The person experimented upon was a lady residing near Poughkeepsie, aged about forty, and the mother of a large family. She declared her entire ignorance of the principles of phrenology, as well as the locality of any cerebral organ; and lest some doubts might be started upon this point, the certificate of the gentleman who accompanied her has been appended.

"In these experiments, Dr. Buchanan designed to show that an individual who is highly 'impressible,' may not only have the special functions of the brain excited by having the corresponding portions of his head touched by another person, but may receive the 'neuraurie' influence to the same extent, or nearly so, directly from the brain of another, simply by his placing the end of a finger on the region of a special organ on such person.

"The lady having, at the request of Dr. Buchanan, placed the ends of her index and middle fingers upon the upper part of Dr. Forry's forehead, in the region, as designated by phrenologists, of the *reflective* organs, and being now asked what mental emotions she experienced, replied—'I have a desire for knowledge, and particularly to know all about this subject.' Dr. Buchanan then asked her what her motive was in desiring this knowledge, to which she answered that she was influenced alone by the mere love of knowledge. Dr. Buchanan next raised her fingers so as to touch, at the same time, the region of *benevolence* in Dr. Forry's head, and being now interrogated as to her mental emotions, she said in reply that she still had a desire for knowledge, but that there was now a motive added to her wish for knowledge. This motive she declared to be a 'wish to do good,' that is, she desired to become acquainted with the mysteries of neurology, with the view to be enabled to do good to her fellow-beings. Her hand was next placed in the region of Dr. Forry's *self-esteem;* instantly the whole tone of her manner changed. From being modest and retiring, she suddenly became bold and assuming. Jerking her hand from Dr. Forry's head, she remarked abruptly—'I do not like this sensation—

I feel covetous.' To the question of Dr. Buchanan, why she felt covetous, the reply was—'I would wish to get means to make a display in the world.' Placing her hands now, at the request of Dr. Buchanan, successively on the upper fore part and on the back part of Dr. Forry's head, she described the sensation of the former as mild and more agreeable and causing ennobling feelings, whilst that of the latter was unpleasant, but imparted strength to her system—phenomena which accord with the principles laid down by Dr. Buchanan. These experiments were repeated with similar effects upon the head of Mr. Bryant; but when she came to the region of skepticism, she suddenly jerked away her hand, saying—'I feel nothing.' This result, as Dr. Buchanan remarked, is a phenomenon that follows invariably.

"As Dr. Buchanan's system modifies very much that of the phrenologists, it may be here mentioned that his division of the functions of the brain, as delineated externally on the skull by certain regions, as those of skepticism, insanity, intoxication, temperance, levity, &c., is, for the sake of convenience, adopted in these minutes by the sub-committee, without intending to express an opinion as to the accuracy of all its details.

"These were the leading experiments, which were here cut short, as the lady was about leaving in a steamer for her home.

"Certificate—At the request of the committee, I would state that I am well acquainted with the lady above referred to, and well know her to be entirely unacquainted with phrenology, the location of any of the organs, or any of its principles.

"Lewis Wakeley,
"29 Greenwich street."

"Sub-committee met November 16th, 1842. Experiments on Mrs. R. Present, Messrs. Bryant, O'Sullivan, and Dr. Forry.

"Upon our arrival at the residence of Mrs. R.—a lady of intelligence and respectability—whose health is generally delicate, we found her complaining of some chilly and uncomfortable sensations. Dr. Buchanan began by holding his hand for some time on the organ of 'calorification,' and silently placing his hand on the various portions of her head, which he thought might have a restorative effect. In the course of three or four minutes, her chilliness was removed, and her feelings were comfortable. Dr. Buchanan then remarked aloud that he would endeavor to excite the organ which is the cause of perspiration, to such a degree as to produce a distinct moisture on her hands. In three or four minutes we found, on examining the hands, that they were perceptibly moist. His patient being now in an agreeable condition, he proceeded with other experiments.

"It is a part of Dr. Buchanan's theory that each finger is the conductor of a particular influence, such as the galvanic, electric, neurauric, &c.; and accordingly she describes the sensation produced by touching the ends of his fingers with her own, as very different in each one. Her descriptions correspond somewhat with the effects attributed to each of these agents. In the ring finger, she says there is a 'jerking motion,' which may be compared to the successive thrills caused by electric agency. On touching the middle finger, she avers there is produced a 'stiffening sensation of the wrist.' The index finger caused an effect, which she describes as 'stimulating and warming to the arm.

"Dr. Buchanan next attempted to excite *mirthfulness* by placing his finger on the region of that organ, and the result followed in a striking degree, three or four times successively. On her part, the tendency to laugh was irresistible, and she each time buried her face in her handkerchief until relieved by Dr. Buchanan. The result intended to be produced was in this, as well as the following instances, stated in writing, and the person operated upon was kept wholly ignorant of what was anticipated. It was now proposed that Dr. Buchanan should excite the organ of *language*, but in attempting to do so, his finger touched the locality of the adjoining organ of *calculation*, when suddenly Mrs. R. arose from her chair and commenced counting the flowers on the wall paper. Counting the number in a horizontal line, and then in a perpendicular one, of a side of the room, she would immediately announce the sum total. So completely engrossed did she become in this, that she took no notice of the bystanders further than as they interfered with her view of the wall. Her mind seemed entirely abstracted, as it were in a monomania of calculation. This experiment was repeated several times with the same effect. One time she wished to count the threads in a flower of the carpet.

"In the next place, Dr. Buchanan excited the organs of *self-esteem*, *combativeness*, and *firmness*, that of *philanthropy*, as he remarked, being naturally strong. The effect was truly remarkable. Under

the influence of these organs, she commenced an animated conversation with the company, in which she took the lead, and soon became the sole speaker. She began by expressing the opinion that she was qualified for a higher station in life than she has always occupied, and that she possessed intellectual powers sufficient to exert a controlling influence over public opinion. She proceeded to vindicate in an eloquent manner the rights of her sex, during which she gesticulated with great vehemence, and her countenance displayed an almost unnatural brilliance. She spoke in glowing terms of the good she might do, if placed in her proper sphere; and when now reminded by Dr. Buchanan that the domestic sphere is the one proper for woman, and that her own feeble constitution and delicate health would incapacitate her for such exertions, she replied in a proud and energetic manner,—'But the mind can overcome the body's weakness.' As she was continuing her harangue in the same vehement and thrilling style, Mr. Inman, Dr. Buchanan's assistant, who was standing behind her, approached and placed his fingers on the organs, as designated by Dr. Buchanan, of *humility* and *physical relaxation.* For about five seconds, no apparent effect was produced. In the next five, her manner changed greatly; her voice lost its force; the brilliant animation of her countenance almost immediately disappeared; and her arms fell languidly by her side. The change in her countenance was perhaps the most remarkable we have ever witnessed under the influence of any mental emotion. Under the former influence, her features assumed a marked and striking expression, as if flushed with excitement; her eye was brilliant and sparkling, and her whole bearing was that of exalted enthusiasm. But under the influence of humility and despondency, her countenance in less than a minute lost its tense and flushed appearance, and exhibited the collapse which always follows high excitement of the human system; her voice became feeble, her eye was downcast, while tears trickled over her cheeks; and presently, in a sad and moralizing tone, she gave utterance to the expression—'Ah! but I am only a poor weak woman! and what can she do?' She now spoke of her own weakness and the general frailty of her sex; and in this desponding strain—the language of physical and mental depression—she continued until self-esteem, combativeness, and firmness were again touched. In perhaps a single minute she was roused once more to the highest excitement. The unwiped tears were soon dried upon her cheeks. In this condition, she was even more determined than previously, and seemed resolved that nothing should prevent the accomplishment of her great designs. 'I will crush under foot,' she exclaimed, 'the monster, *Prejudice*, that man has erected as a barrier around woman;' and she proceeded to show, in the same excited language, that she possessed powers of mind qualifying her for the accomplishment of great benefits to mankind, instead of being confined to the duties of domestic life. The organs of *humility*, *despondency*, and *relaxation*, being again touched, the same remarkable change, above described, was renewed. The flushed, excited countenance again collapsed; her arms fell languidly at her side; she again spoke of the frailty of woman, and despaired of ever accomplishing her great designs. In this state, she burst into a flood of tears, and burying her face in her handkerchief, she said, 'Gentlemen, excuse me.' Mr. Inman now restored her by placing his hand on what are called the restraining organs, and by touching that part of the intellectual organs which gives a clear and correct consciousness of our condition. She now looked up, and, with a smile, said, in a natural tone, 'I fear, gentlemen, I have acted very foolishly.'

"It was next proposed to produce *dreaming*, which Dr. Buchanan did by placing his finger on the special organ, lying on the side of the head anteriorly. She soon closed her eyes and seemed unconscious of surrounding objects. Her hands and lips were continually moving, as if in reference to objects seen in a dream. When waked up, she said that many scenes had passed before her, but that her memory of them was indistinct. She seemed to have a shadowy recollection of many vivid colors and brilliant objects, without the power to form a connected chain among these events of the land of dreams.

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"Dr. Buchanan now placed her hand upon that region of his head, which he regards as the source of innervation to the viscera of the body. The effect she represented as agreeable. Placing her hand in the same position on Mr. Bryant, in whom the digestive functions possess less vigorous action, the influence conveyed, she described as not so agreeable or apparently beneficial to her. She was then requested to place her hand on the side of Mr. Bryant's forehead, upon which she spoke of increased intellectual activity and stronger powers of reasoning. Whilst her hand was thus resting on Mr.

Bryant's intellectual organs, it was quietly moved so as to touch the organ of ideality alone with one finger. Under this influence her head hung as if in a profound revery—her hand dropped by her side, and she made no reply to Dr. Buchanan's inquiries as to the effect produced. Having again placed her finger on the same point, her head once more dropped, and she let fall her hand by her side; and being now urged repeatedly to say what effect she experienced, she at length replied, '*It gives me a very pleasing sadness.*' On being further asked by Dr. Buchanan whether it excited her judgment or reasoning faculties, she replied that it acted altogether on her imagination."

"Sub-committee met November 19th, 1842.—Present, Messrs. Bellows, O'Sullivan, and Forry. Experiments on Mrs. R., continued.

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"Dr. Buchanan next attempted to show the control which can be exercised over respiration, by exciting the appropriate cerebral organs, called by him, "inspiration, expiration, and restraint.' Under the influence of the two former, her breathing became hurried, laborious, and panting. Under the influence of the latter, the movements of the chest became slow, and were partially arrested.

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"Dr. Buchanan then proceeded, at the request of the committee, to excite the organ of calculation. She immediately drew back from the company in a state of seeming abstraction, and fixed her gaze intently on a house on the opposite side of the street; and on being asked what attracted her attention, she replied that she was counting the bricks in the wall of the house. She then arose and walked to the window, and still seemed intent on her favorite object. We now attempted to ridicule her strange propensity, and to dissuade her from this employment, but she insisted with much earnestness that it was both very agreeable and very rational.

"Dr. Buchanan next excited the moral and selfish feelings alternately, five or six times in succession, with the view of calling off her attention from surrounding circumstances, by the lively play of her own feelings. The former she describes as agreeable, and the latter as producing a disagreeable excitement which would no doubt have an injurious effect on her character. As he touched several points among the moral organs in succession, his hand at length reached that of firmness; and as he excited this organ and that of its antagonist, fear, she remarked that the former seemed to increase her energy, whilst the latter appeared to enfeeble or relax the system. To produce an unequivocal physical manifestation, Dr. Buchanan excited alternately the organs producing physical sensibility or sensibility to pain, and on the other hand the organs producing hardihood. Under the influence of the latter, he requested her to remove a ring from her finger, which she easily took off and replaced. Then having excited sensibility to pain, she was requested to take off the same ring, but after several attempts, she gave it up, as causing too much pain, on account of its tightness. She tried other rings upon her fingers, and found that they also were too tight to be removed without causing great pain. Hardihood being now re-excited, she removed the ring with ease. To show how complete was her insensibility to pain under this influence, Dr. Buchanan requested one of the committee to offer his knuckles for a blow from hers, to show which would evince the greater sensibility by the contact. Although her hand was small and rather delicate, yet she inflicted several blows in succession upon the knuckles of the gentleman who offered his, with so much strength as to compel him to retire from the unequal contest; whilst to Mrs. R., it seemed to be a matter of mere sport, productive of no pain whatever. Dr. Buchanan now changed operations by restoring her physical sensibility, when she immediately began to feel the pain from the bruising that her knuckles had just received. She now appeared to suffer much more than her antagonist; and on being requested to strike again, she could not be induced to make more than a gentle contact, which could scarcely be called a blow.

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"These physiological experiments were succeeded by several of a more striking and simpler character. Dr. Buchanan excited the organ of pride, the exaltation of which was not continued more than a minute before she arose from her chair and left the company. She walked about the room in silence, and refused to return to her seat to undergo experiments. Dr. Buchanan now approached her and excited the organ of humility, when she immediately resumed her place. Upon being asked the reason that induced her to leave the chair, she said that she had felt an indisposition to sit there and be gazed at by a number of gentlemen. She now seemed conscious of the impropriety of leaving the company so abruptly, and promised that she would not do so again; but as Dr. Buchanan re-excited the organ of pride, it was scarcely a minute before

she arose from her chair and acted as she had previously done. She was now again subdued by exciting the organ of humility, and brought back to the chair.

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"The committee being about to retire, Dr. Buchanan, in order to place her in the most agreeable condition, touched an organ producing enlivening effects, which he denominates the organ of *levity*. This produced so much buoyancy of spirit, that she moved about the room with girlish gayety and lightness, and even offered to dance with any one that would accompany her. The antagonist organ being excited, she became dull and slow, and at length unable to stir. From this state she was relieved by a slight re-excitement of the organ of levity. Her husband, observing the fine effect of the action of this organ, requested that its locality might be pointed out to him, so that he might excite it whenever it became desirable to enliven her. This being done, Mr. R. held his fingers on the spot till he produced so much excitement that she could not contain herself, but frolicked around the room as if under the influence of exhilarating gas. This excessive excitement so overcame her physical powers, that she sank exhausted into a chair, apparently unwell, with a chilly rigor and other unpleasant sensations. It was now necessary for Dr. Buchanan to use means for her restoration, which was speedily effected by stimulating other portions of the brain which, he said, re-established a healthy equilibrium."

"Sub-committee met November 25th, 1842. Present, Mr. Bryant and Dr. Forry. Also, Major John Le Conte, by invitation. Continued experiments on Mrs. R.

"Before proceeding to the house of Mrs. R., Dr. Buchanan performed, at his own rooms, several experiments upon a gentleman (Mr. O., of this city), whom the doctor had discovered to be slightly impressible. It should be remarked that Mr. O. had been a total disbeliever in the reality of the *neurauric* influence, until he had felt peculiar sensations in his hand from the influence communicated by Dr. Buchanan. The object of the first experiment was to produce that somnolent state, resulting from the influence of the front lobe of the brain, which might be not inappropriately called an *intellectual* or *self-conscious sleep*. Dr. Buchanan requested Mr. Bryant to place his hands on the outer part of the forehead of Mr. O. In this position Mr. Bryant held his hands for several minutes, while the rest were observing the countenance of the subject. In about two minutes we detected a singular appearance about the eyes, soon after which Mr. O. remarked that it had passed off, meaning that he had felt a peculiar influence which had now ceased. Mr. Bryant, however, continued to hold his hands in the same position, and in about two minutes more the eyelids of Mr. O. began to quiver with a very rapid motion, and gradually closed. They opened again, winked and quivered alternately for a few moments, and finally closed firmly. About this time we observed that his arms fell relaxed by his side, and one of his legs resting on the other fell to the floor, as if he had suddenly fallen asleep. We spoke to him, but he made no answer. We asked him whether he was fully conscious, and he nodded assent. Being now requested to open his eyes, he raised the eyebrows several times to their extremest height, stretching the membrane of the eyelids, and rolling the eye-balls, as if making a great effort; but he did not succeed even in getting the lids apart. Mr. O. was allowed to remain in this state a few moments, unable to relieve himself. Dr. Buchanan then showed Mr. Bryant how, in order to relieve Mr. O., to apply his fingers on the back part of his head. The fingers were applied accordingly, and almost instantly the eyes of Mr. O. flew open, and he was restored to the command of his speech. On resuming this faculty, he said that he had been conscious all the time, but that it was utterly impossible to open his eyes or to speak, notwithstanding he had made the greatest effort.

"Dr. Buchanan now attempted with his own hands to produce *animal sleep*—a condition of the system in which the intellectual faculties are arrested, and consciousness is destroyed, while the animal functions are vigorously sustained. For about two minutes Mr. O. evinced no effect on his countenance, averring that he was not conscious of any impression being made upon him. His countenance, however, appeared rather dull, and he soon gave way under the symptoms of sleep. His eyes closed, his head hung on one side, his limbs relaxed, and his body rested in a reclining position, as if completely under the dominion of sleep. 'He is snoring,' remarked Mr. Bryant. Dr. Buchanan now addressed several remarks to his sleeping subject, which received no reply or recognition. The breathing of Mr. O. was rather heavy, accompanied by a slight moaning noise. Dr. Buchanan proceeded to restore him, which was not accom-

plished so promptly as in the case of intellectual sleep. It was nearly a minute before he was fully recovered from his sleep. He did not, however, believe that he had entirely lost his consciousness; but upon being questioned as to what had been said to him during his sleep, it was apparent that he had heard nothing.

"The committee now proceeded to the house of Mrs. R. The first experiments consisted in the application of medicines in the same manner as was practised at the previous sitting, for the purpose of ascertaining to what extent a medicinal influence may be imparted through the hand. Dr. Forry having brought with him six different articles of the *Materia Medica*, each was tried successively; and as none of these parcels—each being enclosed in double papers—had any labels, the result could not be anticipated, as the contents of each paper were unknown even to Dr. Forry himself. A decided effect was usually produced in the course of thirty seconds; and most of the effects which did occur were similar to those observed in the usual mode of administering such medicines. In those cases in which it was necessary for her to describe her feelings, the experiment would not, of course, be so successful as when the effects would speak for themselves. In regard to sulphate of quinine, however, she described the effect with much correctness, as 'cooling and strengthening.' The narcotics, however, told their own story, and in language, too, admitting of no two-fold meaning. A paper, for instance, was placed in her hand, (it being at the same time held by Dr. Buchanan), which speedily produced so powerful a narcotic effect as to create some alarm; and it was some minutes before she could be recovered by Dr. Buchanan from its poisonous influence. As she was being restored to a state of consciousness, she made several efforts to vomit; but after the lapse of eight or ten minutes, during which time various 'passes' were made for her relief, she seemed quite recovered. On examination, this paper was found to contain the extract of stramonium, (Jamestown weed). One of the papers which had been previously tried, and found to produce an 'irritating effect and copperish taste in the mouth,' and which was laid aside for subsequent trial, was now again presented. The effect, as it now perhaps proved less irritating, she described as 'stimulating, heating, and exciting' to a greater degree than she could well bear. This was opened and found to contain Cayenne pepper. Another paper was presented which induced narcotic and sickening effects somewhat similar to those of the stramonium. It was immediately removed, and the paper, on being opened, was found to contain opium.

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"Dr. Buchanan now excited the organ of *skepticism*, and she soon evinced the highest action of the faculty. She ridiculed the idea of making experiments upon her, declaring that no effects were produced, and that she considered all such effects as perfect nonsense. She denied that any effects had been produced upon her in the early part of the evening, either by medicines or by the application of the hand. She denounced Neurology as a ridiculous absurdity, and endeavored to convince one of the committee that he was quite mistaken in believing in such a pretended science, as there was no reason at all in its support. She spoke of other sciences and doctrines, which she denounced in similar terms, and declared that she relied only on facts and experience and the evidence of her own senses. Whatever proposition was advanced, she would always assume the negative and demand the proof of its truth. She denied the existence of thunder and lightning, saying that as she did not comprehend them, she did not of course believe in their reality. Being asked if she did not believe that fire would burn, she denied most positively that it would; and to prove the negative, she ran to the heated stove to place her fingers on it, and was only prevented apparently by her husband's grasping her hand, he being unwilling that her fingers should be burnt for the illustration of science.

"Her mind was now, for a few moments, alternately placed in a state of profound faith and unbounded skepticism, showing how completely her belief in anything was regulated by the state of the two organs.

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"These experiments being concluded, one of the committee entered into conversation with Mrs. R. in the German and French languages, in both of which she conversed fluently; and being asked how many languages she could speak, she replied, 'five or six.' To ascertain the extent of her lingual powers, Dr. Buchanan excited, at the same time, her organs of memory and language. Under this influence, she made a long recitation from the Talmud, in the Chaldaic language, and chaunted, in a fluent and graceful style, the fifty-second chapter of Isaiah in the Hebrew tongue, which fell upon the ears of the listeners in the most impressive, distinct, and pleasing tone. These languages, which she learned

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in her youth, she has now almost entirely forgotten.

"Sub-committee met November 29th. Present, Messrs. Bryant and O'Sullivan, and Dr. Forry.

"The subject of the experiments to-day was a Mr. M., a young man residing in this city—a mechanic; but he was not regarded by Dr. Buchanan as sufficiently impressible to produce any very decided results.

"The first experiment consisted in a trial of strength in the arms. In the first place, his natural strength of arm was tested by means of a carpet-bag containing some books, the weight being made equivalent to his utmost muscular power. Dr. Buchanan then operated in such a manner as to relax the muscular system; and in perhaps ten minutes, he was unable to support what he had previously done with ease; nor was he able to sustain it after a large heavy volume and one of a smaller size were removed from the bag. Dr. Buchanan now reversed the operation by exciting those organs which give tone to the system, when Mr. M., notwithstanding the fatigues of repeated attempts at lifting at his utmost strength, was so effectually re-invigorated as to be again able to support with ease the greatest weight he had at any time lifted.

"The second experiment was intended to illustrate the peculiar relaxation of the muscular system, which attends a state of intoxication. Dr. Buchanan, as Mr. M. stood up in front of him, placed his hand on the appropriate organs; and, in a few moments, we observed Mr. M. recoiling or staggering back, as if unable to support himself. This experiment was several times repeated with the same result. In walking across the floor, Mr. M. appeared incapable of proceeding in a straight and steady manner; and one time, he became so weak as to be obliged to take a chair—when asked how he felt, he answered that he felt as if he had been drinking too much.

"Dr. Buchanan now remarked that he would endeavor to excite an organ in Mr. M. of which he (the subject) could not, by any possibility, have the slightest conception. But as Mr. M. possessed only a moderate degree of impressibility, Dr. Buchanan added that he did not expect to produce any vivid manifestation of the action of the organ; nor was he sure even of inducing any decided result. The first effect that could be imputed to the operation, was the remark of Mr. M., that his mind felt like a perfect blank, being merely conscious of surrounding objects, without the capability of reflection. Dr. Buchanan, all this time, was attempting to excite the organ of insanity; and he now modified his operation by touching two portions of the head at once, requesting the committee to watch closely the results. In a few minutes, we discovered the expression of Mr. M.'s countenance illumed by an unusual animation; and this we regarded with the more surprise, as Mr. M., who is usually of a dull, heavy, and diffident deportment, appeared quite embarrassed and shy when he first came into the presence of the committee. Soon after this change in the expression of his countenance, Mr. M. suddenly inquired of Mr. Bryant whether he was not the editor of the 'Evening Post;' and upon being answered in the affirmative, he arose and shook hands with Mr. Bryant in the most familiar manner, saying, 'I am very happy to become acquainted with you, not on account of your *politics*, but your *poetry*.' As remarked above, Dr. Buchanan was at this time stimulating two portions of the head—one the region of insanity, and the other, the poetical portion of the organ of ideality. As these two points were the only parts of the head touched by Dr. Buchanan, we were of course struck by the remarkable coincidence. Mr. M. now said that he had heard much of Mr. Bryant's poetry, and had read some detached pieces; and he also expressed a strong desire to have an opportunity of perusing a volume of his poems, in which Mr. Bryant promised that he should be gratified. He also inquired of Mr. Bryant, in great earnestness, whether he did not think that he himself might learn to write poetry, and complained of his never having been able to compose a single verse. To the question whether he did not now feel as if he could write poetry, Mr. M. replied that he felt unable to get his ideas together; and if he did, he feared that they would be good for nothing. It was then suggested that, as he did not receive any poetic inspiration from the hand of Dr. Buchanan, he might perhaps be inspired by the touch of Mr. Bryant. This suggestion he seemed to adopt as quite plausible; and Mr. Bryant accordingly placed his hands on the regions of imitation and credulity, and, after some time, on that, also, of self-esteem. Mr. M. now not only talked in glowing terms about poetry, but recited several passages with the most extravagant enthusiasm and vehement gesticulation, his eyes expressing an almost furious excitement, and seeming ready to start out of their sockets. One subject was the following, from Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope:'

"Oh! sacred Truth! Thy triumph ceased awhile,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression pour'd to northern wars
Her whisker'd pandours and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet born;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

"Warsaw's last champion, etc."

"Another consisted of a patriotic Indian effusion, denouncing the white man's oppression. To the question, asked after his restoration, whether he was in the habit of reciting poetry, he answered in the negative. Certainly no one, from his general appearance, would have suspected him to be the least given to poetic declamation. Indeed, now, when the excitement was partially removed by operating on the antagonistic organs, he was unable to repeat the lines from Campbell without assistance in the way of having the first word of nearly every line; and when requested to declaim them as before, he merely repeated, in a subdued voice, such parts as he recollected, expressing by his actions a want of interest in the subject.

"Whilst still under the influence of self-esteem, and some remains of the excitement produced by the organ of insanity, Mr. M. set forth his ideas at considerable length on various political subjects, for the special edification of Messrs. Bryant and O'Sullivan, he having just before learned that the latter was also an editor. He made an harangue against party politics and party editors, advising Mr. Bryant to confine his attention to literature, and especially poetry. From Mr. O'Sullivan, he attempted to exact a promise that he would publish in the 'Democratic Review,' an article which he would, on that condition, write in regard to the rights of man. In this request he was very strenuous and exacting, except for a few moments whilst Dr. Buchanan held his hand on the organ of humility, when, doubting his ability, he desired Dr. Buchanan to furnish him with a few ideas, and instruct him how to arrange them. The contrast apparent between the powers of expression and elevation of thought and sentiment, evinced by him while under the excitement of the intellectual organs, and the more dull and ordinary deportment when this excitement was removed, was very striking."

During the same period that these experiments were being conducted before this sub-committee, Dr. Buchanan was engaged in delivering a course of lectures before a private class of highly intelligent gentlemen, who at its conclusion, presented to the public certain resolutions expressive of the sentiments of the class. Among these resolutions, let it suffice to quote the following:

"*Resolved*, That, in our opinion, he has demonstrated the practicability of exciting, or modifying, or arresting the action of the several moral, mental, or corporeal organs, so as to change the thoughts, feelings, and actions of the individual for the time. * * * That the experiments have, in our opinion, demonstrated the discoveries made by Dr. Buchanan."

In view of the preceding observations, it may be asked—Whither is this new science to lead us? Are the old landmarks of knowledge to be set aside; and are we to pull down every system which has been built up upon consciousness, or upon the tedious gatherings of observation? Is this new system to subvert all its predecessors, and then be overwhelmed in turn by another theory—a still shorter royal road to wisdom?

We answer, No. Systems pass away, but truths survive; and every new truth added to our stock of knowledge, notwithstanding it may destroy some error, cannot crush or obscure a previously known truth. The new demonstrative school of metaphysics will, we are confident, develope and confirm many of the principles which heretofore, as no experimental mode of testing them was known, have been sustained by reason alone. We observe that memory has been restored to its rightful place in the catalogue of our faculties by the new system. Consciousness and abstraction are also recognized as special faculties dependent upon special organs. We expect to see many of the doctrines of Locke, Reid, Stewart and Brown established experimentally on the new physiological basis. We expect to see a subtle and intricately arranged philosophy spring up from these investigations, as different from the crude system of Gall as is the bright face of Nature with all her diversities of mountain, plain, forest, field, river, and sea, from the rudely sketched outline of a schoolboy's map.

But to what else will it lead? If impressibility is most frequently found among those of refined organization

why may it not be evinced by some man of genius? If so, may not the intellectual organs be stimulated to a higher degree of activity than results from ordinary influences? May not a cerebral power be generated, bordering upon the supernatural energy of insanity? And may not this intense intellectual excitement be directed to useful purposes in the investigation or illustration of truth? May not the student rouse his memory when it fails to recall the knowledge that it once possessed? May not the naturalist and the artist have the external senses rendered more acute? May not the faculties of sight, touch, taste, and smell, be sharpened for minute investigation of physical science?

May we not by various excitements produce all the diseases and all the conditions to which the human mind and body are subject? May we not ascertain the condition of the mind and of the brain in insanity, sleep, dreaming, trance, and the act of dying? May we not determine the seat of life and discover in what portion of the brain the mental action is last perceived—from what spot the soul takes its final departure? May we not besiege and torture Nature with ingenious and searching experiments, until we compel her to confess her secrets?

We put these questions because they seem naturally to arise from the establishment of the fact, that we can compel the various fibres of the brain to manifest their functions; and thus we may interrogate Nature, as it were, by the most rigid examinations. We believe that all that we have hinted at, and much more, is comprehended in the system of Dr. Buchanan; and that these various points have been made the subject of experiment, we know. His views have not yet been embodied in a volume, to which we might refer for their nature and scope; but we know that he aspires to go as far as human intellect can pierce the almost impenetrable mysteries of life and mind. Should he ever present to the public that "higher psychological system of philosophy," of which he speaks as distinct from Neurology, we anticipate something of a still more strange and startling character.

If all the elements of humanity can be summoned up at the beck of the skilful experimentalist, we cannot but believe that many a rare and strange feature of our common nature will be brought to light. The elements of genius, of poetry, of love, and of the mysterious sympathies of mind with mind, will be brought forth, and subjected, like the gay ornament of the skies, the rainbow, to philosophical analysis. As the natural philosopher explains its beautiful effect by the laws of that luminous medium, which, by passing through the drops of water, presents to the eye a brilliant spectrum; so will he perhaps explain how that higher medium—the Divine Aura of life and thought—passing through the white and grey matter of the cerebral convolutions, originates the affections and all the poetry of life. Would it be strange if he should discover through what medium the soul acts upon its corporeal tenement, or that there are media heretofore unknown and of a nature different from the galvanic and magnetic? Would it be incredible that faculties should be discovered in man which have been sometimes supposed to exist in the gifted few, but which are entirely unknown and unfelt by the multitude?

In the great ideal of Humanity in which we embody its dignity and its powers—worthy to be the servant and the agent of Divinity—we perceive that which we realize in no individual. There are none to be found who even approximate the great and perfect type of humanity. How far the noble nature of man has been debased cannot be told, nor how many of the world-knowing and world-conquering faculties bestowed by his Creator, have been enfeebled or destroyed. There are continual aspirations to something greater and better, which are not gratified, and which we cannot carry into execution; but which seem like vestiges to remind us of what we should be, and what may once have been the nature of man. In the system of Buchanan, these vestiges are recognized; a range of faculties has been discovered, which are now dormant, and which have been perhaps dormant for ages in the greater portion of the human race. These faculties giving a stimulus to the mind and expanding greatly its range of knowledge, may hereafter be developed as features of our common nature, and be made the means of obtaining a

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loftier species of knowledge than has ever yet been obtained by human kind.

We hope to be enabled to return to this fruitful theme, as soon as a sufficiency of facts shall have been published to warrant some general deductions. At the present time, we regard it indeed as altogether too early to attempt to organize a science on the basis of the phenomena as yet observed, so far, at least, as they are known to us. We have already stated, as participating in the Report above quoted from, the extent to which alone we consider ourselves able to draw deductions from the experiments we have witnessed. Obloquy and ridicule, on the part of nine-tenths of the promiscuous public, must no doubt be the portion of those who will ever dare to venture on the responsibility of avowing their belief in the facts which have been attested, to their own close and suspicious investigations, by evidence of the most convincing character. This must, and easily can be borne with patience—until the arrival of the day, not, as we feel confident, very far distant, when all the world will recognize as familiar fact that which all the world will at first unite in deriding as the absurdest of fiction.

POLITICAL PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

No. XXXVI.

JOHN C. CALHOUN,

OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

(With a fine Engraving on Steel.)

A SKETCH of the life of the eminent statesman whose portrait constitutes the embellishment of our present Number, has been before given in the pages of this work, in April, 1838. The rough outline etching which then accompanied it was, however, so far inferior to the present style in which this series of engravings is executed, that it is repeated in this improved form,—as several others of those which thus appeared among the earlier numbers of our portrait gallery, either have been or will be repeated. The miniature from which this engraving has been copied is regarded by Mr. Calhoun's friends as the only good likeness of him which has been taken of late years,—faithful in all but that beaming brightness of eye which marks the original, and which no counterfeit presentment can imitate.

We shall not repeat the biographical memoir of the great Nullifier. His course through the past five years, since the publication of the former one referred to, is familiar to every reader of these pages. His present position among that foremost few from whom the Democratic Party is at this moment hesitating in its choice of its next candidate for the Presidency, is apparent to every eye. As explained in another paper in our present Number, this is a point to be left to the unbiassed action of the great popular heart, and which it would be entirely foreign to the character and scope of this Review to discuss, as the advocate of any particular personal preference where no selection could go wrong. Whether Mr. Calhoun's great and glorious qualities and services have yet availed to overcome the prejudice left on the minds of a large portion of our party in other sections of the Union than his own, by former passages in his political life where right and wrong were so intermingled as to render the task of discrimination not easy to the common mind, sufficiently to make them yet able to respond to the enthusiasm with which the South appears disposed to urge his name upon the Convention, no means yet exist for a satisfactory decision. And be the issue of this question what it may, the country has already the am-

plest guarantees that Mr. Calhoun will never allow his name to be used as an apple of destructive discord in the councils of his friends; and that if other considerations than the grateful admiration which no Democrat known to us, north or south of the Potomac, withholds from him, should on this occasion point the Democratic nomination in any different direction, he will support its choice with a zeal not inferior to that which his own name will command, if it is destined to be the watchword of our approaching struggle.

The following sketch of Mr. Calhoun, which was drawn in the winter of 1837–8, by a political and personal friend—himself a man of no humble fame—we reproduce for the sake of the masterly truth and force with which it presents the strongly marked features of his intellectual character:

"Mr. Calhoun has evidently taken Demosthenes for his model as a speaker—or rather, I suppose, he has studied, while young, his orations with great admiration, until they produced a decided impression upon his mind. His recent speech in defence of himself against the attacks of Mr. Clay, is precisely on the plan of the famous oration *De Corona*, delivered by the great Athenian, in vindication of himself from the elaborate and artful attacks of Æschines. While the one says: 'Athenians! to you I appeal, my judges and my witnesses!'—the other says: 'In proof of this, I appeal to you, Senators, my witnesses and my judges on this occasion!' Æschines accused Demosthenes of having received a bribe from Philip, and the latter retorted by saying that the other had accused him of doing what he himself had notoriously done. Mr. Clay says, that Mr. Calhoun had gone over, and he left it to time to disclose his motives. Mr. Calhoun retorts: 'Leave it to time to disclose my motives for going over! I, who have changed no opinion, abandoned no principle, and deserted no party—I, who have stood still and maintained my ground against every difficulty, to be told that it is left to time to disclose my motive! The imputation sinks to the earth with the groundless charge on which it rests. I stamp it down in the dust. I pick up the dart which fell harmless at my feet. I hurl it back. What the Senator charges on me unjustly, he *has actually done*. He went over on a memorable occasion, and *did not* leave it to time to disclose his motive." In the conception and arrangement of the whole speech, in fact, there is a remarkable similarity to the speech of the great Athenian. And where could any man find a nobler model? For withering sarcasm—burning invective—lofty declamation—for all that is spirit-stirring and glorious in eloquence, there is not on record, in any language, as noble and perfect a specimen as this Oration for the Crown.

"Mr. Calhoun, in the simplicity and brevity of his sentences, throughout all his speeches, shows the model he has studied. In fact his whole character and life are eminently Greek. His striking and grand conceptions—with his unassuming and plain manners—his calm dignity and composure—his sternness and exemplary purity in private and public life, all show that he has bathed deep in the fountains of antiquity.

"In one faculty of the mind he surpasses any public man of the age, and that is in analysis. His power to examine a complex idea, and exhibit to you the simple ideas of which it is composed, is wonderful. Hence it is that he generalizes with such great rapidity, that ordinary minds suppose, at first, he is theoretical; whereas he has only reached a point at a single bound, to which it would require long hours of sober reflection for them to attain. It is a mistake to suppose that he jumps at his conclusions without due care and consideration. No man examines with more care, or with more intense labor, every question upon which his mind is called to act. The difference between him and others is, that he thinks constantly, with little or no relaxation. Hence the restless activity and energy of his mind always place him far in advance of those around him. He has reached the summit, while they have just commenced to ascend, and cannot readily discover the path which has lead him to his lofty and extensive view.

"Mr. Calhoun evidently has studied our system of government very profoundly and philosophically, on the leading ideas of the school of Jefferson. His great speech in reply to Mr. Webster, on the federative principle of the Constitution, and the sovereignty of the States, is one of the most profound and finished commentaries upon that noble instrument and its formation, that has ever been produced by the genius of man. On that remarkable occasion, he simplified the points of controversy with his distinguished antagonist to such a degree, that he compelled him to deny that our system of Government was a *constitutional compact*; and finally forced him to the position, that the Government itself had substantive and

independent rights, as if the Government was not made by the Constitution, and had no existence, in a single attribute, without it. This debate was managed with great power and ability on both sides. Both speakers saw that the whole argument turned upon the point whether the Constitution was a *compact* or not. If it was admitted, the wit of man could not avoid the conclusion, that each party to the compact must of necessity judge of its provisions and infractions, or surrender up their original character as sovereign contracting parties, to a government with power *to define its own limitations*, and, of necessity, to make and unmake the compact at the will and pleasure of those who might chance to give it impulse and vitality. This subject eminently suited Mr. Calhoun's mind and habits of thought, and he consequently exhibited a power of argument—a distinctness of analysis—and a luminous investigation of the attributes and nature of government—which will stand a monument to his fame, as long as the American eagle shall present to the world that bright constellation of independent States which now glitter and blaze around its brow. No human being can read that speech without feeling that it contains the same doctrines which were proclaimed in the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions of '98, and in the immortal report of Mr. Madison, around which the Republican party rallied with the devotion of those who felt the liberties of their country to be involved.

"As a public speaker and debater, Mr. Calhoun is energetic and impressive to the highest degree. Without having much of the action of an orator, yet his compressed lip—his erect and stern attitudes—his iron countenance, compressed lip, and flashing eye—all make him at times eloquent in the full sense of the word. No man can hear him without feeling. His power is in *clear analysis—suppressed passion*, and *lofty earnestness*. As to the great questions connected with the currency of the present day, it is vain and idle to contend with him. It has been the subject of his daily thoughts for more than twenty years. He is before his age, but he will triumph, and posterity will be astonished at the profoundness and the sagacity of his views. Many suppose that he has an absorbing ambition; but this is a mistake, and it arises from the natural activity of his mind on all questions of much interest, and his constant and ardent patriotism. Devotion to the honor and liberties of his country is his consuming passion, and his ardent pursuit of what he conceives to be her interests is mistaken by the superficial observer for overweening ambition. Ambition he has, but it is high and noble, and like the Roman's, identified with love for Rome. His nullification, so much misunderstood and misrepresented, was with him a pure and enthusiastic devotion to the true spirit of the Constitution and the permanent interest of the whole Union, according to his understanding of them. His greatest weakness, if weakness it can be called, is his free and unreserved confidence in those who are not his friends. This arises from the natural integrity and unsuspecting character of his heart. Another weakness perhaps is, that he talks too much, forgetting that there is often dignity and power in impressive silence, particularly after a man has acquired fame. This arises, however, from the simplicity of character and great love of truth, which makes him eager to present her to others, that they may receive and love her too, with veneration equal to his own."

We have seen with a regret in which there are few of our readers who will not participate, Mr. Calhoun's recent letter of resignation. It is no disparagement to the recognized greatness of any of his past or present peers in that high national council, to say that in the loss of him the Senate will be shorn of one of its beams, unsurpassed in brilliancy by any that have ever shone there, as the beacon lights of the land. We yet indulge the hope that that determination may be reconsidered. If Mr. Calhoun should be adopted as the Presidential candidate of the Democracy, there is no necessary incompatibility between the two positions; if such should not prove the case, he cannot be spared from his present one.

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PASSAGES FROM A POLITICIAN'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE NEXT PRESIDENCY.

Are we to have everything our own way the next time,—to walk leisurely over the course without crack of whip or prick of spur,—as so many of our sanguine friends, under the elation of the late Democratic reactions, seem to expect? They are vastly mistaken who lay so flattering an unction to their souls.

There is no doubt, indeed, that we shall reap an overwhelming triumph in the election of '44, unless we forfeit by not deserving it. We have it in our power to secure it with ease,—with equal ease we may throw it away, if such is our preference. On the part of some of our friends it would seem to be almost a matter of indifference which.

The present position of the Democratic Party is an extremely critical one. During the last Presidential contest we saw, on the side of our opponents, the singular spectacle of a great party diametrically diverse in their principles, yet united on their men; we seem now in some danger of ourselves exhibiting the reversed attitude, of antagonism of men with harmony of principles,—for the partial diversity of opinion on the Tariff question, existing in certain portions of the country, is not sufficient seriously to affect this general truth. The different sections of the Union have their respective statesmen who are the objects of their peculiar attachment, pride, and hope, and whose claims they are ill disposed to see subordinated or postponed to those of any other of the same or similar general rank in the scale of political prominence. The working of our system of institutions has by this time developed this tendency, the germ of which was early manifest, to a degree which must make it, now and henceforth, one of the most important of the elements in our politics. The tendency is to a certain *sectionality*, to which as a fact we cannot shut our eyes, but which, properly allowed for and managed, is not incompatible with perfectly harmonious unity. The distribution of the different interests and sympathies of our population into an East, a Centre, a South, and a West, is no less distinct and real than the corresponding demarcations to be traced in blue, yellow, and red, on a school map. In each of these naturally arises its political chief,—the strongest and greatest of its public men, about whom, as their centre, those of a secondary grade as naturally group or cluster,—the representative of his section and fullest embodiment of its spirit and character. We speak particularly of the Democratic party, which is the proper and permanent governing party of the country; the opposition to it, under various forms and phases, being only a negative force, acting irregularly and incoherently, and without any such solid or steady cohesion as to admit the slow development of such a principle of organization as that referred to. It is needless to point to the existing practical illustration of the double truth of which we speak, namely, the absence of this sectional division of political geography and political leadership on the part of the Whigs, and its distinct and strongly marked existence on our own. Out of this state of things grows now, and will probably continue to grow, the most serious danger to the stability of the Democratic ascendency. We must beware of allowing this sectionality to run into disunion,—this emulation into antagonism,—this natural preference for our own into unjust prejudice against the equal rights of others. Our eyes open to the danger, we must be the more cautious to shun it. The unity of the Party must be the common central aim of all, to which all must come prepared to sacrifice, and sacrifice with cheerful good-will, alike our preferences and our prejudices. It is too late now to apply to this evil the remedy which must soon be sought in a change of the constitutional tenure of the Presidency—too late for application to the coming election. We must deal with the case as it now stands, in that spirit of concession and harmony, which, while it certainly can

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command success, is, at the same time, in the present state of our Party, indispensable to it. Afterward we must address ourselves to the duty of reforming the defect in the working of our institutions which reveals itself in this result, of the conflicting attitude of these great political interests and ambitions. It is only to be done by reducing the Presidential term to two years, or—(still better)—to one. Without restriction on the right of re-election, the practice of three or four years' incumbency would soon grow into a common law of usage, while at the same time elastic and open to occasional exception under extraordinary circumstances. A harmonious rotation would thus carry the succession round the main sections of our political geography, embracing in fair turn all the individuals naturally entitled to that high aspiration, within the limits of age—say from fifty to about sixty-five or six—within which that class must always be found.

But for the present, we repeat, we must deal with the case as we find it. Everything for the Whole and nothing for any of the Parts, must be our motto. Selecting, through the agency of a Convention, the candidate best able to unite the Democracy of the Union, toward his election all must bend every energy, with the single aim of one final blow of annihilation to the Bank and Tariff cause, and of adequate rebuke to the great political fraud and farce of 1840. In making this choice, from the range of safe selection open to us, where blindfold chance could scarcely go astray, we know no better rule than that that man ought certainly *not* to be taken who, directly or through his leading friends, should exhibit the least disposition to throw discord and confusion into the ranks of his party, at a time when all the reverse is so imperatively needed. All must go into the Convention with the virtual pledge of mutual faith and loyalty, all to give a cordial support to the one in whose favor the choice of the majority shall be found to preponderate. Those friends of either who urge the claims of their peculiar preference in a spirit of arrogant exclusiveness—sowing the seeds of ill-will and prejudice against other rivals, destined to spring up into apathy, if not hostility, in the event of the success of either of those others—or arrogantly and intolerantly avowing their determination to run their candidates before the people, with or without the adoption of a Convention—all such, we say, will prove themselves, by such a line of conduct, as false friends to those whose claims they would thus urge, as to that great party and its great principles, to which are due our first and highest loyalty and love.

But *claims!*—who has a right to speak of "claims" to such an honor as the Presidency of this great nation? *Desert* loses instantly all its character of merit, all the ground on which it can ask for either gratitude or confidence, the moment it pretends to erect itself into a right, and to put forward the word or the idea of its *claims*. No man, be he the best and ablest, can do more than his simple duty to his country. No man whose motive of action springs from any other source than his conviction of truth and his devotion to duty, is entitled to any degree of either gratitude or applause for any displays of power he may have exhibited in the arena of political life, or for any practical services he may have there rendered on the one side or the other of the great lines of party. Their merit consists in their spirit, which is to be judged from every accessible evidence; and no more significant proof can be shown that, not disinterested love of country, not earnest enthusiasm of conviction, has constituted the impelling motive of a statesman's career, but a mere selfish and successful sagacity, pursuing the aims of a far-seeing and far-reaching ambition, than to witness him—(we say, to witness *him*, because a prominent political man cannot disconnect himself from the responsibility of a course of conduct pursued, unforbidden, by his principal partisans and friends)—than to witness him putting forward the good deserts and services of his public life as a basis of pretended right to public reward or compensation. In the dispensation of a President's own official patronage, whenever a candidate is seen to ground his application, or with his personal knowledge and consent to allow it to be grounded, on the "claims" derived from his political services, it ought instantly to be decisive *against* him and his pretensions. Such a Democrat deserves little thanks for the past and

less trust for the future. The same principle is applicable to candidateship before the people for the Presidency itself.

A general Convention—peace and good-will before its selection of the Democratic candidate, unanimity and zeal after it—and those unquiet ghosts of Federalism and a Federal Bank which still haunt us, spectral though embodied in a form of Clay, are for ever laid at the deepest bottom of the Red Sea, no more, in our day and generation, to

"Revisit the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous!"

MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

We cannot notice any material change in the aspect of commercial affairs since the date of our last. Agricultural produce has continued to move steadily forward, and to sell in fair amounts for specie; at prices, however, so low as to leave but little surplus after paying expenses, freight, commissions, &c. This is a preparatory step to better business. The country is becoming supplied with a sound circulation, and when it shall have attained a sufficiency, some improvement will be felt in the movements of trade. The commerce of the country is almost suffocated under the onerous impositions of the late tariff, the arbitrary provisions of which tend to concentrate the importation of those descriptions of goods which are at all admissible under the high duties, into the hands of the wealthy few, to the utter exclusion and ruin of men of small capital. Under the new system, a person with limited means, having a consignment of foreign goods to sell on commission, is obliged to raise in cash the amount of the invoice to secure the duties, in order to effect his entry. He is thus bound hand and foot. He cannot move in the matter, and the whole is turned over to those of large means. This is ruinous in the extreme. The whole mercantile marine and the commercial interests, which are identical with those of the great agricultural interests of the whole country, are perishing under an aristocratic law passed with the avowed object of benefiting one class at the expense of all the rest. The effect of this state of affairs upon the value of money is obvious. There can be no increased demand for mercantile enterprises under these circumstances. The promised investments of capital in manufacturing were delusive. No one will invest in that business, when the means of the best customers (the agriculturalists) for manufactured goods are destroyed by depriving them of their foreign market for their surplus, which is done by prohibiting the means of payment from returning. The comparatively small capital required for the export of produce paid for in specie, absorbs but little of the funds of capitalists, and limits the call upon the banks for their "facilities." Hence, money is very abundant at low rates of interest, say four to five per cent., with every prospect of so continuing for some time to come. This state of the market for the employment of money naturally increases the investments in stocks, and such as are of undoubted character improve in price. The following is a table of the prices of stocks in New York at various dates:

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	Rate.	Redeemable.	1841. August 30.	1842. February 15.	August 1.	October 30.	December 15.
U. States,	5½	1844	100 a 100½	96 a 97	96 a 97	97 a 98	97 a 99
"	6	1844	— a —	97 a 99	98 a 100	98 a 99	99 a 100
"	6	1832	— a —	— a —	100 a 100½	98½ a 100	100 a 101
N. York,	7	1848–49	— a —	— a —	100 a 101	100 a 100½	103¾ a 104
"	6	1850–54–60	100 a 100½	79 a 80	91 a 93	89 a 90	96½ a 99
"	6	1861–62–67	— a —	— a —	91 a 92	89 a 90	96½ a 98
"	5½	1860–61–65	91½ a 92	71 a 73	82½ a 84	81 a 83	88 a 90
"	5	1845	93 a 95	80 a 87	90½ a 91	89 a 91	92 a 93¾
"	5	1846–7–8–9	93 a 95	80 a 87	85 a 88	82 a 83	86 a 90
"	5	1850–1–7	91 a 92	68 a 71	80 a 82	80½ a 82½	85 a 86
"	5	1855–58	86 a 87	68 a 72	80 a 82	80½ a 81	84¾ a 86
"	5	1859–60–61	83 a 82	— a —	78 a 80	79 a 80	85 a 86
"	4½	1849–58	75 a 77	— a —	73 a 80	70 a 80	79 a 82
Ohio,	6	1850	94 a 95	68 a 70	75 a 80	71 a 72	74½ a 75
"	6	1856–60	94 a 95	67 a 68	74½ a 76	70½ a 71	72 a 72½
"	5	1850–56	84 a 85	— a —	60 a 65	— a —	60 a 65
Kentucky,	6	——	84 a 85	67 a 68	77½ a 78½	74 a 76	78 a 78½
Illinois,	6	1870	55 a 55½	18 a 19	17½ a 18	17 a 17½	18 a 18½
Indiana,	5	25 years.	55 a 57	19 a 21	21 a 23	20 a 21	20 a 21½
Arkansas,	6	——	59 a 60	35 a 45	20 a 45	30 a 40	28 a 30
Alabama,	6	——	— a —	50 a 55	50 a 60	50 a 60	65 a 80
"	5	——	— a —	— a —	50 a —	— a —	65 a 75
Penn.,	5	——	79 a 80	32 a 33	33 a 37	37 a 40	38 a 39½
N. Y. City,	7	1857	— a —	— a —	103 a 106	01 a 104	106½ a 108
"	7	1852	— a —	— a —	100¾ a 101½	100½ a 100¾	105 a 106
"	5	1850	84 a 85½	72 a 76	— a —	— a —	85 a 87
"	5	1858–70	84½ a 85½	77 a 78	79½ a 80	80 a 83	84½ a 85

This table embraces a period of several changes in public opinion in relation to stocks as an investment. In August, 1841, they stood at rates at which they had been supported under the delusive promises of the party newly come to power, whose measures were by magic to restore value to baseless speculation, and to satisfy the creditors of bankrupt States, corporations, and individuals, without recourse to taxation.

In the latter part of August, the distribution law was passed. Its illusive nature was discovered at the moment of its perfection, and stocks began to fall. They were accelerated in their decline by the discovery that the attempts to sustain insolvent States, at the expense of a needy federal Treasury, had destroyed the credit of the General Government, without effecting the object for which that error was committed. This fact was discovered in the inability of the government to borrow a few millions of dollars at six per cent. interest. The policy of the then prevailing party in the New York Legislature, was to increase the State debt without much regard to the means of discharging it. This fact, with the condition of the Federal Government, and the failure of six States on the 1st of January, influenced all stocks, and the result was the great fall evinced in the figures under date of February 15th, 1842, as compared with those of August, 1841. At that moment a new influence was exerted in the State of New York, and a new policy pursued. The amount of the State indebtedness was limited to a point marked out, beyond which borrowing was not to extend. At the same time a tax was levied for the express purpose of paying the State interest under any possible contingency that might arise, and the proceeds of the tax were pledged for the discharge of a new debt authorized to be borrowed at seven per cent. This was the first instance of taxation to pay debts, and its beneficial influence was immediately felt not only on the stocks of this State but all others. Under its influence they continued to rise until they reached the figures embraced in the third column of prices. At that time the Whig party were actively electioneering for power under the banner of "repudiation." That word indeed was not expressed, but the avowed policy was to increase the debt after the faith of the State had been pledged that it should not be increased, and to repeal a tax pledged for the payment of money borrowed, before that money is repaid. The avowal of this policy alarmed capitalists, and, instead of continuing to

rise, prices actually gave way up to the moment of the election, when they stood as recorded in the column under that date.

The result of the election, as is well known, was a ruinous defeat of the repudiating party, and consequently a complete restoration of confidence in the stocks of this State, and, as expressed in our last Number, producing the rise evinced in the last column. Some of the other States have been struggling in dishonor. The State of Pennsylvania made a vain attempt to sell some of its public property with the view of meeting the claims of its creditors. She has as yet taken no efficient steps towards retrieving her dishonor. The Governor of Indiana in his late message, gives no hope that any means can be speedily adopted in that State towards paying its debt. The State of Ohio has also made an injudicious move, forced upon her by her former iniquitous intercourse with her insolvent banks, from which she borrowed large sums of money. From the Franklin Bank and the Bank of Chillicothe, she borrowed $1,031,000 to be repaid in instalments at a time dependent upon the period when the banks should by law be forced to resume specie payments. Of this sum, $200,000 fell due on the first of December, and was discharged by a sale of the six per cent. stocks of the State at sixty-nine per cent. That State, however, expects to complete during the present season the Miami Extension Canal, which will unite with, and give an outlet to, the Indiana Canal, and it is hoped will yield revenue sufficient to make up the deficiency in the means of the State.

Under all these circumstances, taking into consideration the probable continued plenteousness of money, it is fair to conclude, that good stocks will retain their present buoyancy, more particularly as the accounts from the other side by late arrivals give indications of a considerable change in feeling on the part of the large capitalists and land owners in regard to American stocks, produced in some degree by the position of the State of New York; and also by the fear that the example and doctrine so freely discussed on this side of the Atlantic, and which attracts so much attention on that side, in relation to the binding of one generation for the debts of a former one, may spread in Europe, and the oppressed and starving masses may revolutionize and destroy the paper system with its incumbent aristocracy, tyranny, and taxation. The apprehension of such an effect of the workings of the public mind does more towards inducing a spirit of compromise than anything else. No doubt England, as a whole, would gladly forgive the debt, if it could be obliterated and forgotten. As it is, there is a strong desire to conciliate on the part of capitalists, while the press of England is unceasing in its libels on American institutions. The cash principles of the Republic, as opposed to aristocratic credit, are as much to be dreaded, as was the propagandism of Republican France in opposition to despotic rule. In this view, some disposition to purchase American stocks, with the purpose of encouraging the issuers into some method of amicable arrangement, is apparent. Some few orders for the low-priced stocks were received by the late steamers.

This view of affairs has been in some degree heightened by the prospective state of the trade between the two countries. England buys of the United States annually $30,000,000 of cotton, and $5,000,000 of tobacco—articles which she must have, and which under the new tariff can scarcely be paid for in aught else but specie, which cannot be done without sapping the foundation of her whole paper system. This operation has practically commenced, the last few steamers having brought near $1,000,000; and large sums are now on the way with every prospect of a continuance of the demand. As the specie arrives, it continues to move south and west. The largest amounts seek Mobile and New Orleans. At the latter city several of the banks have returned to specie payments, fulfilling the anticipations to that effect in our last Number; others have gone into liquidation. The following are the institutions now in operation in that city, with their capitals and leading features at the latest dates:

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BANKS OF NEW ORLEANS, NOVEMBER 26, 1842.

	Capital.	Assets.	Specie.	Circulation.	Deposites.
Bank of Louisiana,	$3,997,960	$7,147,896	$1,513,587	$313,746	$1,378,590
Gas Light, . . .	1,854,455	—	—	—	—
Mechanics &Traders',	1,998,590	3,592,731	1,032,428	247,190	861,884
Commercial, . . .	3,000,000	3,950,813	154,177	86,810	195,580
City, ...	2,000,000	3,198,683	154,117	119,665	292,989
Union, ...	6,995,000	10,113,706	452,582	128,695	585,683
State, ...	1,938,040	2,709,098	254,749	161,649	346,663
Canal, ...	3,999,750	5,247,866	40,729	126,840	69,628
Carrollton, ...	1,949,350	2,400,870	21,014	13,295	42,990
Total for 1843, 9 ba'ks,	27,733,145	38,361,663	3,623,303	1,197,892	3,774,007
" Oct. 1839, 16 b'ks.	41,736,768	49,158,700	2,847,497	4,343,533	5,415,230
Decrease, ...	$14,003,623	$10,797,037	—	$3,145,641	$1,641,223
Increase, ...	—	—	$775 806	—	—

October, 1839, was the period at which the New Orleans banks suspended for the last time under the immediate influence of the breaking down of the late National Bank, after a year of great paper expansion. The result now clearly illustrates the policy of suspension as a mere matter of interest to the banks themselves. They have struggled on for three years exempt from the obligations of paying their debt, and have by their paper issues driven the precious metals from all that section of the country, under the pretence of "relieving the people." This process has extinguished $10,000,000 of bank capital and reduced the outstanding credits twenty-five per cent. The effect upon the business of the people we endeavored to point out in our last Number, by showing that in precisely the same proportion in which bank facilities were curtailed, did the quantities of produce sent to market increase, and *vice versâ*. Since the banks have been going through with the process of curtailment, which began in June last, a current of specie has been setting in, in that direction, and has reached near $4,000,000. Of this amount about $2,500,000 has gone into the vaults of the banks, as the deposites of private individuals, and the remainder has gone into general circulation, being disbursed in the payment of produce. The accumulation of specie in the vaults of the banks has not induced them to increase the issues of their credits, because the specie has been mostly placed with them in the character of special deposites, and was liable to be withdrawn and disbursed at any moment. Hence the circulation of the specie-paying banks is scarcely thirty-three per cent. of the specie they hold, and has been increased in sixty days but about $128,000, although in that period more than $4,000,000 worth of produce has been received at that point, and a large part of it exported. During the corresponding period of 1839, after the suspension, the circulation was extended $1,200,000. This may indicate that the agency of bank notes in business transactions this season, is scarcely ten per cent. of what it was in that year.

The future movements of the banks rest upon public opinion. If confidence is so far restored that the planters will hereafter consent to take bank notes instead of specie for their produce, the specie now in the banks will remain there, and become the basis of paper issues so great as speedily to put a stop to farther imports of the precious metals, and fill all the channels of circulation with paper, instead of gold and silver. In 1839, it appears, when the banks stopped, the proportion of specie to circulation was $1 to $1 53. As the season advanced, this proportion increased until it reached in April, 1840, $1 to $2 25. If it should now be increased to the same extent it would reach $8,000,000, throwing $7,000,000 paper dollars among the people, an operation that would speedily cause an export of the precious metals, and produce a new

distress. If, on the other hand, the precious metals are demanded in all payments, a continued import will be sustained until the channels of circulation are full, and prices rise firmly on such a basis, free of all tax payable to the banks, and impregnable to all the movements or attacks of foreign institutions. We thus frequently recur to the position of the New Orleans banks, because that city being the leading point of export for agricultural produce, the state of affairs there affects the whole country; and also because what we, in our September Number, called "the first impulse of re-action," when noticing the activity of the precious metals, is now producing consequences which, with the opening spring, must necessarily be felt throughout the Union. All the indications of returning animation are apparent at all those great commercial centres where capital accumulates as trade declines, but as yet in a more marked degree at New Orleans than elsewhere. The exchanges are now equalized, and the supply of bills will keep pace with the growing demand, having hitherto exceeded it; and exchanges, payable in a uniform constitutional currency, will regulate themselves by the great laws of supply and demand.

The question in relation to some national paper machine "to regulate exchanges" is, and will continue to be, matter of discussion until—unless previously interfered with—mercantile principles shall have vindicated themselves, and exposed the fallacy of attempting to stem the current of commerce with paper issues. The Chief Magistrate has, as was anticipated, in his annual message, again brought his Exchequer Scheme to the notice of Congress. The general features of the project are those which we discussed in our last Number, as the plan which had received the approbation of Daniel Webster, Esq. The subject is treated of in the Message much in the manner that a timid person handles a loaded weapon. He is aware that its object is mischief, and is afraid that it may explode in his hands. The proposal is simply to issue $15,000,000 of paper dollars on the credit of the Government, in payment of the Government debts. There is nominally $5,000,000 of specie to be retained to redeem the notes, and also $5,000,000 of United States 6 per cent. stock to be sold in case of emergency to redeem the notes. This stock basis affords no security at all. It would not be paying the notes, it would only be funding them; precisely like the "relief notes" of Pennsylvania; because the notes would only require to be redeemed in times of panic, or of difficulty, such as now, when the 6 per cent. stock of the government is nearly unsaleable. If, then, discredit is attached to the Government paper so far as to exhaust in their redemption the specie reserve, the same discredit would attach to the $5,000,000 six per cent. stock, which would represent $10,000,000 of paper afloat. These notes would be greatly depreciated, and the holders would be the only bidders for the stock when offered for sale. Having obtained it, their debt would not be paid, but only funded in a six per cent. stock, and the remaining notes would become the prey of brokers to sell to the Government debtors, and the Government of necessity would pay them out to its creditors as fast as it received them, either for its dues or for the stock; and $10,000,000 of worthless paper would constantly be afloat. The President seems to be aware of such a contingency, because he limits the issue to $15,000,000; whereas, had he full confidence in the inherent soundness of the currency thus created, there would be no reason why it should be arbitrarily limited. On the other hand, should no panic arise, the bills could not be kept in circulation at par. The treasury notes now in circulation answer the purpose of currency and exchanges which could be performed by the proposed notes; but, besides those properties, they bear 6 per cent. interest, and are largely held by the banks as well as by individuals. A large amount of the small denominations are kept as ready money, in the pockets of individuals, who sell a $50 note as their occasions may require. Their money is thus always at interest, and yet readily available. Notwithstanding these favorable circumstances they are scarcely at par in New York, and are at 1 per cent. discount in New Orleans; yet the amount outstanding is scarcely $10,000,000. It is true that the proposed bills are to be redeemable in specie at the place of issue, which is not the case with Treasury notes.

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This latter fact is the reason why the Treasury notes do not come into competition with Bank issues, while the proposed notes would do so directly. The notes are to be paid out for Government debts; and being so paid out, the greater proportion of them will be redeemable in the city of New York, where most of the financial movements of the Government are made. The circulation of all the city banks of New York has seldom been over $10,000,000; and should $10,000,000 of Government bills be put afloat here in addition to the present circulation of the banks, great confusion and difficulty must necessarily be created. There would be no demand for Government notes except from its debtors, who would purchase them from the creditors at the market rate. As the Message expresses it, "this is the chief purpose of the proposed Exchequer, thereby realizing the great want of the age." This is really a singular expression. If the *great want* of the age is $15,000,000 of paper promises to circulate as money, the age is certainly blessed.

In a former Number we took occasion to remark on the great change which had overtaken the Whig party in their views on financial matters, when we published a letter from Mr. Cushing, defending his plan of an exchequer, on the ground that it did not differ materially from the project of Gen. Jackson. The late Message of the Chief Magistrate affords a similar instance of recantation. When in 1837, a revulsion overtook the commercial world, and the Federal Government, like States, corporations, banks, and individuals, was caught with large expenses and a diminished revenue, it had recourse to an issue of Treasury notes to a very small amount, which, with the sagacity, vigilance, and prompt energy of Mr. Woodbury, the then Secretary, sustained the character and credit of the Federal Government when all other financial operations throughout the country were prostrated. This issue of notes was the constant object of the vituperation of the whole Whig party. For years all the attacks of mercenary editors, political brokers, and spouting politicians, were directed to these unlucky notes. That Whig party have now been twenty-two months in power, and have hawked a six per cent. stock of the United States at *any price* from one end of Europe to the other without finding a bidder. Now a Whig-elected President, after recounting this disgrace, proposes to issue Government paper money as a means of borrowing, a means never resorted to except in time of war, and to cap the climax, uses the following arguments in support of his proposition:

"It purports to do no more than pay the debts of the Government with the redeemable paper of the Government—in which respect it accomplishes precisely what the Treasury does daily at this time, in issuing to the public creditors the Treasury notes which, under law, it is authorized to issue.

. . . . .

The choice, in the present state of public sentiment, lies between an exclusive specie currency on the one hand, and Government issues of some kind or the other. That these issues cannot be made by a chartered institution, is supposed to be conclusively settled. They must be made, then, directly by Government agents. For several years past they have been thus made in the form of Treasury notes, and have answered a valuable purpose."

So, then, after nearly two years of experiment, the Whig party are driven back upon something which they recommend as being as good as the old policy of the Democratic party which answered a "valuable purpose." This, however, for reasons given above, is not the case.

The Report of the Secretary of the Treasury shows a most extraordinary state of the finances. It appears that the expenses of the present year are actual and estimated at $34,000,000, of which $9,000,000 was for debt; and receipts, $34,166,593, of which $18,000,000 are from the customs, $1,000,000 from the public lands, and $15,166,593 from loans. This is the result of the economy (!) of the new administration. In our September Number we took a brief survey of the course of the Government finances since 1831, down to the first six months of the present year, showing the great change which had taken place in the Government finances since the accession, in March, 1840, of the present party to power. The present state-

ments show a continuance of extravagance which we then commented upon. The following is a statement of the receipts and disbursements for the first six months, and the operations for the third quarter of the present year:

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES FOR 1842.

	First six months.	Third Quarter.	Fourth Quart., esti.	Total for Year.
RECEIPTS.				
Customs, . .	$7,774,989	$6,025,311	$4,000,000	$18,000,000
Lands, . .	705,000	295,000	——	1,000,000
Loans, &c. .	10,287,822	1,328,771	3,550,000	15,166,593
	$18,976,811	$7,649,082	$7,550,000	$34,166,593
EXPENSES.				
Public debt, .	7,185,297	814,703	1,000,000	9,000,000
Other expenses,	9,518,316	8,381,684	7,000,000	25,000,000
	$16,703,613	$9,196,387	$8,000,000	$34,000,000

This gives an expenditure of $25,000,000 for the current expenses of the year, and $9,000,000 on account of the public debt. Now it appears from the statements in our former article alluded to, that for the whole seven years of the late administration so frequently and freely charged with extravagance, the expenditures, independent of debt, averaged but $22,652,619 per annum, during a period of great general speculation and very high prices. Hence it seems that the new administration, whose watchwords were economy and retrenchment, have exceeded the extravagance of the former Government by $2,347,381, thereby extending the national debt $6,000,000. This being the case, what becomes of the cries against the former administration that had in "four years pushed the expenditures $30,000,000 beyond the revenue?" The customs receipts during the third quarter have been large, owing to the fact that the new tariff makes the whole duties on imports payable in cash at the same moment that the bonds of former exports have been falling due. During the months of July and August, there was a strong probability that no tariff bill would be passed, and the duties would for some months at least remain at the then low rate. This caused orders for large amounts of goods to be sent abroad, which on their arrival were unexpectedly met by exorbitant high rates of duties payable in cash. Hence the customs of the quarter were swelled beyond what they would have been in several years by all the cash duties paid on the new imports in addition to the maturing bonds. In the next year, when all outstanding bonds shall have been matured and the revenue depends entirely upon the imports of that year, the receipts are likely to show a great falling off, giving occasion for a further increase of the present debt.

No positive indication has yet appeared in Congress, of its probable action on the Exchequer question. We have every reason, however, to feel assured that it will be impossible to unite a majority on any measure which can receive the Executive sanction. The Democrats will stand fast to the principles of the Independent Treasury, from which Mr. Tyler's Exchequer plan is certainly very far removed, and there is no danger that the latter will be forced on them by the united force of the voting majority. Independent of other reasons for embittered hostility to the policy and wishes of the President, many of them really regard the Sub-Treasury as unpopular with the people—one of the greatest mistakes they have ever committed. Well knowing that its restoration will be the first glad and proud act of the next Congress, they think it their policy to leave it to be thus done by the Democratic party, in the hope that it will operate against its authors in 1844. Be it so; on this point we shall harmonize beautifully, and we can desire no better issue on which then again to go before the People.

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Self-Culture. By WILLIAM E. CHANNING, D.D., with a Biographical Sketch of the Author. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1842. 16mo. pp. 128.

Nothing which can come from the gifted and lamented Channing, on the subject of human improvement, whether individual or social, can fail to be worthy of serious and profound study; and of all that he has left behind him on this subject, nothing, in its way, is superior to this Essay or Discourse on Self-Culture. It shows very clearly the deep interest which the author took in the great movements of the day for the melioration of the moral, intellectual, and physical condition of the Laboring Classes. For several of the last years of his life, almost his whole mind was given to the consideration of what could be done to work out a higher order of civilisation for mankind, and a better condition for the poorest and most numerous class. No man amongst us was more struck with the fact of the wide disparity there is in men's social positions, even in this land of boasted equality; and no one felt more deeply the utter worthlessness, nay injustice, and mischievousness of our artificial distinctions of ranks or classes. His great principle was always, "Honor all men." He saw in all men, in the lowest, the most wretched,—nay, in the most polluted and debased, something to love and reverence,—some traces, faint indeed, but not all obliterated, of that image of God in which the human soul was originally created. He could not see man's noble nature wronged in any of its aspects without being filled with horror, and he protested with a sweet, eloquent, but with a loud and startling voice, against all the forms of man's injustice to man. This was his mission and his glory.

Dr. Channing's great effort for several years was to enlist the more favored classes in the work of elevating the less favored. "But," said he, one day, to the writer of this notice, "I have been laboring under a mistake. I have wished to make the more favored classes the instruments of reforming their less favored brethren; but I have found that the instruments with which I attempted to work, needed themselves to be reformed quite as much as the classes which I proposed they should reform." In consequence of this he came at length to turn his attention more directly to the depressed classes themselves, and sought, as it were, to find out some means by which the slave could work out his own freedom. Hence this Discourse on Self-Culture,—a noble discourse, full of a truly Christian spirit, and of an enlarged benevolence; full also of wise suggestions; but it is characterized by an object common to the greater part of reformers, namely, that of underrating the influence of external circumstances in producing those moral and intellectual evils they seek to redress. You must take the drunkard from the gutter, wash him, and dress him up in clean and decent clothes, before you can count upon his forsaking his cups, or continuing to walk in the paths of sobriety. So you must, in general, bring the poor and needy physical relief, before you can do more than palliate their moral and social evils. It is in vain that you tell a man to be contented with his lot, when he sees it is that which all men despise, and run away from as fast as they can. It is in vain that you call upon men to be independent in their spirit and bearing—to maintain the dignity and self-respect of freemen, when they are dependent on the will, caprice, or else the ability of others for the very means of subsistence. You will never make all men free, independent, moral, till such is your industrial relations, that every man can be sure always of employment if he wishes it, and that by moderate labor he can obtain, not only an *honest* but an *honorable* living. Nevertheless, we esteem very highly this Discourse on Self-Culture, and are glad to see it republished, and in a style of great neatness and beauty.

Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands. By MRS. SIGOURNEY. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1842. 16mo. pp. 368.

This is a very agreeable book for those who like the kind of reading it contains, and the publishers have done all that we could ask of them to increase its attractiveness. The volume is beautifully printed and done up, and a fair specimen of the finished style in which our Boston publishers send out their books.

Of Mrs. Sigourney's merits as a poet, and also as a prose writer, we have not now to speak for the first time. She is, if we may so say, one of the established reputations of the country, and her name

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to a work as author, is a sure guarantee to the bookseller that its copies will not long lie on his shelves. This work, her last publication, is written in verse and prose, and whether we should call it a volume of poetry, or of prose, we know not. It appears to be a sort of versified journal of her late tour in England and a part of France—a sort of poetical record of impressions and sentiments which she experienced or judged it proper to experience on visiting certain distinguished persons or places. It opens with a poem to the "Land Bird at Sea;" which is followed by a poetical greeting to England on approaching its coast, very pleasantly and even simply written, and though less interesting than the spirited prose which follows it, quite readable. We extract the following, which, if not very complimentary to old Ocean, is yet what most persons feel, if not what they say, at the end of a voyage across it:

"Would that I loved thee, Ocean!
I had heard
Much of thy praise, in story and in song,
And oft by fancy lured, was half prepared
To worship thee But 'tis a weary life
To be a child of thine."

Mrs. Sigourney's plan is, on approaching the object of her pilgrimage, to greet it, him, or her—as it is a place, a man or a woman—with a poem or a sonnet, and then to accompany it with a plain prose account of what most interested her mind or her heart. Her prose is never prolix or tiresome, and we have read it with interest and profit. Of the poetical part, we cannot say quite so much. Fifty-two poems, chiefly descriptive of persons, places, and events, written as one writes a diary, must needs be of unequal merit, and somewhat more than anybody can be expected to read at one sitting, and more than anybody can relish in one mood of mind, and more than any poet ought even to give us in succession. Those that we have read, we have found superior to what could have been looked for under the circumstances; the versification is simple, unaffected, and easy; the imagery is delicate and appropriate; and the thoughts, if not always new or striking, if such as lie near at hand, they are, at least, for the most part, true, moral, and religious; such as become a good Christian woman, and a republican wife and mother. Indeed, the moral and religious tone, the free, simple republican spirit of the book, constitute in our eyes its principal charms; whoso reads it, will find himself holding communion with one who will quicken his finer and better feelings, and therefore make him a wiser and better man. The general influence of the book will be to hush what is boisterous or tempestuous in the reader; to soothe his rough, angry passions, and charm him into a state of quiet, serene, unbroken repose, refreshing to the wearied spirit, and from which he shall start into active life, renewed and strengthened.

The portion of the book which has interested us the most is the account of the author's visit to Newgate prison, and of her meeting with the noble and philosophic Mrs. Fry. Mrs. Fry has proved that none of our race do ever become so abandoned that we need despair of their moral recovery. The outcasts from society are never utterly reprobate—are still human—still have human hearts beating in their bosoms; and are, even when most thoroughly depraved, capable of being made valuable members of society, would we but go to them in the true spirit of humanity and Christian love. It is a shame to us—it is a grave satire on our social state—that bolts, and bars, and dungeon walls are needed for human beings, our brothers and our sisters, as if they were wild beasts, safe only in chains.

Of the poetical pieces, none have pleased us more than the following Sonnet, a pure offering of the heart:

"TO MISS EDGEWORTH.

"Tuneful and tender as thy pictured page
Flows on thy life; and it is joy to me
To hear thy welcome 'mid my pilgrimage,
And seat me by thy side, unchecked and free;
For in my own sweet land both youth and sire,
The willing captives of thy love refined,
Will of thy features and thy form inquire,
And lock the transcript in their loving mind;
And merry children, who with glowing cheek
Have loved thy 'Simple Susan,' many a day
Will lift their earnest eyes to hear me speak
Of her who held them oft times from their play,
And closer press, as if to share a part
Of the pure joy thy smile enkindled in my heart."

With this we must take our leave of the volume, with many thanks to its accomplished author, who, by her simple, chaste, and devout spirit, can exert none but a pure and purifying influence on the sons and daughters of her native land.

Poetry. A Satire pronounced before the Mercantile Library Association. By PARK BENJAMIN. New York: J. Winchester, 30 Ann street. 1842.

A capital thing—in its typography worthy of its contents, and in the latter well justifying to the more deliberate judgment of perusal in print, the applause that its oral delivery, with the happiest elocution, drew down from the audience which heard it on the occasion referred to in the title. Though written "at a month's notice, and in the midst of engagements which distracted the attention

of the author," and though not entirely free from the marks of the rapid haste of its preparation, it is in general as admirable for the keen and bright polish of its wit, as for the justness of its criticism and the wholesomeness of its satire. This vein is the undoubted *forte* of the vigorous and sharp-pointed pen of its accomplished author. Is there nothing else for him to satirize in this ever-varying infinity of cant, humbug, vice, and nonsense, by which we are surrounded and beset? We strain several points to make room for a part of the quotations instinctively marked by our pencil for insertion. The first is a fine manly tribute to the noble language of which it is itself a worthy specimen:

"Yet let me pay a tribute to the tongue,
That o'er our infant sleep our mothers sung.
Though much decried, there's music in the jar
Of our rough, native language; sweeter far
To ears accustomed, than the liquid glide
Of Gallic river or Italian tide.
Oh, that our tongue were limpid as at first,
When from primeval founts it purely burst!
Give me the Saxon, bubbling on the ear
Like a swift stream, that sparkles cool and clear;
I hate your Norman phrases grand and fine,
That spoil the vigor while they oil the line.
Sesquipedalian, and of foreign sound,
Transplanted logs that cumber English ground.
Words terse and simple best convey the thought,
By Genius prompted and by Wisdom taught;
And Truth, like perfect loveliness, can boast
To be, when unadorned, adorned the most."

The other presents a contrast—"look here, upon this picture, and on this!"—whose moral is not the less useful that the author leaves it to be seen through the transparency of his verse:

"The common objects in our paths supply
Shapes that are charming to the poet's eye.
Pictures, as soft as ever Guido drew,
He finds reflected in a drop of dew,
And colors, mingled with a Titian's skill,
On a flower's leaf he traces at his will.
The golden insect, from a worm that springs,
And upward soars on frail but brilliant wings;
Type of the soul appears, released from earth,
To sport and revel in a heavenly birth.
Such happy fancies can the poet find;
They are the light and solace of his mind;
They yield him inward peace, when outward life
Is one long scene of turbulence and strife.
When friends grow cold and fortune's favors fail,
Imagination spreads her airy sail;
Her barque floats freely over cloud and mist
To purer climes, by milder sunbeams kissed.
Perch'd in a garret, nearer to the skies
Than less aspiring mortals choose to rise,
He longs for wings to cleave the blue profound,
Like Shelley's lark, a spurner of the ground.
He spends his hours, with little else to spend,
As if each six months brought its dividend,
Honest and poor, the little that he gains
Supplies him needful books and life sustains;
And free from debt, in independent state,
He feels no envy of the rich and great.
His mind, exalted by its lofty aim,
With grief may be familiar, not with shame;
For, shunning vice, he runs his mild career,
And looks to Heaven for bliss denied him here.

Contrast this portrait, not in fond conceit
Sketch'd from a model long since obsolete,
With one I might, but will not, dare not draw,
Because I rev'rence wealth and fear the law.
No boy e'er gazed with more entire respect
On martial hero in his trappings deck'd,
Than I on men by mighty Mammon made
The sons of traffic and the slaves of trade.
What can be nobler than our lives to give
To gain the very means whereby we live;
To rise at morning and forget to pray,
Intent upon the business of the day;
The day concluded, to retire to rest
And dream what stocks, what markets are the best!
What can be worthier of immortal man
Than these grand maxims: get whate'er you can,
Keep all you get, be careful how you spend,
Know well your customers, and never lend!
So shall the world upon its axle roll,
And every turn bring comfort to your soul;
So shall your bank account be figured wide,
And every figure on the proper side:
So shall your wife in coach and Cashmere shawl
Drive down Broadway, the wonderment of all:
So shall your son, returned from foreign tour,
Hirsutely horrid, fright the gaping boor:
So shall your daughter come from boarding school,
In all, but French and flattery, a fool;
So shall you smile with ill-concealed disdain
On old, poor friends, whose presence causes pain:
So shall you, every Sunday in your pew,
Devoutly curse Turk, Infidel and Jew:
So shall you live, without a grief or care,
And die and go—I need not mention where."

The History of the Loco-Foco or Equal Rights Party, its Movements, Conventions and Proceedings, with short Characteristic Sketches of its Prominent Men. By F. Byrdsall. New York: published by Clement & Packard, 180 Pearl street. 1842. 12mo. pp. 192.

The author of this volume is well entitled to say of the events of which he now appears as the historian—

"All which I saw, and part of which I was."

Mr. Byrdsall was in the movement of the Loco-Foco party revolution in the city of New York from its outset, and the Recording Secretary of the "Equal Rights Party," its own proper name, during nearly all the time of its independent existence. It embodies a great deal of minute detail of information which no other individual probably could have furnished, and which will be found of more than a mere local and temporary party interest. To the New York politician it is a book scarcely needing a recommendation. Whatever allowances may perhaps have to be made for the individual feelings, and sometimes prejudices of the writer, in his sketches of the characters of the various persons who figure more or less conspicuously on his pages, they are always honest, and—so far as we have read—possess the means of verification—in the main correct and just. "By such estimable men," says Mr. Byrdsall, "as Moses Jaques, Pascal B. Smith, James L. Stratton, John M. Ferrier, A. D. Wilson, Robert Townsend, Jr., John Hecker, and many others described in these pages, was the Equal Rights Party encouraged to have a deeper love for Christian Democratic principles, to seek more knowledge of them, and to find a more abiding faith in them." Mr. Byrdsall does not seem to aim to go very

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deeply into either the philosophy or the poetry of the movement of which he writes; but he does what we like better, and what will be much more useful, in giving us facts, names, dates and documents in abundance and detail, with a general liveliness of style, not deficient in force and energy, though of no high degree of elegance. The following narrative of the memorable meeting which gave rise to the nickname since so widely spread, and so gloriously raised on high, we quote both as a favorable specimen, and for the sake of the historical interest of the occasion:

"The memorable 29th of October, 1835, was drawing near, yet the encampment of the two democracies, that of monopoly, and that of Equal Rights, appeared to be undisturbed. But where was he, the fearless knight-errant of humanity? Where was William Leggett, the herald of truth? He had been beset on all sides, until the overtasked man was exhausted by superhuman exertion, and he lay prostrate on the bed of disease. The Evening Post was bereft of the mighty spirit which gave it power over men's minds, and it seemed as if the sun was standing still in the political world. So deep and intense was the interest felt by the friends of Equal Rights in behalf of the champion of the cause, that it threw an aspect of solemnity over their councils, which perhaps induced more caution in their preparations, and the more necessity for reliance on themselves in the approaching contest. Even the scheme of going to the county meeting at Tammany Hall with Loco Foco matches, and candles, which in other circumstances would have excited merriment, was resolved on in serious earnestness of mind and somewhat of solemn mystery.

"At length the evening of the 29th October is come, on which the Democratic Republican Electors of the city of New York are to assemble in Tammany Hall, to decide on the nomination of their agents, into whose hands they have foolishly confided their political right of conscience, as regards the right of suffrage. There is a dense throng collecting in front of the hall, and the leading passage and great stairway to the large room, is crowded to a perfect jam, as if human beings were wedged together and bound fast. Already those at the head of the stairs, hear the tramp of persons in the room. How comes that? Know you not, questioner, that there are back stairs, and that up those back stairs the caucussed officers with the caucussed proceedings, (for the democracy must not be left to do its duty to itself), have ascended into the room? But in order that you may have a clear knowledge of the mode of doing business under the regime of the time-honored usages in times gone by, the following is quoted from a sagacious politician:—'On every political occasion, a caucus composed of the "*oldest and wisest*" is convened in anticipation of any announcement to the people. These obliging and immaculate sages, with the most paternal and disinterested motives, consult and exchange opinions with each other on the course necessary to be pursued for the good of the whole. Once decided upon, the wires are put in motion. If in New York, the Tammany Society, a secret and select one by the by, commences its operations; the Ward leaders have a private interview, and decide upon the chairman, the secretary and the retiring committee; the office-holders receive their instructions to be present with their dependents, and a call is finally published for the Independent Democratic Republican electors to meet and transact the business. On the allotted evening the people assemble; the *trained* troops, punctual to the minute, nominate and elect the officers; the *trained* chairman cannot hear any names but those of the *trained* committee; who in turn make a *trained* report: the *trained* secretary is ordered to publish the *trained* proceedings in the official *trained* newspapers, and the *untrained* people are then permitted to go home.'

"So much for the Ward meetings; we shall quote from the same author on county meetings: 'Everything being arranged, the sovereign people are again called upon to approve or disapprove the acts of their nominating (appointing) committee. At the hour named, the doors of the great room are opened from the inside, to the congregated hundreds on the outside;—when lo! the actors by some secret passage are already on the stage and perfect in their parts. Order being partially obtained, the tickets are read, the vote is taken and declared in the affirmative; the farce is over, the meeting is adjourned, and the "regular ticket" is announced next day to those who always submit to the majority, and never vote any other.'

"*The clock has just struck seven*, and the doors of Tammany Hall are opening for the democracy. What a mass of human beings rush forward into the room! Yet they are late, for *George D. Strong*, who came up the back stairs, has already nominated *Isaac L. Varian*, who also ascended the same way, for the chair, and the latter is hastening towards it before the question is heard by a fifth part of the crowd. *Joel Curtis* is nominated as the room is filling up, and the loud 'aye' of the Equal Rights Democracy calls him to the chair. The honest workingman approaches it, and now begins the contest between monopoly and its opponents. There is a struggle of gladiators on the platform around the chair;—the loudest vociferations are heard, and Tammany trembles with intestine war. The contest at length becomes more furious; men are struggling with each other as if for empire, while the multitude in the body of the room are like the waves of a tempestuous sea. But who is he, that man of slender form and youthful appearance, the foremost in the struggle? Equal Rights men, your chief should be a man of stalwart frame; but there is hope, for your cause is good, and the indomitable spirit of equality is in that slender man. 'Cheers for Ming!'—What! is that the office-holder? He who is always up with every rising of the people? *He* openly dares the majesty of monopoly, even in its temple;—*he* disregards the tenure of his office, for the elevating principle of Equality of Rights—the honest war-cry of 'opposition to all monopolies' has aroused the democratic enthusiasm of his heart, and he counts not the cost. It is so!—he is unconsciously, for the occasion, and the time being, the natural hero of humanity, striving with all his energy of character to place Joel Curtis in the chair, as the representative of the masses. Unquestionably it is a contest for empire between man and monopoly.

"Behold! a broad banner is spread before the eyes of the vast assemblage, and all can read its inscription: '*Joel Curtis, the Anti-Monopolist chairman*'

"The efforts of Isaac L. Varian and the monopoly democracy are futile to obtain order, or to read their ticket of nominations so as to be heard, or any decision had thereon. They are struck with amazement at the sight of another banner with the inscription, '*Anti-Monopolist Democrats are opposed to Gideon Lee, Ringgold, West, and Conner*;' and another with '*We go all gold but Ringgold*.' What a desecration of the usages!

"But behold—there is the broadest banner of all, and it is greeted with cheers. It is the whole of the anti-monopoly ticket for Congress and the Legislature, so that all can see and read where none can distinctly hear. The shouts of the Equal Rights Democracy are still more deafening. But heartfelt cheers are given to that ban-

ner which declares for Leggett: '*The Times must change ere we desert our Post.*'

"The struggle is drawing towards a close. Isaac L. Varian believes the evidence presented to his senses, and in attempting to leave the chair, to which he is forcibly held down by George D. Strong and a member of the Common Council since dead, he exclaims, 'Let me get out, gentlemen, we are in the minority here!' They held him fast;—but there! the chair is upset, and Isaac L. Varian is thrown from it. Instantly Joel Curtis, the true-hearted workingman is in it, both by right and fact, while two banners speak to the Democracy, 'Don't adjourn'—'Sustain the chair.' There is clapping of hands and triumphant cheers. What can the discomfited do?

"They have done it. When they got down stairs they turned off the gas. It is half-past seven, and the darkness of midnight is in Tammany Hall. Nothing but the demon spirit of monopoly, in its war upon humanity, could have been wicked enough to involve such an excited throng in total darkness.

"'*Let there be light, and there is light!*' A host of fire-fly lights are in the room—loco-foco matches are ignited, candles are lit, and they are held up by living and breathing chandeliers. It is a glorious illumination! There are loud and long plaudits and huzzas, such as Tammany never before echoed from its foundations. Reader, if this were not a victory over Monopoly, a blow, at least, was struck upon the hydra-headed monster, from which it never recovered."

The Seasons. By JAMES THOMSON; *Gems from American Poets; A Collection of the Promises of Scripture, under their proper heads, &c.* By SAMUEL CLARKE, D.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

These pretty little 18mo. volumes are the commencement of a series which the same publishers have in progress, entitled Appleton's Miniature Classical Library, comprising chiefly works and selections whose sterling merit is attested by their wide and long established popularity. The Gems from American Poets appear to be in general tastefully selected. Of Dr. Clarke's "Promises," a book of which the circulation has been probably second to no other of the various manuals of devotion that have been prepared by many a pious hand, we are induced to quote the following from the recommendation to the original edition, by Dr. Watts, in 1750: "The materials which are collected here are all divine, and the disposition of them is elegant and regular; so that it is an easy matter to find something suited to the frame of our souls, or our present wants, upon every occasion. . . Those who have little leisure for reading, may find their account in keeping this book always near them, and with the glance of an eye they may take in the riches of grace and glory, and derive many a sweet refreshment from hence, amidst their labors and travels through this wilderness. It is of excellent use to lie on the table in a chamber of illness, and now and then to take a sip of the river of life, which runs through it in a thousand little rills of peace and joy."

Historical Tales and Illustrations. By AGNES STRICKLAND, authoress of "The Rival Crusoes," &c., &c. With Engravings. 12mo. pp. 276. Boston: Munroe & Francis, J. H. Francis, 128 Washington street, Boston. New York: C. S. Francis.

It is needless to add to the recommendation contained in the name of the authoress of this entertaining little volume. Combining the instruction of history with the pleasure of amusing story-telling, it is a sort of juvenile application of the principle of the historical romance. Well conceived, well executed, well printed, it will also be very *welcome* to the class of readers for whom it is destined.

Tales from the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, as related by a Mother for the amusement of her children. With Forty Engravings by BUTLER, *from designs by* J. GILBERT. Third Edition. New York: J. & H. G. Langley, 57 Chatham street. 1843.

Robin Hood and his Merry Foresters. By STEPHEN PERCY, author of "Tales of the Kings of England." With ten finely colored plates. Fourth Edition, improved. New York: J. & H. G. Langley, 57 Chatham street. 1843.

The popularity of these really very pretty perennials, calling forth repeated editions, is not likely to diminish at the present season, when they will be found among the most appropriate presents of this kind which the crowded tables of the bookstores present.

The Young Islanders, a Tale of the Last Century. By JEFFERYS TAYLOR. 12mo. pp. 306. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

Work and Wages, a Tale. By MARY HOWITT. 12mo. pp. 178. Same.

The first of these little volumes is a Robinson Crusoe sort of story, of a company of lads cast away on a desert island, illustrated by pretty wood cuts—a never failing source of interest to that class of readers for which it is designed. The other is another number of the publishers' series of "Tales for the People and their children"—a continuation of Mary Howitt's former story of "Little Coin, Much Care."

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MONTHLY LITERARY BULLETIN.

AMERICAN.

Literary Curiosity.—One of the smallest specimens of bibliography ever attempted is the forthcoming miniature edition of Shakspeare, the type of which is half the size of diamond, the smallest in use—so minute, indeed, as to render the aid of a glass indispensable. This, which will not exceed in size the dimensions of the present paragraph, inverted, will cost between two and three thousand dollars, the entire fount of type being cast expressly for the work, independent of the other expenses incident to so novel and difficult a fabrication. W. H. Colyer, of this city (the publisher) will, doubtless, receive the thanks of the curious, and reap a rich harvest from his *great* enterprise.

Scotsmen in the Revolution.—The prospectus of a new and interesting work on the times of seventy-six has just been issued by H. Montgomery, Adam Ramage, J. K. Mitchell, and E. D. Inghram, a Committee of the St. Andrews' Society of Philadelphia, entitled "Biographical Memoirs of the Scotsmen, who by their Civil or Military Services, assisted in achieving the Independence of the United States." It will contain the memoirs of Doctors Wilson and Witherspoon (signers of the Declaration), and of Paul Jones, Generals Lord Stirling, M'Intosh, Mercer, and St. Clair, Colonels Macpherson, McLane, Lenox, &c., and be issued at cost to the Society—$1, or thereabouts. A copy of the prospectus may be seen at the Mechanics' Institute, City Hall, where Wm. Lyon Mackenzie, the Actuary, will receive the names of persons who wish to become subscribers, and forward them to the publisher at Philadelphia.

New editions are now ready of those popular juveniles, "Robin Hood and his Merry Foresters," with eight brilliantly colored plates, and "Tales from the Arabian Nights," adapted for the use of children, and embellished with about forty beautiful wood-cuts. Both these works seem to possess a kind of perennial freshness and novelty, and we doubt whether anything in the way of Gift Books for the holidays can vie with their lasting attractions.

J. S. Redfield announces a translation of the celebrated "Clinical Lectures on Surgery" of Lisfranc by A. Sidney Doane, A.M., M.D. The same gentleman is also engaged in the translation of a new French production, by Regnault, of great interest, "The Criminal History of the English Government from the Massacre of the Irish to the Poisoning of the Chinese."

The following are among the new Christmas Gift-Books published by that well-known caterer for literary taste, Mr. Samuel Colman, of this city,—all of which are distinguished by great beauty of embellishment and internal excellence:—"Thulia," a poem, by Dr. J. C. Palmer, of the U. S. Navy. Splendidly embellished with a series of twelve highly finished engravings, and elegantly bound. The literary merits of this new production are, we are informed, of no mean order, and the novelty of the subject,—comprising the only recorded account of the exploring expedition of the "Peacock" to the South Seas, will doubtless constitute a work of peculiar attraction, especially during the ensuing holidays. The new juveniles, which form an elegant little series, and at very low prices, are entitled "Arthur's Story-Book for 1843," "Little Gift," "Useful Stories," "Poems for Little Folks," "Little Keepsake," and the new issue for 1843 of the "Ladies' Annual Register."

"The Dawnings of Genius," by Miss Pratt, and "Adventures of Captain Jno. Smith," are now ready, forming part of Appleton's Series of Juveniles, entitled a "Library for my Young Countrymen"—also Mary Howitt's new and very interesting tale, called "Work and Wages"—"The Young Islanders," with beautiful cuts, a story of the Robinson Crusoe school: and new numbers of "Handy Andy" by the laughter-loving Lover, and "Hector O'Halloran." They announce as in the press, "The Minister's Family," by Mrs. Ellis; "Masterman Ready," by Marryatt, concluding part; "Life of Hernan Cortez," by the author of "Life of Henry Hudson;" "Parochial Sermons," by John Henry Newman, B.D., to form two vols. 8vo., *by subscription;* and the complete Poetical Works of Milton and Scott, uniform with Cowper and Burns.

Ure's Dictionary of the Arts has just ar-

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rived at completion, and we understand it is the intention of the publishers to commence its re-issue immediately in five monthly parts, at one dollar each,—a good expedient in these very thrifty times.

A new literary enterprise is about to be commenced by R. Sears, which has for its object the diffusion of Popular Information on General Knowledge, to be called "*Sears' Family Magazine.*" We wish all success to this deserving endeavor in behalf of popular instruction, and as we hear it is to be profusely embellished, and to include amongst its contents the *quintescence* of all the valuable contributions of the London "*Penny Magazine,*" Chambers' "*Edinburgh Journal,*' and other admirable works of their class, we cannot doubt but that it will successfully compete with these in point of intrinsic value.

Dunigan's new Series of beautiful Juveniles, edited by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, just completed, form two very attractive volumes. We understand these excellent little works for children have already become highly popular; indeed the endorsement of the well-known editor offers so strong a guarantee for their internal excellence, while their brilliantly colored embellishments add so essentially to their exterior attractions, that the public would be at fault were the result otherwise.

Carey & Hart announce the following: *Tom Burke of "Ours,"* by Charles Lever, author of "*Charles O'Malley,*" &c. "The Miscellaneous Writings of James Stephens," "Noctes Ambrosianæ," by Professor Wilson. Also, Johnson's Farmer's Encyclopedia and Dictionary of Rural Affairs, in monthly numbers.

The foregoing comprise the leading items of the current literary intelligence of the day. The causes of this great sterility, if we except perhaps the discouraging influence upon the bookselling business of the recent revolutionizing of the press by the mammoth extras, is to be attributed to the pecuniary pressure of the times, so unfriendly to every species of literary enterprise.

We observe the *Irving Circulating Library,* in Nassau street, which contains about 22,000 volumes of valuable and scarce works in the several departments of Literature, is again under the control of Mr. G. F. H. Youngs, who has now ready a new Catalogue of the Library, which may be obtained on application.

ENGLISH.

Among the literary announcements in England for the month, we observe the following:—

A monthly issue of a new biographical work, entitled "Bartlett's National Biography;" (Part 1st now ready), being the Life of Lord Nelson. In this series it is intended to publish, in a cheap and popular form, the Lives of Celebrated Men, who have, by their talents or virtues, gained honor to themselves, and whose renown may be justly considered the pride and glory of their country. The following Lives (by able writers) are already in the press:—William Pitt, Lord Bacon, William Penn, and the Duke of Marlboro'.

An abridged edition of the Life of the late William Wilberforce, Esq., by his Sons, in a single foolscap volume.

"Judah's Lion." A Tale, by Charlotte Elizabeth. Also—

The Lectures delivered by the present Bishop of Ossory, when Divinity Lecturer at Trinity College, Dublin, on Tradition, appear in the course of December.

"The Law of Nisi Prius," Evidence in Civil Actions, Arbitration, and Awards; with an Appendix of the New Rules, the Statutes of Set-off, Interpleader, and Limitation, and the Decisions thereon. By Archibald John Stephens, Barrister-at-law. 3 vols. royal 8vo., containing nearly three thousand pages.

"The Neighbors," a Story of Every-day Life. By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt.

The following works on Theology, are also in preparation for the press, and will speedily appear:—

"A Library of Fathers of the Holy Catholic Church," anterior to the division of the east and west. Translated by Members of the English Church. Vol. 9.—S. Chrysostom on the Statutes. Vol. 10.—Tertullian. Vol. 1.

"The Ecclesiastical History of M. L'Abbé Fleury," from the Second Ecumenical Council to the end of the Fourth Century. Translated, with Notes, and an Essay on the Miracles of the Period, by John Henry Newman, B.D., Fellow of Oriel College.

"The True Catholic Churchman, in his Life and in his Death." The Sermons and Poetical Remains of the Rev. Benjamin Davis Winslow, A.M., Assistant to the Rector of St. Mary's Church, Burlington, New Jersey. To which is prefixed, the Sermon preached on the Sunday after his decease, with Notes and Additional Memoranda, by the

Right Rev. George Washington Doane, D.D., L.L.D., Bishop of the Diocese, and Rector of St. Mary's Church.

"Analecta Christiana," Select Portions of the Greek Fathers. By the Rev. C. Marriott, A.M., Fellow of Oriel College. 8vo.

"Episcopalia:" or Letters of the Right Rev. Father in God Henry Compton, D.D., Lord Bishop of London, to the Clergy of his Diocese, 1679 to 1685. A new Edition, with a Memoir of the Author, by Sidney W. Cornish, D.D., Vicar of the Collegiate Church of Ottery St. Mary. 18mo.

"The Greek Devotions of Bishop Andrews," selected and arranged. 8vo.

"The Golden Grove," or a Guide to Devotion; with a Guide to the Penitent, and Festival Hymns. By Jeremy Taylor, D.D., sometime Bishop of Down and Connor. Small 8vo.

"The Waldenses, or the Fall of Rora:" A Lyrical Sketch, with other Poems. By Aubrey De Vere.

"Memoir of the Life of the late Rev. Peter Roe, A.M., Rector of Odogh, and Minister of St. Mary's, Kilkenny:" with copious Extracts from his Correspondence, Diaries, and other Remains. By the Rev. Samuel Madden, A.M., Prebendary of Blackrath, and Dean's Vicar-choral in the Cathedral Church of St. Canice, Kilkenny; Author of "Letters on the Nature and Time of the Second Advent." 1 vol. 8vo.

"Report on the Chief Results obtained by the Use of the Microscope, in the Study of Human Anatomy and Physiology." By James Paget, Demonstrator of Morbid Anatomy, at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. (Reprinted, with additions, from the "British and Foreign Medical Review.") 8vo. Also,

"Easy Lessons for Translating English into French: in a Series of Free Exercises on Subjects both Instructive and Entertaining, mostly extracted from French Classic Authors." By Charles Gerard, Elève de l'Ecole Polytechnique, and Professor of the French Language.

Also in the press, "The Life and Times of John Reuchlin," the father of the German Reformation, collected from original sources, by Francis Barham; and "The Life and Times of Girolamo Savonarola," with some account of the Reformation in Italy during the Fifteenth Century. A curious antiquarian work on Islington, by Thomas E. Tomlins, is announced, under the name of "Iseldon Rediviva;" and a work on "English Patents," being a Register of all those granted for inventions in the arts, manufactures, &c., during the year 1841.

A new periodical has just been commenced, beautifully illustrated, entitled, "The London Library," Part I.

The popular author of "Charles O'Malley" announces a novel to be called, "The Loiterings of Captain O'Leary," the first portion of which is to appear in the January number of the Dublin University Magazine.

The author of "The Lollards" has in progress a new work of historic value, to be entitled, "The Life and Times of the good Lord Cobham," including sketches of some of his contemporaries.

Prof. Macgillivray has nearly ready for publication "A Description of the Mollusca of some of the districts of the North of Scotland."

Something New in Literature! "The Unknown:" a Weekly Miscellany of Instruction and Amusement. Written and conducted exclusively by self-educated Men and Women. The first number contains—Our Opening Address: The Pop Shop, or Doings at my Uncle's; by a London Pawnbroker's Apprentice: An Account of the Government and Institutions of the Moonites; written by the Man in the Moon: &c. &c. With cuts. Price one penny.

Mrs. Strutt, also, the authoress of "Six Weeks on the Loire," has in the press "A Domestic Residence in Switzerland"—and Mr. A. J. Strutt, "A Pedestrian Tour through Calabria and Sicily."

In a handsome quarto volume, with 104 colored plates, 28s. cloth, "The Beauty of the Heavens;" a pictorial display of the Astronomical Phenomena of the Universe, in One Hundred and Four Colored Scenes, illustrating a familiar Lecture on Astronomy. By Charles F. Blunt, Lecturer on Astronomy.

"The Money Lender," a Novel. By Mrs. Gore, author of "The Ambassador's Wife," "The Dowager," &c.

Dr. W. Cooke Taylor, of Trinity College, Dublin, we hear, will publish, in a few days, a "Popular History of India," from the earliest times, bringing it down to the present date, with an historical account of our intercourse with China. This will be really a most welcome volume, and one that has been much wanted, particularly in families who cannot afford the time to wade through so large a work as Mill's History of British India.

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THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

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THE

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THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

THE International Copyright so eagerly clamored for is all a humbug. We desire to speak both prudently and politely,—with a due fear of the Lord and Mr. Dickens before our eyes,—with a just deference for all that eminent respectability of both English and American literature which has taken sides against our present position,—with a proper regard for that worthy bibliopolic fraternity, who are now taking so warm an interest in the success of a measure of which they were erst the vehement opponents,—with an affectionate sympathy for our own trusty and well-beloved publishers in particular, whom we expect to see clothe themselves in sackcloth and ashes when their astonished eyes shall rest upon the present page of our editorial wilfulness and obstinacy,—with a full sense of the beauty of the jewel of consistency, and therefore with an unfeigned repentance that we were ourselves once seduced even into signing an International Copyright petition to Congress, before we had matured that riper opinion on the subject from which is now indited this solemn act of recantation and disavowal,—we desire, we repeat, to speak with sober and serious regard to all these and sundry other considerations which would suggest at least a prudent silence on this question; and yet, in full view of them all, if we may embody the cause and movement of this new literary crusade in the person of its leading champion and representative, we are constrained to say to him, as was once said to his own immortal Pickwick, that though in so many other points of view a most glorious fellow, yet in this particular aspect, *pro tanto* and *quoad hoc*, "Sir, you are a Humbug!"

Before we are set down as pirates, plunderers and pickpockets for the crime of this opinion, we beg leave to suggest one single remark in mitigation of damages—namely, that we have no part nor lot, no form nor manner of concern, in the cheap-republication business, excepting in a personal interest *adverse* to it. Though this most invaluable of Magazine-Reviews ministers to the delight and edification of a much larger circle of readers than ever before possessed by any work of the same kind in this country—a circle steadily widening and improving—yet there is no doubt that its prosperity is very seriously injured by the vast circulation of the cheap reprints of the foreign periodicals, rich with the cream of the English literature of the day, and filling many of the channels of demand which would otherwise invite satisfaction from the "domestic manufacture." If any person or per-

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sons among the varied classes of American literary laborers would be benefited by this species of tariff tax now clamored for upon intellectual as well as mechanical importation, it would certainly seem to be our unfortunate but disinterested selves. We trust, therefore, that some of the long forgotten decencies of literary controversy may be maintained toward us by those who will probably lift up their indignant hands in holy horror at our present backsliding; and that however damnably heretical in the notion we have ventured to assert in the opening words hereinabove writ, in phrase more emphatic perhaps than elegant, honesty of motive may obtain forbearance and forgiveness for hallucination of judgment.

Let us look a little into this matter—and with our own eyes, and not with those of Mr. Carlyle, or Mr. Dickens, or Mr. Talfourd, or any of the popular English authors with whom, when they turn their eyes across the Atlantic, and behold their own vernacular diffusing itself through these rapidly growing millions over a new world, the wish for the privilege in question is naturally enough father to the thought that it is a right. Let us not be too hasty in assuming, because a petition addresses itself to Congress with an array of some of the most illustrious names of living English literature and science, as long and luminous as the tail of a comet, that therefore it must follow as a bounden duty and necessity, for all desirous of claiming a place within the sacred pale of the polite humanities, to adopt the same doctrine, and unite with them in demanding from our government that "justice" for these glorious foreigners, which is the more attractive to our imagination because clothed in the garb of a gratuitous generosity. And if ourselves, unfortunately or fortunately, dabblers in printer's-ink, let us not be too easily misled by the specious argument of the protective school, which addresses our selfish interest by urging that the foreign competition is destructive to the native production and to the growth of a national literature, because free from the restriction of copyright; the addition of which, by raising the price of the English book and restricting the freedom of its republication, would operate as a tax for the benefit of the American one. Let us look a little into the matter for ourselves, and endeavor to get at the true right and reason of it.

Before going further into "the bowels of the land"—before dealing with the higher elements of the question, in its moral aspects—we may as well dispose of this meaner argument of selfish expediency which seems to be the leading idea of those who preach International Copyright from the text of rights and interests of American authors.

I go to a publisher, says one of the latter class, but what chance have I of a favorable reception to my work, when he can have, to engross his capital and his business, as many of the best productions of the rich and active mind of England as he chooses to print, without either with your leave or by your leave to the author, for the mere cost of a single copy in any bookstore in Paternoster Row. This will be the answer which he will leave me to digest with the best stomach I may, while cooling my heels at his inhospitable door, until my starvation forces from me an unconditional submission to his extortion, and he gets my book, even if he is willing to print it at all, on the same terms for which he has the English one at his command—i. e., for nothing, or next to it.

Now, this reasoning is altogether a mistake. If our publishers, engaged in any extent or activity of business, ever show themselves very reluctant to accept the offer of manuscripts by American authors, the latter may depend upon it that some very different reason lies at the bottom of the fact which seems to them so unaccountable, whatever may be the polite plausibilities with which the civil bibliopole will perhaps gild the unpleasant pill of his negative. The truth is, that in ordinary times, when any kind of expansion of business can be ventured upon, instead of reluctance they are all eagerness to get *good* American manuscripts to publish, because it is in them alone that they can find exemption from the interference of rival editions. The English book can be had on the same terms by a dozen enterprising competitors; and if it is at all popular, they may wake up any fine morning and find their edition altogether cut out of the market by the cheap form issued by

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some poor printer in a neighboring back-alley, who, with his journeymen and apprentices perhaps idle on his hands, is content to work for their and his own simple ordinary wages. From all this the publisher of the original American work is secure, under the shield of its copyright. He may get it out at his convenience; is not bound to force off his thousand or two of copies with that hazardous haste which must anticipate competition; and may safely fix a price somewhat above the mere reimbursement of his mechanical expenses, relying upon time and merit to work gradually off his not unprofitably loaded shelves. All this is true whether he publish the book for the account of the author, or on the ordinary and fair terms of a division of profits. His inducements in favor of this kind of business are still greater when he can himself become the proprietor of the copyright. There is nothing that more glads the cockles of a publisher's heart—(publishers have hearts, as well as negroes souls)—than to behold in his account of stock a fair array of copyrights; that is to say, *bien entendu*, copyrights of saleable books,—and *readable* and *saleable* in the nomenclature of the craft are convertible terms. If our publishers could only secure English copyrights, they would very soon be found to invest nearly all their capital in them, and many an American writer who may now complain of the time afforded him to cool his heels at their doors, might then wait till they were frost-bitten, and for all his knocking it would *not* be opened unto him. So far from the present state of things operating to encourage foreign competition in our home literary market, to the injury of the interest of the American writer, the reverse is its effect. Far fewer English books are republished than would otherwise be the case; the market is left far more open to invite and absorb the supply furnished by native labor and talent; and publishers and authors are placed in a relation far more favorable to the latter, than if the former enjoyed that range over the broad and rich field of English copyrights for the investment of their capital, which would be afforded them by the proposed measure;—under which, moreover, English authors would soon come to write more and more *for* our market, which in a few years, with the rapid progress of our population and the general diffusion of education, must greatly exceed their own in extent and importance.

So much, then, for that argument which addresses the selfish interests of our American literary classes, in the manner we have now, we trust, once for all refuted. No; if we want a tariff of talent as well as of cotton-bagging—if, in books as well as in broadcloths, the principle of the protective policy is to be extended to this application too, for the purpose of forcing us to pay more for a superior foreign article, to encourage the production of an inferior domestic one—if the reason of our preference of Dickens or Bulwer over Ingraham and any other name you please, is simply that difference of price which grows out of the difference between the two in our market in this point of copyright—if this be so, it would be far better, so far as regards this aspect of the question, to reach the object in view in the more usual mode of protective tariff legislation. The proper enactment to that effect should have its place as a section in the Tariff Bill; and by imposing a certain suitably regulated percentage on the selling price of the foreign republication—which might be collected from the publisher, on the issue of every edition, either in cash duties or credit bonds—the desired tax on republication would contribute to the support of our own government instead of going beyond seas; the copyright disadvantage of the domestic article in the market would be compensated; while all the injurious, the fatal effect upon the interests of American writers and American literature, above explained as the necessary consequence of the proposed International Copyright law, would be avoided.

Of course the reader has borne in mind that we are speaking only to the question of expediency under consideration, reserving for the present that of the moral right of the foreign author; to the sacred recognition and protection of which, however, if it shall indeed prove to be antagonistic to this or any other apparent interest of our own, we are not only content but anxious that the latter should be made to yield. Viewed in the aspect here regarded, it seems indisputable, that instead of the

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International Copyright being called for by the interests of American literature and American literary men, the reverse is most emphatically the truth; and that if any such compensating tax on republication is necessary to equalize the copyright disadvantage complained of, in its effect on price, it had better be put in the shape of a tariff or excise duty above suggested.

But to go a step further in this same argument of expediency. Will the addition of the author's remuneration, to the mechanical cost alone incurred in republication, so affect the price as materially to impair the fair chance of competition on the part of the American book, assuming a fair equality of merit? Granting that it might, under the old system of the book trade, that of small editions and high prices—(though even then it is not certain but that this difference would have its compensations)—yet there is clearly no force in this consideration under the new system which we see rapidly springing up, and destined soon to subvert the old by a revolution which we hail with high satisfaction. The fact is, that our publishers are just beginning to open their eyes to the truth that their real interest is not to raise their prices to the *maximum* that a book will tolerably stand, but to bring them down to the *minimum* which will yield a very small surplus on each volume above the mechanical cost of a decent typography. In all these matters of general public convenience or entertainment—such as public conveyances, exhibitions, postage, newspapers, &c., &c., including ninety-nine books in a hundred printed—as a general rule every reduction of price, down to a certain limit, is accompanied by an enlargement of the number of persons within whose ability the thing in question is brought, in a ratio much greater than that of the reduction. An arithmetical progression of the one will be accompanied by a geometrical progression of the other. If a certain number of persons can afford to give a dollar for any such purpose—the book, for instance—far more than twice as many can afford to give a half-dollar; probably at least four times, perhaps six or eight times as many. If the price be still further reduced to a quarter-dollar, the circle of ability will continue to widen with still larger and larger sweep, and the multiplication of the number of profits will be found to proceed faster than the division of their individual amount. To the operation of this law there are of course limits, which the combined caution and enterprise of an unrestricted freedom of trade will not generally be slow to find out with tolerable correctness. Within the last few years the system of cheap publication has made large and rapid steps both in this country and England. It has been but little applied among us to works of domestic production, because in the security of copyright monopoly—(we do not mean to use the word in any odious sense)—the publishers have not felt that stimulus of competition which has constantly urged further and further in the direction of cheapness those rival establishments which have embarked in the business of republishing the free popular English works of the day. But it will undoubtedly extend itself to them likewise,—as in fact it has already begun to do; witness the cheap form in which Cooper's novels have recently been issued, twenty-five cents a volume. Under the operation of this system, we shall no longer have the public for whom good books are furnished, by the combined labor of author and publisher, limited to a little aristocracy of readers of one or two thousand enjoying the privilege of possession, with another set of "the inferior sort" waiting humbly for their more distant chance of possible perusal by loan from friends or hire from libraries. Editions will be numbered by thousands, where they before counted by tens or hundreds. The difference of price on the single copy to cover the cost of copyright, above the cost of the free foreign republication, will thus be reduced to so small an amount as not to be materially sensible to the individual purchaser; while, on the other hand, the American author, truly entitled to popularity by merit, possesses advantages of national sympathy and patriotic pride on the part of the people, and on his own part those of adaptation of subject, and comprehension of the character and taste of his countrymen, which will more than compensate this difference of price, were it even much larger than it is likely to be.

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Let it not be said that this new system of cheap publication which is now every day rising higher and higher into established strength and success, must continue confined to the light productions of fiction and fancy which have thus far chiefly engaged it. It is not only susceptible of application to works of a higher tone and more permanent value, but is already beginning to be applied to them; witness the success of Liebig's Animal Chemistry, for instance, issued by the publishers of the "New World," to whom we consider the public gratitude in no small degree due for having been among the first and most enterprising to start and stimulate this revolution in the book trade; and we have the authority of one of the greatest publishing firms in the country (who have themselves had the sagacity to see the tendency of the times, and to follow in the direction of this new popular movement in their own business), for the belief that we shall before long in this country witness the application of this new idea of the very cheap publication of very large editions, carried to greater lengths in works of useful popular science and information, than it has yet been in those of a character comparatively trashy and ephemeral. The book-trade at the present period is in a state of great confusion; it is passing through a transition stage—a kind of democratic revolution, as yet scarce more than begun. We warn the old members of the regular trade that they cannot hold out against the competition of the new system. It is vain to imagine that they can arrest it by petitions to Congress for an International Copyright law, in the hope of getting the possession and control of those books which are now thus published at such rates as to make it impossible for them to sell a large part of their own stock on hand, except at rates of reduction in price from the contemplation of which they shrink shuddering. They must come into it themselves, to organize, complete and improve it. True, the present semi-newspaper form of most of the cheap publications, with their small type, inferior paper, and careless typography, can never satisfy the demands of the public taste. It is not to be tolerated that these should be the only kind of books that we are henceforth to read. But these are as yet merely the first rude experiments of the new system. Cheapness thus far has been the only point looked to in it; and, for the kind of works to which it has yet been applied, which no one reads a second time, this form has been quite sufficient. They will soon improve in neatness, and be issued in shapes better adapting them for preservation. The important improvements which every year is bringing forth in all the departments of the mechanics of book-making will soon permit the issue of large editions of books of very respectable appearance at prices little, if at all, beyond those for which we are now astonished to get even these very unsightly and unsatisfactory productions of the press which are hawked about the street-corners at a shilling or two a copy. And while wealth will still be able to gratify its taste for elegance and luxury, in richer editions of a comparatively small number of works immortal in their nature and worthy of all such decoration, the great mass of books will be published in such forms as will admit of these low prices necessary to command a very wide popular circulation.

The interest of the American author is *not*, then, favorable to the proposed measure, and the superficial arguments of expediency in his behalf which are urged, in coöperation with that moral right asserted by the British petitioners to the enjoyment of this privilege, possesses no other force than one acting in the very opposite direction. It remains to consider this alleged moral right, for our omission to recognize which Mr. Dickens, Mr. Carlyle, and others, have thundered against us, as a nation, those denunciations which have awakened so many responsive reverberations on our own side of the ocean. It is needless for us to repeat that if it can be established, every consideration of our own interest—whether general, on the part of the public enjoying the unrestricted and untaxed access to the best treasures of the literature of the language, or special, on the part of the large manufacturing, mechanical, and commercial interests involved in the business of republication—must be thrown to the winds, and justice be done—whatever the cost or sacrifice—to the stranger as well without as within

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our gates. This question may be made plain enough in a very few words.

May I not light my candle at my neighbor's lamp, without wrong to him or to my own conscience, if I can do so without intrusion upon him in the process, or inconvenience to him or his? If he kindle a fire within his own domain and for his own purposes, but in a situation where its heat may reach me within the limits of mine, may I not bask in the genial glow, without a moral obligation to pay for it? If he rear for himself a dwelling of noblest architecture, and surround it with all the loveliness of cultivated nature which wealth can command and art create, may not I and mine gratify our taste by the enjoyment of it all from the precincts of our own humbler home, without being required to erect, on my side of the boundary, a wall which shall shut out the rays of the sun that bring the image of the beauty he has built, and the breezes of heaven that are charged with the perfume of the flowers he has planted—a wall never to be transgressed by me without the payment of a toll or a tax to him? Or, to generalize the idea, when one individual has created a good which is susceptible of multiplied reproduction, to the benefit of others or of the whole human race, without diminution of his special enjoyment of his own, or any manner of interference with him, according to all the rights and purposes under which and for which he originally created it, is the principle of Property so exclusive in its monopoly, as to forbid this unlimited diffusion of a blessing which God has chosen one man to be the minister of to the race? Perish the base contracted selfishness of such a principle!

To all these forms of putting the same question, there can be but a single answer, which is also the rightful answer to this English demand for American copyright. The English author—Mr. Dickens for instance, since he appears to stand at the head of this movement—has written his book for the large and liberal reading public of his own country, under the rights, for his compensation and protection, conferred upon him by its institutions and laws; how is he injured by the reproduction and diffusion of the same in another country, three thousand miles across an ocean, a distinct political body? He has certainly been richly enough paid at home, in pecuniary reward as well as in public honor, for what he has done, to leave him but slender ground on which to ask a return of mere volunteer generosity on our part for the pleasure his admirable writings have afforded us. How is he injured if we do enjoy that pleasure, free as his home market is left from interference by our republications—that market for which he writes; under the laws of which he derives all his legal rights and protection; and from which he receives a most munificent compensation? The case is precisely analogous to those we have supposed above. He can only claim a *right* to such return from us on the ground that one human being can never have a right to receive good or pleasure, directly or indirectly, from the labors of another, even though nothing is withdrawn from the latter in the process, without a payment—and a payment in money, setting out of view the reciprocal pleasure of fame and of conscious benefaction. God forbid that so cold and wretched a principle of natural morals should ever be either admitted or asserted! We once thought otherwise, but would now deny altogether the principle of a natural right of literary property, absolute, exclusive, and perpetual. The inspiration which speaks through the organ of the poet or the philosopher, or which directs the ingenuity of the inventor, is not his own, nor has he any such right of individual property in that which it has at once commanded and taught him to give to the world, as to be free, for himself, his heirs, executors, administrators or assigns for ever, to do with it what may seem meet to him or them—to destroy or suppress it, or forbid access to it to the whole or any portions of the race. If this complete right of property existed, such as is and must be contended for by the International-Copyrightists, so long as the right of hereditary transmission is held an inseparable incident to property, it would follow not only that the whole world must be subject to a perpetual tax or tribute to the author of any great intellectual product, as a Paradise Lost or a steam-engine, and to his descendants, or those of the

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assignees or purchasers of his original right; but also that they might, if they chose, prohibit its further use to any country or to the world, at any time when any of the vagaries of human caprice might prompt such an act. No; no such right exists in the original foundations of natural morals. The unanimous good sense of all the nations which have legislated on the subject has not been mistaken in regarding this privilege of ownership in copyright or patentright as an artificial and limited, not a natural and absolute right of property. Accordingly, it has been granted—unlike other species of property—for limited terms of years, and generally confined to the subjects of the legislating sovereignty. No country has dreamed of protecting the copyrights or patentrights of other countries. It is a right entirely the creature of legislation, local, special, and conventional, founded partly on the equity of remuneration to the author and his immediate family, under the authority of that government of which he is a subject, and partly on the consideration of that expediency which dictates that such privilege should be conferred on him and his—for a term not too long to conflict with the general interest of the community—as an inducement to him and to others, superadded to those other and higher moral influences which bid him speak for the same reason that the bird sings, the flower blooms, and the star shines. Both of these motives call for a long and liberal grant of the *quasi* property privilege in question, by every government which would desire thus to reward this most valuable class of its citizens, and to foster and stimulate their noble toils; but no member of one political body or system can have the right to demand it from the government of another, unless by a transfer of residence he should bring himself within the pale of its protection, and the scope of its internal policy. It is very certain, that to grant the proposed privilege to the trans-Atlantic claimants in the present case, would be one of the extremest applications of the principle of this moral right of property, which, if it exist at all, must be both universal and perpetual; and it is equally certain, that it seems at least somewhat premature to urge such a demand—and not a little impertinent to accompany it with such gross abuse as the alternative to its concession—when neither of the two countries in question has yet recognized at all that very principle of literary property on which alone the petitioners for International Copyright can attempt to plant a foundation for their claim. Has yet?—no, nor is ever likely to do so; its recognition not being asked for from their own government by those who are so vehement in demanding it from ours.

But the demand being made, it is to be judged of simply as a question of expediency. It may be generous in some cases to allow to foreign authors some extent of copyright privilege in our country, though we deny that they have any shadow of title to claim it as a right either legal or moral. Possibly it may by some be regarded as expedient for the encouragement and benefit of foreign authors by our government, on similar principles to those on which is founded the legislation of their own in their behalf; though we doubt whether very many minds will be found likely to take this view of the case. It certainly would not be very highly expedient for the benefit of American authors, who are now free from the competition of the former in the copyright market, if we may so term the offices of our publishing booksellers. Individuals may, if they choose, volunteer to a great foreign author from whose labors they have derived pleasure and instruction, any tribute of their gratitude they choose—a far more sensible and acceptable mode of expressing their sentiments, by the way, than by public balls and dinners. We do not doubt, that in the hour of Scott's need a large sum might have been raised for him in this mode, which it would have been as honorable for the one party to receive as for the other to give. Or if the experiment were tried by any of our publishers, enjoying the public respect and confidence, of issuing the same edition of any new work by a popular English writer *at two prices*, the one a little more than the other, as a species of gratuitous author's benefit—some imprint on the title-page distinguishing between the two—a very considerable number of the beneficiary edition would doubtless be purchased, even if not more than of the other; and all

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either recognizing a moral obligation or feeling an impulse of grateful liberality, would have an opportunity of satisfying their conscience and indulging their heart. But as for right or reason to demand it from our government as a matter of compulsory legislation, none such exists, while on the other hand it would be seriously injurious to our own literature and literary classes. And as for the arrogance of the tone and mode in which it is insisted upon, and the impertinence of the abuse which has been lavished on us for hesitating to concede the modest demand, we will only say that they can produce no other effect than to redouble the improbability of its ever being granted.

So much for what we have to say about International Copyright at this present. Reversing the usual practice which prescribes the beginning of a book as the place for the dedication, we will make it the end of our Article, by dedicating it to the Committee of Congress before which the consideration of the question is now pending.

A CHAPTER ON GARDENING.*

BY A. DAVEZAC.

WHOEVER has sojourned in Germany long enough to associate much with Germans, must have remarked the singular mildness, the pleasing simplicity of manners, the elegance of habits, and the general urbanity of deportment, forming the characteristics of a people which, in order to hold a first rank among the great powers of the earth, need only to be united under a single and national government. That a people so long oppressed by a multitude of petty princes, domineered over by a numerous and heartless aristocracy, inhabiting, too, a country often desolated by the invasion of foreign armies, which for centuries have made it their battle-ground, should have preserved, nevertheless, the primitive kindliness and amenity of their nature, is a moral phenomenon which, while visiting in that country both the palaces of the greatest and the humblest abodes of the peasantry, I have been tempted to attribute more to the love of music that obtains through all classes of German society, than to any other cause. There the fiercer passions kindled during a day of suffering and trial, instead of being exasperated by the angry repinings of the family circle, when the workingman returns home, are on the contrary lulled to rest by the harmony of song. The madness of Saul yielded to the harp of David. Polybius says, that music softened the ferocity of the Arcadians, who inhabited a region where the climate was impure and damp; while the people of Cynœthe, who held that science in contempt, continued to be the most barbarous of the Greeks. In Germany, music creates for the careworn laborer another and better world, a middle region between this earth, where wealth and the enjoyments it procures are allotted to the few, while to the many are assigned privations, contumelies, irremediable poverty, and that future world where equality, that banished exile from earth, has fixed its only and last abode. It is to that ideal region, that the German peasant's mind is gently wafted on the wings of melody, by the soft voices of his wife, daughters and sons, together with the strains of his own flute or hautboy. It is music, in fact, which, while Frenchmen, Russians, and Englishmen lord it over earth and seas, has given to Germans the undisputed sway of boundless imaginary space.

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* The American Garden Directory, containing Practical Directions for the culture of Plants, &c. By Robert Buist, Nurseryman and Florist. Published by E. L. Carey and Hart. Philadelphia: 1839.

A Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening, adapted to North America; with a view to the improvement of country residences, &c., &c. Illustrated by engravings. By A. J. Downing. New York and London: Wiley & Putnam. Boston: C. C. Little & Co. 1841.

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This humanizing of a whole people through its taste for one of the fine arts, has been equally wrought on another nation, claiming the same origin, through that which it has ever manifested for painting and the kindred harmonies of colors, such as are displayed in beauteous accord among flowers—a visible poetry that, which goes to the heart through the eye, as the poetry of sounds reaches it through the ear. At Amsterdam, Utrecht, Rotterdam, the Hague, and above all, at Harlaem, the floral city, crowds of individuals of all the classes of society are seen assembled at the flower markets, held twice a week in each of these great cities. The rich attends them to make exclusively his own, by purchase, the emeralds, the rubies, the sapphires of the vegetable kingdom, in addition to those which he already possessed, formed in the depths of the earth through the slow elaborations of ages; but, in spite of his covetous eagerness to obtain the monopoly even of these, nature's treasures, the indigent too has seen these dazzling gems of the spring; he has inhaled their perfume; and, while the variegated Camelia, the purple Lagestremia, the gaudy, inodorous Cactus, the more sweet-scented but still gorgeous Peony, and all the costly exotics are borne away to spread a greater lustre over the abode of opulence, the humble Violet, the Rose, (now thought to be a vulgar flower, though still blushing its loveliness and exhaling the most exquisite of fragrance), are taken to the home of the poor, to light the gloom of his lowly shed—to give sweetness to the little air he is yet allowed to breathe. I always attended these floral markets, and I do not remember, crowded as they always are, ever to have heard a quarrel there. An elegance of manners, nay, of language, seemed inspired by the grace and beauty of these ephemeral gardens; every one present acted and spoke as if he feared either to injure by brutal acts, or to soil by the expression of indelicate thoughts, these tender and fragile treasures of the spring. All clustered around them, like bees; and all, like bees, appeared to gather from them nothing but sweetness. There is a tradition at the Hague, that Johannes Secundus, the Dutch poet who sang of Kisses, (whose house, near the flower markets in that city, is still to be seen), always wrote with a nosegay on his table. After hearing of this, as I read his *Basia* over again, I fancied in the poetry, besides the charm inherent to the subject, the aroma of the flowers he loved. Here, I may be allowed, without digressing much, to speak of the harvest of roses which always draws to the fields where they are cultivated, near the Hague, numerous visitors. In the month of May, nothing can be imagined more beautiful than the aspect of those rose fields. The air, filled with the sweet emanations, makes you aware of your approach to them, before you have come in sight of them, surrounded as they are by thick live hedges, intended to guard the young buds from the inclement winds. An air of festival spread all around proclaims that this is no vulgar field-work. Hundreds of young girls, dressed as if for a village holiday, commence the gathering with appropriate songs. The first time I witnessed this novel harvest scene, it seemed like a dream; I became doubtful whether I stood on Batavian ground; the ethereal sweetness inhaled in every breeze, the earth covered, as it were, with a green carpet embroidered with roses, the melodious voices of so many young and beautiful girls, would have indeed wafted the imagination to the milder regions of Greece or Italy, but that the azure eyes and golden hair of the pretty *Rosières*, proclaimed them of Norman race. Those roses gathered in Holland, strange as it may appear, are shipped to Constantinople, destined to return to Europe so concentrated by chemical art, that the perfume of ten thousand is often used by a lady to scent her embroidered handkerchief.*

On my return home after a long residence in Holland, where I had witnessed the salutary effect produced on the manners of a whole nation by a

* The roses are packed up in large hogsheads, in alternate layers of flowers and salt, and pressed with great force. It appears that the salt does not destroy the essential oil which contains the aroma of the rose.

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taste for gardening, I was delighted to find in America a growing passion for botany, in its application to the culture of flowers and fruit-trees. This new-born taste ought to be fostered by the Press, since it procures both to our town and country populations an elegant and useful occupation in periods of comparative leisure. To females particularly, so becomingly exempt among us from all laborious tasks, it offers an amusement both healthy and instructive; one that never palls on the mind which has formed a taste for a pursuit so fraught with delight. It is an enjoyment within the reach of every one in our country, since whoever can dispose of a quarter of an acre, may enjoy the luxury of a flower garden; of one, too, from which scarcely a flower need now to be excluded; for such have been the recent improvements in floriculture, that the only advantage of the rich over the poor, in this respect, at least, is that of possessing rare plants one year perhaps before the industry of the florist-gardener has brought them within the reach of the humblest cottager. Flowers, it may truly be said, wherever they are cultivated, spread an air of elegant comfort and innocent mirthfulness; they grace the brow of a rural beauty in the village dance, as they adorn at her sumptuous ball the head of a city belle; they enliven age, to which their emanations bring back in pleasing associations the perfumed remembrances of by-gone days.* The Vine, the Honeysuckle, (that sweet inviter of the humming-bird), the Jasmine, and all the creepers, (innocuous parasites, these, living almost on air and water), now spread curtains of verdure, embroidered with gold and purple, over walls and palings formerly dark and squalid.

Industry, which ever watches the birth of novel propensities and pursuits, has been prompt in administering to this new-born taste. Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Baltimore, New Orleans—all our large cities, already contain splendid flower and fruit-gardens, green-houses and hot-houses, cultivated, not as were the few unsightly gardens of earlier days, by mere laborers who stupidly witnessed the varied processes of germination, flowering and fructification, untaught by science the beauteous system in obedience to whose eternal laws these phenomena are governed, but by real botanists, men who have devoted years to the acquirement of all that Linnæus and Jussieu have taught and written on plants.

In an age when knowledge walks the streets, not, as in the days of Molière, with a wig, and clothed in uncouth sable robes, but dressed in the fashion of the time, and often in the humblest garb of common life—when astronomy herself, the most austere of the muses, descending from the heights of her observatories of London, Paris, or Leyden, enters unceremoniously the popular lecture-room, there to reveal, through a Lardner, her eloquent interpeter, the laws which govern the eterual gyrations of countless worlds, in language so precise, so simple, so limpid, that they become intelligible even to the unlearned,—at such an epoch, we say, it would not have been endured that young botany with her garlands of Amaranths, Tulips, and Hyacinths, should continue to wear the antiquated garments in which that fair daughter of Linnæus was first saluted at Leyden by the enraptured crowd.

In days of yore, poetry, by its enchantments, had metamorphosed lovely maids and beauteous youths into trees and flowers. Science, during the last century, with power no less weird, has restored each tree, each plant, each flower, to its pristine form; endowing each, however, with life and sensibility, thus linking them to the animal kingdom with the silken bond of one universal spirit and universal love.

But since we have been led by our subject to speak of the ancients, (and what subject of beauty, grace, har-

* The influence of perfume on the mind, in reviving by association remembrances which have remained long dormant in the memory, is beautifully illustrated in a passage of the "Memoirs of the Sultan Baber," the famed conqueror of Indostan. A melon was brought to him from Cabul, (that fruit was yet unknown in India). "When I breathed its sweet odor," says the warrior, "it brought back to my mind all the remembrances of my native land, of my friends there, and abundant tears fell from my eyes."

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mony, or poesy, does not lead us back to the master-spirits who have embodied all these in their undying works?) we must be allowed to express the regret we always feel as we peruse the lays of Anacreon—songs which after the lapse of centuries seem still to glow with the rose he loved, and still to exhale its fragrance—that the Bard of Teos had scarcely another flower of bright hue and sweet odor to entwine with the Rose among his silver locks; to wreathe the cup in which he drank inspiration, pleasure, and immortality; in that sear season of life which, to all but the favourite poet of Dione and the Graces, is one of decay and sorrow; for such was the poverty of the gardens of Greece in his days, that whoever sought to weave a garland of varied blossoms, after gathering among these the Rose, the Narcissus, the Hyacinth, the Lily, and the Violet, was driven into the fields and woods to complete it out of wild-flowers. It is a singular fact, attested however by the historians and poets of antiquity, one, too, affirming the opinions which we have before expressed, of the elegance of manners which ever accompanies a fondness for horticulture, that gardening, in every age and among every nation, has always been one of the most tardy of the conquests of a high civilisation. A fact so remarkable in the history of human attainments did not pass unnoticed by the sagacity of Bacon, when, as a relaxation from graver occupations, he wrote his Essay on Gardens. "When ages grow to civility and elegancy," he says in that interesting composition, "men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection." In illustration of this assertion of Bacon, (if, indeed, any assertion of that wonderful man required other authority beside that of his name), we need only allow our memory to travel up the long stream of centuries. It matters not at what time Homer wrote, or only sang, the imperishable poems that bear his name; it is enough that we find in one of these that in his days there were already gardens in Greece or in Asia—(since we will not take on ourselves to decide whether the lovely isle over which the good Alcinoüs reigned belonged to Europe or to Asia)—in order, from that isolated fact, to come to the conclusion that, since Alcinoüs had gardened finely, others, before him, had built stately—in other words, "that the age had *grown* into *civility*." Like all great artists, Homer paints best where he copies nature; even when describing the gods, the nymphs, and all the inferior deities of the pagan heaven, he still had, as living models set before him, the forms of mortal beauty which these popular divinities, the familiar visitors of man, the inhabitants of forests, fields, rivers and fountains, were wont to assume, and under which they were always worshipped. It is this which makes his pictures ever true to nature, even when he paints things supernatural. Spurning the creation of vegetable monsters, his genius refused to imagine flowers he had never seen, whose odor he had never inhaled—the flavor of fruits he had never tasted—the aspects and bearings of trees he had not seen waving in the luxuriance of their foliage. It was already too bold a metaphor—he perhaps thought—to have feigned that, in the garden of the Hesperides were trees bearing golden apples. In imitation of Homer, all epic poets have sung of gardens. Virgil, who was born in the country, always retained, amidst all the allurements of the court of Augustus, the fond remembrance of the fields wrested from him by one of the veteran soldiers of the triumvirs. Rome, its splendors, its enchantments, its long glories, could never efface from his memory the beauteous lake on whose verdant margin he wandered, when, in early youth, the Muses filled his breast with their sacred inspirations. The Elysian Fields, where Æneas sees the shades of Grecian and Trojan heroes who had met an untimely death, were but the reflections both of Mantuan scenes, and of the magnificent gardens of Sallust and Lucullus; for Virgil, even when he invented, still kept nature in sight. Two other Italian poets, like Virgil, have sung of gardens; one, with equal melody of numbers; the other, borne on wings of bolder flight. The one with the wand of Armida, the other with that of Alcina, have made verdant groves, beds of sweet flowers, to spring up spontaneous, and crystal fountains to flow amidst a dreary wilderness. Milton, too, has told of that garden, a

paradise on earth, in which our first parents were placed by their Creator; but, for the same reason that, in spite of his matchless genius, the English bard has failed to inspire with human passion the inhabitants of Eden, he fails equally in his attempt to spread over the fields and groves amidst which they wandered an aspect of real existence. His flowers bloom without having first budded; his yellow or purple fruits have not emerged in slow and gradual growth out of the chalice of the balmy blossom; his trees wave in a richness of foliage which has never germinated; all in that paradise, like her for whom all flowers bloomed, all fruits, save that

> "———Whose mortal taste
> Brought death into the world,"

matured into color and perfume, they all remind us of that fair daughter of Heaven, whose infant lips no milk had moistened—whose young smile no mother's eyes had anxiously watched for and rapturously detected—whose sweet prattlings no parent's ear had listened to with indescribable joy—whose fingers had never played with the silver locks of age—whose heart had never throbbed with fear lest another's did not beat in accord with her own. To conclude—there is in Milton's gardens a cold and illusive beauty, which, like that of his Eve, we admire without sympathy, and love without warmth.

Without encumbering these pages with descriptions of the gardens of China, Persia, Greece, and of Rome, it suffices our purpose to remark, that the great cities in the vicinity of which these were planted lay in warm regions. These were rather ornate landscapes than gardens, such as we now understand the term. Intent to shelter themselves from the rays of a sultry sun, their voluptuous possessors planted in them the finest forest trees, together with fruit trees, and the few flowers and aromatic plants known to antiquity. Streams of the purest water gave freshness to the vegetation, and by continual moisture preserved its perpetual verdure. In the day, was heard the melody of birds, mingling with the low murmuring of meandering rivulets; the night witnessed the dance of youths and virgins by the glare of torches. Sometimes, too, when autumn had mellowed into golden hue both the leaf of the vine and the teeming grape, the loud shrieks of the Bacchants echoed from grove to grove, from hill to grotto. Wild with music and wine, their faces smeared with the purple grape, and giving to the winds their dishevelled locks, they crowded round the wine-presses to fill with new wine the cup which each of them held in her hands, pouring profuse libations to Bacchus. Some of these ancient gardens, like the imperial garden near Pekin, embraced rivers, mountains, fields, and forests, within their wide expanse. Such must have been the grove of Daphne, where "thick forests of laurel and cypress reached as far as a circumference of ten miles, where a thousand streams of the purest water, running from every hill, preserved the verdure of the earth and the temperature of the air." It was believed that the very air breathed in this grove enervated the strongest mind. It was for this, no doubt, that Cassius, when the army he commanded encamped near Daphne, punished severely, and sometimes dismissed the soldiers who were proved to have entered the consecrated ground.

The Greeks cultivated the Rose, the Narcissus, the Violet, and the Iris. We find in their poets, that flower markets were held regularly in Athens, at which roses were exposed for sale in beautiful straw baskets. They strewed the temples of the gods with the choicest blossoms. At their religious processions the youths and virgins wore garlands, and the priests bound their heads with chaplets of flowers sacred to their respective deities. The guests at the banquet table were always presented with garlands; nay, the cups, too, from which they drank, were wreathed with myrtle or roses. Sages and philosophers wore garlands in order to make science lovely, and to propitiate the Graces. The steel-clad warriors who at Salamis or Marathon had triumphed over the Persians, returned to Athens and Sparta, their temples bound with wreaths, in which the Violet and the Rose were woven together with the laurel. On occasions of public rejoicings, the walls of cities were always hung with boughs of evergreen plants. There were florists in all the great cities of

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Greece, who made crowns of flowers (*Coronarii*)—some, composed of one sort of flower, others of many; and others, again, of leaves only, but always symbolical of religious ideas. The plants used for these were, at last, called by the generic name of *Coronaria*. Some of these were cultivated in gardens, others grew wild in the fields, but all those thus designated were beautiful and aromatic.

As regards fruits, the Fig was cultivated in the earliest ages. The Grape, the Almond, the Pomegranate, grew in Canaan, in the days of Moses; and the Melon was one of the Egyptian delicacies the privation of which occasioned the bitterest repinings of the Israelites in the wilderness. The Greeks have recorded, both in history and song, that the shepherd Aristæus was the first who cultivated the Olive. The Fig came to Attica from Crete, and the Chestnut from Sardis; the Peach was brought from Persia; the Pomegranate from Africa; the Pear and Plum from Armenia; Cherries and Apricots from Parthia; and the first Citron tree planted in Greece came from Media. Lucullus brought to Rome, to adorn his triumph, the Cherry, the Peach, and the Apricot—a nobler trophy these than the wealth of Mithridates. Nor did he fail to appreciate at their true value these vegetable spoils of Asia, as the rude Conqueror of Corinth did the inimitable perfection of the master-works of Grecian genius, wrested by his valor from their tasteful possessors. The enlightened Consul planted them with his own hand, we are told, in the magnificent garden he cultivated on the promontory of Misenum. The warlike Epicurean had tried war, as he had tried all things, and of war, as of all things, had wearied, save nature, science, and the arts! To the tumult of the battle-field, to the clamor of the victorious legions, to the loud plaudits of the assembled multitude delighted by his eloquence—nay, to a dominion of one third portion of the world, the voluptuous soldier preferred the deep shade of his groves, in which the beauteous exotics he had reared, mingled their foreign foliage with that of indigenous plants. Diocletian, too, in the height of his power, became suddenly disgusted with the task of governing mankind. He abdicated the Empire, and compelled the princes whom he had clothed with the imperial purple to descend from the throne, like himself; retaining no dominion, out of the civilized world over which he had reigned, save that of the gardens he had planted near Salone;—these he cultivated with so much pleasure, that, when Maximin, his former colleague in the Empire, urged him to resume the sceptre, he rejected the temptation with a smile of pity, calmly observing, in his answer to the proposal of that restless old man, that, "if he could show to Maximin the cabbages which he cultivated with his own hands, he should no longer be urged to relinquish the enjoyment of happiness for the perils of power."

The real or fancied virtues of plants drew the attention of mankind in the earliest ages. To the Mandrake were attributed effects which induced Rachael to barter for that which her sister's son, Reuben, had gathered in the fields, the preference her husband gave her over a less beauteous wife. Helen prepared for Telemachus, when the youth sought the hospitality of Menelaus, a beverage that worked the oblivion of all painful thoughts, and lulled the weary traveller into balmy sleep. In this plant, although the poet does not name it, we recognize the Poppy, whose soporific virtue was already known. The healing quality of the Dictamen, a plant still believed to be a specific for the epilepsy, is extolled both in the Odyssey and in the Iliad. If the Lotus, which made him who ate its fruit forget his native land, and all the endearing associations of early loves, did ever exist, it has disappeared from the earth, like some animals described by ancient naturalists, which for centuries have not been seen.* At their banquets the Greeks

* The Druids used a golden sickle to cut the sacred Misletoe, on the sixth day of the moon. The Vervain was held in such veneration by the Romans, that they gathered it, after libations of wine and honey, at the rising of the Dog Star, and always with the left hand. The plants thus collected were used to sweep the temple of Jupiter, to sprinkle lustral water, to appease discord; hence it was borne by heralds, a class of whom was called Verbenarii.

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and the Romans strewed the floor with Vervain, as its perfume, they believed, preserved the brain from the effects of wine, induced purity of thoughts, and inspired the mind with innocent mirth. Nor were trees and flowers forgotten in the rites of ancient worship. The shrines of the gods of idolatrous nations were adorned with wreaths of foliage; and even the Jews, in the simpler ceremonies of their worship of an unseen God, offered flowers and fruits on the altar, as well as living victims.

Always disposed to transfer to the Divinity their own sympathies or aversions, men have imagined that, as is the case with themselves, each of the gods bore a peculiar affection to a plant or a flower, which, either in its color, its virtue, or the nature of its perfume, they fancied symbolical of the attributes of the divinity to whom it was consecrated. For this, the Oak, living unnumbered years, deep rooted and yielding only to the lightning, which it seemed to meet in defiance in the very clouds where it is elaborated, was sacred to Jove. The Olive, which it was said had sprung from earth at the bidding of Minerva, in the contest for superior power between the warlike maid and the god whose trident rules the ocean, adorned the altars of Pallas. Saturn, the symbol of eternity, was crowned with the evergreen Holly. The funereal Cypress shaded with deeper terrors the stern features of Pluto. Juno loved the Lily, the sweet and lowly emblem of unspotted purity. Young Dione cherished the unfading Myrtle; and the Rose, glowing with the carmine of her cheeks, bedewed with the freshness of her own lips, adorned her golden hair. Each nymph, each goddess, wore a garland of the flowers she loved. But Bacchus bore on his joyous brow ripe grapes instead of leaves or blossoms.

After investing their gods with human forms, after inspiring them with human passions, it was natural that a people so imaginative as were the Greeks, and professing a religion, if not invented by poets, embellished at least by all the richness of their fancy, should have believed that such mortals as were, when living, loved by the gods, had been changed by them, after their death, into trees, plants, or flowers. That Hyacinthus, cherished by Apollo, had become the flower which still bears his name; that the Myrrh still continued to exhale the fragrance which once breathed from the lips of the guilty and beauteous Myrrha; that Daphne, who fled from the embrace of the inspirer of songs, was changed into Laurel, the meed due to immortal lays, to encircle his brow, and wreathe its flexible and emerald stems in the chords of his lyre; and that Narcissus, the beautiful and self-enamored boy, should have become the flower whose sickly hue, to this day, expresses the malady of hopeless love.

When we began this paper, we intended to speak chiefly of the two books, the titles of which we have given above, but the subject has led us far away from the object we had in view. We regret it the less, however, as those excellent works, though they accomplish fully all they promise to the reader, yet in order to be appreciated at their true value, must be not only read throughout, but studied. The language of the writers is, what it ought to be, clear, precise, unpretending. They are both practical men; there is no danger of being led astray by following their directions. They have done more for the art of gardening in America, in a few years, than had been accomplished for a century before. With Mr. Buist we are personally acquainted; and we number among our most pleasingly spent hours, those we have passed in his beautiful garden in Philadelphia. Not a question, prompted by rational curiosity, have we ever put to him, as to the history of any one of his plants, their habits, or propensities, that was not immediately answered. We hesitate not to say, that more practical knowledge of Botany may be acquired by twenty lessons obtained from him, while strolling among his plants, than would be acquired for months in the study of books, and with the aid even of the best executed colored illustrations of the beautiful science.

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THE COMMUNITY SYSTEM.

BY O. A. BROWNSON.

NOTHING is more certain than that social Reformers, in both the old world and the new, are at present turning their chief attention to what is not improperly denominated the COMMUNITY SYSTEM. The tendency this way is decided, and would seem to be irresistible. Men, whose opinions are deserving of great respect, are beginning to look upon this system, in some of its modifications, or under some of its various aspects, as a sure and adequate remedy for all our ills, moral and physical, individual and social. It behooves all of us, therefore, who have faith in the progress of humanity, and who have learned that the lot of each man is bound up with that of all men, to inquire into its nature, and ascertain its principles, the laws of its operation, and the advantages likely to result from its general adoption.

This is a grave inquiry; and in order to do justice to it, we must, so to speak, begin at the beginning, go back to the first principles of human nature, and ascertain the laws by which that nature is developed and effects its growth, and the conditions indispensable to its actualization, or, what is the same thing, to its manifestation in the LIFE of individual men and women. For it may be assumed in the very outset, that no scheme of human melioration and progress can be otherwise than short-lived and ineffectual, even if not mischievous, unless it have its root in the essential, permanent, and indestructible nature of man.

Man must be always contemplated under a double aspect: 1. as HUMANITY, the *Genus* or Kind; and 2. as an INDIVIDUAL. This is according to Genesis, from which we learn that God creates all beings in races, "after their kind;" and that he originally created man as the human *kind*, and afterwards formed or actualized him as an individual, in a body taken from the dust of the earth. "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them." But this could have been only the *generic* creation, the creation of the kind; for we are informed in the very next Chapter, that notwithstanding this creation, there was "not a man to till the ground." "And the Lord God formed man out of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." Man, as the kind, was only a virtuality, man "in potentiâ, non in actû," to speak according to Plato, an IDEA, not a *living* man; but in becoming a *living* soul, he passed from this state of virtuality to an actuality, from the transcendental world, in which the kind has its habitation, to the actual world of space and time.

All orders of beings are originally created, and have their habitation in the transcendental world, the *regionem idearum*, the Divine Mind, or Logos of St. John, by which all things were made, and without which was not anything made that was made. Because created and dwelling in the Divine Mind, Plato regards all beings in their several kinds or genera, as Ideal, and calls them Ideas. Humanity is originally created in the Divine Mind, and as the *human* kind it resides, so to speak, in the Infinite Reason, and is an Idea,--is Ideal, not as opposed to substantive, to real, but as opposed to actual. Man's existence is, then, to be contemplated as IDEAL and ACTUAL, and Ideal and Actual answer precisely to his existence as the kind, and as an individual.

We are ordinarily prone to regard man's actual or individual existence as his only existence. Most of our readers have been in the habit of looking upon man as a mere individual, and will be puzzled to understand what is really meant by his existence as the kind. But man is by no means a mere individual. In every individual is that

which is not individual, which transcends the individual, and is the basis and possibility of the individual. Is there not something which distinguishes an individual pine from an individual oak? An individual horse from an individual ox? An individual dog from an individual man? Is not this something one and indivisible, one and identical, in all individual pines? in all individual oaks? in all individual horses? in all individual oxen? in all individual dogs? in all individual men? What is this something? It is the KIND. It is this which precedes individuals and is actualized in them, that determines whether the individual shall be a pine, an oak, a horse, an ox, a dog, or a man, that makes the seed of the pine re-produce the pine, the acorn the oak, and never the reverse. The kind, then, though ideal, is not a mere name, an abstract or general noun as the Nominalists contend, but a substantive force, a reality, as contend the Realists. It is not a quality, or *attribute* of the individual, but that which *makes* the individual. It is in the language of Plato, an Idea, only an Idea in the Divine Mind, not in the human.

The ground here assumed is by no means novel. We re-produce here consciously and intentionally, the old Scholastic doctrine of Realism, the doctrine of Plato, of Pythagoras, of Moses, and if of Moses, of course the doctrine of Inspiration. The old Realists were right, in affirming the reality of Ideas, kinds, genera; they erred, if they erred at all, merely in contending that we could know kinds as abstracted from individuals, and that they could, as it were, live without individuals. When we have entered more deeply into the spirit of the Scholastic philosophy, at which it has been accounted good taste to sneer ever since the time of Bacon, the more profound will be our respect for it. The more profoundly we look into the principles of things, or even of life, the more important will appear to us those controversies of the old Schoolmen, which we have been in the habit of accounting frivolous, and unworthy the least attention. Those old Schoolmen knew as well what they were about, as we do what we are about. We shall make little progress in philosophy till we rehabilitate the old Platonic Ideas. We must assert boldly their reality; only while so doing we must bear in mind that the kind lives only in individuals, and can be known by us only so far forth as actualized in individuals.

Every kind, or Ideal existence, inhabits eternity, transcends time and space. Nevertheless it must have the power to actualize itself, to manifest itself in time and space, or it were a dead existence, were precisely as if it were not. If it be at all, in any vital sense, it must manifest itself in phenomena. The power to manifest itself in phenomena, is the principle of vitality, or power to live; the actual manifestation is what we call *life*, in the sense in which Pope uses the word, when he says,

> "For modes of faith, let graceless bigots fight,
> His can't be wrong, whose *life* is in the right."

Humanity, Man in the Ideal, in the *kind*, is created with this power to manifest himself in phenomena, as we learn from the assertion in Genesis, as well as otherwise, that God made the race both male and female, and therefore, though a unity, a *productive* unity, a unity having the ability to manifest itself in multiplicity; and therefore again a *living* unity, not a dead unity, which were in no sense distinguishable from the veriest nullity.

The manifestation of humanity is the *Life* of humanity. Since humanity has the power to manifest itself in diversity, in multiplicity, in phenomena, it has in itself a vital power, and is capable of living a life of its own, as strictly so as is an individual man or an individual woman. Hence, we are never to view humanity, man-*kind*, *human*-kind, as a mere aggregate, or sum total of individuals, nor as a mere word without significance in the world of reality. Humanity is in some sort itself an individual, with its own entity, unity, powers, development and growth.

Humanity in this sense, as the Ideal, or the kind, lives, but, as with all living entities, only by manifesting itself in phenomena. Its life is its manifesta-

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tion in the phenomenon. ITS PHENOMENA ARE INDIVIDUAL MEN AND WOMEN. It lives, is actualized in individuals, and individuals bear the same relation to it, that our actions do to us as individual men and women. God lives by creating, and creates an infinite variety of kinds or genera, which in relation to him are creatures, but in relation to their phenomena, creators. These kinds, genera, ideas, also live by creating, and create under them innumerable sorts and individuals; which again in relation to them are creatures, but in relation to their own acts or products, causes or creators. Thus through all the infinity of the universe there is a never-failing correspondence. Each Kind, each Sort, each Individual in turn becomes a creator, and, in its sphere and degree, represents and reflects the Infinite Creator, —GOD.

According to this view, we have not only a two-fold BEING, but a two-fold LIFE. When I say *I* or *me*, I necessarily designate a two-fold being. There is, as says Fichte, though in a sense somewhat different, a two-fold I or Me. The first is my being as man, my being in the generic sense; the second is my being as Peter, James or John. To each of these there is a corresponding life, the life which humanity lives in me, and the life which I live in my phenomena. In the first sense my being is one and identical with that of all men. In this sense, as Humanity, there is but ONE MAN, because one and the same nature with its essential and indissoluble unity is in all men. In this first sense, too, the life which humanity lives in me, is one and identical with the life it lives in all men. There is, then, for all men, as man, only one and the same Life.

This unity of being, or rather unity of nature and of life, is what we mean by the unity of the race. It is no doubt a transcendental unity, a unity which, like all true unity, inhabits eternity, and is therefore Ideal, not Actual; but, nevertheless, a real unity. It is on this unity that society rests for its basis; and it is from this unity that society derives its power and its right to found the State, to institute civil government, and to demand and even enforce the obedience of its members. Humanity has the inalienable right to live, to all that is necessary for the free, full, and continuous manifestation of itself in the life of individual men and women. In other words, humanity has, by virtue of the fact that it is an entity, a being, the right in itself to live and grow, and to all that is essential to its life and growth. Society, which is the outward expression of this ideal unity, has the same right. This right is the foundation and the limit of its authority.

On this same unity of the race rest all the moral, religious, and social virtues. The individual approaches God, only by sinking back, as it were, into the unity of the race; for he can, so to speak, touch God only on that side of his being on which he is one with all men. Hence, Jesus, in praying that men might come to God, prayed that they might be led back to unity,—"that they may all be *one*." Love, generosity, *kindness*, all imply this unity, a common nature, and have a tendency to lead us back to it. All which tends to *unite* men in the bonds of a common faith, a common love, a common hope, a common pursuit, comes from the same source. Men being one by the unity of their nature, must needs have a natural tendency to unite, to live in common, to be one in all the phenomena of life. Here is the basis of the COMMUNITY, which is but a special form of general society, and therefore only the outward expression of the internal unity of humanity or human-kind.

But humanity lives only in its manifestations. Its manifestations are individual men and women. It lives, then, only in individual men and women. Here is a fact of the greatest importance. Abstract all individuals, and humanity is but a mere virtuality; it is not a living humanity, and therefore as good as no humanity at all. Without humanity, no individuals; without individuals, no *actual life* of humanity. Humanity in this last case would remain latent, a mere possibility, never becoming, nor able to become, an actuality. It would be dead, or a King Do-Nothing, (*Roi Fainéant*). The provision for the free development of the race in individual life, and therefore for the maintenance

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of the individual, becomes, then, as essential for the maintenance of the race itself, as for that of the individual. In fact, the two must be regarded as correlatives. One is, and never can be, without the other, any more than there can be a creation without a creator, or a creator without a creation. Here is the necessity of INDIVIDUALITY, making the individual as old as the community, and in a degree the condition and limit of the community. If, then, the individual on the one hand is subordinate to society, and must yield to its authority, the community on the other hand, as the condition of its own life, must preserve in all his integrity the Individual.

According to the analogy affirmed, each individual man or woman is to the race what one of our actions is to one of us as an individual. A man is a thought, a volition, a sentiment, a deed of humanity. The individual in each diverse or separate thought, volition, sentiment, or act, manifests a distinct or diverse phase of his own being or nature. Take any individual, and in order to arrive at what he has demonstrated himself to be, you must make yourself acquainted with what he has done, only understand by his *doing*, what are called his internal acts as well as his external. The omission of a single one of his acts, the slightest even, would detract somewhat from the completeness and entireness of your knowledge of his character. Furthermore, if the individual had been prevented from performing any one of those acts, his actual character would have been different from what it is. The individual, then, must be free to manifest himself according to what he is in himself, or he can never actualize himself. So of humanity. Individuals are its acts, its deeds, its actualizations. Each individual is an actualization of a distinct phase of humanity. No one individual represents humanity in all its integrity. For if any one individual did so represent humanity, humanity would not only be all represented, and then nothing more for the race to do; but there would be, to speak strictly, but one man in existence. The innumerable multitude of individuals would be only the multiplication of one by one an indefinite number of times, which gives as its product only one. They would be only the one man so many times repeated. But this repetition, though extended to infinity, would add nothing. We should have all the humanity with only one of the number that we have with the whole. All, except one, could be killed off without any loss to humanity. But this is not true. No one man can suffer, but all humanity suffers with him. The whole is wounded in any one of the parts. Nature produces no duplicates. No one man repeats another; or, if so, it is at least with variations. Every man is distinct, and under some aspect diverse from every other man. No two can ever be found that are exactly alike in their features, or in their mental or moral qualities. Each represents the same nature, but that same nature under a diverse aspect, and in this fact consists each one's individuality, the difference between one man or one woman and another. Hinder humanity, then, from pushing itself out in any given individual, or cut off its opportunity of actualizing itself in any given individual, and you hinder it from manifesting, actualizing, a given phase of its being, which is to hinder to that extent the life of humanity, and to reduce it to a dead humanity; which, again, so far forth as dead, is as no humanity at all. It is, then, since all have their life in the life of humanity, to strike thus far with death the whole and each.*

Assuming as sufficiently established

* In this fact, that humanity is one, but manifesting a distinct phase of its essence in each separate individual, consists the authority of the race, and in the same fact consists also the legitimacy of popular forms of government. The whole is wiser than any one of the parts, for the whole is never all and entire in any one of the parts. Each individual represents humanity, but humanity from a particular point of view, and one individual from his own point of view represents it as justly as another. But as no one represents it from all possible or all actual points of view, no one is ever to be taken as the representative of the whole. Hence, again, the suffrages of all individuals combined into one whole, will give us a fuller representation of humanity, and therefore of truth, than we can get from any one man, however eminent. The assent of the race, of the great mass of individuals in all ages and nations,

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what we have said, we have arrived at two fundamental facts, which must be the principles of all our schemes of human melioration and progress. These two facts, expressed in abstract terms, that is, in metaphysical terms, are UNITY and DIVERSITY; in philosophical terms, IDEAL and ACTUAL; in terms of practical life, COMMUNITY and INDIVIDUALITY. Individuality has its origin and support in Community, and Community its life, its actual existence in Individuality. These are the two great fundamental facts that we are always to keep in view, of which we are never to lose sight for a moment. If we lose sight of Community, and fix our eyes only on the individual, we shall lose sight of all that makes man *man*, that distinguishes the human race from any other race, or an individual man from an individual dog, ox, pine, or oak. When this is done, we cease to treat man as a man, to make any provision for his peculiarly human wants. We legislate for him no longer as man, but as *not*-man, as an animal, a vegetable, or a piece of mechanism. We lose sight, then, of all that is human, see nothing in man to love or reverence above the beasts that perish. This is no idle theorizing. Men, and distinguished men too, have in their theories gone to the full extent here implied. The theories of Rousseau, Godwin, and Robert Owen stop very little short of it; and Lamêtrie, in the last century, actually treated of man under the head of Man-Plant (*l'Homme-Plante*), and even of Man-Machine (*l'Homme-Machine*). No doubt the Human will always assert itself in spite of our theorizing, and these very individuals were by no means wanting in *humane* feelings; but if our theories lead to a denial of the Human in man, in all our efforts to actualize our theories, or to reduce them to practice, we shall war against it, and therefore repress it, hinder its free and full manifestation, to the extent of our ability.

On the other hand, if we lose sight of the fact that it is only in and through individuals that the Human manifests itself, that humanity becomes a *living* being; if we fix our eyes solely on the Human, on the unity and identity of human nature in all men; we shall lose sight of all necessity for a diversity of individuals, shall fix our eyes on the Communal alone, and in our social arrangements make no provision for its free and full development in the individual, and therefore none for the life of humanity itself. The individual will be sacrificed to the Community; all free development and growth of the individual will be prohibited, by subjecting the individual in all respects to the supreme authority of the Community; and, therefore, all progress, whether individual or social, will be rendered impossible. It follows, then, that we are always to preserve the two terms, Community and Individuality, order and freedom, permanence and progress.

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becomes, then, in matters of life, moral and social, the highest evidence perpetually accumulating with the progress of time. This is a conclusion of immense importance in philosophy.

But, if each man represents humanity, therefore, truth under a distinct aspect, and therefore the whole number of individuals gives a fuller representation than we can get with any one individual, it follows that the more *really* universal we can make suffrage, in matters of government, the greater is our assurance of the wisdom and justice of the policy the government will adopt. Here is the foundation in human nature of democracy, the only solid basis it has or needs. But admitting this, we see very clearly the superior wisdom of Mr. Calhoun in contending that this universal suffrage is not represented by the simple numerical majority, and therefore that we need some contrivance for collecting and rendering effectual the voice of a *larger* number than the majority, as near as possible, of the *whole* people. The contrivance by which this is done is called the Constitution. Hence, while we contend for the legitimacy of Democracy, and readily assent to the proposition that the whole is wiser and juster than the parts, we want the Constitution to render the genuine democracy efficient. The Constitution, or the contrivance for collecting and rendering effectual the voice of as large a proportion of the people as possible, will vary in different countries: and, therefore, we say again, that while the end and principles of government are everywhere the same, its form, or the Constitution, must be adapted to the special circumstances of any given people or community. O. A. B.

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Hitherto in the world we have had the two terms, but for the most part as two opposing terms, one the antithesis, at least, if not the antagonist of the other. Community without Individuality is TYRANNY, the fruits of which are oppression, degradation, and immobility, the synonym of death. Individuality without Community, is INDIVIDUALISM, the fruits of which are dissolution, isolation, selfishness, disorder, anarchy, confusion, war; which again attains to death on the opposite side. Community without Individuality, may be termed COMMUNISM, and Individuality without the correlative Community, INDIVIDUALISM. What we need, then, is not Communism, nor Individualism, the two forms in which the principle of Evil manifests itself, but Community and Individuality harmonized, or as we may say, *atoned.*

The two rocks on which the Reformer is in danger of being wrecked, are Communism and Individualism. In seeking to steer clear of the one, he is almost sure to strike upon the other; for the passage between them is narrow and difficult, and none but the most able and experienced seaman can make it with success. During the last century the dominant tendency was to individual freedom, which led almost everywhere to Individualism; for it was necessary to resist the pre-existing Communism, or the tyranny and oppressiveness of the old social institutions. The tendency to the Community System, now so striking, is a decided reäction against the Individualism which has of late prevailed. It marks a return towards the common life of the race,—a recognition of the great fact that all men have one and the same nature, are one in the unity of humanity, and in the unity of a common life. It is a demand for order, a common faith, a common love, concert of action, mutual assistance; that we may all, as says an old bard, "march as one man" against evil, to the conquest of good. So far it is well, and deserves the encouragement of all men who love their race, who would see and aid the progress of humanity. But, like all reäctions, there is danger of its reäcting too far, of its becoming exclusive, and splitting on the rock of Communism.

The true Reformer studies always to retain the two terms, and his problem is not the subordination of one to the other, but the harmonizing of one with the other, the realization of Community in Individuality, and of Individuality in Community. All the schemes which have hitherto been devised, in the interest of Community, have failed by giving undue prominence to the communal or social element. If we look at the various civil governments which have been instituted, we shall see that nearly all of them have failed to secure the true end of government, because they have attempted too much Community, because they have overlooked the freedom of the Individual, as the condition of the life of the Community. The old Theocracies which, in the progress of society, succeeded to the savage state, though they all served a useful purpose in breaking down and subduing the wild Individualism of the savage, all overlooked the fact that the Communal is to be realized only in the Individual, and did what they could to annihilate the Individual. Under the political order, which succeeded to the Theocratic, and best represented by Greece and Rome, the same predominance of the Communal over the Individual reäppears. The CITY is supreme. The individual man, simply as a man, has no recognized existence. He must add to his quality of man that of citizen, before he has any acknowledged personality. Even the citizen again, though possessing certain rights as well as duties in relation to his fellow citizens, has no rights in relation to the City. Socrates holds that, as a good citizen, he cannot withdraw himself from the punishment of death, to which the City has unjustly sentenced him. Hence, in Greece and Rome we find no individual freedom. If within certain limits we have the rights of the citizen, we have nowhere the rights of the man. Hence, in Greece and Rome, notwithstanding the boasts of freedom, slavery exists to the greatest extent, and perhaps in its most aggravated forms.

The Rights of Man, individual Freedom, are recognized for the first time in the history of our race, by Jesus of Nazareth. He accepts none of the previous distinctions. Moses had re-

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cognized freedom for every Jew, but Jesus generalized the Mosaic freedom, and converted it into the freedom of all men, as men. Before him all factitious distinctions vanished, the partition wall between Jew and Gentile was broken down, and all men, rich or poor, bond or free, stood up in the noble freedom of humanity, men and equals. In every individual member of the human family he acknowledged a brother, a joint-heir of a common inheritance, and therefore asserted the freedom of all men. But the Church, as the outward expression and actualization of the doctrines of its Divine and ever blessed Founder, though accepting this doctrine of Individuality to a greater extent than ever dreamed of by any contemporary civil society, has nevertheless only partially realized it. The several Christian kingdoms and republics of Modern History, though an advance on Greece and Rome in their freest days, yet subordinate the man to the citizen, and the citizen to the City, State, or Community. Our Republic is the only State that was ever founded that acknowledged a limit to its own authority in the rights of individuals as men, and even ours does this but timidly, and with so many reserves and qualifications, as to render the acknowledgment all but nugatory.

The secret of this universal failure is chiefly in the fact that, in all our attempts to organize the communal element, we have organized it in view of itself, and not in view of the fact, on which I have insisted, that the Community is to be actualized only in the Individuality. In effecting the organization, the mind has been chiefly intent on Community itself, and hence the effort has been to get as much Community as possible. The proceeding has always been grounded on the assumption that Individuality is the destruction of Community, and that Community, therefore, necessarily excludes Individuality. Here has been the error. Look into any government, into any of its parts, to any of its various and complicated machinery, and you shall see that all has been contrived with the single purpose of maintaining itself as government, not as the means of facilitating the free, full, and continuous development and growth of humanity in individual men and women. Look into any of the projects for a Community put forth by the most distinguished Communists, —if the establishment at Brook Farm be excepted,—and we shall see that the ruling thought is Community for the sake of Community, not Community for the sake of Individuality.

We shall be able, in future attempts, to avoid the rock on which all our predecessors have split, only by bearing in mind that the Community must be organized not for itself, but for the *actualization* of MAN IN MEN. What concerns us is not man as essence, man as human nature, but humanity living, humanity in life, or in its doing, its manifestation. What we want is that the *life* of humanity should suffer no impediment, let, or hinderance. But as the life of humanity is *lived* in individuals, and in individuals only,—lived in the *life* of individuals and in the life of individuals only, the life of the race needs and demands no other conditions than those demanded by the life of the individual. We have then provided for our *generic* life when we have provided for our *individual* life, for Community when we have provided truly for Individuality. We cannot reverse this order; for to reverse it would be to merge the Individual in the Community, the Community in the Infinite, from which it proceeded, and to render all as if nothing had been. The Infinite lives in the kind, the kind in the individual, not the individual in the kind, and the kind in the Infinite. To reverse it, to seek the development and growth of the Communal in the Communal, would be therefore to seek life in death, or to live by the destruction of the conditions of life. The BEING of the individual is in the kind, and that of the kind is in God; but the LIFE, regarded as manifestation of being, is in the reverse order. The higher lives in the lower, the primitive in the secondary, unity in diversity. Therefore, the social arrangements must all be so contrived as to realize Community in Individuality. The Individual being the condition of the life of the Communal, must be always viewed, preserved, and provided for, as that condition, and then we may have society without losing individuality, authority without sacrificing freedom,

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order without oppression, and permanence without immobility.

The matter now grows much simpler. In organizing a Community, whether on a larger or a smaller scale, whether to be called a Commune, a City, or a State, (for the same law must govern us in organizing the State, as in organizing what is technically denominated a Community), all we have to do, is to consult and provide for the conditions, the necessary conditions, of the free, full, healthy, harmonious life of Individuals. The question now recurs, what are the conditions of the life of individuals? or in other words, on what conditions is secured the free, full, and healthy manifestation of the individual, or of humanity as actualizing itself in the Individual?

This question the human race has been engaged at least six thousand years in endeavoring to answer, and it is to be hoped not altogether in vain. The answer, if not obtained in its completeness, is yet obtained in all its general features. We may sum up this answer, without attempting to demonstrate the truth of every proposition it contains. One of the judges of the Federal Court, one day, admonished a prolix advocate, that there were some things which a United States Judge might be presumed to know; so there are some things which our readers may be presumed to know, some things which are so firmly established, that they can neither be called in question, nor need to be proved. Man lives by virtue of an uninterrupted communion with nature, with other men, and with God. He is as dependent for his life, his manifestation, as he is for his being, essence or nature. This has been proved, in proving, as I seem to myself to have done, in my Chapters on Synthetic Philosophy, already published in this Journal, that he can never think or manifest himself in any phenomenon, even the slightest imaginable, but in conjunction with that which is not himself. This acting in conjunction with that which is not himself, is what I express by the word COMMUNION. Life is not the vital principle, but its manifestation, its product. In other words, life is always to be taken as an act, not as a power; as an effect, not as the cause. It is the general term for all the phenomena which a being exhibits in space and time, the sum total of all its *facts*. If, then, I can manifest myself, that is, exhibit no phenomenon, that is, again, perform no act, but in conjunction with, or by the *joint* action of that which is not myself; if life be the resultant, the joint product of two forces, me and not me, as I have demonstrated in the Chapters referred to, it follows of course that I can live only by Communion, as is shadowed forth in the mystic Communion of the Church, or its Feast of Love.

Man communes directly with his like, indirectly, mediately, with God and external nature. He communes with nature through the medium of his body, with God through the Ideal, the Divine Word, or Logos, as we are everywhere taught by Christian Theology. Cut off from communion with any one of these three objects, he is cut off from the indispensable conditions of his life. He must have communion with external nature, for without appropriate food, light, warmth, air, and moisture, his body wastes away and dies. Without communion with his like, with other men, all that portion of his life expressed by the words right, duty, virtue, love, generosity, kindness, benevolence, mercy, &c., would be out of the question, as is affirmed when we say man is a social being, and lives and can live only in the bosom of society. Isolated from his kind, he droops, withers, dies. Cut off from communion with God, he would be cut off from all those phenomena which we express by the terms religion, piety, worship, and would be unable to live any portion of that life, which our old Divines very properly denominate the "life of God in the soul," the richest and the most comprehensive portion of our life. Cut off from this triple communion, or just in proportion as cut off from it, man must die, that is, sink into a latent or virtual state, and cease to be a *living* being.

Having now found the conditions of the life of the individual, and through that, according to the principles laid down, of the life of the race, we have only to ascertain what are the forms

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under which man holds this triple communion, in order to arrive at the mode or manner in which the community, that is to say, society, should be organized for the realization of the Communal in the Individual. These forms,—if we may borrow the statement of a recent French writer, M. Pierre Leroux, to whom I willingly acknowledge myself under many obligations here and elsewhere,—are three, PROPERTY, FAMILY, and the STATE. Man communes with nature under the form of Property, with other men, his kind, under the two forms of the Family and the State. To this statement, we may add what seems to have escaped M. Leroux, that man communes with God, so far as it concerns an outward organization, through the Church. The Church is at present distinct from the State, and must be so taken and held; but we may hope that it will one day become identical with the State, not by becoming secularized, but by absorbing the State, sanctifying it, and founding it on the same principle of love, on which it itself is founded. But without going into this question, merely making this reserve in favor of the Church, we may accept, with M. Leroux, Property, Family, and State or Nation, as the three terms of the triple communion by which man lives, or manifests his threefold power to do, to know and to love, or to create Industry, Science, and Art.

Man's nature is triple; he is a trinity in unity, at once indivisibly, but distinctly, Activity, Intelligence, Sensibility; or,—if defined without reference to the kind, that is, phenomenally, instead of ontologically,—action-cognition-sentiment, in their diversity, and indissoluble Unity. Property, Family, State, must then each be so organized, as to respond to this triple nature. Property does not correspond to action, Family to sentiment, and the State to cognition, as M. Leroux contends in his very able work, *l'Humanité*, from which we borrow some of the suggestions we are throwing out, for man enters with his threefold nature into each and into all three. In Industry he enters with his scientific faculty, and his artistic faculty, as well as with his industrial faculty. So he is industrial and scientific in Art, and artistic and industrial in Science. He is action-cognition-sentiment in Property, in the Family, and in the State. Property, Family, and the State, must then be so organized or constituted, as not to restrict the sphere of man, or to wound him under either of these three aspects, for if one or all of them should restrict or wound him, either as action, cognition, or sentiment, it would be an impediment to his progress, a hinderance not a help to his life, and therefore hostile to the life of humanity.

Man by virtue of being sentiment as well as action and cognition, experiences an incessant want, which is a perpetual aspiration. Each individual struggles unceasingly to compress all humanity, all nature, all Divinity into himself. This is what we term a perpetual aspiration to the Ideal, and through the Ideal to the Infinite, or to GOD. This transferred to the region of Industry, is the craving through Property, to commune with all nature; transferred to the Family and the State, it is a craving to commune with all men. To meet this want of man, Property, Family, and the State, must then be organized in view of the Infinite, not so as to restrict me to my own estate, my own family, my own country, but to aid my indefinite communion with all nature, and with all men.

Man is finite, and therefore can commune with the infinite only through finite forms. Limited as I am, I have need of precise and definite forms of communion. If in my industry I undertake to extend my activity over all nature, it becomes so attenuated as to produce nothing; my domestic affections can be called forth only by being, so to speak, concentrated in a particular family, and would be frittered away into nothing if I undertook to love all families alike, and to have no more affection for one than for another. The same may be said of my patriotic feelings and duties. But at the same time that I have need of these precise and definite forms of communion, I have equal need that each of them be organized in view of the indefinite, so as to favor my continuous progress towards the Infinite.

The basis of Property is INDUSTRY.

The constitution of property so as to meet the conditions here implied, is expressed by FREEDOM AND SECURITY OF INDUSTRY. There must be on the one hand, security of property, a strict, precise, well-defined recognition of the right to individual property; this is what we mean by communing with nature through *definite* forms. On the other hand, there must be unqualified freedom, within the limits of the moral law, to acquire and hold property to an unlimited extent; this is organizing property in view of the indefinite. These two conditions are essential. If my right to individual property be denied, or be rendered insecure, uncertain, my motive or inducement to labor is taken away, and then I can live no industrial life at all; and if I am not free to exert my industrial activity to the fullest extent possible, I am prevented from living, in the region of Industry, the highest and fullest life possible.

I may be prevented from living this my highest and fullest industrial life, even where individual property is recognized and secured, in two ways: 1. By the restriction of my industrial activity within narrower limits than my natural ability; and 2. By confining the property I may hold to a given, a fixed amount. This last impediment to industrial life is not one from which we have, in our country, much to apprehend. Some few theorizers and moralists, struck with the gross inequality in property which now obtains in all communities, would throw it in our way in the shape of a statute of limitations, a law limiting, and fixing the maximum amount of property a man may be permitted to hold; but they will never succeed in reducing their theories to practice. The first is an impediment in the way of industrial freedom everywhere. Freedom of Industry implies both the right and the opportunity to labor for the acquisition of property, within the aforementioned moral law, to the full extent of a man's natural ability. But in no country on earth is this right fully recognized, or this opportunity secured. Nature, which is the theatre on which I am to display my industrial activity, is foreclosed, monopolized; at least so preöccupied that the chances are a hundred to one that I shall have no opportunity to exert my industrial activity; or if indeed an opportunity of exerting it, not in the acquisition of property for myself, but in producing it for others. The great mass of the population in all countries have no industrial freedom. They are poor and wretched, not because they are idle and vicious, as short-sighted conservatives sometimes allege, but because they have no theatre on which to display their industrial activity; because their right to labor and to possess the fruits of their labor, is unrecognized and unsecured. This, in the region of Industry, is the chief evil to be cured and guarded against. Such changes in the constitution of property are needed as will secure to every man opportunity to exert freely with every other man, without any let or hinderance, his whole natural industrial ability for the acquisition of property. Where this opportunity is not secured, property is constituted not in view of the indefinite, but in view of the definite, and is confined to a definite number, who are the wealthy, while all the rest are poor and destitute, and therefore slaves, even though their masters are not free. This is to make property the foundation of what we may call a property *caste*, an aristocracy founded on wealth, which has been universally the case to a greater or less degree of intensity through all the past, and is almost everywhere the case even yet. This the Communists have seen, and this they seek to remedy, but unhappily by abolishing the institution altogether; which were to destroy man's life by cutting off his means of communion with external nature, without which he does not and cannot live. The evil must be remedied indeed, but it must be not by destroying property. We must retain property, individual property,—for all property is individual,—in the fullest and strictest sense of the term; but instead of retaining it everywhere fixed and immovable, so that a man in relation to it must always remain in the very condition in which he was born, we must render it, as it were, flexible to the slightest touch of Industry; so that the amount one may possess shall in no wise depend on the accidents of his birth, but solely on his industrial ability and activity.

The same principle, again, must

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preside over the organization of the Family. While it is definite and fixed in its form, it must be constituted not in view of itself, of the definite, but of the indefinite. When constituted in view of itself, it creates what M. Leroux calls the *family caste*, and gives rise to a social order founded on birth and family connexions.

The basis of the Family is MARRIAGE, which is a union for life between one man and one woman. Love is no doubt the desirable basis of marriage, and it may be made a question whether there should ever be marriage where there is not love, or at least where love is not believed to be by the parties concerned; but to make love instead of marriage, as some propose, the basis of the family, would be to assert the legitimacy of the family relation wherever love can be shown to exist. Love would then be all that is needed to sanctify the most intimate union between man and woman; which in practice would hardly fail to lead to a promiscuous intercourse of the sexes. The family needs to be fixed and definite, and if based on marriage it can be made so; for it can be confined to the union between one man and one woman and their offspring. But love does not necessarily so confine it; for love, or at least that which is hard to be distinguished from it, may go beyond this union. If, then, we were to make it the basis of the family, we should render the family indefinite, which would be seeking to realize the indefinite in the indefinite,—a mistake no less fatal than that of seeking to realize the definite in the definite. In the indefinite to which Love, unfixed by Marriage, necessarily leads, I should lose love itself. It would be dissipated in the vagueness into which my appetites would lead me. The rule is always the Indefinite in the Definite, the Infinite in the Finite.

As the Family is a necessary form of man's communion with his like, and as it subsists in a definite form only by marriage, marriage ought to be regarded as INDISSOLUBLE. Its indissolubility is implied in its very terms. The parties enter intentionally into the union for life; they wish it to be for life; and fear nothing so much as that it may not be. They solemnly bind themselves to each other for life. They are not themselves then competent to dissolve it for any cause whatever; and it can be legitimately dissolved only by death. Divorce can never be claimed or granted as a matter of right, but simply as a matter of grace. It must always be construed as the mercy of the law, which steps in to relieve an innocent party, when the other has broken the terms of the contract; or, in some rare exceptions, to avoid a scandal, or by a less evil to prevent a greater. The reason why some very worthy people have thought differently, is that they have mistaken the true basis and end of marriage. Marriage is not instituted solely for the happiness of the parties concerned. It exists as the basis of the family, and is subordinate to the family, which in turn exists not for itself, but as a necessary form of man's communion with his race. If the union promote the happiness of the parties, so much the better; but this happiness should never be proposed as the end. We should never in any case propose happiness as the end to be gained. The most miserable people in the world are they who are trying all their lifetime, with all their might, to be happy. Happiness is a coy maiden, flies her pursuers, and is soonest won by those who seek her as if they sought her not. The sooner we give up all hopes of being happy, and betake ourselves to the duty that lies nearest at hand, the better will it go with us, and the happier in point of fact shall we be.

We have insisted upon this point as to marriage with the more earnestness, because the Communists very generally seem to us to contemplate the virtual abolition of marriage in its genuine old-fashioned sense, and to make LOVE the basis of the Family. We have before us now a book brought out by some reformers recently arrived from England, which very seriously proposes to abolish husband and wife, and to impose no other restrictions on the most intimate relation between the sexes, than such as may be imposed by mutual affection, of which the parties themselves are to be the sole judges. Love is no doubt all very well, and far be it from us to advocate marriage where it is wanting; but not being necessarily confined to one man

and one woman, as sentimentalists not yet out of their teens may innocently dream, it would, if made the basis of the family, render the family, as we have said, indefinite, dissipate the domestic life and affections, the household virtues, and therefore defeat the very end for which the family exists.

But, if we demand that the family be fixed and definite, based on marriage rather than on love, we demand also, as we have said, that it be constituted not for itself, but in view of man's communion with his like. As we have demanded the freedom of Industry, so demand we the FREEDOM OF THE FAMILY, which finds its expression in the FREEDOM OF INTERMARRIAGE. The evil of the family is not in its confining one man to one woman through life, but in confining a man all his lifetime to the family in the bosom of which he was born. When so confined, the race is cut up into separate families, septs, clans, tribes; each exclusive, hostile; mutually repellant and destructive of the other. We have seen, and may still see, the effect of making the family exclusive, of constituting it in view of itself, in all barbarous and semi-barbarous tribes. It gives us a social order which is hardly an advance on the savage. And when the family thus constituted is able to ally with itself the property caste, and the political caste, it then creates hereditary monarchies, hereditary nobilities, hereditary hierarchies, all of which are but so many machines for crushing to the earth the great mass of the population. This can be avoided only by the freedom of intermarriage, which in turn will require: 1. The Freedom of Industry, which we have already asserted; and 2. The Freedom of Education; so that want of wealth, manners, or breeding, shall never be an obstacle in the way of the members of one family intermarrying with those of another.

But the Family is not the only form in which man communes with his brethren. It is not the only form he needs. The problem to be solved is, how to obtain the greatest amount of human life in all directions, under the relations of Industry, Science, Art. As this is not attained by confining the manifestation of the race to a single individual, so will it not be obtained by confining its manifestations to a single family. Family, in so far forth as family, does but repeat family; and we have all with one that we could have with a million. All the members of the family have always a family expression of mind and morals as well as of face and feature; and thus do all in some sort constitute only a single individual. Life thus restricted would have much monotony, but very little variety. Moreover, the family is not only too uniform, but too small, too contracted in its sphere, too weak to be able to answer for all the wants of human life. The individual is never able to suffice for himself; family cannot do all that is essential to the preservation, much less the well-being of family. There are public labors to be done, which are necessary for even the family and the individual, which can be done only by the combined strength of a large number of families; and this combined strength cannot be obtained or rendered available without a regular, formal association. The regular, formal association of a large number of families is a state or nation. It is only through this larger association that marshes can be drained, roads, bridges, canals, railways can be constructed, schoolhouses, churches, hospitals, and lighthouses can be erected, education, universities, and academies provided for, and Art, Literature, and Science created.

This larger Association cannot embrace all mankind, for then it would be too large, too unwieldy, and the members would be too far apart one from another. It would be as no association at all. We, as individuals, should be lost in the distances between one another. The several quarters of the globe, and their natural subdivisions are so strongly marked, their soil, climate, and productions are so various and dissimilar, demanding so many and such diverse forms of life, that we can never dream of uniting the inhabitants of them all in one and the same association. As the race manifests itself through various individuals, various families, so does it through various states or nations. As each individual, as each family represents a distinct phase of humanity, so does each nation; and by having a

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great variety of nations, we get higher and more varied degrees of humanity than we could with only one. We know from history that each nation has its peculiar aspect of humanity, what some philosophers term its special IDEA, to represent and actualize in life. This gives a unity to the association, makes it one, directs all efforts to a common end, and gives to all the members what we call a national physiognomy, or character. Without this unity, higher than that of the family, and yet lower than the unity of the race, we should never have any of those manifestations of life expressed in the arts and in literature. Art is always national, never universal. It is Grecian, Roman, Italian, German, French, English, because the artist always projects his own life into the productions of his genius. No doubt the universal forms the basis of all true Art. The race is always in every genuine artistic creation; but it is there through the individual artist, and in the form and coloring of his individual, family, and national life. Who cannot at once perceive the national difference between German life and Italian life in the difference between Italian music and the German, in the light, joyous, yet passionate character of the one, and the deep, tender, domestic, but lofty and enthusiastic character of the other? Without two nations as distinct and as different as the German and the Italian, we should never have been favored with Beethoven and Rossini. We see national life modifying the form of art, the moment we take up one of the simplest of Goethe's songs, and compare it with one of Burns', or one of Béranger's. How much of human life is embodied in and expressed by literature and art, or, rather, by art itself, for art embraces literature! How give to this life the free, full, and varied expression without various national associations? How, without the nation have a public; and how, without a public, anything of that which we call public life? Abstract all that belongs to the public from the life of the race, and what would remain? What would remain of all that for which we applaud ourselves, in which we read our capacities, and the promise of future achievements!

But while we contend for the Nation, and therefore for the state, we contend strenuously that it should be constituted not in view of itself, but in view of man's possible communion with all men, as a means of promoting the communion of the race. When constituted in view of itself it becomes exclusive, and instead of extending or facilitating communion, restricts it by confining its members to a communion with each other. This is not only a disadvantage to them, which will show itself in their meagre life, in their narrow notions, their general intellectual and artistic poverty, but it becomes the cause of national hostility, and of those wars at which humanity must always shudder with horror. Compare the intellectual and artistic life of the Chinese with that of the English, French, Germans, and Italians, and you may readily comprehend the effect of national exclusiveness on the life of the people; and the history of the so-called civilized nations from the time of Nimrod to the imprisonment of Europe's royalist Son on the rock of St. Helena, will tell you the effect that the same exclusiveness has on the relations which one nation must unavoidably hold with another. As we have demanded the freedom of property, and the freedom of the family, so now we demand the FREEDOM OF THE STATE or nation. This freedom is expressed in what political economists term FREEDOM OF TRADE. Wars grow out of national exclusiveness, out of the effort of one nation to obtain an undue advantage over another; and nearly all, if not quite all, modern wars may be traced to the restrictive commercial system, a system by which each nation strives in its trade with the other to reap all the advantage. When this system is abandoned, when we learn to allow freedom of commercial intercourse, and to proceed on the principle that the trade between one nation and another cannot in the long run be profitable to either party unless profitable to both, we shall then constitute the Nation in view not of itself, but of the race; in fact, make it a special means of developing and concentrating the energies of each particular nation for the common good of all.

We now see what is the basis of Society, what are the conditions of individual life and social. We see

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that man individually and socially lives by communion with nature and with other men, and that the three terms of this communion are Property, Family, and State, or Nation, each constituted not in view of itself, but in view of man's possible communion with all nature, and with all men. We can, then, now very easily dispose of the questions which may arise concerning what is technically denominated the Community System. This system rests on the common basis of society, and is, as has been said, only a special modification of society, or association in a more general sense. It is, then, subject to the same general laws that should govern all society or association.

The advocates of the Community System seem to us to propose their system not as an *additional* term of communion, but as a *substitute* for the three terms already given. Thus to a very great extent they abolish property, and ask for community in that which is by its very nature necessarily and entirely individual. In the department of Industry they wish to have me labor in view of the community instead of myself. But this is contrary to all the analogies of creation, and the whole order of God's providence. We have already seen that the Identical is realized in the Diverse, the Communal in the Individual. This is only an abstract way of stating a very practical truth, a truth which, if it have any significance, means that the community must be served by the individual, as it were, serving himself. Each globe in our system turns on its own axis; but this, its proper revolution, carries it forward in its revolution round the sun. So each, while laboring for himself, to live his own life, must subserve the life of the whole. This is the order; but the Communists would reverse this order, were they to abolish property, and require a man to be industrious from regard to the community, instead of regard to his own independence and well-being, or the independence and well-being of his own family.

The substitution of the Community for the Family in the sense in which we have used the term, as appears to be contemplated by our English and perhaps French Communists, would be attended with the most disastrous consequences. The children born under this regulation would be held and treated as children of the Community, not of any particular family. This would destroy all that portion of human life which consists in loving and caring for one's offspring. Parents, feeling no longer the responsibility of parents, would cease to experience the affection of parents, and would therefore be impoverished by the loss of what, to mothers at least, constitutes the richest and most precious portion of their life. The strong love we have for our children, our anxiety on their account, our care and solicitude for their welfare, make often the principal charm of our existence, cheer the darkest habitation, and render delicious the scantiest and coarsest fare of the parents. Poor and miserable indeed should we be were it not for our children, the sweet pledges of our love, in whom we see a new, improved and more beautiful edition of ourselves. The loss of this would be poorly compensated by the greater freedom of sexual intercourse which these Communists propose in its place,—a freedom which is itself undesirable, and would be a capital objection to their scheme. The restraints which are now imposed are none too great, and the care and anxiety on account of our children from which they would release us, is a blessing, and almost the only blessing the great mass of us are in a condition to experience. In a word, the Community, on the scale proposed, is too large to be substituted for the family, and by seeking to spread the domestic affections over a broader surface, would weaken and finally destroy them.

On the other hand the Community, even as large as Owen or Fourier propose, would be too small to be a substitute for the nation. It will be too small and too weak to aid the life which we have seen that we must owe to the Nation. The Communists, then, must not propose the abolition of Property, the Family, or the State, and the Community as their substitute. If introduced at all, it must be in harmony with these three terms, a term which leaves them all three in their full force, undiminished, unaffected, but coming in between the Family and the State in aid of them both.

As an intermediate institution rendering on the one hand the transition from the Family to the State, and on the other from the State to the Family.

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less abrupt, the Community, if recognizing the conditions pointed out, I am fully persuaded would be a useful auxiliary both to the Family and the State, and a great help to man's communion with man. The distance is too great, at present, between the Family and the Nation; there is an intermediate possible life, that is now unprovided for. Hence the need of an intermediate form is widely felt, and men are everywhere seeking to supply it. In monetary affairs our banking system is an instance of the want and of the attempt to meet it. Our banks are in their nature and intention associations for the mutual loan of credit, for enlarging the sphere of credit through the principle of coöperation. Our manufacturing corporations are examples of the same want, and of the effort to meet it, in another department of business. Missionary, Bible, Tract, Temperance, Abolition Associations, are examples of the same in the region of morals and philanthropy. Men feel the need of something larger than the Family, combining more and different elements, yet smaller and more easily wielded than the State. This want may be well met by industrial associations like those at Brook Farm, Northampton and Mendon in Massachusetts, not to specify any others.

But these Communities must be *industrial* establishments, and they must be organized for the production and accumulation of wealth, as well as for the improvement of morals and manners. The physical or material wealth of the world, were it ever so justly and equitably distributed, is inadequate to the wants of humanity. To arrest the world in the production of material wealth where it now is, would be to arrest its progress. It is useless to talk of a learned, a moral, and a cultivated people living in poverty. The thing is not possible. We are to improve the spiritual condition of mankind by improving their worldly condition. Our highest life is scientific and artistic, but science and art come only in the train of industry, and must be preceded by leisure and means. To enrich the world by diminishing its wants, as our mystic philosophers propose, would be to supersede life by death. What we want is the highest, the most varied, and the intensest life. The more wants we have, other things being equal, the better. The study should be to provide for ever-increasing wants; for life consists in satisfying, or in the effort to satisfy our wants. The Community, then, must be organized so as to facilitate the production and acquisition of wealth. It then must not be based on the supposed sinfulness of property, nor the supposed anti-Christian character of trade and business in general.

I make this remark because nearly all the schemes I have seen put forth for communities seem to proceed very much upon an opposite principle, that property is a sin, and that the only legitimate kind of industry is the cultivation of the earth. Agriculture holds, and deservedly, a high rank in the department of Industry, but there is no reason for ranking it above the mechanic arts, manufacturing, or trade and commerce in general. Trade is the grand encourager of all branches of industry. It stimulates manufactures, and these the mechanic arts and agriculture. The promotion of all these gives wealth and leisure, which demand science, art in all its branches, architecture, music, poetry, painting, sculpture. The Community must, then, accept business, and acknowledge its honorableness and honesty, or it will not be able to augment the general wealth of the Nation. Moreover, trade is the grand medium of intercourse between Community and Community, between nation and nation, and therefore a grand promoter of man's communion with man.

Taking this principle into view, the Community must not seek to become a little world in itself. If we understand Fourier's scheme, the phalanx seeks to be self-sufficing. Eighteen hundred, at most two thousand persons, it is said, make up a number adequate to meet all the exigencies of human nature, and to provide for the highest, fullest, and most varied life of humanity. Evidently, then, the disciples of Fourier contemplate no necessity, except it may be by way of amusement, for one community to hold intercourse with another. But a slight glance at the diversities of soil and productions of the different parts of the globe, would satisfy us that some of these phalanxes must be restricted to a very meagre bill of fare. The general and even the particular wants

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of one phalanx, will be similar to those of another, but will all positions in which a phalanx may be planted, afford the means for supplying similar wants? or shall all that part of the earth which will not yield this supply be suffered to lie waste? or, again, do these disciples anticipate that they shall become able by means of phalanxes to change the climate itself, the very temperature of the atmosphere, and the entire nature of the soil, so that they can grow rice and cotton on our granite cliffs of New England, and enable the polar bear to luxuriate under the equator?

Then, again, there will be great want of economy, for each phalanx to undertake to supply all its wants in itself. It takes nine persons to make a pin to advantage; but will a phalanx of two thousand persons consume all the pins nine persons can manufacture? Similar questions may be asked in relation to almost every branch of mechanical production. They who are engaged in any given branch of mechanical industry, must confine themselves to it, if they mean to excel in it. But most branches are best prosecuted on a scale which would far exceed the powers of consumption of any one phalanx. The Community, then, should never seek to be a complete whole in itself, but, as we said on a former occasion, it should confine itself to some one branch of industry, for which it is best situated. Then it will create more in that line than it can consume; consequently it will have an excess to exchange for such articles as it needs but which it does not produce. Hence, again, the Community must recognize and conform to the general laws of industry and business. It must accept the business world as it finds it, and conform to it while seeking to derive greater advantage from it.

These remarks, it will at once be seen, are thrown out for the purpose of admonishing those who are contemplating the establishment of Communities, to beware how they link them with any of the ultraisms of the day, and especially that ultraism which is loudest in condemnation of business. There are periods in the history of mankind, when the true Reformer will preach voluntary poverty, and seek to reform men, not by directing them to create, but by inuring them to suffering—enabling them to bear. But we do not live in one of those periods. Our mission is not to denounce any branch of Industry, nor to get rid of business; but to sanctify business, to sanctify industry, and to make it a part of the service of God. This is not, in our view, precisely the doctrine of the majority of those who are seeking to meliorate their own and their brethren's condition by means of Communities. They seek these Communities to a very great extent because they are dissatisfied with the business world as it is, and because they feel that they cannot conscientiously take part in the ordinary methods of conducting it. We are no great believers in the sinlessness of business men, but the grand motive for forming these associations, in our view, is not here, is not in the ordinary sense of the word, moral; but in the fact, that under our present arrangements a large portion of our brethren are and ever must be unable to gain enough of this world's goods, to suffice for the wants of human life. They are unable to live a truly *human* life. They are and must be mere drudges, living the lowest form of that life possible. We would remedy this. But we can remedy this only to a slight extent by legislation, or by moral instruction; we see no way of doing it, but by doing in regard to labor what our manufacturers are doing in regard to capital through corporations, and our business men with credit through banks, that is, *associate* it, and by association increase its relative power. In this way the time may come when the mass will not be forced to forego all the advantages of civilisation, and be obliged to delve from morning till night, uncheered, unvisited, mere drudges, in order to obtain the bare means of subsistence.

Of the details of a Community, the writer of this has nothing to say, his gift not lying in that direction. He has merely sought to exhibit the real basis of all association, and the conditions of human life; and from these to deduce the fundamental principles which must govern all our attempts at communal organization. The application of these principles, he leaves, for the most part, to others, whose practical skill and information better fit them for the task.

A PARABLE.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

Worn and footsore was the Prophet
When he reached the holy hill;
"God has left the earth," he murmured,
"Here his presence lingers still.

"God of all the olden prophets,
Wilt thou talk with me no more?
Have I not as truly loved thee
As thy chosen ones of yore?

"Hear me, guider of my fathers,
Lo, an humble heart is mine;
By thy mercy I beseech thee,
Grant thy servant but a sign!"

Bowing then his head, he listened
For an answer to his prayer;
No loud burst of thunder followed,
Not a murmur stirred the air:

But the tuft of moss before him
Opened while he waited yet,
And from out the rock's hard bosom
Sprang a tender violet.

"God! I thank thee," said the Prophet,
"Hard of heart and blind was I,
Looking to the holy mountain
For the gift of prophecy.

"Still thou speakest with thy children
Freely as in Eld sublime,
Humbleness and love and patience
Give dominion over Time.

"Had I trusted in my nature,
And had faith in lowly things,
Thou thyself would'st then have sought me,
And set free my spirit's wings.

"But I looked for signs and wonders
That o'er men should give me sway;
Thirsting to be more than mortal,
I was even less than clay.

"Ere I entered on my journey,
As I girt my loins to start,
Ran to me my little daughter,
The beloved of my heart;

"In her hand she held a flower
Like to this as like may be,
Which beside my very threshold
She had plucked and brought to me."

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THE NEW ADAM AND EVE.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

We, who are born into the world's artificial system, can never adequately know how little in our present state and circumstances is natural, and how much is merely the interpolation of the perverted mind and heart of man. Art has become a second and stronger Nature; she is a step-mother, whose crafty tenderness has taught us to despise the bountiful and wholesome ministrations of our true parent. It is only through the medium of the imagination that we can loosen those iron fetters, which we call truth and reality, and make ourselves even partially sensible what prisoners we are. For instance, let us conceive good Father Miller's interpretation of the prophecies to have proved true. The Day of Doom has burst upon the globe, and swept away the whole race of men. From cities and fields, seashore and mid-land mountain region, vast continents, and even the remotest islands of the ocean—each living thing is gone. No breath of a created being disturbs this earthly atmosphere. But the abodes of man, and all that he has accomplished, the foot-prints of his wanderings, and the results of his toil, the visible symbols of his intellectual cultivation and moral progress—in short, everything physical that can give evidence of his present position—shall remain untouched by the hand of destiny. Then, to inherit and repeople this waste and deserted earth, we will suppose a new Adam and a new Eve to have been created, in the full development of mind and heart, but with no knowledge of their predecessors, nor of the diseased circumstances that had become encrusted around them. Such a pair would at once distinguish between art and nature. Their instincts and intuitions would immediately recognize the wisdom and simplicity of the latter; while the former, with its elaborate perversities, would offer them a continual succession of puzzles.

Let us attempt, in a mood half-sportive and half-thoughtful, to track these imaginary heirs of our mortality through their first day's experience. No longer ago than yesterday, the flame of human life was extinguished; there has been a breathless night; and now another morn approaches, expecting to find the earth no less desolate than at eventide.

It is dawn. The east puts on its immemorial blush, although no human eye is gazing at it; for all the phenomena of the natural world renew themselves, in spite of the solitude that now broods around the globe. There is still beauty of earth, sea, and sky, for beauty's sake. But soon there are to be spectators. Just when the earliest sunshine gilds earth's mountain tops, two beings have come into life, not in such an Eden as bloomed to welcome our first parents, but in the heart of a modern city. They find themselves in existence, and gazing into one another's eyes. Their emotion is not astonishment; nor do they perplex themselves with efforts to discover what, and whence, and why they are. Each is satisfied to be, because the other exists likewise; and their first consciousness is of calm and mutual enjoyment, which seems not to have been the birth of that very moment, but prolonged from a past eternity. Thus content with the inner sphere which they inhabit together, it is not immediately that the outward world can obtrude itself upon their notice.

Soon, however, they feel the invincible necessity of this earthly life, and begin to make acquaintance with the objects and circumstances that surround them. Perhaps no other stride so vast remains to be taken, as when they first turn from the reality of their mutual glance, to the dreams and shadows that perplex them everywhere else.

"Sweetest Eve, where are we?" exclaims the new Adam,—for speech, or some equivalent mode of expression, is born with them, and comes just as natural as breath;—"Methinks I do not recognize this place."

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"Nor I, dear Adam," replies the new Eve. "And what a strange place too! Let me come closer to thy side, and behold thee only; for all other sights trouble and perplex my spirit."

"Nay, Eve," replies Adam, who appears to have the stronger tendency towards the material world; "it were well that we gain some insight into these matters. We are in an odd category here! Let us look about us."

Assuredly, there are sights enough to throw the new inheritors of earth into a state of hopeless perplexity. The long lines of edifices, their windows glittering in the yellow sunrise, and the narrow street between, with its barren pavement, tracked and battered by wheels that have now rattled into an irrevocable past! The signs, with their unintelligible hieroglyphics! The squareness and ugliness, and regular or irregular deformity, of everything that meets the eye! The marks of wear and tear, and unrenewed decay, which distinguish the works of man from the growth of nature! What is there in all this, capable of the slightest significance to minds that know nothing of the artificial system which is implied in every lamp-post and each brick of the houses? Moreover, the utter loneliness and silence, in a scene that originally grew out of noise and bustle, must needs impress a feeling of desolation even upon Adam and Eve, unsuspicious as they are of the recent extinction of human existence. In a forest, solitude would be life; in the city, it is death.

The new Eve looks round with a sensation of doubt and distrust, such as a city dame, the daughter of numberless generations of citizens, might experience, if suddenly transported to the garden of Eden. At length, her downcast eye discovers a small tuft of grass, just beginning to sprout among the stones of the pavement; she eagerly grasps it, and is sensible that this little herb awakens some response within her heart. Nature finds nothing else to offer her. Adam, after staring up and down the street, without detecting a single object that his comprehension can lay hold of, finally turns his forehead to the sky. There, indeed, is something which the soul within him recognizes.

"Look up yonder, mine own Eve!" he cries; "surely we ought to dwell among those gold-tinged clouds, or in the blue depths beyond them. I know not how nor when, but evidently we have strayed away from our home; for I see nothing hereabouts that seems to belong to us."

"Can we not ascend thither?" inquires Eve.

"Why not?" answers Adam, hopefully. "But no! Something drags us down in spite of our best efforts. Perchance we may find a path hereafter."

In the energy of new life, it appears no such impracticable feat to climb into the sky! But they have already received a woful lesson, which may finally go far towards reducing them to the level of the departed race, when they acknowledge the necessity of keeping the beaten track of earth. They now set forth on a ramble through the city, in the hope of making their escape from this uncongenial sphere. Already, in the fresh elasticity of their spirits they have found the idea of weariness. We will watch them as they enter some of the shops, and public or private edifices; for every door, whether of alderman or beggar, church or hall of state, has been flung wide open by the same agency that swept away the inmates.

It so happens—and not unluckily for an Adam and Eve who are still in the costume that might better have befitted Eden—it so happens, that their first visit is to a fashionable dry-good store. No courteous and importunate attendants hasten to receive their orders; no throng of ladies are tossing over the rich Parisian fabrics. All is deserted; trade is at a stand-still; and not even an echo of the national watch-word—"Go ahead!"—disturbs the quiet of the new customers. But specimens of the latest earthly fashions, silks of every shade, and whatever is most delicate or splendid for the decoration of the human form, lie scattered around, profusely as bright autumnal leaves in a forest. Adam looks at a few of the articles, but throws them carelessly aside, with whatever exclamation may correspond to "Pish!" or "Pshaw!" in the new vocabulary of nature. Eve, however, —be it said without offence to her native modesty,—examines these treasures of her sex with somewhat live-

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lier interest. A pair of corsets chance to lie upon the counter; she inspects them curiously, but knows not what to make of them. Then she handles a fashionable silk with dim yearnings—thoughts that wander hither and thither—instincts groping in the dark.

"On the whole, I do not like it," she observes, laying the glossy fabric upon the counter. "But, Adam, it is very strange! What can these things mean? Surely I ought to know—yet they put me in a perfect maze!"

"Poh! my dear Eve, why trouble thy little head about such nonsense?" cries Adam, in a fit of impatience. "Let us go somewhere else. But stay! How very beautiful! My loveliest Eve, what a charm you have imparted to that robe, by merely throwing it over your shoulders!"

For Eve, with the taste that nature moulded into her composition, has taken a remnant of exquisite silver gauze and drawn it around her form, with an effect that gives Adam his first idea of the witchery of dress. He beholds his spouse in a new light and with renewed admiration, yet is hardly reconciled to any other attire than her own golden locks. However, emulating Eve's example, he makes free with a mantle of blue velvet, and puts it on so picturesquely, that it might seem to have fallen from Heaven upon his stately figure. Thus garbed, they go in search of new discoveries.

They next wander into a Church, not to make a display of their fine clothes, but attracted by its spire, pointing upwards to the sky, whither they have already yearned to climb. As they enter the portal, a clock, which it was the last earthly act of the sexton to wind up, repeats the hour in deep and reverberating tones; for Time has survived his former progeny, and, with the iron tongue that man gave him, is now speaking to his two grandchildren. They listen, but understand him not. Nature would measure time by the succession of thoughts and acts which constitute real life, and not by hours of emptiness. They pass up the church aisle, and raise their eyes to the ceiling. Had our Adam and Eve become mortal in some European city, and strayed into the vastness and sublimity of an old cathedral, they might have recognized the purpose for which the deep-souled founders reared it. Like the dim awfulness of an ancient forest, its very atmosphere would have incited them to prayer. Within the snug walls of a metropolitan church there can be no such influence.

Yet some odor of religion is still lingering here, the bequest of pious souls, who had grace to enjoy a foretaste of immortal life. Perchance, they breathe a prophecy of a better world to their successors, who have become obnoxious to all their own cares and calamities in the present one.

"Eve, something impels me to look upward," says Adam. "But it troubles me to see this roof between us and the sky. Let us go forth, and perhaps we shall discern a Great Face looking down upon us."

"Yes; a Great Face, with a beam of love brightening over it, like sunshine," responds Eve. "Surely, we have seen such a countenance somewhere!"

They go out of the church, and kneeling at its threshold give way to the spirit's natural instinct of adoration to a beneficent Father. But, in truth, their life thus far has been a continual prayer. Purity and simplicity hold converse, at every moment, with their Creator.

We now observe them entering a Court of Justice. But what remotest conception can they attain of the purposes of such an edifice? How should the idea occur to them, that human brethren, of like nature with themselves, and originally included in the same law of love which is their only rule of life, should ever need an outward enforcement of the true voice within their souls? And what, save a woful experience, the dark result of many centuries, could teach them the sad mysteries of crime? Oh, Judgment Seat, not by the pure in heart wast thou established, nor in the simplicity of nature; but by hard and wrinkled men, and upon the accumulated heap of earthly wrong! Thou art the very symbol of man's perverted state.

On as fruitless an errand our wanderers next visit a Hall of Legislature, where Adam places Eve in the Speaker's chair, unconscious of the moral which he thus exemplifies. Man's intellect, moderated by Woman's tenderness and

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moral sense! Were such the legislation of the world, there would be no need of State Houses, Capitols, Halls of Parliament, nor even of those little assemblages of patriarchs beneath the shadowy trees, by whom freedom was first interpreted to mankind on our native shores.

Whither go they next? A perverse destiny seems to perplex them with one after another of the riddles which mankind put forth to the wandering universe, and left unsolved in their own destruction. They enter an edifice of stern grey stone, standing insulated in the midst of others, and gloomy even in the sunshine, which it barely suffers to penetrate through its iron-grated windows. It is a Prison. The jailer has left his post at the summons of a stronger authority than the sheriff's. But the prisoners? Did the messenger of fate, when he shook open all the doors, respect the magistrate's warrant and the judge's sentence, and leave the inmates of the dungeons to be delivered by due course of earthly law? No; a new trial has been granted, in a higher court, which may set judge, jury, and prisoner at its bar all in a row, and perhaps find one no less guilty than another. The jail, like the whole earth, is now a solitude, and has thereby lost something of its dismal gloom. But here are the narrow cells, like tombs, only drearier and deadlier because in these the immortal spirit was buried with the body. Inscriptions appear on the walls, scribbled with a pencil, or scratched with a rusty nail; brief words of agony, perhaps, or guilt's desperate defiance to the world, or merely a record of a date, by which the writer strove to keep up with the march of life. There is not a living eye that could now decipher these memorials.

Nor is it while so fresh from their Creator's hand, that the new denizens of earth—no, nor their descendants for a thousand years—could discover that this edifice was a hospital for the direst disease which could afflict their predecessors. Its patients bore the outward marks of that leprosy with which all were more or less infected. They were sick—and so were the purest of their brethren—with the plague of sin. A deadly sickness, indeed! Feeling its symptoms within the breast, men concealed it with fear and shame, and were only the more cruel to those unfortunates whose pestiferous sores were flagrant to the common eye. Nothing, save a rich garment, could ever hide the plague-spot. In the course of the world's lifetime, every remedy was tried for its cure and extirpation, except the single one, the flower that grew in Heaven, and was sovereign for all the miseries of earth. Man never had attempted to cure sin by Love! Had he but once made the effort, it might well have happened, that there would have been no more need of the dark lazar-house into which Adam and Eve have wandered. Hasten forth, with your native innocence, lest the damps of these still conscious walls infect you likewise, and thus another fallen race be propagated!

Passing from the interior of the prison into the space within its outward wall, Adam pauses beneath a structure of the simplest contrivance, yet altogether unaccountable to him. It consists merely of two upright posts, supporting a transverse beam, from which dangles a cord.

"Eve, Eve!" cries Adam, shuddering with a nameless horror. "What can this thing be?"

"I know not," answers Eve; "but, Adam, my heart is sick! There seems to be no more sky!—no more sunshine!"

Well might Adam shudder, and poor Eve be sick at heart; for this mysterious object was the type of mankind's whole system, in regard to the great difficulties which God had given to be solved—a system of fear and vengeance, never successful, yet followed to the last. Here, on the morning when the final summons came, a criminal—one criminal, where none were guiltless—had died upon the gallows. Had the world heard the foot-fall of its own approaching doom, it would have been no inappropriate act, thus to close the record of its deeds by one so characteristic.

The two pilgrims now hurry from the prison. Had they known how the former inhabitants of earth were shut up in artificial error, and cramped and chained by their perversions, they might have compared the whole moral world to a prison-house, and have deemed the removal of the race a general jail-delivery.

They next enter, unannounced—bu'

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they might have rung at the door in vain—a private mansion, one of the stateliest in Beacon street. A wild and plaintive strain of music is quivering through the house, now rising like a solemn organ peal, and now dying into the faintest murmur; as if some spirit, that had felt an interest in the departed family, were bemoaning itself in the solitude of hall and chamber. Perhaps, a virgin, the purest of mortal race, has been left behind, to perform a requiem for the whole kindred of humanity? Not so! These are the tones of an Æolian harp, through which Nature pours the harmony that lies concealed in her every breath, whether of summer breeze or tempest. Adam and Eve are lost in rapture, unmingled with surprise. The passing wind, that stirred the harp-strings, has been hushed, before they can think of examining the splendid furniture, the gorgeous carpets, and the architecture of the rooms. These things amuse their unpractised eyes, but appeal to nothing within their hearts. Even the pictures upon the walls scarcely excite a deeper interest; for there is something radically artificial and deceptive in painting, with which minds in the primal simplicity cannot sympathize. The unbidden guests examine a row of family portraits, but are too dull to recognize them as men and women, beneath the disguise of a preposterous garb, and with features and expression debased, because inherited through ages of moral and physical decay.

Chance, however, presents them with pictures of human beauty, fresh from the hand of Nature. As they enter a magnificent apartment, they are astonished, but not affrighted, to perceive two figures advancing to meet them. Is it not awful to imagine that any life, save their own, should remain in the wide world?

"How is this?" exclaims Adam. "My beautiful Eve, are you in two places at once?"

"And you, Adam!" answers Eve, doubtful, yet delighted. "Surely that noble and lovely form is yours. Yet here you are by my side! I am content with one—methinks there should not be two!"

This miracle is wrought by a tall looking-glass, the mystery of which they soon fathom, because Nature creates a mirror for the human face in every pool of water, and for her own great features in waveless lakes. Pleased and satisfied with gazing at themselves, they now discover the marble statue of a child in a corner of the room, so exquisitely idealized, that it is almost worthy to be the prophetic likeness of their first-born. Sculpture, in its highest excellence, is more genuine than painting, and might seem to be evolved from a natural germ, by the same law as a leaf or flower. The statue of the child impresses the solitary pair as if it were a companion; it likewise hints at secrets both of the past and future.

"My husband!" whispers Eve.

"What would you say, dearest Eve?" inquires Adam.

"I wonder if we are alone in the world," she continues, with a sense of something like fear at the thought of other inhabitants. "This lovely little form! Did it ever breathe? Or is it only the shadow of something real, like our pictures in the mirror?"

"It is strange!" replies Adam, pressing his hand to his brow. "There are mysteries all around us. An idea flits continually before me—would that I could seize it! Eve, Eve, are we treading in the footsteps of beings that bore a likeness to ourselves? If so, whither are they gone?—and why is their world so unfit for our dwelling-place?"

"Our great Father only knows," answers Eve. "But something tells me that we shall not always be alone. And how sweet if other beings were to visit us in the shape of this fair image!"

Then they wander through the house, and everywhere find tokens of human life, which now, with the idea recently suggested, excite a deeper curiosity in their bosoms. Woman has here left traces of her delicacy and refinement, and of her gentle labors. Eve ransacks a work-basket, and instinctively thrusts the rosy tip of her finger into a thimble. She takes up a piece of embroidery, glowing with mimic flowers, in one of which a fair damsel of the departed race has left her needle. Pity that the Day of Doom should have anticipated the completion of such a useful task! Eve feels almost conscious of the skill to finish it. A piano-forte has been left open. She flings

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her hand carelessly over the keys, and strikes out a sudden melody, no less natural than the strains of the Æolian harp, but joyous with the dance of her yet unburthened life. Passing through a dark entry, they find a broom behind the door; and Eve, who comprises the whole nature of womanhood, has a dim idea that it is an instrument proper for her hand. In another apartment they behold a canopied bed, and all the appliances of luxurious repose. A heap of forest-leaves would be more to the purpose. They enter the nursery, and are perplexed with the sight of little gowns and caps, tiny shoes, and a cradle; amid the drapery of which is still to be seen the impress of a baby's form. Adam slightly notices these trifles; but Eve becomes involved in a fit of mute reflection, from which it is hardly possible to rouse her.

By a most unlucky arrangement, there was to have been a grand dinner-party in this mansion on the very day when the whole human family, including the invited guests, were summoned to the unknown regions of illimitable space. At the moment of fate, the table was actually spread, and the company on the point of sitting down. Adam and Eve came unbidden to the banquet; it has now been some time cold, but otherwise furnishes them with highly favorable specimens of the gastronomy of their predecessors. But it is difficult to imagine the perplexity of the unperverted couple, in endeavoring to find proper food for their first meal, at a table where the cultivated appetites of a fashionable party were to have been gratified. Will Nature teach them the mystery of a plate of turtle soup? Will she embolden them to attack a haunch of venison? Will she initiate them into the merits of a Parisian pasty, imported by the last steamer that ever crossed the Atlantic? Will she not, rather, bid them turn with disgust from fish, fowl, and flesh, which, to their pure nostrils, steam with a loathsome odor of death and corruption?—Food? The bill of fare contains nothing which they recognize as such.

Fortunately, however, the dessert is ready upon a neighboring table. Adam, whose appetite and animal instincts are quicker than those of Eve, discovers this fitting banquet.

"Here, dearest Eve," he exclaims, "here is food."

"Well," answers she, with the germ of a housewife stirring within her, "we have been so busy to-day, that a picked-up dinner must serve."

So Eve comes to the table, and receives a red-cheeked apple from her husband's hand, in requital of her predecessor's fatal gift to our common grandfather. She eats it without sin, and, let us hope, with no disastrous consequences to her future progeny. They make a plentiful, yet temperate meal of fruit, which, though not gathered in Paradise, is legitimately derived from the seeds that were planted there. Their primal appetite is satisfied.

"What shall we drink, Eve?" inquires Adam.

Eve peeps among some bottles and decanters, which, as they contain fluids, she naturally conceives must be proper to quench thirst. But never before did claret, hock, and madeira, of rich and rare perfume, excite such disgust as now.

"Pah!" she exclaims, after smelling at various wines. "What stuff is here? The beings who have gone before us could not have possessed the same nature that we do; for neither their hunger nor thirst were like our own!"

"Pray hand me yonder bottle," says Adam. "If it be drinkable by any manner of mortal, I must moisten my throat with it."

After some remonstrances, she takes up a champagne bottle, but is frightened by the sudden explosion of the cork, and drops it upon the floor. There the untasted liquor effervesces. Had they quaffed it, they would have experienced that brief delirium, whereby, whether excited by moral or physical causes, man sought to recompense himself for the calm, life-long joys which he had lost by his revolt from nature. At length, in a refrigerator, Eve finds a glass pitcher of water, pure, cold, and bright, as ever gushed from a fountain among the hills. Both drink; and such refreshment does it bestow, that they question one another if this precious liquid be not identical with the stream of life within them.

"And now," observes Adam, "we must again try to discover what sort of

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a world this is, and why we have been sent hither."

"Why?—To love one another!" cries Eve. "Is not that employment enough?"

"Truly is it," answers Adam, kissing her; "but still—I know not—something tells us there is labor to be done. Perhaps our allotted task is no other than to climb into the sky, which is so much more beautiful than earth."

"Then would we were there now," murmurs Eve, "that no task or duty might come between us!"

They leave the hospitable mansion; and we next see them passing down State street. The clock on the old State House points to high noon, when the Exchange should be in its glory, and present the liveliest emblem of what was the sole business of life, as regarded a multitude of the fore-gone worldlings. It is over now. The Sabbath of eternity has shed its stillness along the street. Not even a newsboy assails the two solitary passers-by, with an extra penny-paper from the office of the Times or Mail, containing a full account of yesterday's terrible catastrophe. Of all the dull times that merchants and speculators have known, this is the very worst; for, so far as they were concerned, creation itself has taken the benefit of the bankrupt-act. After all, it is a pity. Those mighty capitalists, who had just attained the wished-for wealth! Those shrewd men of traffic, who had devoted so many years to the most intricate and artificial of sciences, and had barely mastered it, when the universal bankruptcy was announced by peal of trumpet! Can they have been so incautious as to provide no currency of the country whither they have gone, nor any bills of exchange, or letters of credit, from the needy on earth to the cash-keepers of Heaven?

Adam and Eve enter a Bank. Start not, ye whose funds are treasured there! You will never need them now. Call not for the police! The stones of the street and the coin of the vaults are of equal value to this simple pair. Strange sight! They take up the bright gold in handfuls, and throw it sportively into the air, for the sake of seeing the glittering worthlessness descend again in a shower. They know not that each of those small yellow circles was once a magic spell, potent to sway men's hearts, and mystify their moral sense. Here let them pause in the investigation of the past. They have discovered the main-spring, the life, the very essence, of the system that had wrought itself into the vitals of mankind, and choked their original nature in its deadly gripe. Yet how powerless over these young inheritors of earth's hoarded wealth! And here, too, are huge packages of bank-notes, those talismanic slips of paper, which once had the efficacy to build up enchanted palaces, like exhalations, and work all kinds of perilous wonders, yet were themselves but the ghosts of money, the shadows of a shade. How like is this vault to a magician's cave, when the all-powerful wand is broken, and the visionary splendor vanished, and the floor strewn with fragments of shattered spells, and lifeless shapes once animated by demons!

"Everywhere, my dear Eve," observes Adam, "we find heaps of rubbish of one kind or another. Somebody, I am convinced, has taken pains to collect them—but for what purpose? Perhaps, hereafter, we shall be moved to do the like. Can that be our business in the world?"

"Oh, no, no, Adam!" answers Eve. "It would be better to sit down quietly and look upward to the sky."

They leave the Bank, and in good time; for had they tarried later, they would probably have encountered some gouty old goblin of a capitalist, whose soul could not long be anywhere, save in the vault with his treasure.

Next, they drop into a jeweller's shop. They are pleased with the glow of gems; aud Adam twines a string of beautiful pearls around the head of Eve, and fastens his own mantle with a magnificent diamond brooch. Eve thanks him, and views herself with delight in the nearest looking-glass. Shortly afterward, observing a boquet of roses and other brilliant flowers in a vase of water, she flings away the inestimable pearls, and adorns herself with these lovelier gems of nature. They charm her with sentiment as well as beauty.

"Surely they are living beings," she remarks to Adam.

"I think so," replies Adam, "and they seem to be as little at home in the world as ourselves."

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We must not attempt to follow every footstep of these investigators whom their Creator has commissioned to pass unconscious judgment upon the works and ways of the vanished race. By this time, being endowed with quick and accurate perceptions, they begin to understand the purpose of the many things around them. They conjecture, for instance, that the edifices of the city were erected, not by the immediate hand that made the world, but by beings somewhat similar to themselves, for shelter and convenience. But how will they explain the magnificence of one habitation, as compared with the squalid misery of another? Through what medium can the idea of servitude enter their minds? When will they comprehend the great and miserable fact,—the evidences of which appeal to their senses everywhere,—that one portion of earth's lost inhabitants was rolling in luxury, while the multitude was toiling for scanty food? A wretched change, indeed, must be wrought in their own hearts, ere they can conceive the primal decree of Love to have been so completely abrogated, that a brother should ever want what his brother had. When their intelligence shall have reached so far, Earth's new progeny will have little reason to exult over her old rejected one!

Their wanderings have now brought them into the suburbs of the city. They stand on a grassy brow of a hill, at the foot of a granite obelisk, which points its great finger upward, as if the human family had agreed, by a visible symbol of age-long endurance, to offer some high sacrifice of thanksgiving or supplication. The solemn height of the monument, its deep simplicity, and the absence of any vulgar and practical use, all strengthen its effect upon Adam and Eve, and lead them to interpret it by a purer sentiment than the builders thought of expressing.

"Eve, it is a visible prayer," observes Adam.

"And we will pray too," she replies.

Let us pardon these poor children of neither father nor mother, for so absurdly mistaking the purport of the memorial, which man founded and woman finished, on far-famed Bunker Hill. The idea of war is not native to their souls. Nor have they sympathies for the brave defenders of liberty, since oppression is one of their unconjectured mysteries. Could they guess that the green sward on which they stand so peacefully, was once strewn with human corpses and purple with their blood, it would equally amaze them, that one generation of men should perpetrate such carnage, and that a subsequent generation should triumphantly commemorate it.

With a sense of delight, they now stroll across green fields and along the margin of a quiet river. Not to track them too closely, we next find the wanderers entering a Gothic edifice of grey stone, where the by-gone world has left whatever it deemed worthy of record, in the rich library of Harvard University.

No student ever yet enjoyed such solitude and silence as now broods within its deep alcoves. Little do the present visitors understand what opportunities of wisdom are thrown away upon them. Yet Adam looks anxiously at the long rows of volumes, those storied heights of human lore, ascending one above another from floor to ceiling. He takes up a bulky folio. It opens in his hands, as if spontaneously to impart the spirit of its author to the yet unworn and untainted intellect of the fresh-created mortal. He stands poring over the regular volumes of mystic characters, seemingly in studious mood; for the unintelligible thought upon the page has a mysterious relation to his mind, and makes itself felt, as it were a burthen flung upon him. He is even painfully perplexed, and grasps vainly at he knows not what. Oh, Adam, it is too soon, too soon by at least five thousand years, to put on spectacles, and busy yourself in the alcoves of a library!

"What can this be?" he murmurs at last. "Eve, methinks nothing is so desirable as to find out the mystery of this big and heavy object with its thousand thin divisions. See! it stares me in the face, as if it were about to speak!"

Eve, by a feminine instinct, is dipping into a volume of fashionable poetry, the production of certainly the most fortunate of earthly bards, since his lay continues in vogue when all the great masters of the lyre have passed into oblivion. But let not his ghost be

too exultant! The world's one lady tosses the book upon the floor, and laughs merrily at her husband's abstracted mien.

"My dear Adam," cries she, "you look pensive and dismal! Do fling down that stupid thing; for even if it should speak, it would not be worth attending to. Let us talk with one another, and with the sky, and the green earth, and its trees and flowers. They will teach us better knowledge than we can find here."

"Well, Eve, perhaps you are right," replies Adam, with a sort of sigh. "Still, I cannot help thinking that the interpretation of the riddles amid which we have been wandering all day long might here be discovered."

"It may be better not to seek the interpretation," persists Eve. "For my part, the air of this place does not suit me. If you love me, come away!"

She prevails, and rescues him from the mysterious perils of the library. Happy influence of woman! Had he lingered there long enough to obtain a clue to its treasures,—as was not impossible, his intellect being of human structure, indeed, but with an untransmitted vigor and acuteness,—had he then and there become a student, the annalist of our poor world would soon have recorded the downfall of a second Adam. The fatal apple of another Tree of Knowledge would have been eaten. All the perversions and sophistries, and false wisdom so aptly mimicking the true; all the narrow truth, so partial that it becomes more deceptive than falsehood; all the wrong principles and worse practice, the pernicious examples and mistaken rules of life; all the specious theories, which turn earth into cloud-land, and men into shadows; all the sad experience, which it took mankind so many ages to accumulate, and from which they never drew a moral for their future guidance—the whole heap of this disastrous lore would have tumbled at once upon Adam's head. There would have been nothing left for him, but to take up the already abortive experiment of life, where we had dropped it, and toil onward with it a little further.

But, blessed in his ignorance, he may still enjoy a new world in our worn-out one. Should he fall short of good, even as far as we did, he has at least the freedom—no worthless one—to make errors for himself. And his literature, when the progress of centuries shall create it, will be no interminably repeated echo of our own poetry, and reproduction of the images that were moulded by our great fathers of song and fiction, but a melody never yet heard on earth, and intellectual forms unbreathed upon by our conceptions. Therefore let the dust of ages gather upon the volumes of the library, and, in due season, the roof of the edifice crumble down upon the whole. When the second Adam's descendants shall have collected as much rubbish of their own, it will be time enough to dig into our ruins, and compare the literary advancement of two independent races.

But we are looking forward too far. It seems to be the vice of those who have a long past behind them. Ye will return to the new Adam and Eve, who, having no reminiscences, save dim and fleeting visions of a pre-existence, are content to live and be happy in the present.

The day is near its close, when these pilgrims, who derive their being from no dead progenitors, reach the cemetery of Mount Auburn. With light hearts—for earth and sky now gladden each other with beauty—they tread along the winding paths, among marble pillars, mimic temples, urns, obelisks, and sarcophagi, sometimes pausing to contemplate these fantasies of human growth, and sometimes to admire the flowers wherewith kind Nature converts decay to loveliness. Can Death, in the midst of his old triumphs, make them sensible that they have taken up the heavy burthen of mortality, which a whole species had thrown down? Dust kindred to their own has never lain in the grave. Will they then recognize, and so soon, that Time and the elements have an indefeasible claim upon their bodies? Not improbably, they may. There must have been shadows enough, even amid the primal sunshine of their existence, to suggest the thought of the soul's incongruity with its circumstances. They have already learned that something is to be thrown aside. The idea of Death is in them, or not far off. But were they to choose a symbol for him, it would be the Butterfly soaring upward, or the bright Angel beckoning them aloft, or the

Child asleep, with soft dreams visible through her transparent purity.

Such a Child, in whitest marble, they have found among the monuments of Mount Auburn.

"Sweetest Eve," observes Adam, while hand in hand they contemplate this beautiful object, "yonder sun has left us, and the whole world is fading from our sight. Let us sleep, as this lovely little figure is sleeping. Our Father only knows, whether what outward things we have possessed to-day are to be snatched from us for ever. But should our earthly life be leaving us with the departing light, we need not doubt that another morn will find us somewhere beneath the smile of God. I feel that He has imparted the boon of existence, never to be resumed."

"And no matter where we exist," replies Eve, "for we shall always be together."

THE INDIAN NAMES OF STOCKBRIDGE.

By Housatonic's winding wave
  A solitary Indian stood,[1]
And knelt his furrowed brow to lave
  Once more within its rippling flood.

Weary and faint, with toil and age,
  By chilling night and burning day,
Slowly, in solemn pilgrimage,
  Still had he tracked his lonely way.

O'er flood and mount, through forest gloom,
  Still, still, unswerving had he come,
Once more to view his father's tomb,
  His childhood's unforgotten home.

And now, when o'er that loveliest scene
  Wandered his sad though tearless gaze,
Mantled in summer's softest green,
  And lit by sunset's crimson rays,—

As o'er it all, the fading glow
  A last and brightest glory shed,
And touching the old warrior's brow
  Flushed its own hue a swarthier red,—

Oh, who may guess the thoughts that gushed
  From memory's fount so dark and deep—
The forms that o'er his vision rushed,
  Like spectres o'er a glass that sweep!

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[1] The incident of this pilgrimage of an old Indian from the Far West, where a small remnant of the Stockbridge Indians is yet to be found, is fact, not fancy, having occurred a few years ago. The object of these lines was simply to fix and record the original names of the spots referred to in them; the object of their publication is to suggest the imitation of the example in other places, and by worthier pens.

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Again he is a blithesome child!
  Free as *Pontoosuc's*[1] deer again
Speeds his light step, in gambols wild,
  O'er *Nahtukook's*[2] hill-circled plain.

Again on broad *Mahkeenac's*[3] tide,
  Swiftly as winged things of air,
The light canoes like ripples glide
  O'er star and mountain mirrored there.

In lonely grandeur to the sky
  His hoary brow old Greylock[4] rears;
And southward, towering huge and high,
  Tahkonac's[5] misty blue appears.

Within the shade of yonder grove[6]
  Sit the old men in council high;
While from *Deowkook*,[7] far above,
  Howls on the wind the wolf's wild cry.

He shudders as he hears again
  The sighing of the midnight breeze,
Waving, within yon mystic glen,[8]
  Of icy caves, the solemn trees.

For 'mid those rocks so wildly piled,
  That awful gloom of rayless shade,
Well might he deem, the forest child,
  Dark spirits their abode had made.

Again his Indian bosom swells,
  As from the Rock of Sacrifice[9]
Peal on his ear the exulting yells
  'Mid which the foe in torture dies.

Or now, where on its foamy way,
  Down its green slope *Seepoosah*[10] springs,

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[1] The Indian name of Pittsfield, a few miles north of Stockbridge, signifying *the field of the deer.*

[2] The Indian name for the valley of Stockbridge, signifying *the valley surrounded by hills.*

[3] The westward and larger of the two lakes or ponds lying between Stockbridge and Lenox. It signifies *great water*, and is now known by the appropriate name of *the Mountain Mirror.*

[4] "Greylock" is the highest peak of "Saddle Mountain." This mountain is peculiarly insulated. It stands about 2800 feet above the valley, and 3600 above the level of the sea. Its Indian name I do not know. Professor Hitchcock, in his Geological Report, (page 74), says, that it derives its name "from the hoary aspect, which the upper part of the mountain presents in the winter months. During that season, the frost attaches itself to the trees, which, thus decorated, it needs no great stretch of the imagination to regard as the *grey locks* of this venerable mountain."

[5] This name remains unchanged, and will probably continue as long as the hills themselves.

[6] A very familiar object in the village, *the Indian council grove.*

[7] Meaning *the hill of the wolves*, now Rattlesnake's Hill.

[8] This wild and rocky cleft through a hill, wrought by some great convulsion of nature, known as *the Ice Glen*, must be visited to be conceived.

[9] The *Sacrifice Rock*, on the western edge of "Laurel Hill," (the scene of Magawisca's beautiful heroism), has been made classical by the Authoress of "Hope Leslie."

[10] The name of the little stream which, after dancing down the side of a hill, empties into the Housatonic a little above and opposite to the northern mouth of the "Ice Glen."

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The joyous sound of children's play
  Loud through the forest echoes rings.

By fair *Pahquonac's*[1] sheltered mead,
  'Neath the dark hill that frowns above,
The Indian girl, with gentle tread,
  Lingers to list the voice of love.

Or wanders 'mid yon laurel bowers,
  Whose blushing beauty clothes the hill,[2]
As though a very snow of flowers
  Had fall'n from heaven and lay there still.

Or oft at even steals alone
  Fearfully 'neath yon rugged steep,
And weeps and trembles as her stone
  She piles upon that sacred heap.[3]

And while upon the tomb she flings
  The fresh wild-flowers that deck her hair,
A dirge in low sweet accent sings,
  For love's lone victim sleeping there.

. . . . .

The sun has set—his dream is o'er—
  Fade, fade those phantom visions bright—
The Indian's sun may rise no more,
  Nor star illume his hopeless night!

And now, alone and desolate,
  By *Housatonic's*[4] winding wave,
Sad, stern and still, the old man sate,
  And watched beside his people's grave.

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[1] Meaning *little retired meadow;* it is now known as "Bennett's Meadow." If it was never put to the use here indicated, it was not the fault either of the writer or of the natural fitness of the spot.

[2] The little eminence known by the name of "Laurel Hill," in the proper season is so covered with the bloom of the plant from which it takes its name, that no other description than that here adopted seems adequate to convey an idea of it. It is now the most favorite haunt of the children of the village, having been purchased and bestowed on the town by the Sedgwick family, as public property, never to be enclosed or applied to any other purpose. It is surmounted with "Sacrifice Rock," from which a beautiful view is commanded eastward and southward down the Stockbridge valley or "the Plain."

[3] For the legend of the "Monument Mountain," it is scarcely necessary to refer to Bryant's beautiful poem of that name. An Indian maiden having conceived a love which she could not conquer for a youth who was her cousin—such love being held unlawful and incestuous by the institutions of her tribe—in mingled despair and remorse, after spending the day on the top of the steep precipice composing the eastern side of "Monument Mountain" in decking herself with wild-flowers, and in her death-song bewailing her fate, cast herself down at evening, and was dashed to pieces on the rocks at the foot. A heap of stones is said to have long marked the spot where she fell and was buried, to which each Indian visiting it was bound to add one.

[4] The *Housatonic*, or *the river that goes over the hills*, retains its Indian name, and is as remarkable for the tortuous meandering of its course as for the beauty of the scenery amid which it thus seems to delight to linger.

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WORDSWORTH'S SONNETS TO LIBERTY.

THE meagerest outline of the historical view of political Poets, the *catalogue raisonnée* of those poets who had taken an emphatic interest, and evinced a deep zeal in the cause of Freedom and Civil Liberty—and of those who had by their pen zealously espoused certain partizan doctrines or the governing principles of their age—we have found too wide for a single paper; and, therefore, after a few glances at the general subject, shall confine ourselves to the text which forms the caption of the present article. In its most comprehensive sense, we might call all poetry political: for all truly inspired verse is the outpouring of the Spirit of Freedom, and the Spirit of Humanity. A similar love of freedom animates both the Poet and the Patriot, and the latter acts out, what the other in song exhorts all men to act. Music, declamation, and all the refinements, both of art and learning, flourish in the most servile communities, and under the reign of despots: only true poetry and vigorous eloquence (worth all the rest) decay and wilt away, uncongenial plants in such a soil. All the master-bards, and the vast majority of lesser lights (so they burn with original lustre), of necessity are eulogists of freedom in the abstract, as of the Law of Right, the Law of Truth, and the reverence of the Beautiful; for, without these, what were poetry but a mere heap of fables and false devices. But that generous code of criticism which followed the trained system of French classicality, has taught us the infinite worth of Poetry, as a mine of the highest truth and the deepest wisdom, apart from its beneficial moral tendency, and quite separate from its claims upon us as the sweetest of charmers, "most musical," though by no means "most melancholy." Of all writers, the Poets are the most moral, the most metaphysical, and we may add, the most political.

As philosophers, (for the Poet is the right popular philosopher), they cannot avoid the propagation of free principles and liberal ideas; if only on the shallow grounds of diplomatic expediency; and this applies with the greater force in a free country and in an enlightened epoch. As humanitarians, (since the Poet by his vocation is a philanthropist), the Poets feel as no other race or class of men can feel; for the whole circle of human necessities, from the lowest animal desires, up to the most elevated spiritual impulses, is included in their sympathies; and, those, too, of the most delicate and intelligent description. The Poet is the brother of his fellow-men and "Creation's heir," with the same fortunes and a similar destiny.

The genuine Poet, then, is a patriot: sometimes, he is a bigot, a satirist, a partizan. Personal gratitude has inclined many a man of political genius to embrace a particular side; the prospect of future fame, or a desire to secure present patronage, has been the motive with many for enlisting under the banners and swearing by the shibboleth of party. The Muse is, sometimes, seen in a political livery; though Freedom has been, not inappropriately, styled "the Mountain Nymph." Yet there have been, and still are, authors who unite the poet and the partizan of admirable genius in the former capacity, and of unquestioned integrity in the last. These have been the noblest defenders of true independence, "Lords of the lion heart and eagle eye," as Smollett, a writer of this rare stamp, styles them. The names of the chief of these we have mentioned before, and the list might easily be swelled out; we have, however, selected Wordsworth as a single proof of our theory, and as one of the safest witnesses that could be brought upon the stand. He (true Poet-like) has held the most opposite creeds; and it is to be inferred, from the turn of his life, and the tone of his writings, that he is now as sincere in his present belief as he was in his early devotion to democratic principles. Like many other sanguine advocates of the French Revolution, in his youth Mr. Wordsworth became discontented, as that convulsion in its progress seemed to involve greater calamities than those it was

expected to remove: mature manhood moderated his Republicanism, and with his associates, fellow-poets and brother politicians, Coleridge and Southey, he proceeded so far, as in time utterly to recant his cherished dogmas and Ideal state, and came over to the ranks of the conservatives. He is now a zealous churchman, and a loyal subject. Age, which sobers the early visions of youth into truest pictures of reality; which teaches distrust from the occurrence of frequent failure, and induces a skepticism as to the proposed benefits of innovation, has confirmed the author of the "Excursion" in his respect for authority, for precedent, for an established church, and a settled Monarchy. When we consider, too, the truly royal position that Wordsworth now holds as Prince of living English Poets; that his peculiar department is that of profoundly meditative and philosophic poetry, which instructs, impresses, exhorts the reader, and scorns light entertainment or trivial fancies; we think we see an additional reason for Mr. Wordsworth's political faith. Full of human sympathy as is the poetry of this great master, it is the feelln and compassion of a superior, not of an equal. There is no democracy in his verse, nor do we suspect in his character. We rather incline to picture him as one of the modest and most benevolent of aristocrats, but still an aristocrat. Neither in theory or practice, in his poetry or philosophy, does the mass occupy his whole mind. He has national appeals; but no popular addresses. When he does worship the "great, good" *poor* man; when he does reverence worth in the beggar; it is the individual he regards and paints, not the class. We have abundant individual instances of Wordsworth's humanity; but we want an illustration of his love for the people as such, not as paupers, or citizens, or as Christians or politicians, but as brethren. We may err, but we apprehend such an illustration is not to be found. We are obliged, hence, to abandon the hope of adding this illustrious name to the list of democratic poets; but he has, nevertheless, powerful claims to prefer. He is the Poet of Liberty in the abstract, and in very many instances of Freedom in the concrete also. Though a monarchist and a conversative, our Poet is yet a man, and his manliness is often more than a match for his confined formularies. His soul cannot be so far restrained in the expression of its impulses, as to make him recreant to a higher cause than that of any human system of policy. His Christianity fills out and vivifies his attachment to the British church, but is too expansive to be cramped by liturgies or articles of faith.

Before entering into the heart of our subject, we must premise two observations; the first, of a general description, the second, relative to the poet personally; and both may serve for an apology (were one essential), for the fact of Wordsworth's derelictions from his early creed, or, as it is too often and too harshly termed, his apostasy. In the first place, all of the poets (really worthy of the title) who have taken any sincere interest in government and in the governed, have almost uniformly been at one period of their lives enthusiastic builders of ideal commonwealths. It is said to be a test of man's natural talent for metaphysical speculation, that he be at the early date of his philosophical career, an ardent admirer of the Berkleian system. Idealism, they imagine, the touch-stone of intellectual acuteness. In the same way, we may infer the free spirit of the poet is to be judged. To become a rational lover of freedom in mature life, it is well that he runs riot in youthful aspirations after a perfect, Platonic, republican Utopia, not to be realized for centuries to come. Thus, too, we allow in the youthful writer a prodigal diffuseness, knowing full well, that this will settle down into condensed force, if real vigor be present. The only fear is, that from one extreme, the poetical politician may run into the other; that from an unrestrained licentiousness, he may theorize himself into the belief, that a government cannot be too strong or despotic. Both views are perfectly erroneous. We want the best possible government; but *that* we need. For the most intelligent and conscientious, *laws* are comparatively needless; but how greatly, alas! does ignorance and an uninformed moral sense preponderate even in the wisest and most virtuous community. Words-

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worth, however, is not to be considered an instance of *violent* conversion. A man of reflection, his creed is uninspired by passionate excitement; the avenue to his heart is through his reason, and his feelings are fortified by the deductions of his understanding. He is a rational advocate of liberty, without any great enthusiasm or strong impulses. His poetry is destitute of these attractions; and comparatively his character is, on the whole, equable and unimpassioned. There is more of the storm and tempest of passion in a canto of Byron, than in a volume of Wordsworth; and to acknowledge an individual preference, we would not exchange the deep sentiment of the second for the impetuous fire of the first; but, at the same time, we must confess Wordsworth's defects as an heroic poet, one to stir the national heart, or rouse freemen into glorious action.

Again, no generous critic or faithful student of Wordsworth's poetry, can ever be brought to believe, that his office of Distributor of Stamps, from which we learn that he has lately retired on a pension, weighed a jot in the scale of determining his political opinions. The office of Stamp Distributor must be not the most agreeable to a man of our poet's peculiarly sensitive temper and secluded habits. His private fortune, we should suppose (from De Quincey's relation), to be abundantly commensurate with all his wants and desires; so that a salary could hardly have been a sufficient bribe, even admitting (which we could not for a moment) that Wordsworth was a man to be bribed. No; we pretend not to question the sincerity of the poet's present views, nor the fidelity of his attachment to the party of which he now forms a most distinguished member.

Independently, however, of Wordsworth's personal politics or individual career, the Sonnets dedicated to Liberty are instinct with an intrinsic worth, and possess a peculiar interest. They are picturesque and historical, as well as political, and conveying personal impressions. If the special turn given to a few give rise to objection, the eternal philosophical verities with which others are filled, secure for them lasting importance.

A general objection might be raised against the favorite plan of Wordsworth, of writing a series of sonnets on any particular topic or occasion. Serial poetry becomes tiresome from its minuteness and monotony. As we would have done with all cavil, at as early a stage as possible, we will add the defects that occur to us, at once, in order to leave room and time for dwelling upon what is beautiful and noble in these miniature epics. Many of these are bare and cold, and might for all the purposes of utility have been as well written in prose, for they are prosaic in all but the form of poetry. They are entirely discriminated, and each is an independent historical picture, or philosophical lecture. Now, continuity is a powerful beauty of all writings continued in series. Drayton (the author of the Polyolbion and England's Heroical Epistles) would have written a connected poetical history of Europe during the space of time, about fifteen years, over which the Sonnets of Wordsworth extend. But Wordsworth is much more of a philosopher than the musical Drayton; loves to paint sentiment, and conduct reflective disquisitions. The Sonnets dedicated to Liberty are, for the most part, picturesque arguments to a mighty acted but unwritten Epic of the Past, that grand heroic poem, whose chief action was taken up with the career of Napoleon, and in which the French Revolution, the extinction of the Venetian Republic, the story and fate of Toussaint L'Ouverture, the abolition of the Slave Trade, the patriotic valor of Hofer and the Tyrolese, the retreat from Moscow, the Peninsular War, and the other stirring events, ending with the Battle of Waterloo, were the most striking episodes. The whole body of Sonnets are divided into two parts, which we shall separately consider.

Part the First is the shortest and the best, not from its brevity, but its greater freshness, and a heartier feeling and sense of power displayed in it. It contains some of the very finest sonnets Wordsworth ever wrote, especially those marked XIII., XIV., and XV., which have been repeatedly referred to. There are others much less known, but almost as fine, and in many there are lines and sentences of golden beauty and inestimable value. Here are two:

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IV.—1801.

"I grieved for Buonaparte, with a vain
And an unthinking grief: for, who aspires
To genuine greatness but from just desires,
And knowledge such as *he* could never gain?
'Tis not in battles that from youth we train
The Governor who must be wise and good,
And temper with the sternness of the brain
Thoughts motherly, and meek as womanhood.
Wisdom doth live with children round her knees:
Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk
Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
Of the mind's business: these are the degrees
By which true Sway doth mount: this is the stalk
True Power doth grow on; and her rights are these.

What a beautiful recognition of a divine truth, that wisdom and power, and innocent gentleness together form the perfect man. In the next, the picture of Venice is complete; not so highly colored and voluptuously drawn as Byron has represented her, but engraved on our hearts with the precision and solemn dignity of sculpture.

VI.—ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC.

Once did She hold the gorgeous East in fee;
And was the safeguard of the West: the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.
She was a Maiden City, bright and free;
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And, when She took unto herself a Mate,
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.
And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
When her long life hath reached its final day:
Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
Of that which once was great, is passed away."

Personal reminiscences of the poet add an additional charm to his strains. In his Sonnet on Buonaparte's natal day, August 15th, 1802, (during his Consulship), we meet this retrospective glance at an earlier date. It appears Wordsworth was at Calais, at the occurrence of this festival, and that he found little general rejoicing among the townsfolk, who followed each man "his business as he likes." Walking on the sea-shore, he exclaims:

"For other show,
My youth here witnessed, in a prouder time;
The senselessness of joy was there sublime!"

The following is a noble strain, commencing with indignant remonstrance, (that might be applied elsewhere), but concluding with an affectionate eulogium:

XVII.

"When I have borne in memory what has tamed
Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart
When men change Swords for Ledgers, and desert
The Student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
I had, my Country!—am I to be blamed?
But when I think of Thee, and what Thou art,
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
But dearly must we prize thee; we who find
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;
And I by my affection was beguiled:
What wonder if a Poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a Lover or a Child!"

This should cause the petty soul of avarice to shrivel up into the most contracted space, just sufficient for a mark for the finger of scorn; while at the same time it should breathe new life into the desponding and fearful:

XX.—OCTOBER, 1803.

"These times touch monied Worldlings with dismay:
Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the air
With words of apprehension and despair:
While tens of thousands, thinking on the affray,
Men unto whom sufficient for the day

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And minds not stinted or untilled are given,
Sound, healthy Children of the God of Heaven,
Are cheerful as the rising Sun in May.
What do we gather hence but firmer faith
That every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath;
That virtue and the faculties within
Are vital,—and that riches are akin
To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death?"

The spirited address—To the Men of Kent—strongly recalls the animating appeals in the Historical Plays of Shakspeare, and reads to us as if closely modelled on them. The expression and thought are emphatically Shakspearian:

XXIII.—TO THE MEN OF KENT, OCT., 1803.

"Vanguard of Liberty, ye Men of Kent,
Ye Children of a Soil that doth advance
Her haughty brow against the coast of France,
Now is the time to prove your hardiment!
To France be words of invitation sent!
They from their Fields can see the countenance
Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance,
And hear you shouting forth your brave intent.
Left single, in bold parley, Ye, of yore,
Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath;
Confirmed the charters that were yours before;—
No parleying now! In Britain is one breath;
We all are with you now from Shore to Shore:—
Ye Men of Kent, 'tis Victory or Death!"

We have said the second part was inferior to the first, according to the almost invariable rule; it is longer by one third, and includes a wider range of historical subjects. Yet there are admirable sonnets here and there, though the great proportion cannot be said to rank very high. The personal sympathy of the poet is, in several cases, deeply invoked, as on behalf of Hofer and the Tyrolese; in the fate of the brave though unfortunate Spaniards, and the King of Sweden. Names there are, immortalized by the conduct of those who bore them, and again re-embalmed in the lasting verse of Wordsworth:—Thomas Clarkson, and Schill, and Palafox. We meet frequent instances of the truly philosophic spirit of the meditative poet, whose reflective powers gain a keener edge from the vividness of his imagination. We select the sonnets following as remarkable evidences of this peculiar faculty:

XVII.

"Say, what is Honor?—'Tis the finest sense
Of *justice* which the human mind can frame,
Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,
And guard the way of life from all offence
Suffered or done. When lawless violence
A Kingdom doth assault, and in the scale
Of perilous war her weightiest Armies fail,
Honor is hopeful elevation—whence
Glory, and Triumph. Yet with politic skill
Endangered States may yield to terms unjust,
Stoop their proud heads, but not unto the dust,—
A Foe's most favorite purpose to fulfil;
Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust
Are forfeited; but infamy doth kill."

XVIII.

"The martial courage of a day is vain,
An empty noise of death the battle's roar,
If vital hope be wanting to restore,
Or fortitude be wanting to sustain,
Armies or Kingdoms. We have heard a strain
Of triumph, how the laboring Danube bore
A weight of hostile corses: drenched with gore
Were the wide fields, the hamlets heaped with slain,
Yet see, the mighty tumult overpast,
Austria a Daughter of her Throne hath sold!
And her Tyrolean Champion we behold
Murdered like one ashore by shipwreck cast,
Murdered without relief. Oh! blind as bold,
To think that such assurance can stand fast!"

XXXII.—1811.

"The power of Armies is a visible thing,
Formal, and circumscribed in time and space;
But who the limits of that power shall trace
Which a brave People into light can bring

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Or hide, at will,—for Freedom combating
By just revenge inflamed? No foot may chase,
No eye can follow, to a *fatal* place
That power, that spirit, whether on the wing
Like the strong wind, or sleeping like the wind
Within its awful caves.—From year to year
Springs this indigenous produce far and near;
No craft this subtle element can bind,
Rising like water from the soil, to find
In every nook a lip that it may cheer."

XXXIII.—1811.

"Here pause: the poet claims at least this praise,
That virtuous Liberty hath been the scope
Of his pure song, which did not shrink from hope
In the worst moment of these evil days;
From hope, the paramount *duty* that Heaven lays,
For its own honor, on man's suffering heart.
Never may from our souls one truth depart,
That an *accursed* thing it is to gaze
On prosperous Tyrants with a dazzled eye;
Nor, touched with due abhorrence of *their* guilt
For whose dire ends tears flow, and blood is spilt,
And justice labors in extremity,
Forget thy weakness, upon which is built,
O wretched Man, the throne of Tyranny!"

The subjoined sonnet reveals the

XI.—FEELINGS OF THE TYROLESE.

"The Land we from our Fathers had in trust,
And to our Children will transmit, or die:
This is our maxim, this our piety;
And God and Nature say that it is just.
That which we *would* perform in arms—we must!
We read the dictate in the infant's eye:
In the Wife's smile: and in the placid sky;
And, at our feet, amid the silent dust
Of them that were before us. Sing aloud
Old Songs, the precious music of the heart!
Give, Herds and Flocks, your voices to the wind!
While we go forth, a self-devoted crowd,
With weapons in the fearless hand, to assert
Our virtue, and to vindicate mankind."

Our last poetical extract shall be a sonnet, composed on the occasion of the Battle of Waterloo, a little exaggerated, perhaps, at the close, and discovering throughout an egotism and complacency, pardonable only in the author of the Excursion:

XLII.

OCCASIONED BY THE SAME BATTLE, FEBRUARY, 1816.

"The Bard, whose soul is meek as dawning day,
Yet trained to judgments righteously severe;
Fervid, yet conversant with holy fear,
As recognizing one Almighty sway:
He whose experienced eye can pierce the array
Of past events,—to whom, in vision clear,
The aspiring heads of future things appear
Like mountain-tops whose mists have roll'd away:
Assoiled from all encumbrance of our time,
He only, if such breathe, in strains devout
Shall comprehend this victory sublime;
And worthily rehearse the hideous rout,
Which the blest Angels, from their peaceful clime
Beholding, welcomed with a choral shout."

We have purposely avoided saying anything in relation to the sonnets in defence of capital punishment. They are a blot upon the poetic escutcheon of our author, to be effaced only by the consideration, that they present the sole instance of his deficiency as a philanthropic and truly Christian poet. They are not to be defended on any grounds, and can only be forgotten. We would add more upon this head, had we not fresh in our minds those admirable lines of Whittier (that poet-Clarkson and Howard united, of America), which appeared in this journal last October. It is meet that such an one should assume an attitude of defence on this question, and with such an opponent.

The next paper will conclude the series of essays on the immediate connexion of Politics and Literature; and in it we shall endeavor to describe a new and very important department of Poetry, and of all the forms of the Divine Art, that most closely connected with the movement spirit of the age—Poetry for the People.

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THE SECRET PAMPHLET.*

A TALE OF THE TIME OF LOUIS XVI.

"Par dévouement, il voulut pour sa belle
A la Bastille aller en prisonnier;
Pour récompense, il l'épouse, et c'est elle
Que dans l'hymen il aura pour geôlier."

In one of a suite of apartments in the magnificent chateau of Versailles, appropriated to the *Président du Conseil des Ministres*, sat John Frederic Phillipeaux, Count of Maurepas, and Premier of France. Habited in a rich morning-gown of figured brocade, and seated at a small table, carved and gilt after the fashion of the time of Louis XVI., the Count's attention seemed to be wholly absorbed by some papers before him, which, from certain signs in his manner, contractions of the brow, shruggings of the shoulder, and wavings of the hand and pen, might have reasonably been supposed to have had relation to some subject of intense interest. At length a new idea seemed to strike him; his countenance became irradiated with a triumphant smile; his hesitation vanished; he placed his pen to the paper, traced a few rapid words, dashed the pen upon the table, and, throwing himself back in his chair, rubbed his hands in an ecstasy of delight.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "that is just the very word! It is the best epigram I have ever written! Terse, pointed, stinging, it will make Beaumarchais and Rivarol jealous; but it has cost me the whole morning—the morning of Count de Maurepas, President of the Council. In truth, I am half sorry that the confidence of the young king called me from the exile to which my epigram on Madame de Pompadour consigned me. If one turns statesman he has no time to be a *bel-esprit*. It is a great bore—but it's a lucky thing for some ministers! But the worst of my lot is to be compelled to work underhand against the queen—one of the best women in the world, but she will use all her influence with the king to favor the interests of her brother, Joseph II. It is only by anonymous squibs, epigrams and pamphlets, that I can keep the Court out of the grasp of the Austrian. *La politique sentimentale!* Pshaw! two beautiful words to go together!"

"His Excellency the Duke of Bringhen!" was the announcement of an usher in waiting.

"Show him in—a stupid, tiresome old bore. 'Tis too bad to have one's hours broken in upon in this way. It is scarcely noon yet, and here comes the Austrian ambassador to begin the dull routine of small diplomacy. Ah, Monsieur le Duc, I am exceedingly happy to see you. I received your note last evening, complaining of the publication of a pamphlet reflecting upon the policy and character of your august Master, Joseph II. It perfectly astounded me. I can hardly believe that there exists any one who would have the imprudence—the audacity——"

"Then look for yourself—here it is. I have not as yet shown it to the queen, who of course will feel highly indignant at such an attack upon her brother, in her own capital. I wished on your account to give you an opportunity of taking some steps in the matter."

"Your Excellency is very kind!"

"I have done so because it is rumored that I am indebted to you for several squibs and epigrams, representing me as an impotent old fool, and that this pamphlet is from the same author. If such a report reaches the queen and sets her against you, I don't know how I can defend you, unless something is done to discover and punish the real author of this libel. You see I am very frank."

* Derived from a French Vaudeville.

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"Yes, and you shall see that I will be equally frank will you. Tell the chief of the secret police that I wish to see him," exclaimed the Count to a servant. "Now you shall hear, Monsieur le Duc, what I am going to dictate, and you can represent it yourself to the queen."

In a few moments, Monsieur Griffet, the head of the secret police and confidential secretary of the minister, made his appearance, and was directed to seat himself, and write after the dictation of the Count.

"In the name of the King," commenced the minister. "Having learned that there has been published, anonymously, a pamphlet, entitled "Joseph II., and his Policy," we hereby offer a reward of ten thousand francs to any one affording information leading to the discovery of the author. And considering, moreover, that the work is highly disrespectful to his Majesty Joseph II., every person possessing a copy is commanded to deliver it up to the police to be destroyed. Shall we begin with this one that you have, Monsieur le Duc?"

"You are too good," replied the Duke; "as to mine, I prefer to keep it."

"And so will the good people of Paris," muttered the Count to himself, as he re-commenced dictating.

"We order, moreover, that the author, if he is discovered, shall be sent to the Bastille."

"You will add some fine—some forfeiture of property too, will you not?" inquired the Duke.

"Certainly; the reward of ten thousand francs shall be paid by the author. Show what you have written, Griffet, to Monsieur l'Ambassadeur. I hope it satisfies your Excellency. What can I do more?"

"Quite satisfactory! And now all that remains to be done is to have this printed in the largest type and posted in the public places."

"The order shall be given to the royal printing-office."

"It must be in the largest type."

"I will attend to it, myself," replied the Count, bowing the Duke out. "Griffet! send for a workman of the royal printing-office.—Ha!" he exclaimed, as the door closed upon the retiring ambassador, "this will give piquancy to my pamphlet; a better plan could not have been devised to add to its notoriety, and to ensure its being universally read. Ah, Griffet, what are you looking so puzzled about?"

"About the reason that could induce you to offer ten thousand francs for the discovery of the author of your own work—one that your Excellency made me copy and carry myself to a printer."

"For that very reason," returned the Count, "because I am sure of compromising no one."

"But your Excellency will allow me to remind you of a similar case, in the time of Louis XV., in which a certain minister lost his place."

"Yes, an epigram against Madame de Pompadour, the original of which was unfortunately found in my handwriting! But in this case, where I have again undertaken to serve the king in spite of himself, I have been more prudent, and, with that view, I made you copy the article and take it to some printer who had a press in violation of the law. By the bye, I see that he has made a mistake in leaving out one of the most piquant notes. I hope that you have not left any of your copy with him?"

"I have the whole of it."

"And my manuscript!—where is it? I told you to return it to me."

"Yes, your Excellency, I will return it to you——"

"But where is it? I want to see it immediately."

"I hope your Excellency does not distrust me?"

"Not at all. I pay you too high for that; but come, where are my papers?"

With not a little embarrassment and agitation—unnoticed, however, by the Count—Griffet drew from his pocket several sheets of paper, and handed them down to his chief. The truth was, that one sheet of the original was missing, and Monsieur Griffet, unable to account for it in any way, had taken the liberty of supplying its place with one of his own, and was trembling lest the exchange should be discovered. Fortunately for him, the minister, without glancing at the writing, merely shuffled the sheets in his hand, and ascertaining that their number was correct, put his manuscript in his pocket.

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"If your Excellency has no particular orders for me this morning," said Griffet, recovering from his fear, "I should like to have leave of absence for a while. I wish to attend my intended bride."

"You marry! And pray who may be the unfortunate?"

"*Monseigneur* is pleased to be facetious: my intended is the daughter of the most renowned *aubergiste* of Versailles—sixteen and handsome."

"Young and handsome! Oh, that alters the case. I should like to see her."

"*Diable*," muttered the Secretary to himself. "My vanity has betrayed me."

"I am now going to the king," continued the Count. "On my return you shall present her to me."

"Yes, *monseigneur*, with her mother?"

"Oh! as to the mother, I will not insist upon that. I hold you only to the young one; I shall be happy to offer her a marriage present, and—and a few words of consolation."

"Ah, laugh away," exclaimed Griffet, as the Count retired, "perhaps you won't laugh long! An old roué!—he mocks at everything—even at me—but I may yet have my revenge. He thinks that I am bound hand and foot to him, but perhaps he will lose office before long, and then he will see,—I will take good care that he has proof to the contrary. But it is most time for the arrival of my future mother-in-law, who was to call upon me with her daughter. Ah! perhaps this is she!"

The door opened, and a man clad in the garb of an artizan, with a little greasy paper cap on his head, entered and stared around at the furniture and ornaments of the room in stupid astonishment. While thus occupied, the chief of the secret police turned his eyes upon him with a vague idea of having seen him before; but it was not until an expression of shrewdness had succeeded to the first emotion of surprise, that Griffet recognized the printer whom he had employed to print the pamphlet written by his chief. At first, some doubts of the object of the printer's visit flashed across the mind of the Secretary, but confiding in the disguise which he had employed, he boldly accosted him.

"It seems to me," he said, "that this is the first time that you have been sent as a messenger of the royal printing-office. Why is that?"

"For a very good reason. I have only entered it to-day."

"And where did you work before?"

"I worked at my own house. I had a press, but unfortunately I had no license; so the police made a descent upon me; carried off my press, and turned me into the king's office to work out my fine. I think such conduct is disgusting. If I was king of France, I would nominate myself lieutenant of police, to reform all such abuses."

"I have nothing to fear from him," muttered Griffet. "Here is the proclamation which you were sent about. Read it, and make up your mind as to the kind of letter in which it can be displayed to the best advantage. You will wait here until the minister comes, who wishes to talk with you upon the subject himself. I must go."

"Ah, ha, Monsieur Colèche," exclaimed the printer, when left to himself. "You are to have the honor of talking with a minister! Well, I should like it better if I was not in a hurry to see Madame Giraud and my affianced bride—my pretty Cécile. But let us see what this proclamation amounts to."

Not a little to his surprise, Colèche found that it referred to the pamphlet which he had himself set up. One sheet of the manuscript being in duplicate, he had by accident retained the extra copy, and he expressed his regret that, not knowing the author's name and residence, he had been unable to return it. As he read on, the offer of ten thousand francs gave him still more reason to regret his ignorance. While busily engaged in speculating aloud upon the subject, admiring the room, and handling the articles of luxury with which it was filled, the door opened, and in entered Madame Giraud and her daughter.

"Madame Giraud!" exclaimed Colèche. "Cécile!—you here!—why what business can you have with the minister?"

"Ah, my poor Colèche!" replied Madame Giraud. "Things have taken a new turn;" and a sigh from Cécile confirmed the observation.

"You sigh, Cécile! What can have happened? Can it be that you love me no longer?"

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"No," replied Cécile; "I love you as much as ever, but"——

"But," interrupted her mother. "As she is about to marry another"——

"Another!—how so? You must be joking. Come, come, I like a joke in general, but I must say this one is exceedingly annoying."

"Alas!" replied Cécile; "this is no joke."

"You cannot say that it is true! there must be some mistake!" exclaimed Colèche, seizing the not unwilling hand of the pretty and modest little Cécile.

"There is no mistake," interrupted Madame Giraud. "Did you not write to us you had lost everything?"

"True!—but my sentiments remain the same."

"Ah! your sentiments I do not doubt; but they will not pay a mortgage of six thousand francs which we are under to one of the secretaries of this minister. We can get no more time upon it, and he threatens to sell my tavern, and turn us penniless into the street."

"What an avaricious tiger! He cannot have seen Cécile, or he would have some compassion. He must be blind."

"On the contrary, he has seen her; and as a condition of not proceeding against us, he demands her hand."

"Which you have promised?"

"What else could I do? I have been to Paris to try and raise the sum, but not a friend will give me any assistance."

"Ah! those friends! I know them well;—but you, Cécile—you will not consent?"

"I don't know; what can I do? I can't see my mother in want."

"I will save you from that. You shall not be disturbed. I will raise the money. I will go as a soldier. I will sell my person—your property, Cécile."

"But is a man worth six thousand francs?" inquired Madame.

"You're right," replied Colèche; "what can be done?" At this moment the proclamation caught his eye. "Ah! an idea!" he exclaimed. "Give yourself no further trouble. I have an idea."

"An idea! we don't want an idea, but six thousand francs."

"Ten thousand, if you wish! I will count them out to you in a few moments," and Colèche flourished the proclamation, danced about the room, snapping his fingers, shrugging his shoulders, and finished by giving the half-pleased, half-astonished Cécile a hearty embrace.

"Ten thousand francs!" exclaimed the mother. "Ah! Colèche, you must have stolen them."

"Yes! certainly! and a curious place I have stolen them from—you could never guess—the Bastille. But here comes some one. Ah! Cécile, I sacrifice myself to save you—remember you don't marry the Secretary, nor—nor any one else."

The Secretary entered, and warmly saluting Madame Giraud and her daughter, did not hear the comments upon his age and his ugliness in which Colèche indulged. All conversation was, however, in a few minutes interrupted by the entrance of the minister, accompanied by the Austrian ambassador.

"Yes, Monsieur le Duc," exclaimed the Count as they entered. "The queen is going to Petit-Trianon; we will go together and get there before her."

"And the proclamation?" interrupted the Duke.

"I am going to see about it now. Ah, Griffet, whom have you there?"

"Your Excellency ordered me to present my intended."

"True—she's not bad-looking; rather young though for such an old chap as you. Well, never mind—don't get angry; let her wait for a few moments in the next room. And now, where is this printer?"

"Here, at your Excellency's service!" exclaimed Colèche, coming forward and raising his paper cap.

"Ah! you are the one, eh? Very well: explain to his Excellency the Duke in what form, and with what type, it will be possible to print this proclamation."

"It is not worth while to do that," replied Colèche.

"Why not?" demanded the Count, surprised at such an answer.

"Because I will not print it at all."

"How!" exclaimed the Count. "Impertinent!" ejaculated Griffet. "Do you mean to throw away all respect?" demanded the Duke.

"Not at all; but I mean to gain ten thousand francs," replied Colèche.

"What is that you say?" inquired the Count.

"That that is the sum promised to whoever will make known the author of the pamphlet in question. Very well, I know the author."

"Where is he?" eagerly demanded the Duke.

"He is here at this moment."

This announcement created no little astonishment. The Count thought, of course, that he had been betrayed; Griffet thought that his disguise had been penetrated; while the Duke felt satisfied that his suspicions of the minister were about to be confirmed.

"Twenty thousand francs if he holds his tongue," whispered the Count to his secretary, who sidled up to Colèche, and endeavored, unheard by the Duke, to make the offer. "My friend; I want to offer you——"

"Bah! I won't hear a word of it. He is trying to bribe me, your Excellency:" and the Duke peremptorily ordered Griffet out of the room. "Now, we will hear," glancing at the chop-fallen minister, "who this author is."

"In a moment, your Excellency; there is the reward—"

"You shall have it; I give you my word."

"That is very satisfactory, but I had rather have it on paper—you little dream whom I shall name—you cannot suspect—"

"He knows it all!" muttered the Count.

"Very well; Monsieur le Comte will sign a bond," looking at the minister, who felt himself compelled to write an order for the money. "Here, will this content you?"

"Perfectly; but—" regarding the order, "I know this hand: where the d—l have I seen it?" thought Colèche.

"And now speak!" said the impatient Duke; "who is the author?"

"He is——"

"Who? who?"

"Oh, Cécile! Oh, the devotion of love!" exclaimed Colèche. "He is——*myself!* I am the guilty wretch."

"You!" exclaimed the Duke in a tone of surprise, while the Count burst into a hearty laugh, in which he was joined by the Duke, although looking exceedingly puzzled, and not more than half pleased.

"A new method of raising the wind," said the Count. "The poor devil is after the reward;" an observation to which the Duke assented, as he joined more heartily in the merriment of the minister.

"Two old jokers," thought Colèche. "I beg pardon of your Excellencies—it is not for me to dictate—but, if you can make it convenient to imprison me immediately, you will oblige me, as I am terribly pressed for the money."

"You see, Monsieur le Duc," observed the Count, "it would be ridiculous to send such a fellow to the Bastille—an insult to the prison of Voltaire."

"Without doubt—such a fool is incapable—but perhaps his folly is assumed—there have been such things—Brutus, for example. I will ask him a few questions. Look here, sir, since you pretend to be the author of this pamphlet, what were the motives which induced you to undertake to degrade the name of Joseph II.?"

"The name of Joseph II.! I have not degraded it; I put it in superb capitals. I have given him six capitals—if a sovereign is not content with that—"

"But do you maintain the principles put forth in paragraph five?"

"To be sure!"

"So, Joseph II. has not acted right towards Belgium?"

"No; he has not."

"And he has no right to punish a want of fidelity to him?"

"No! he has no right! Because, you see, perfidy is—neither here nor there; and, as to sentiments, you know—policy, &c.—besides all the rest. You see, the fact is, the Emperor ought to have said—that—that—I'll tell you what he ought to have said,—Belgium, my little fellow, you've cut up several dirty capers! Well, let it pass; but let me catch you at it again, that's all!—"

A burst of laughter from the Count interrupted the explanation of Austrian policy, and poor Colèche was told that he could take himself off.

"Well; but the Bastille?" he exclaimed.

"He holds to his purpose," said the Duke. "He is ambitious. My dear fellow, you can't make us the dupes of such a ridiculous hoax."

"Yes, it is clear that he cannot be the author of the pamphlet," returned the Count.

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"I not the author! What injustice! Well, prove it, then; prove who is the author—is it you? If it is you, let us see. Take the fifth paragraph of which we have been talking—tell us what was in the note which was left out by mistake in printing—tell us that!" exclaimed Colèche, in a tone of triumph.

"Monsieur le Comte seems to be troubled," observed the Duke, glancing at the minister. "What note?"

"Ah! wait a moment until I recollect. Oh! I remember—it was upon the Ambassador of Austria."

"Upon me?"

"Yes, listen;—'as to the envoy of Joseph II., it is said that he has but one single good quality, that is the facility with which he can be duped. Now, for my part, I think that is his greatest fault, because it does away with all the pleasure of duping him!'"

The recital of this note threw the Duke into an ecstasy of rage, while the Count began to think that Colèche was some friend who knew more than he avowed, and was trying to save him from some unknown danger. As the hour for visiting the Queen had arrived, the Minister and the Duke departed together,—the latter insisting upon an order for the arrest of the printer, determined to probe to the uttermost a mystery so galling to his vanity.

In the mean time, Griffet, who had been ordered from the room by the Duke, had been closeted with Madame Giraud and her daughter; and expecting that Colèche was about to make a disclosure that would implicate himself, he had expressed his willingness to give up his claims to the hand of Cécile, with the dowry of twenty thousand francs promised by the Minister. Overjoyed at the good news, Cécile rushed into the room to communicate the intelligence to her lover.

"And what are the conditions that he demands on my part?" asked Colèche.

"Oh, those he will explain himself when he has finished with the Minister and Ambassador, who called him as they were going out. He will be here in a moment, and sent us to tell you."

"Generous rival!" exclaimed Colèche. "I long to throw myself into his arms. 'Tis not every one who would give up my pretty Cécile, and twenty thousand francs into the bargain. Ah, here he comes!" and Colèche rushed forward and grappled Monsieur Griffet in a most loving embrace. The Secretary endeavored to extricate himself, but in vain. Colèche persisted in hugging him with all the vigor of a delighted and grateful Frenchman.

"Come to my heart! my friend—my guardian angel—you who have resigned Cécile and——"

"You need say nothing of that—I have changed my mind—bah! get away—I am half suffocated!"

"Changed your mind!" interrupted Madame Giraud. "What did you say but a few minutes since?"

"Ah! but I did not then know that he was going to avow himself the author of a witty pamphlet which satirizes some most respectable persons."

"A pamphlet!" exclaimed the old lady.

"And witty too!—you, Colèche?" said the young one.

"'Tis all true," replied Colèche.

"As to you, Madame," interposed Griffet, "all I have to say is, that if you do not pay me this very day——"

"Hold, Monsieur Secretary," exclaimed Colèche, "I have a word to say in this matter. You need not go on with a threat which you will never have an opportunity of carrying into execution. I will settle with you. I will repay you. Here, you old tiger, do you know the orders of your master? Well, here is one—it is his handwriting—ten thousand francs!"

"It is so," said the Secretary, examining the paper.

"Well then, pay yourself out of it, and don't bother Madame or her daughter any more."

"It is true," replied Griffet, "that according to the terms of the proclamation, you are entitled to this sum for having revealed the author of the pamphlet, but as the author is condemned to a fine of precisely the same amount——"

"How!" exclaimed Colèche, "that is not so—that is not so at all!"

"A fact—the proclamation says so here at the bottom."

"Ah, Mon Dieu! What a fool I have made of myself! I counted upon enriching you, Cécile, and releasing you from the persecutions of this mer-

cenary old dotard, and in an instant all is gone—I am ruined!"

"And the Bastille, too!"—put in Griffet.

"The Bastille!" exclaimed both mother and daughter.

"No! I will have nothing to do with it," replied Colèche.

"That is beyond your control now."

"Not so. I procured for myself the honor, and now I decline it. I am not the author of the pamphlet."

"No matter, you have acknowledged it."

"But what if I was mistaken? We are all of us liable to mistakes—they will happen, you know."

"Never mind, that won't save you; I have orders to arrest you; so march."

"No; I will not march. Nothing but force shall tear me from this spot so long as Cécile is here. The Bastille shall never see anything of me of my own free will."

"We will see about that—perhaps a couple of *estaffiers* will be able to prevail upon you;" and Griffet made his exit in search of the officers.

"Is there no means of justifying yourself, my poor Colèche!" exclaimed Madame Giraud.

"Means! ah, yes; I have an idea; that sheet of the manuscript copy which I have saved! that will clear me, if you will help me."

"Command us!" exclaimed both mother and daughter.

"You, Madame Giraud—run—overtake the Ambassador—call him aside and tell him from me that he shall know all; I will give him a proof, a written proof. And you, Cécile, in the meanwhile, run to your house; in my chamber you will find my portfolio; open it; you will see among other papers a small manuscript—a single sheet with the name of Joseph II. written three or four times on each page; bring it to me—quick—run—be as soon as you can,—and, for safety, hide it in your bosom—there—hurry!"—and Madame and Cécile set out upon their respective errands with all speed.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Colèche, capering about the room and cutting such antics as none but an excited Frenchman can cut. "Bravo! a lucky thought! A most luminous idea! The Bastille!—bah!—I shall escape it yet! What the d—l could have put it in my head to turn author and wit—the idea is ridiculous—'twas a mistake—but all men are liable to make mistakes. Turenne even, and Richelieu, and Julius Cæsar, all made some mistakes in their time—true greatness consists in remedying them after they are made; and I think that I can do that in the present case. What a morning this has been—an era in my life—a constant succession of ups and downs!—the downs, however, I must say, rather predominate."

Colèche's soliloquy was cut short by the entrance of the Minister, who had contrived to shake off the Ambassador, and had hurried back to have an explanation with the *bizarre* printer, who appeared to know so much of an affair in which he was so deeply interested. Advancing on tip-toe to Colèche, he said: "Listen—I have not a moment to spare; I am afraid we shall be interrupted. I have come back expressly to see you, and to say that I am perfectly satisfied with what you have done."

"Ah!" ejaculated the sagacious Colèche, who began to perceive a new chance for escape.

"Yes, whatever may have been your motive, you shall be rewarded—largely rewarded."

"Ah, ha!" said the printer to himself, "I smell an *up*."

"You will go to the Bastille."

"Ah, there comes a *down!*"

"But you will remain but ten days; the Queen is so good. I will interest myself for you, and afterwards I'll see that you are fully satisfied."

"Decidedly an *up!*" muttered Colèche.

"There is only one condition—which is, that you remain always the author of the pamphlet in the eyes of the Ambassador."

"Decidedly a *down!*"

"What is that you say?"

"Nothing, nothing—confound my luminous ideas!—if it was not for that!—but perhaps there is time yet, if Madame Giraud has not already found the Ambassador."

"The Ambassador?"

"Yes, and Cécile—the sheet of manuscript which she has gone to get——"

"The manuscript! what manuscript? where is it?"

"In the bosom of her dress—I'll run and meet her,"—and Colèche was

rushing out when he was intercepted by the Duke, who came in out of breath with the haste he had made, upon the reception of the message with which Madame Giraud had been charged.

"Your Excellency! you have not been informed already? You have not encountered an old woman?"

"I have."

"Oh, Mon Dieu! this is a regular *down*."

"Monsieur Maurepas here before me!" muttered the Duke. "Ah! I begin to understand something of this mystery. I have come back," he continued aloud, "to learn the name of the author which this fellow promises to reveal and to furnish me with proofs in writing."

"In writing!" exclaimed the Count, seizing Colèche by the arm. "Have you such proofs?"

"No, it's all a mistake."

"You have not!" said the Duke. "Well, then, I will see that you are imprisoned until you find some. If you don't confess I will have you in the mines of Spielberg for life."

"And if you speak a word," whispered the Count, "you shall pass your life in the dungeons of Vincennes."

"Well, come—this is pleasant! If this is not a predicament! The mines or the dungeons—hard to choose! I am *down* now decidedly. Confound all luminous ideas—I'll have no more of them."

At this moment Griffet entered with his officers, to whom the Duke gave orders to take charge of Colèche for an hour, assuring him that if, at the end of that time, he did not confess the name of the author, he should be conducted to prison. "I must see the Queen for a few minutes. If, upon my return, you give me the information I want, I will pledge you her protection against all harm, and a reward of twenty-five thousand francs. If not, you may well dread the consequences," and the mystified and angry Duke made his exit in one direction, while Colèche, accompanied by Griffet and the officers, was marched off in another, leaving the Minister alone.

In rather a troubled state of mind was the witty and gallant Count. The mention of proofs in writing had alarmed him, although he could not imagine how such proof could exist when he had his original manuscript in his possession. To assure himself of the fact, he pulled the manuscript from his pocket and commenced counting the sheets. In doing so, he discovered that one of his own was missing, and that its place had been supplied by a sheet in the handwriting of Griffet. "Can it be," he exclaimed, "that he has betrayed me! and this printer—what does he know of the affair? *Mon Dieu!* this will be a second edition of my adventure under Louis XV.—A dismissal! Morbleu!—I shall leave a reputation for maladroitness, which will stick to my name for ever; I am ruined unless some lucky chance saves me!"

The door opened, and Cécile rushed into the room. "Colèche!" and she pulled the paper from her bosom; "Colèche! here—quick."

Seeing the Count, she paused, embarrassed, and hastily thrust the paper back, but not so quickly as to escape the Minister's observation.

"Cécile, my pretty child, come here. I want to speak a word with you."

Cécile came forward, carefully crossing her kerchief upon her breast.

"This printer—this Colèche you were just calling—do you know him?"

"Know him! when I love him, and have engaged to marry him!"

"Ah, ah!—I see—come closer, my sweet Cécile! I am very much interested in you—I am disposed to do something for you——"

"How! Monseigneur!"

"Yes, if you will grant me——"

"No, no! I will grant you nothing——"

"But listen to me—it is for the interest of your lover—it will benefit him much——"

"But I won't—I love him too much to benefit him!"

"You misunderstood me—you think that I want to make love to you——"

"I don't know—it looks very much like it!"

"No; in my youth I grant you I should have had something except politics to talk about with such a nice little sweet blushing rose-bud as you, Cécile; but now"—endeavoring to take her hand, which was hastily withdrawn—"now you may trust me. Listen! do you know that you have it in your power to carry a rich dowry to your lover?"

"It is not possible!"

"Yes, it is—I will give it, and only

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exact from you in return a trifling sacrifice—that sheet of paper which you have concealed there in your dress."

"You know it, then?"

"I know all—come, I am in a hurry—let me have it—do not hesitate—I repeat that you will lose nothing, or your lover either—I give you my word."

"After that I cannot doubt," replied Cécile, drawing the paper from her bosom, and handing it to the Count, who seized it with an air of triumph, and substituting it for the one in Griffet's hand, placed the latter in a separate pocket.

"You will not forget your promise?" timidly interposed Cécile.

"Never! And here I'll seal the bond!" said the Count, catching Cécile in his arms.

"Oh, Heaven!"—"Oh, my daughter!" were the ejaculations of Colèche and Madame, as they entered accompanied by Griffet.

"I will have revenge!" muttered the latter, as he beheld his intended in the embrace of his master.

"Courage!" replied Colèche, "rest easy—I will take it for you and myself too. As for this old *roué*——"

"Hush!" exclaimed Madame Giraud, to whom Cécile had been making an explanation; "do not make an enemy of the——"

"I will—I'll do anything—I'll risk everything—the personal enemy of the Minister! that is a position—I am proud of it—I'll never——"

"What?" said the Duke, casting, as he entered, a suspicious glance at the minister. "Are you ready with those proofs?"

"In a moment, your Excellency. Cécile, where is my manuscript?"

Cécile glanced at the Count, who gave her a meaning wink in return, and then boldly denied having any paper.

"How!" exclaimed Colèche, "she denies it—she must have sold herself—she is ruined—horrible! This is frightful! Oh, Cécile, descend into your conscience, and see if you cannot find my manuscript. Your mother was witness——"

"I," interposed Madame; "No—I don't know what you are talking about."

"You, too! Oh, dear—he has got round the old woman too!—that's coming it a little too strong. One must have a real rage for that kind of business, to undertake both mother and daughter at the same time!"

"He raves! He is a fool!" exclaimed the two ladies.

"There, you see, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, they treat me just as all the world treats you,—they mock me—they laugh at me."

Colèche's remark added a fresh edge to the anger of the Duke, who ordered him to produce his proofs, and offered to direct one of the officers to make an examination of the ladies' persons. But this by no means suited Colèche's notions; and after some altercation the Duke finding that he could make nothing out of him, turned to Maurepas, observing, "You have complicated this enigma, Monsieur le Comte, so that I cannot find the meaning of it. I am exceedingly sorry, because, when the king returns from the chase, I fear the queen will induce him, if you are not more fortunate in your researches, to deprive himself of your valuable services."

"Ah! A disgrace!" said Griffet, "He is no longer minister—now is the time for vengeance. I'll pay him off for all his epigrams and witticisms at my expense, and for the liberties he has taken with my future bride. Monsieur le Duc, since it is his Majesty who desires to know the name of the author, my duty to my sovereign will not allow me longer to conceal it. Loyalty and fidelity to the king and his most gracious consort, I consider to be the first of virtues, and I am going, therefore, to tell everything."

"Ah, the double-dammed traitor!" muttered the Count.

"Speak," said the Duke.

"Know, then, that the true and only author——"

"Stop," interposed the Count, "why are you going to denounce yourself? You know well that if you did not choose to commit yourself, I should never have made up my mind to show the paper," pulling from his pocket the sheet of Griffet's copy. "It is in your handwriting—examine it, Monsieur le Duc."

"Clear enough! It is precisely in the same hand as the proclamation which I saw him write myself. Scoundrel! How could you——"

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"But——" interposed Griffet.

"Not a word—I won't hear a word—to the Bastille!"

"To the Bastille!" echoed Colèche, the ladies and the minister, and Monsieur Griffet was hurried off between the two officers in waiting.

"I should have left the other fellow but ten days," said the Count to himself, "but this old fool shall stay out his month; he has well deserved it."

The Duke, now that he had succeeded in penetrating the mystery as he thought, was all smiles, and seizing the Count's hand apologized for his unjust suspicions. The minister very graciously accepted the apology, and explained that the proof had only been a few minutes in his possession. That to Cécile they were indebted for it, and as a reward, that he was going to marry her to the young printer before them; but to this proposition Colèche at first sulkily demurred, which excited an indignant exclamation from both mother and daughter.

"Can it be that you no longer love her?" demanded the Count.

"I don't choose to give a reason for my refusal; kiss Cécile as much you have a mind to, and leave me to mind my own business."

"Not love her, eh?" persisted the Count, "when she will bring you a dower of thirty thousand francs!"

"I do love her—but—I can't——"

"And more than that, the situation of keeper in one of my chateaux, with a thousand crowns salary!"

"Oh, I adore her—but—but——"

"And further, the right of hunting upon my grounds."

"By reciprocity?"

"Ah! I understand you," said the Count, smiling; "no, no, rest easy on that ground."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure—I won't deceive *you*—you are no diplomatist."

"Well, then—decidedly I do love her; and only too much—and I am a great booby to doubt her. Come, Cécile, don't cry; let us be married. The official guarantee of a prime minister ought to satisfy any reasonable man, and I am satisfied. Come, Cécile!"

THE GERMAN'S FATHERLAND.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF E. M. ARNDT.

"Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?
Ist's Prussenland? Ist's Schwabenland?
Ist's wo am Rhein die Rebe blüht?
Ist's wo am Belt die Möwe zieht?
O nein, nein, nein,
Sein Vaterland musz grösser seyn."

What is the German's Fatherland?
Is it Prussia, or Suabia's Land?
Or where, amid the purple vine,
Majestic flows the glorious Rhine?
Oh no; for ah
His Fatherland is broader far.

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* The original of this poem has been set to music, and is now recognized as a universal and favorite national air by most of the German nation.

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What is the German's Fatherland ?
Bavaria, or Styria's Land ?
Or where, beneath the rugged soil
The miner plods his dreary toil ?
Still no ; for ah
His Fatherland is broader far.

What is the German's Fatherland ?
Is it Westphalia's blooming Land ?
Or where, along the fertile shore,
Their mountain waves the quicksands pour ?
Still no ; for ah
His Fatherland is broader far.

What is the German's Fatherland ?
O name the far-extended Land !
Is it Switzerland in mountain grace ?
Fair is the land, and brave the race ;
Yet no ; for ah
His Fatherland is broader far.

What is the German's Fatherland ?
O name the far-extended Land,
But stay ; at length I have it right ;
'Tis Austria in glory bright.
Nor yet ; for ah
His Fatherland is broader far.

What is the German's Fatherland ?
Then name to me this far-famed Land !
Is it where from the feudal chain,
The princes rent their fair domain ?
Oh no ; for ah
His Fatherland is broader far.

What is the German's Fatherland ?
O name at length the glorious Land !
Far as the German's accents sound,
Far as his hymns are heard around ;
This must it be ;
This, German, is the Land for thee.

This is the German's Fatherland,
Where Faith is in the friendly hand ;
Where Love is in each clear blue eye,
And in each heart Fidelity,
And Truth alone ;
This, noble German, call thine own !

January, 1843. H. M.

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ARUNDINES CAMI.*

The spirit of the lofty, grave tragedians, and of the Greek and Latin Muse, has lived in the bosom of our English bards, and may be worthily incorporated in our noble English tongue. The lyrics of Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Gray and Collins, are proof of this; and not to despise all which is not hallowed by a dim age, or is produced in our disenchanted time, we would add Ion, that sweet tragic Poem of Fate. The halls of learning in England, established on noble foundations, and promising to remain lasting monuments of all which is exalted in piety or refined in letters, have been for ages as a temple of refuge, and never suffered the sacred fires to go out upon their altars. With them *Language* has been never dead. The correctness of the old models—the impetuous eloquence of Demosthenes, the pureness of Isocrates, the polished oratory of Tully, the exquisite felicity of Horace, the simple grandeur of Homer, and the sweet flow of Virgil's muse, have never ceased to be the delight of literary hours in the shadowy groves of their Academies, where, as in Plato's grove, the Attic bird

> "Trills her sweet warbled notes the summer long."

What a host of scholars have shed lustre on the halls which nourished them! Porson, Jones, Parr, Bentley, Heber, and others unknown to fame, who have carried the fruits of liberal studies into their dignified retirements, to embellish their walk of life, and to be the ineffable charm and solace of their age. The educated Englishman whose "sound mind in sound body" has brought him to that honored trophy of grey hairs, and to an old age sustained with grace, as it is free from burden, as he walks under his ancestral trees, is apt to recur to his classical studies with an ever fresh delight; nor does he think it unseemly to employ his hours in the construction of Latin verse, or to emulate the most renowned Grecians of his time.

> "Dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos."

Wellesley is a remarkable example; and a compilation of all which such men have done in youth, or declining years, or in their relaxation from severer studies, would be alike honorable to themselves, to their country, and to those noble systems of education which make the finished scholar. The influence of such pursuits cannot reasonably be doubted; since it is evidently to develope correct taste, to exercise the judgment, and to bring the whole mind to a matchless temper. But it is the attentive study, as well as the transfusion of the spirit of old originals, which has contributed to make English literature (which we all glory in and call our own) what it is; which otherwise, it is certain, would have less to boast of. We might go over the list of authors from the earliest formation of a literature, (whose muster-roll would be more splendid than that of the army, as the simple laurels and "own rewards" of letters are worthier than blood-red trophies, even though we should mention the glory of Marlborough and his well earned estates), and we might mark how their works, without detracting from their originality, were begun, formed and perfected on correct models; but if we were to exclude Milton alone, the whole catalogue would be but an imperfect scroll. Yet even he, had he drunk less deeply at pure fountains, might have fallen into the contingency which Gray presumes of some in his famous Elegy, who for the want of learning now rest "mute and inglorious" in their sepulchres; or might have shone in "dim eclipse,"

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* Arundines Cami; sive Musarum Cantabrigiensium Lusus Canori, collegit atque edidit Henricus Drury, A.M. Cantabrigiæ, 1841.

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while the fruits of his sublime resignation would scarcely have come down to us without their copious grace of classical illustration, in his noble verse, and equally noble prose. Shakspeare, whether his scholarship be doubted or not, too clearly reveals that he had at least tasted the sources of those streams at which all genius which is heaven-born is contented to drink; and so we might note the influence of true learning and scholarship on all which is most lasting in English literature. The turning of some of our English poets into Latin or Greek verse, seems to us, after all, not so difficult to those bred in the right school. It is but a natural transition: the giving up to the hands of the old masters what was received from them—the return of a spirit to the gods which gave it.

We have, in the work before us, a monument of affection and good scholarship, consisting mainly of divers compositions in Latin verse, the prolusions or recreations, so to speak, of men refined by a like taste, and educated in the same school—*Arundines Cami; sive Musarum Cantabrigiensium Lusus Canori.* For these exercises, in some instances sportings, of the Cambridge muse, we find the names of such distinguished contributors as follow: Samuel Butler, late Bishop of Lichfield, Lord Lyttleton, Lord John Manners, Richard Porson, Francis Hodgson, Archdeacon Wrangham, Edward Craven Hawtrey, headmaster at Eton, Thomas Drury, Benjamin Hall Kennedy, and others. Indeed, the editor could have found no lack of materials from the labors of Porson and some of the early scholars; but his chief labor seems to have been, to select from the compositions of his friends who wrote elegantly. We are sure that scholars will thank him for this labor, and the pieces are, with few exceptions, worthy of the chaste style of art in which the work is produced. We are not prepared to say that no word might be found of questionable authority, or that there is no phrase to which a Latin of the purest eye might object. Some people deny that it is possible now to write the dead languages correctly, or with any certain precision, unless we can refer to an exact authority for the meaning of every word. But we are certain that Cicero, could he live again, would acknowledge in the style of Sir William Jones, no small degree of his own elaborate polish and artifice, his nice adjustment of the members of a sentence, the musical period, climax, and figures of speech, and turns of expression. On the contrary, there are not wanting those who are so puffed up and vain-glorious, as to say that the moderns can write *better* Latin than did the ancients. Much learning has made them mad! But of the specimens before us, we will say, without making any pretension to be severely critical, that on a general perusal, to the eye, ear, and judgment of an educated person, they seem to be correct, while many will doubtless bear on the score of Latinity a somewhat close scrutiny, and others might be singled out for a chaste elegance which approaches very nearly to the old Roman muse. At any rate, they give evidence of efficient training, and could be the work of none other than scholars, working by correct rules, who understand the philosophy of the tongue, and apprehend the nice shades and distinctions of words; and who, if they are sometimes compelled by sheer necessity to invent phrases which ancient usage does not sanction, because it did not need, do it with a just regard for the genius of the language, and become themselves respectable authority for what might otherwise be deemed barbarous. This ingenuity has in some cases to struggle to a hard triumph where the power of resistance is strong, and some purely original genius resolutely refuses to be put into a new dress. Here we are willing to smile in good-nature at efforts which if they amount to a failure, are at least crowned with as much success as the nature of the case admits; nor can we turn with offended dignity from those comical portions of the work to which we chiefly allude which might relax the brows of the most severe student, even while he should censure them as labor lost. Indeed we sometimes admire most, where we have the most to pardon, but observe the greater ingenuity and more consummate skill. We shall not pass by these without further mention, but first we will allude to some others.

We have said that many of the master-pieces of the English poets are conceived in the full spirit of the an-

cients, so that they may be readily turned into the Latin or Greek idiom, and have a very natural grace in their new dress. Thus the Etonians, proud of Gray, have made numerous versions of his Elegy. One in Greek (not included in this collection), of uncommon elegance, and bearing upon it the seal of the highest critical authority, is printed at the end of an edition of Aristotle on Poetry, edited by W. Cooke. 8vo. Cantab. 1785. The beautiful stanza, "The boast of heraldry, &c.," is thus given:

"Ἃ χάρις ἐυγενέων, χάρις ἢ βασιλήιδος ἄρχας,
Δῶρα τυχας, χρυσας Αφροδιτας καλα τα δωρα,
Πάνθ' ἅμα ταῦτα τέθνακε, και ἦνθεν κόρσιμον ἄμαρ,
Ἡρῶων κλὶ' ὅλωλε, και ὤχετο κοινον ἐς Ἅδαν."

Matthias ventures to assert that neither Bion nor Moschus ever exceeded this; he thinks they never *equalled* it. Perhaps not; but while it is the highest testimony which could be bestowed, that the learned, deprecating the exclusive possession of so great a gem, have attempted to make common to many languages this really inimitable composition, it is something which can be bequeathed to those alone who read the English tongue. It is inimitable for its entire harmony; by which we refer not so much to musical effect, as to the elements of it; the nice fitting and correspondence of every part of its structure, that just combination, that preserved equality, which forbears as much to rise above the proper level as to sink below, and makes up a whole, perfect work, which, however inferior in dimensions, perfectly satisfies the taste, delights the soul, and leaves it nothing to desire. Such is Gray's Elegy, and imbued as it is with the calm, tearful melancholy of the time and place, will fill up a soothing hour in millions of hearts which have not yet begun to beat. It was a generous and convincing vindication of the value of letters over arms, pronounced by one on the eve of a splendid morrow, and when his own "path of glory" had even then arrived at "the grave." As he (the gallant Wolfe) dropped down the river on that critical night, and having just received a copy from England, mused over its morality, and felt his heart affected by its solemn numbers, he said that all the trophies arms could win were not worthy to compare with the laurels of its author. It was a humane sentiment, and will be remembered as long as his last sublime words.

The Latin version here given is not so good as the Greek to which we have alluded; it is however creditable, and will bear a favorable comparison with others; for numerous writers have contended for the honor of turning it into the Latin tongue, and we have before us an illustrated edition of the Elegy containing versions in Latin, Greek, French, German, and Italian; the *French*, we will just observe, barely tolerable. But here is something of Gray's which has a very classical air, and seems to invite translation, and we annex the version of it found in the "Arundines:"

TO POESY.

"Thee the voice, the dance obey,
Tempered to thy warbled lay,
O'er Idalia's velvet green,
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day,
With antic sports and blue-eyed Pleasures
Frisking light in frolic measures:
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow, melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay:
With arms sublime that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love."

—

AD POESIN.

"Te vox, te sequitur chorus,
Si quando liquidum protuleris melos.
Et quum Diva potens Cypri
Natalem Idaliæ concelebrat diem,
Tum vittis roseis Amor,
Exultatque levis turba Cupidinum,
Ludis juncta decentibus:
Tum nudo viridem pulsat humum pede
Audax Lætitiæ cohors:
Incedunt, celeres mox revocant gradus,
Turmæve orbibus invicem
Occurrunt, hilares dum resonant modi,
Concordesve pedes micant.
Adventum Veneris carmine languido
Lenti significant soni;
En! quàcunque jacet lumina, Gratiæ

Reginam obsequio colunt.
Sublatis manibus Diva per æthera
Molli tendit iter via;
Pulcher purpuream vibrat Amor facem,
Læti et flamma Cupidinis
Martis perque genas perque sinum movet."

In company with this, we will place Milton's beautiful apostrophe to Echo:

"Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy aery shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroidered vale,
Where the lovelorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O! if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies."

—

DULCIS ECHO.

"Nympha, quam leni refluentis amne
Ripa Mæandri tenet, ambiente
Aeris septam nebula, uvidique
Marginis herba:
Sive te valles potius morantur
Roscidis pictæ violis, amorem
Qua suum noctu Philomela dulci
Carmine luget;
Ecqua, Narcissi referens figuram
Visa te fratrum species duorum
Movit? ah siqua, Dea, sub caverna
Furta recondis,
Dic mihi qua nunc, male te secuti,
Florea tecum lateant in umbra
Vocis argutæ domina et canori
Filia cœli.
Sic et in sedem redeas paternam
Et, chori dum tu strepitum noveni
Æmulans reddis, geminentur ipsis
Gaudia Divis."

Besides the above, we find translations from Shakspeare, Cowper, Pope, Goldsmith, Byron, Moore, Tennyson, and some of the minor poets. Perhaps in the range of English poetry, pieces better adapted to translation might be found, than some which are here given, but the selection was to be made from materials already prepared. Here, in measured hexameters, is the great bard's awful contemplation of death:

"Ay, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot,
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling! 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death."

—

"Attamen; heu! quam triste mori! nec quo sit eundum
Scire prius—positum clausa putrescere in arca;
Membrorum sisti motus, alacremque vigorem
In luteam solvi molem—quam triste! capacem
Lætitiæque jocique animam torrentibus uri
Ignibus, aut montis claudi glacialis in alveo:
Suspensumve dari ventis, noctesque diesque
Huc illuc, invisa vi, turbantibus orbem;
Aut graviora pati, quam quos cruciatibus actos
Tartareas implere feris ululatibus umbras,
Anxia mens hominum, mirum et miserabile! finxit,
Horrendum! quodcumque mali ferat ægra senectus,
Pauperiesve dolorve gravis, tractæve catenæ,
Omnia quæ possunt infestam reddere vitam,
Esse voluptates lætæ Elysiumque videntur,
Spectanti mortem prope, venturamque timenti."

Moore's verses about a "tree or flower" which seem so exquisitely beautiful on a first reading, but which have been so bequoted and whined

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over by boarding-school misses and melancholic persons, that like some popular airs of the operas, we have got weary of them, we willingly peruse in the Latin version, by Mr. Drury, the Editor; although in truth they present an instance where language and sentiment are so happily married, that, so to speak, they cannot exist, except in an eternal union. You cannot bear away the beautiful spirit, and enshrine it in another form, for the one it occupies is already moulded by its plastic art, and there it finds its calm and fitting repose. The sorrowful and dejected suddenly meeting with the verses of Moore, would porè over them with a heartfelt, tearful delight, loving them for a sympathy and mournful passion, for a true and natural utterance of griefs which might seem exceedingly mawkish in the best prose. But with us their frequent quotation (which, however, is the surest mark of an intrinsic beauty), and self-application by persons of good appetite and fancied wrongs, have brought about a distaste, if that were possible, and made us less sensible of their great beauty, and we present them in their new dress, whether it well fits or not:

SIC SEMPER.

"Sic mihi de teneris spes infeliciter annis,
Et vota et cupidæ præteriere preces!
Arbusta in sylvis, in aprico flosculus horto,
Sub manibus pereunt omnia pulchra meis.
Si forte effusi mirantem fulgur ocelli
Jam me surpuerat cara capella mihi,
Cum sciret vocem, peteret mea basia, mecum
Luderet—ad certam mittitur illa necem."

The beautiful fragment of Simonides, λίρνακι ἐν δαιδαλέᾳ ἄνεμος, κ. τ. λ., is thus translated:

"Quando insonaret sub trabe dædala
Vis sæva ventorum, et pelagi palus
Concussa suaderet timorem,
Inque oculis premeretur humor,
Favit tenellum Persea brachiis,
Dixitque Mater: Me miseram, quibus
Curis laboro! tu sed æneis
Vectibus implacidoque lecto,
Mollissima ætas, sterneris, et gravem
Carpis soporem: te pelagi premit
Cælique caligo; sed ipse
Immemori frueris quiete;
Quantum capillis immineant aquæ,
Quantumque venti vis crepet, unice
Securus: ut pulcher nitensque
Purpureo recubas in ostro!
Quod si timeres quæ mihi sunt metu,
Et lene consilium imbiberes meum,
Dormi juberem; dormiunto
Dura fugæ mala, dura ponti.
Sic et benignus consilium pater
Mutet refingens in melius, neque
Hæc nolit ulcisci, precando
Ni fuerim nimium molesta."

How can any translation do justice to the original!—and we fear that the following, attempted for the English reader, is unworthy both of the Latin and Greek. Besides, several excellent English versions already exist:

DANÄE.

"The winds were shrill, the waters mountain high,
The fragile barque was lifted on the wave,
And Danäe poured her bitter, bitter cry,
And gazed on Perseus and the yawning grave.

"'My child,' she said, 'while billows toss our chest,
And chilly night-winds rush across the deep,
In balmy sleep thou liest as at the breast,
Thy coral lips are smiling through thy sleep.

"'The gentle moon, with a voluptuous light,
Is up, and quivers on the heaving sea,
But in my dank, unjoyous barque, the night
Is doubly drear to me.

"'Enwrapt within thy purple mantle warm,
Thou dost not hear the billows booming wild,
Thy clustering locks are sheltered from the storm,
Beautiful child!

"'Ah! could'st thou half thy mother's anguish know,
Thy lips as yet "unsullied with a tear,"
With sympathetic grief would overflow,
Thy tranquil bosom palpitate with fear.

"'Yet darling sleep! ye billows cease to roll!
And ye wild winds that battle with the main;
Ye fiercer storms that rage within my soul,
When shall that soul be lulled to peace again?'"

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Not to proceed any farther with extracts like the above, we now come to the *Nugæ*, if they may be so called, or literary trifles and curiosities, interspersed throughout the book in such large plenty, as to give it a character of mirth very winning to those who shrink from the too severe brows of scholastic learning. Here is ample relief, and nuts to crack for the most sportive person who delights in fun—

"Quem jocus circumvolat."

We had scarcely deemed that English scholars—and among them we refer to some of the most learned, grave, and reverend seniors of the land—had expended their talents so liberally on this field, and that the fruits of their classical studies would include a class of compositions which are the charm of the nursery, and have been most thoroughly learned by the national heart. It is here, that tact and ingenuity have to work around difficulties which cannot be surmounted; idioms and forms of expressions of their own, which can hardly be turned into corresponding idioms and forms of expression, or in any other than a literal way, as witness the following little gem which the reader will easily recognize:

HEI DIDULUM.

"Hei didulum! atque iterum didulum!
Felisque, Fidisque!
Vacca super Lunæ cornua prosiluit:
Nescio qua catulus risit dulcedine ludi;
Abstulit et turpi lanx cochleare fuga."

A few more trifles of this sort, may not be rejected with disdain by the learned:

Ba! ba! black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, master, that we have,
Two bags full;
One for our master,
And one for our dame,
But none for the naughty boy
That lives in the lane.

PRAVIS PUERIS QUOD ACCIDIT.

"Bis salveto, ovium phalanx nigrorum,
Lanam delicias meas habetis?
O quidni duo saculos habemus.
En, unum dominæ, alterum magistro!
Sed pravus puer est in angiportu,
Et pravis pueris nihil feremus."

POOR ROBIN.

"The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then,
Poor thing?

He'll sit in a barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!"

RUBECULA.

"Ingruit sævus Boreas, nivesque
Jam per algentem glomerantur auram;
Tempore hoc tristi tibi, cara, quid, Rubecula, fiet?

"Horreo tu stramineo sedebis
Et vel hiberna glacie calescens
Dulce sub penna caput usque tu, Rubecula, condes."

LITTLE BOPEEP.

"Little Bopeep has lost her sheep,
And does not know where to find them;
Let them alone, and they'll soon come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

PARVA BOPÆPIA.

"Parva vagabundos Bopæpia perdidit agnos,
Nescia secreti quo latuere loci;
Bellula, eant, abeant; ad pascua nota redibunt,
Et, reduces, caudas post sua terga gerent."

THE MAN OF THESSALY.

"There was a man of Thessaly
And he was wonderous wise,
He jumped into a quickset hedge,
And scratched out both his eyes.

"And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into another hedge
And scratched them in again."

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VIR THESSALICUS.

"Thessalus acer erat sapiens præ civibus unus,
Qui mediam insiluit spineta per horrida sepem,
Effoditque oculos sibi crudelissimus ambos;
Cum vero effossos orbes sine lumine vidit,
Viribus enisum totis illum altera sepes
Accipit, et raptos oculos cito reddit egenti."

But in trifles of the above sort, the great Porson outstrips all competitors, and they serve as much as his more serious labors in criticism, to illustrate his profound learning. The following is admirable in all its expressions, and is found in the present collection, although already familiar to many:

"Three children sliding on the ice,
All on a summer's day,
It so fell out they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

"Now had these children been at school,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
They had not all been drowned.

"You parents that have children dear,
And eke you that have none,
If you will have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home."

—

"Χρυσαλλοπήκτους τρίπτυχοι κόροι ροὺς,
Ὥρᾳ θέρους ψαίροντες εὐτάρσοις ποσὶ,
Δίναις ἔπιπτον, διαδὴ πίπτειν φιλεῖ,
Ἅπαντες· εἶτ' ἔφευγον ὃι λελειμμένοι.

Ἀλλ' ἔιπερ ἦσαν ἐγκεκλεισμένοι μοχλοὶς,
Ἢ ποσὶν ὀλισθάνοντες ἐν ξηρῷ πέδῳ,
Χρυσῶν ἂν ἠθέλησα περιδόσθαι σταθμῶν,
Εἰ μὴ μέρος τι τῶν νέων ἐσώζετο.

Ἀλλ' ὦ τοκεῖς, ὅσοις μὲν ὄντα τυγχάνει,
Ὅσοις δὲ μὴ βλαστήματ' ἐυτέκνου σπορᾶς,
Ἢν εὐτυχοῖς εὔχησθε τὰς θυρὰζ' ὁδοὺς
Τοῖς παισὶν, εὖ σφῶς ἐν δόμοις φυλάσσετε."

We might draw further from this treasury, and are strongly tempted to introduce the history of the prolific old woman who lived in a shoe. But *ohe, jam satis!* We are contented in adducing the above tragic lines, to have borne our testimony to the superior genius of RICHARD PORSON, who stands first as a Hellenist, not even excepting Bentley, by whose side he sleeps in Trinity. What a natural aspect have these verses to any one accustomed to the Greek Drama. Many persons of considerable learning make awkward attempts at composition, and for the want of training, with as poor success as those who enter into the palæstra with unelastic limbs. They are as stiff and unnatural, sometimes as ridiculous, as those who with no inbred sense of the propriety of things adjust their outward manners to a set of fixed and unyielding rules. No doubt their prefaces and learned theses are unexceptionable in minutiæ, and betray even an intense scholarship which leaves little room for verbal criticism. Their mode of proceeding is to bring together from all quarters a great number of detached and idiomatic phrases, and having shaken them together, as the old hero did the lots in the bottom of the helmet, to draw them forth into an artificial patchwork of learned sentences. It is not that they sit down to write from the fullness of their minds, and with a native ease; but they are like those who have the squares and pieces of the ivory puzzle before them, and fit them together as they best can, so as to have the appearance of some regular figure. They have certain peculiar terms which must be lugged in at all hazards. Here *non dubito quin*, or *quæ cum ita sint*, herald in some sentence of more than Ciceronian elegance; then you recognize the *omnis homines*, the antiquity, and affected brevity of Sallust, with an abundance of *tum tums*, and every sort of correct structure formed in the most approved rules of CROMBIE'S GYMNASIUM, or ELEGANTIÆ LATINÆ. A vengeance on the audacious critic, who takes upon him to demur at any part or parcel of what has been culled from such undoubted sources! They fly to the rescue with the terrible aspect of those who have justice on their side, and exhibit a malicious pleasure, as if the enemy had been caught in his own snare. The worst of it is, that they overshoot the mark—they are superelegant—they out-Cicero Cicero; in short, they do not know how to write Latin; they are mere slavish imitators, and want the taste, training, and sort of knowledge, to strike out boldly into a style of their own, to invent where invention may be necessary, yet all after a strict analogy, and in accordance with the true genius of the tongue. These remarks might be easily illus-

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trated by appropriate examples, if it would serve any purpose to disturb the serenity of those who are too happy in contemplating their own works, which they seem to imagine that some old genius has invested with a great part of its own grace,

"——quæ Venus
Quintâ parte sui nectaris imbuit."

We have yet to allude to a hardly legitimate branch of composition, forming the third part of the "Arundines," the imitations of the rhymes, commonly called monkish. Rhyme, as Miller calls it, is a modern bondage, but the attempt to discard it, by himself and others, and to establish English poetry on the foundation of quantity and measure, is something which the structure of the language scarce encourages or indeed admits. We want the musical chime, to make up for other deficiencies in point of harmony; and, in spite of the rhetoricians, think that it is consistent even with the sublime in writing. A few have succeeded in blank verse; but especially the attempts sometimes made to manufacture English hexameters are not good, and had better be abandoned. They are forced, barbarous, and contrary to nature, and can give the ear no delight. But however indispensable to modern language, rhyme can add nothing to the satisfactory melody of Greek or Latin verse, whose fixed quantities and sonorous sounds confer a higher advantage on the poet. It was scarce thought of by the ancients, although certain similar endings, the ὁμοιοτελευταὶ of the Greek orators, are spoken of as a sort of authority. There are no rhymes in Latin until some time after the language began to decline; when in several ages it had greatly fallen from its purity, they abounded. We can call some to mind which do not sound very *monkish.* Some of the religious rhymes, however, considered merely as compositions, and unconnected with the music of the cathedral, are possessed of great merit, as we need scarcely instance that one in which Pergolesi has achieved a durable triumph,--as also in our own day Rossini,—and that marvellous blast of the trumpet in the "Dies iræ:"

"Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum."

A few compositions in this kind are agreeable for their novelty, and to show how much tact and ingenuity may accomplish with the limited capabilities of the tongue. But the *bondage of rhyme* in Latin will be very apt to force the writer into barbarisms and vague expression. We shall, however, select a few pieces from this part of the volume also:

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

"In the hour of my distress,
When temptations sore oppress,
And when I my sins confess—
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

"When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited—
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

"When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes their vigils keep—
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

"When the passing bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fright my parting soul—
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

"When the tapers all burn blue,
When the comforters are few,
And that number more than true—
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

"When the priest his last has prayed,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decayed—
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

"When (God knows) I'm tossed about
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glass runs out—
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

"When the tempter me pursueth
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with their truth—
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

"When the flames and hellish cries
Fright my ears and fright my eyes,
And all terrors me surprise—
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

"When the judgment is revealed,
And that open, which was sealed,
When to thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!"

HERRICK.

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AD SANCTUM SPIRITUM.

"Hora in calamitatis,
Cum tenter et prober satis,
O! ut solvar a peccatis,
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

"Cum capite et corde æger
Miser intus lecto tegar,
Ne in tenebras releger,
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

"Quando domus flet et gemit,
Atque sopor mundum premit,
Nec vigiliis me demit,
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

"Quum campana sonat mortem,
Furiæque vim consortem
Jungunt, rapiant ut fortem,
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

"Lampas fuscos dat dolores;
Pauci adstant, qui dolores
Levent—veri pauciores!
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

"Cum sacerdos summa dabit
Verba, quæ nutu probabit
Caput hoc, si vox negabit,
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

"Cum huc illuc (Deus novit)
Ferar, sicut terror movit,
Nec stat sanguis, qui me fovit,
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

"Cum peccatis me juventæ
Serpens premit violentæ,
Vero heu! consentiente,
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

"Aures gemitus obtundunt!
Ignes oculos confundunt!
Nervi sine te succumbunt!
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

"En! judicium declaratur:
En! patet quod celabatur:
En! vox iras deprecatur—
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!"

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON.

"By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept,
When we remembered thee, O Sion.
As for our harps we hanged them up
Upon the trees that are therein.
For they that led us away captive
Required of us then a song
And melody in our heaviness;
Sing us one of the songs of Sion.
How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?
If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,
Let my right hand forget her cunning.
If I do not remember thee,
Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth;
Yea, if I prefer not Jerusalem in my mirth.
Remember the children of Edom, O Lord,
In the day of Jerusalem; how they said,
Down with it, down with it, even to the ground.
O daughter of Babylon, wasted with misery,
Yea, happy shall he be that rewardeth thee
As thou hast served us.
Blessed shall he be that taketh thy children
And throweth them against the stones."

PSALM CXXXVII.

PROPTER AMNES BABYLONIS.

"Propter amnes Babylonis
Sedebamus lacrymantes,
Templi sancti et Sionis
Triste fatum complorantes;

"Et ad salices propinquas,
Conspergentes ora fletu,
Fractas figebamus lyras,
Plurimo cum ejulatu:

"Namque amabilem concentum
Exquirebant vexatores,
Jubilemus ut recentum
Inter cladium dolores;

"Et clamabant, 'Delectentur
Hostes versibus divinis!'
Quomodo Dei cantentur
Carmina in peregrinis?

"Dextra moveri negato,
Si Sionis obliviscar;
Lingua hæreat palato,
Templi si non reminiscar.

"Pende exultationem,
Deus, Arabum et minas
Quas fuderunt, ut Sionem
Convertebant in ruinas.

"Ut fremebant, 'Devastate
Solymorum ornamenta,
Et cum solo adæquate
Urbis alta fundamenta.'

"Felix erit, Babylonis
Nata, curis jam vexata,
In te die ultionis
Qui rependet nostra fata.

"Felix erit, qui infantes
Cum parentibus excidet,
Et ad lapides extantes
Vitam fragilem elidet."

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On the whole we can mention no department of the "Arundines" where the labor of the editor has been expended in vain, and we regard the whole work as honorable to English scholarship, as it is a luxurious monument of the press.

Perhaps the present may afford us a seasonable occasion to say of our own country, what may be more in accordance with truth and justice, than flattering to the national ear. We never look over a publication of the kind just mentioned without questioning when, if ever, we shall be blessed with those excellent systems which shall be productive of like fruits; when the learned professor shall not be the last source of appeal to the ignorant many, but the charmed circle being widened which cannot admit within it the ignorant or profane, the good scholar may be found in every walk of life, while a tone of feeling and exalted aim is given to all educated ranks, which shall be itself the best vindication of letters. That the standard of classical education is lamentably low in this country, is a truth which will hardly be questioned, notwithstanding intelligence on common topics is universal, under the fostering influence of our institutions and laws. Science, in its application to the useful arts, is pursued with unfailing energy, perhaps to a hasty development of our resources, but for the rest, *cui bono?* Let us not be understood as chiming in with the remarks of certain insolent querists, or as depreciating American scholarship, when we know for a certainty, that there are individuals among us whose own love of letters would carry with it a sufficient reward and inducement; that their laborious works in classical criticism and research are reprinted, and circulated with every mark of approbation as school-books in England; that there is scarce a department of science, learning, or literature, in which one or more are not found distinguished; and that in nearly all of our many colleges there are men whose attainments are of the highest respectability, although, as things are now managed, it is impossible for them to perfect the education of scholars, partially trained, and under modes as different from one another as the States and Territories whence they come. So far we shall deny the imputation of knowing "little Latin and less Greek," and shall protest against relinquishing any of the respect or merit which is justly due. Some years ago a stranger, delighting in the euphonious name of *Fidler*, published a superficial and trashy book, purporting to be his "Observations" in the United States of America, wherein he states that there are not only no scholars in the land, but if all the books in the land should be collected together, there are not the materials out of which a scholar could be made. This man came hither to seek his own ends, which, it seems, had never been enough promoted at home, although, as he modestly observes, "I was possessed of more than ordinary acquirements." How profound his acquirements really were, would be evident to the most casual reader from the very wretched composition of his book. His darling project appeared to be, after gaining some preferment, to effect the publication of what is alluded to on almost every page of his volume as "MY SANSCRIT WORK." In the way of this there were, according to his account, several small obstacles: firstly, the necessary type; secondly, a publisher willing to bestow on him the princely reward of his pains; and lastly, a learned body of men fit to appreciate his learning. Pity that he should have brought his oriental merchandize to so bad a market after bearing it on his asinine back so long! In Boston, which he states to be the hotbed of American letters, he represents himself as magisterially examining the Professors in Sanscrit, and the result was, that not one could say boo to this goose of a pedant, so that he soon found out that he had "little to fear," and he despaired to find any able to cope with him. Perhaps if he had continued the search, he had succeeded better. We could point him, without having to seek long, to men modest, retiring, well appreciated in their own seats of learning, who could come even to an alternate contention in Sanscrit, with this very impudent and conceited pedagogue. The truth is, without going back into our history, we can record at present some of the noblest examples of enthusiasm in the pursuit of classical learning to be found in any country.

We remember to have read some

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years ago a life of Washington, written in very good Latin, by a backwoodsman, under circumstances of peculiar want and discouragement. The editor states, that while residing in the far West, being desirous of pursuing classical studies, he had the good fortune to fall in with the author, Mr. Francis Glass, who was at that time the presiding genius of a district school. The account which he gives of his introduction to him, is interesting, and worthy to be transcribed:

"I found him in a remote part of the country, in a good neighborhood of thrifty farmers who had employed him to instruct their children, who in general were then acquiring the simplest rudiments of an English education. The school-house now rises fresh on my memory. It stood on the banks of a small stream, in a thick grove of native oaks, resembling more a den for druidical rites than a temple of learning. The building was a low log-cabin, with a clap-board roof, but indifferently tight. All the light of heaven found in this cabin came through apertures made on each side in the logs, and these were covered with oiled paper to keep out the cold air, while they admitted the dim rays. The seats or benches were of hewn timbers, resting on upright posts placed in the ground to keep them from being overturned by the mischievous urchins who sat on them. In the centre was a large stove, between which and the back part of the building stood a small desk, without lock or key, made of rough plank, over which a plane had never passed; and behind this desk sat Professor Glass when I entered his school.

"The moment he learned that my intention was to pursue the study of the languages with him, his whole soul appeared to beam from his countenance. He commenced in a strain which in another would have seemed pedantic, but which in fact was far from being so in him. The following imperfect sketch, drawn entirely from memory, may serve to give some idea of his peculiar manner:—'Welcome to the shrine of the Muses, my young friend, *salve!* Χαῖρε! The temple of the Delphian God was originally a laurel hut, and the Muses deign to dwell, accordingly, even in my rustic abode. "*Non humilem domum fastidiunt, umbrosamve ripam.*" Here, too, the winds hold converse, "Eurus, and Caurus, and Argestes loud," and the god desses of the Castalian fountain, the daughters of the golden-haired Mnemosyne, are sometimes silent with the lyre, "*cithara tacentes,*" that they may catch the sweet murmurs of the harp of Æolus. Here too, I, the priest of the Muses, *Musarum sacerdos*, sing to the young of either sex, strains before unheard, *Virginibus puerisque canto.* Plutus, indeed, that blind old deity, is far away; and far away let him be, for well has the prince of comic poets styled him a "filthy, crooked, miserable, wrinkled, bald, and toothless creature, ρυπῶντα κυφόν, ἄθλιον, ρυσόν, μαδῶντα, νωδον." ' Such was my first interview. It was a display perfectly natural, and without the least apparent effort on his part. . . . . Glass knew nothing of the world more than a child. He was delicately formed in mind and body, and shrunk from all coarseness, as a sensitive plant from the rude touch. A cold or unfeeling word seemed to palsy every current of his soul, and every power of his mind; but when addressed in gentle, confiding tones, he was easy, communicative, full of light and life. At such hours, he poured out a stream of classical knowledge, as clear, sparkling, and copious as ever flowed from the fountains of inspiration in the early days of the Muses. . . . I had been with him about three months, when he communicated to me his long cherished intention of writing the life of Washington in Latin, for the use of schools. He, after this time, often adverted to the subject, with an earnestness I shall never forget. By parcels I got something of his history. He was educated in Philadelphia. While acting as an instructor in the interior of Pennsylvania, he contracted an unfortunate marriage, in a state, as he said, of partial insanity; no wonder he thought so, when he found himself surrounded by evils which his imprudence had brought upon him. He did all he could for his wife and rapidly increasing family, but his efforts procured for them but a scanty subsistence.

"With all ambition prostrated, and with a deadly sickness at the heart, he somewhere in the year 1817 or '18 left Pennsylvania for the West, and settled in Miami county. From that time to the period I became acquainted with him, he had pursued the business of school-keeping, subject to the whims of children and the caprices of their parents, enough alone to disturb the greatest philosopher. Every new change of school district gave Glass some new cause of suffering, which had an effect on his health and temper. During all the time he had been in the Western Country he made little or no progress in his contemplated work. In the drudgery of a daily school he could

not think of sitting down to such a labor. He would often discover the deepest sensibility when any allusion was made to the deeds or fame of Washington, and his own contemplations on the wishes of his heart seemed to break down all the energies of his mind, and unfit him for the common duties of life. Every day his misfortunes were making inroads upon his slender form, and hurrying him to the grave. He viewed his situation without dismay, only fearing that he should die before he had written the Life of Washington. The winter had now drawn nearly to a close; still nothing had been definitely arranged in reference to the subject. He renewed it again and again. . . . . From the moment he learned my determination to meet his requirements in the prosecution of his work, his gloom and low spirits forsook him, and he appeared like a new being.

"I now visited his house for the first time. I shall not attempt a description, nor do I exaggerate when I say, that his worldly goods and chattels of all descriptions could not have been sold for the sum of thirty dollars. Clothing for himself and family was now ordered, and at the end of his term, arrangements were made for the removal of himself and family to Dayton, on the Miami, sixty miles from Cincinnati, where he immediately set about his work; and ere the close of the following winter the whole was completed. At this period I paid him a visit, and received from him the manuscript. His request was most earnest that the result of his labors might be published. I promised him it should, and have never seen him since; and though years have rolled around, I have never, until the present moment, had leisure to attend to its publication or to redeem the promise I had made to its author."

We think that the heart of the editor who writes thus must visit him with some reproaches, for when he had tardily fulfilled his word to the poor scholar, it was but raising a monument to the *dead*. We have in our mind several examples equally sad, and could record some hard-won, noble triumphs in the same field; but individual cases of good scholarship and zeal in the pursuit of learning stand only in stronger relief amid the general deficiency. We have many colleges, but they fail to keep up a succession of ripe scholars. It would be better if all their resources should be concentred on a few renowned seats of learning, which are all the country requires. Honors and degrees would then cease to be "as plenty as blackberries," instead of being given at the mere asking to men notoriously unworthy of them. Even those who are trained for the learned professions are urged on by a precipitate haste very consistent with the genius of the people, but incompatible with a finished education. A year or two at the grammar-school prepares them for the college, from which they are discharged, in three or four years at the most, with its highest honors, although many are unable to read their own diplomas. Whatever courses of study yet remain, are disposed of in the same summary way. How can it be wondered at, then, that when the foundations are so slightly laid, a structure should fail to be raised which is either durable or imposing? Our primary schools are numerous, each professing to have its own system, but we have no uniformity, no one standard, no aim in our education. A system of drilling, such as prevails at Harrow, in England, is not practised in this country. How many of our graduated youths could compose Latin verses such as are found in the "Arundines?" On the score of *quantity* of words, we imagine that work will bear a pretty rigid scrutiny. Yet this particular, to transgress in which is considered a grievous sin among English scholars, is almost wholly disregarded among us. There are scarcely any scholars at our universities, who, as regards *quantity*, could read a single passage in an ancient author without outrage to the most unscrupulous ears.* We believe that we are stating nothing more than the truth on this subject. We know it from personal observation, and regret that it is so, only hoping that the time may not be far distant when candor may be enabled to render a better verdict. There are too few among us who pursue learning for its own sake. But perhaps the cause for this is to be sought in the peculiar stage of advancement to which we are arrived. The nation, as such, is poor, and the whole energy of the people is natu-

* Columbia College, in New York, forms, as we believe, a solitary exception to the above remarks.

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rally bent on the development of the great resources of the country, and, *true to their English origin*, on the promotion of individual weal. Arts and the refinement of letters are secondary, and riches and all luxury but the representatives of so much mortal toil. Wealth is accumulated first, and then, overflowing, it summons to its aid the resources of genius, and delights in the treasures of art. But until it waves its magical wand, the Muses are found in a sacred privacy. Men live in their unadorned dwellings. There are few among them to give the language of Fancy utterance, to embody in enduring forms the delicate creations of an old mythology, whose essence was a passion for the Beautiful, the very religion of the Greeks. Where shall we look for the three forms of Art, which are, in fact, one, and may be comprised under the name of *Poet?* For the marble and the canvass are creative, and eloquent as "thoughts that breathe," or "words that burn." But as yet few worship art. There is no Claude to diffuse his delicious tints over the canvass, no artist to sculpture the lovely Venus from the stone, no genius to upheave the dome which makes infinity comprehensible, no Angelo to hang the Pantheon in air. A few ages pass away, and sordid gain has amassed its treasures, where, sinking into its despised grave, it leaves the legacy of tears and toil to others. But a new race has arisen, not born to labor. Witness then the transfusion of the gold. Wealth speaks the word, and whatever we choose to imagine is accomplished. Nature and Art submit to the allegiance of taste. The very fields are regulated in their wild luxuriance, and the landscape is neat with culture. Painting, sculpture, architecture, embellish the splendid cities. Music breathes voluptuously. The Theatre reflects the manners of the age, which a higher education polishes. The lofty mansion bespeaks pride. Lines of ancestors are on the walls. It may be a very museum, where Art has collected her most precious gems; every nook contains some triumph, and every niche a masterpiece. The humane letters indeed may flourish under every discouragement. Penury and cold neglect cannot make the genius dim which struggles to shine. But every congenial element must be brought to bear to raise up a body of learned men, and to make the seats of learning rival those of old renown. In the meantime let us as far as possible correct what is deficient, and plant the seeds at least of good systems, in hopes that time shall develope their fruits, and that the treasures which are now attainable by a few, may be diffused among the many.

TEARS AND DIAMONDS.

The maiden bent her o'er the stream
  That ran beside the soft green sward;
Sure, hers must be a happy dream,
  For she has met with love's reward;
The roses on her brow that lie
Were twined to crown his victory.

But her evil star is keeping
  Vigil for her ruin's sake,
With the willows she is weeping,
  Weeping, as her heart would break;
Much is hers, and yet, I ween,
Would the maiden be a queen.

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Weeping in the brimming lake,
  Sighing on the voidless air,
Such is all we do or make
  In our hope or our despair;
Slight the traces that we leave
If we joy, or if we grieve.

But a change comes o'er her now,
  For the tears that leave her eyes
Gather, shining, round her brow,
  There compelled to crystallize,
While, attired by unseen hands,
She a royal virgin stands.

Glittering myriads seem to press
  Where but now was solitude.
Bear her, in her loveliness,
  To a palace in the wood;
Gayest crowds around her sport,
She their queen, and they her court.

Now her form has pressed the throne,
  Now her high behest is heard,
Peers and ladies, silent grown,
  Strive to catch her slightest word;
And, above each other gem,
Shines that tear-wove diadem.

She is in the council hall,
  To decide a nation's fate—
She has deigned to grace the ball
  With her beauty and her state;
Perfumed every breath around,
Hushed to music every sound.

She has gone forth to the chase,
  And she hunts right royally;
See her milkwhite charger's pace,
  Who can curb his rage as she?
On the throne, or on the green,
Moves she every inch a queen.

Hark! the hounds, and hear! the horn—
  Yes, they hold the stag at bay;
But from out the wood is borne
  One a shot hath chanced to slay;
At her palfrey's feet is laid
A youthful form in bloody plaid.

How she flings her from her horse!
  How she lies upon the ground,
Hanging o'er that gentle corse,
  Staunching with her hands the wound!
Oh! it is not royal blood,
But her life is in that flood.

What a change comes o'er her now!
  Her lips have no command to speak;
The mystic jewels leave her brow,
  And melt once more upon her cheek;
The broken-hearted girl is seen,
But where has flown the haughty queen?

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Court and courtiers fade away,
  For she neither sees nor hears;
Her world is now that lifeless clay,
  Her only treasures are her tears;
Velvet couch and gilded room?
She will share her lover's tomb.

Thus the blight upon her came
  For whom brightest hopes had blushed;
What the glories of a name,
  Throne, or court? her heart was crushed.
The star fell from her lofty sphere,
A withered flower upon Love's bier.

***

NEW-OLOGY.

"Quæque ipse *miserrima* vidi."

Mr. Editor:—In the search after Truth, in the general struggle to enlarge the boundaries of human knowledge, the effective agents are divided, doubtless providentially, into two distinct and dissimilar, but eventually coöperating parties. One set of men are essentially innovators, another essentially conservatives. One set are for proving all things, another only for holding fast that which is good. One party bring in the harvest, by the other it is winnowed and the chaff is driven off and rejected. One party are eager but undiscriminating caterers; they bring into the family mess, all sorts of suitable and unsuitable material, fish, flesh and fowl, wood, hay and stubble, tough sea-weed and fungus, and ocean foam and unsubstantial bubbles. The others arrange and assort all this, prepare the good for use, and unrelentingly kick the rubbish out of doors.

This latter task, though by no means the least necessary, is decidedly the least popular of the two. For there is something in positive assertion, which interests the feelings of men in favor of the assertor; there is an impetuosity, a life, a movement about it, which is naturally more agreeable to us all than resistance and doubt, whose slow analytic processes seem to have no object but to deprive our excited curiosity of its food. There is a medium between too much of this feeling, and too much of its opposite; the truest friend of knowledge is he who is willing to believe, but who desires also to establish his belief by a sifting of facts and investigation of evidence. Allow me a few pages for an essay in this vein, as nearly as I can hit it, which I am led to offer, from a strong feeling of dissent from the general tone of the Article in your last on Neurology.

The world has been strangely pestered of late, with imaginary new sciences and great discoveries; and with the reputations of imaginary great men their authors, fog built, on fog foundations. None of the men who have gained notoriety in this way, have shown themselves capable of doing it in any other; none of them have been remarkable at all for anything, but each for his one contrivance. Lavater, Mesmer, Gall, Spurzheim, Combe, *et hoc genus omne*, what were they when dismounted from their particular broomsticks?

"Ambubaiarum collegia, pharmacopolæ,
Mendici, mimi, balatrones."

Men of lively imaginations, and that is all. None of them have left, or given, any proofs of great learning or genius; none of them have done any-

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thing that the world has heard of, but the following out of their own day-dreams with ingenious talk and charlatan experiments. All of them have done an injury to the inquiring world, by giving such specious names to airy nothing, as to induce the unwary often to waste their time in studying it; and all of them by the acquisition of reputation, or at least of notoriety, at little cost of study, have set a bad example to the rising generation, and suggested to many aspiring minds, that the forging of counterfeit sciences may be an easier path to distinction, than the mastering and advancing the true.

But it is not only true, that these apostles of quackery have none of them taught us anything else; it is true, too, that among those who *have* added something to our knowledge, they have made no converts; at least they have gained no advocates. What thought Franklin? What thought Sir Humphrey Davy? What thinks Arago? of any of these inventions? When Daguerre had made a great discovery, Arago announced it to the Institute, and the men of the highest distinction in France contended for the honor of being present at the early experiments, and for the pleasure of seeing the earliest proofs. It was a thing that *could* be proved; and a thing which being proved once, requires no farther argument; it could then be laid down as a truth, and made a stepping-stone to further discoveries. It was TRUE, and not FALSE; it was the result of years of study—

"Of length of watching, strength of toil and skill,
In knowledge of the fathers."

It was not the cobweb construction of a day-dream, spun out by some fool into apparent symmetry, and plausibly attached here and there, and made to correspond to some points in external nature; not because the man who did it, had any mission to enlighten or instruct us, but solely because he had the time upon his hands, being really fit for nothing better.

Would Alibert and Majendie have let phrenology lie idle in all their vast and curious investigations, if it had been an instrument fit for use? Would they have neglected Animal Magnetism? *they*, or Sir Astley Cooper, or to say it in one word, the whole medical world? Who hears of these things in Bedlam, or the hospitals? or anywhere where practical use might be made of them, if they were real; or anywhere at all, but in books and lectures, or now and then in a newspaper; where some one case, *said to be* authentic, but by no means authenticated, is vamped up for the day instead of a dreadful accident. Science spreads; its usefulness when once proved becomes general; but quackery remains in the hands of its professors. *They* prove it over and over; every day the proofs evanesce, and must be reinforced in fresh lectures, and paid for with additional half-dollars. But how do the men treat this, who really have a mission and a destiny? They who have driven ignorance and darkness some steps backward, and have added some territory *permanently* to the realm of knowledge and light. They think of it, as the commander of a steam-frigate may be supposed to think of the automaton chess-player; a clever plaything, doubtless; but he does not wish to apply the principle, to make himself a helmsman or engineer. The great men I have named above, and others I might name, Malthus, Senior, Babbage, Faraday, Geoffroy de St. Hilaire, and all this class, stand apart like Cæsar and Napoleon, compared with whom the others are at best but as Kean, Macready, and Gabriel Ravel. Observe, however, in this comparison, that the actor instructs and amuses, and may improve and refine us; but the herald of a false theory makes an onslaught on the limits which keep falsehood back from the fields of truth, and on the wholesome rational spirit which distinguishes between possible and impossible:

"Quid possit oriri,
Quid nequeat, finita potestas denique cuique
Quanam sit ratione atque alte terminus hærens."

For in fact and in truth there *is*, and must be, such a thing as impossibility. There *is* a feeling or a principle, the growth of all our past experience, which enables us sometimes to say, when we hear a lie, that that thing cannot be, and without examining evidence or discussing proofs, that the

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thing is on its face impossible. Such, for example, is the clairvoyance notion, with all its pretensions so many times killed and brought to life again. The thing is morally, physically, and rationally impossible and ridiculous. Not but that we would believe it on proof proportionate to the *à priori* disbelief: as, for instance, if a somnambulist would give us the English news, and anticipate the steamers, or even read us the Philadelphia papers, or bring us from a distance any public and notorious news, he might thus raise up such clouds of witnesses as to overcome all our preconceived notions of possibility, and make us admit new ones instead of them. But the occasion calls for this kind of public proof, it calls for an appeal to general experience, general in some large proportion to that experience which is to be confuted. Such proof could be easily, and would be readily given, if the thing were true; it is not given; therefore the thing is false. And in an argument which calls for proof of this sort, it is not worth our while to attend at all to anything inferior; to details about how such a one's house was described to him five hundred miles off by a person who never saw it, and who did not know him; how the wrinkles were counted at that distance in the face of his aged grandmother, and the pieces of broken china enumerated which stood in the corner cupboard. But what was the price of cotton that day in that same distant city, or whether it rained or snowed or shone, or anything else that the public can take cognizance of, deponent invariably saith not. To all these histories then, we answer, that one man has been duped in one way, another in another, that some have deceived themselves, and some would deceive us; and to conclude, that the whole thing is a hoax, and a very childish one. The seeing through sealed papers and into pockets, or in the dark, is an imposture still more difficult to keep up, and is now pretty generally scouted and abandoned.

Whoever has read Townsend's book on Mesmerism, may see in that the difference between a true science and a false one. The book has no progression; any page or paragraph might be either at the beginning, middle, or end of the work. The same sort of stories are continually repeated; additional instances heaped on instances; but all on the same authority, and adding therefore nothing to the proof, as their sameness sheds no new light on the theory. Townsend says in one place, that the mesmerised patient has no corporeal sensations but those of the Mesmeriser; but, in other parts of his book, he makes them hear music, and feel hunger, and other sensations entirely independently. So that he evidently has no distinct idea himself how he means to represent the effect of this sleep, which is the main symptom and very embodiment of the influence he treats of. This mesmeric sleep very many persons believe in, and no doubt it appears in many cases to be produced in the way described by the believers. But when produced, whether by the imagination of the patient, or by the magnetic mummery, it is a plain, simple, unapprehensive stupor. This one circumstance perhaps exists, and on this has been built a superstructure in which all our ideas of truth, possibility, and evidence, have been mocked and set at defiance.

Mesmerism lies under one great disadvantage, which is, that in practice it affords no amusement. Nothing can be duller than trying to put a person to sleep, and failing, which in general is the most that can be made of our attempts to apply this science. In this respect, Phrenology is infinitely preferable, and it is even a more amusing paradox for discussion, because its conclusions have a certain range of degree and modification, which, when they happen to be too abominably wrong, always admits of their being explained away. Here is acquisitiveness bulging out like coach lamps on the temples of the most liberal-minded man in the world; but then there is benevolence, or veneration, or some other mighty fine quality in such counteracting predominance; oh, that explains it entirely. And then, Phrenology leads to discussions of character, and observation of characteristic traits, things naturally extremely interesting and amusing. It developes anecdote, it affords good scope for satire; and, in short, has in it many principles of fun, which will infallibly make it immortal as a joke. But to treat of it seriously, to suppose that the brain, a perfectly homogeneous mass, is divided into

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organs by imperceptible lines and partitions, that these organs, which are none of them themselves protuberant, and which produce no protuberances on the bone with which they come in contact, do yet produce them on the exterior skull; all this is too nonsensical for refutation. Some people make money, or gain notoriety by asserting, nobody can get either by contradicting it; and some proselytes having had this camel crammed down their throats, the way is widened for more, and more are bred expressly to drive down. One man polarises the organs, that is, he *discovers* that each bump or protuberance on the head has its opposite pole, where also all its own characteristics are developed. These organic poles, by some strange notion of sphericity, are all found to be in the face, and thus they constitute a new system of physiognomy. Here is a flood of new light poured out upon the world; here is risen up a new and great name in Israel, a profound thinker, deep and patient scholar, and rival of Copernicus, John Locke, Franklin and Pythagoras—admission to his lectures, half-a-dollar. Another comes forward with a galvanic battery, and offers to excite your combativeness, or discompose your organ of order, in the most convincing manner, having usually provided subjects himself if his audiences decline to furnish any, on whom the experiment may be made. Another will excite the phrenological organs during the magnetic sleep, and make them give unequivocal proofs of their own existence and powers. Here is the penultimate effort of these gropings after truth, the night growing ever darker till the day begins. Now comes the final flourish:

"Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite, Graii
Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade."

Which may be Englished in the poetical prose of Melmoth by the Madman's parable—"Colonel Harrison is come out of the West, riding on a sky-colored mule, which signifies Instruction." Indeed, we are now to be instructed with a vengeance!

Many great discoveries which have been made in this world, have seemed to be bestowed like the prize at a race, where the winner finds that, though he was first to reach the goal, yet several competitors were pressing onward close behind him, and just ready to touch it. Such is the history of the integral calculus, of the circulation of the blood, and even of the great theory of gravitation itself. Such, also, is the condition of Neurology with respect to the great men above enumerated; for really one sees that, from exciting the brain by touching the outside of the head of a sleeping person, to doing the same to a waking one, was but a step, and not a long one. Still, a short step may sometimes be made by a long-legged man; and such it appears, by the article on Neurology in your last, is the case in the present instance. I do not call this in question; Dr. Buchanan may be all that he is there represented to be, but I deny entirely that he is proved to be so by this discovery of the Neuraura, or by anything connected with the doctrines as whose advocate he is here chiefly known. And allow me to say to you, Mr. Editor, having a certain misgiving that you will print this philippic of mine reluctantly, if at all, allow me to say that I think the other side of this very disputable matter has a right to be heard, after the full hearing you gave the assertors in your last. The other side should be heard in a full and unrestrained outpouring, not limited by respect of persons,—a principle which, when extended to the things those persons patronize, is subversive of all freedom of discussion. It would please me much better could I put this thing in the light I believe to be its true one, without displeasing anybody, but my object is not now to be "cautious and friendly," but to be just. I deal absolutely with what is before the public, and I speak out with regard to that my whole meaning, and insinuate nothing that I do not say. Dr. Buchanan, then, is the gentleman who has made this notable step, not *from* the sublime to the ridiculous, yet nevertheless to the same end. He it is who discovers that the brain can be excited by touching the skull, at any time and in any manner that can be desired or imagined. Hope, Fear, Hunger, Thirst, Childhood, Old Age, Insanity, Genius, Folly, Physical Strength and Weakness, Virtue and Vice, and good and evil passions;—he has them all at his fingers' ends, and plays them on your head as

if its bumps were piano keys, and he the tuner of the instrument. But, inasmuch as everybody knows this is not so, it becomes necessary to get rid of the contradiction of universal experience; and this is done by setting up against it the experience of a class of persons denominated "impressible," who are said to exist among us in the proportion of one to a thousand. That there are such persons, and that they have such experience, is a position which rests, so far as the New York public are concerned, chiefly on the assertions of three or four individuals, of whose characters that public knows nothing,—indeed, in most instances, it has not been told their names. These people testify, as may be seen in the article I am answering, both by parole and by pantomime, that when Dr. Buchanan touches their heads, his neuraura or nervous fluid passes into and excites their cerebral organs, producing effects which, if in fact so produced, are very marvellous. But as none of these effects are such as might not easily be counterfeited or imagined, the disbelievers of neuraura, so long as such remain, will of course resort to these explanations to support their incredulity. Fingers have come in contact with heads in all possible ways since the creation until now, and the impressible *one* in each thousand has always failed to be excited. Three or four hundred people there must now be in this great city, who are highly impressible, and many thousands of persons have been set to make experiments by the notoriety of this doctrine; but we hear of no discoveries of good subjects by anybody but Dr. Buchanan.

I shall animadvert here briefly on one experiment performed before the investigating sub-committee, whose "cautious but candid" Report is the subject of the review in your last. It is omitted, and I think judiciously, by the cautious and candid reviewer, but it was set forth in the original Report, and the purport of it was, that, by exciting a certain organ on the head of a lady, known to us as "Mrs. R.," she was carried back to the feelings and condition of childhood. She played infantine antics, wanted pretty books with pictures in them, &c., &c. Twenty, thirty, or forty years, may be thus stricken off at a blow, and the brain of a mature human being may be made to act like that of a child. Experience is gone, memory is gone, and all that time has written there, and the characteristics also which belong to the physical condition of a child's brain, lightness, buoyancy, and versatility, are all restored! I am not an anatomist, but I know that the brain undergoes a progressive change from infancy to age in every human being. It grows less in volume and weight, and also eventually specifically lighter, changing no doubt in faculties and properties in a correspondent degree; and are we now to be told that, with a touch of a finger, all this effect can be undone? The Spirits in Manfred had "no power upon the past," nor Jove in Horace—

> "Non tamen irritum
> Quodcumque retro est efficiet, neque
> Diffinget infectumque reddet
> Quod fugiens semel hora vexit."

But here comes a man who sets Jupiter and Nemesis aside, razes out our "written troubles," expels our "perilous stuff," and opens anew to our ravished eyes the regretted vision of childhood! Can human credulity go this length? Can it admit a system whose witnesses bear witness to this? Why then

> "Believers of incredible creeds
> Whose faith inshrines the monsters that it breeds;
> Who bolder even than Nimrod seek to rise
> By nonsense piled on nonsense to the skies,—
> You have your miracles; aye, sound ones too—
> Seen, heard, attested; everything but true.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Which simple votaries shall on trust receive,
> While craftier feign belief—till they believe!"

Dr. Buchanan has brought forward one other idea, having no necessary connection with neuraura, of medicine acting on the system by external application, in the palm of the hand or otherwise. The experiments detailed by the sub-committee on this subject appear very wonderful; and, although fraud and good luck in guessing might in some degree explain them, if supposed, yet such supposition is not satisfactory, and the thing seems to merit further investigatior

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But such investigation having been publicly challenged and declined, I can only remark on this, that it is a phenomenon perfectly distinct from the Phrenologico-Mesmerico-Neuraurico-physiological theory, and that it is quite impossible to prove or corroborate that by taking physic through the palm of your hand.

Something has been said about ridicule and obloquy, with a slant toward the hackneyed adage that ridicule is not the test of truth. Yet truth is never ridiculous, and among the doctrines which have stood the test of time, there are none, as far as I know, which even in their earliest infancy feared ridicule. But charlatanism does naturally fear and hate it; could she cease to be ridiculous, she would be sublime, for there is but a step, everybody knows, from the latter quality to the former. No, there is but a step; but do the charlatans consider that that step was never made backward? Reverse the idea—how far is it from the ridiculous to the sublime? and who ever passed through that distance?

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, while I am quite willing that in comparison with these last discoveries, those of Gall and Spurzheim should "dwindle into insignificance," I object decidedly to your coupling with these two names that of Sir Charles Bell, as if the three stood in one rank as "benefactors of their race." Let us keep the substantial and unsubstantial separated by a line; and, at all events, wait for further advisement before classing Gall and Spurzheim with men whose discoveries are of daily, practical, and universal application; or Sir Charles Bell with these questionable suns that shine only for the elect.

It would be utterly impossible to start a doctrine so wild and absurd that it should not, in the hands of a clever man, find witnesses and proselytes,—witnesses, too, who should believe what they said in some cases, and who should in others act their parts so well as to deceive their very instructor. Fancy and caprice play strange tricks, and all they lack is order, and persistance, and repetition, and universality, to make their evidence resemble that of truth. In insulated cases the resemblance is often perfect, and hence it is that questionable doctrines are always maintained by insisting on what *has been* or is said to *have been* done, and bringing testimony to prove that, rather than by freely and frequently repeating the experiments and *showing* the recurrent phenomena. No questions of veracity ever arose about gravitation; none about logarithms or the life of the blood. Men verified the calculations and experiments in the absence of the originator, and could do them as well as he; his personal character was nothing to the argument, nor the characters of his opponents. It was quite otherwise in a case which I am about to narrate, in which a great man hatched suddenly out of a small one rose up to fame and eminence and sunk again,

"Leaving a gap in the clouds."

His life was a continual battle, not usually about his theory, for that was not of a nature to be easily contradicted, or much argued on; but about collateral issues. The question always was, was this or that man to be believed?—was this or that attack within the reasonable bounds of civil controversy? Questions of veracity and courtesy, varied by attempts to make out that his opponents were enemies to all faith and all law, wore out the great man's time, talents, money, and reputation. Envy and malignity attended every step of his career, detraction obscured his noonday brightness, and hastened his decline. Withering neglect at length dug his early grave, ridicule pushed him into it, and I wrote his elegy and epitaph as follows:

I knew a certain Dr. Budge, and he was a singular fellow,
Study had turned his nose sky-blue, and the tips of his eyebrows yellow;
And with intensity of thought, the tail of his curly queue
Was twisted up behind his head, in the shape of the letter U.
But the Doctor, with all his study and thought, had brought very little to pass,
And only his intimate friends believed, that he wasn't a stupid ass;
And his prospects faint and fainter grew, of making a ground to claim
A sinecure under government, or a niche in the Temple of Fame.
So, as a last resource, he tried to find out something new,
To improve upon Redfield like Espy, or Mesmer and Gall like Bu-
Chanan; but these being occupied, to the field of invention alone

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He went to grub and endeavor to find
some plant he might call his own.
And this was the mighty theory that
Budge resolved to teach,
That pokers have souls as well as men,
and the faculty of speech;
And this he would prove, by finding men
to testify 'twas true,
And if you denied or doubted it, he would
lay the fault on you.
On one in a thousand, the Doctor said,
does Heaven this gift bestow,
The ideas that float in a poker's head by
word of mouth to know;
The other nine hundred and ninety-nine
my *one* may thus defy—
I say the poker speaks to me, how can
you prove I lie?
The theory took; the Doctor blazed in
lecture and in column,
And he was a distinguished man, and the
truth he preached was solemn.
Sweetly and gently I said, I doubt; but
he gave me gall for honey,
And told me I was an Infidel and resister
of testimony.
Now I am a very quiet man, and I stay by
my own fireside,
In a parlor which, for the sake of peace,
my wife and I divide;
And the poker and I stay cheek by jowl
till we get very weary both,
But the devil a word do we say to each
other, of that I'll take my oath.
But as negation nothing proves, I'll show,
without more apology,
The way to prove something, or anything,
particularly New-Ology.
And how, whosoever wants witnesses to
a scientific fact,
From every thousand may pick out one,
if he has but a little tact.
You say to a man, I think, my friend,
there's a faculty in you;
Then you gravely touch his nose with
yours, and add, Indeed 'tis true;
I think you can hear what the poker says,
just take it up and see,
If you can, it's a rare and precious gift,
and a good one for you and me.
Now, if you have chosen your subject
well, he'll have an imagination
Which may readily take its own effects
for a poker's inspiration;
But failing of this, he will comprehend,
unless his ideas are dim,
That the time he devotes to experiments
is not to be lost for him.
And this is the true New-Ology; and this
is the mother science,
Of a brood now somewhat numerous, which
bids Common Sense defiance;
For the art of producing witnesses, when
once well understood,
From Spurzheim's bumps to Brandreth's
pills, makes every humbug good.

IRENÆUS.

NOTE.—We have thus proved our witty friend mistaken in his doubts as to the insertion of his pungent and high-peppered paper; though, with the exception of some of its general remarks, there is but little in it to which we are disposed to assent. As a "Democratic Reviewer," he is entitled—certainly, at least, welcome—to some liberties of speech in addressing us and our readers, which it may perhaps require a little effort of magnanimity to concede. Respecting Dr. Buchanan, and the philosophical investigations in which he is engaged, it is proper that the same occasion that carries forth the strong and severe satire which we have not shrunk from inserting, should carry with it the renewed expression of our well-assured confidence in the integrity and intelligence of that gentleman, as well as in the general views of the Article in our last, which has elicited this replication from our very clever and caustic correspondent. By a coincidence of time which suggests a duty of justice to Dr. Buchanan not to be disregarded, while the present sheet is passing through the press we find in the New York Evening Post (January 14) the following communication, which may be fairly set off as a *per contra* to the reasoning, if not to the satire, of Irenæus. The members of the class referred to are, as we are saisfactorily informed, persons of intelligence and respectability, many of them physicians or medical students, and cultivators of science for its own sake, whose testimony as to facts and observations is entitled to all respect, whatever each reader may choose to think for himself as to their deductions.—ED. D. R.

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"ADDRESS TO THE FRIENDS OF SCIENCE.

"The class who have attended the private course of the lectures upon Neurology, given by Dr. Buchanan, explaining and illustrating the physiology of the brain in relation to mental manifestations, feel so strong an interest in the rapid diffusion of his discoveries, on account of their intrinsic importance to the welfare of man, that they deem it their duty to give their testimony publicly in behalf of the science. The lectures have been given to a class of about thirty persons, whose positions in relation to the experiments were such as to admit of the closest scrutiny. And all questions of doubt or difficulty arising in the minds of any, having been put with freedom, and answered with promptitude, we feel that no witnesses could have better opportunity for knowing the genuineness of all experiments tried in their presence. Many of us have tried the experiments in our own private circles with success, and thus confirmed what we had previously observed; and several have had not only the evidence, but actual experience of the excitability of the organs by feeling effects in their own persons. The science is publicly propagated by its founder only, and is evidently still in a course of rapid development. We wish it a hearty reception from the public, and hope its distinguished founder may meet, wherever he goes, a welcome which will cheer him onward in his arduous labors.

"It is for these, among other reasons, that we unite in this address to the public. We rejoice that his science has not yet been tarnished from being pushed before the public gaze by ignorant and mercenary itinerant public exhibitors. The intelligent and liberal of all classes can now investigate its claims to consideration without the imputation of merely indulging a morbid appetite for the marvellous.

"The science of physiology has hitherto been regarded by its professors and students, as uncertain and unsettled in a great many of its principles and details, so that every new work has been largely occupied with the history of opinions, and overthrow of supposed unsound doctrines.

"It was evident that before it could advance to the state of a complete and settled science, it needed a new and more perfect method of investigation, and a resolution of the functions of that all important and all controlling organ, the encephalon.

"Phrenology, a recent and yet scarcely acknowledged science, gave us reason to hope that it would supply to the world a knowledge of the physiology of the brain. But its doctrines having no better basis than an inaccurate species of observation and induction, without decisive experiment, its progress was slow, and its conclusions inaccurate and incapable of demonstration.

"The world had witnessed experiments in what has been called animal magnetism, and many had recognized a powerful, invisible agency, by which effects of a startling character could be elicited, such as somnambulism and relief from disease. This agency was often called an influence, and the believers in its effects were yet divided, as to the reality of any invisible aura, or whether it was a mysterious sympathy of minds without an intermediate agent.

"Dr. Buchanan had the sagacity to adopt the former conclusion, and demonstrate the existence and laws of action of this invisible agent, so far as to avail himself of it for the excitement of cerebral organs by contact of the finger with the part of the head or face through which the organs radiated their peculiar aura. This discovery at once opened to him the long desiderated method of investigation, and by its application he has discovered and demonstrated the functions of the brain in relation to mental manifestations, and also as connected with the physiology of the corporeal organs generally. The obscurities of Physiology, the deficiencies of Phrenology, and the vague wonders of Animal Magnetism, will thus be replaced by an exact and certain science.

"His methods of investigation are already complete, as applied to the class of persons who are so peculiarly impressible as to have their mental balance easily deranged by influences exerted upon them. As every person not deformed is a type of the race in the arrangement of his organization and the character of his normal functions, experiments made on impressible persons will develop physiological facts which are universal in their application to the race. We deem, therefore, the great discovery of Dr. Buchanan, of the methods of exciting the organs, as the most important ever made in relation to the study of mind; inasmuch as it is the key which opens to us the arcana of his nature, and demonstrates him to be what revelation had before assured us he was—a 'being made in the image' and 'after the likeness of his Maker,' and possessing within himself powers more or less developed, by which he sustains his relations to all classes of created objects.

"Dr. Buchanan has already carried his investigations so far, by ascertaining the sources of innervation of the various parts of the body, as to have developed a mass of principles and facts which render

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physiology a beautiful and philosophical science, capable of explaining the phenomena of the circulation of the blood, as varying in every part of the body, and the operation of the various causes of health and disease, which have heretofore been unintelligible in their actions. Physiology is thus presented in a philosophical form, which renders it a suitable basis for pathology and therapeutics.

"The beautiful principle of limitation and balance of organs of opposite functions, by the equable action of which men are, as it were, carried forward like the planets in their appropriate spheres and orbits, was discovered and developed by Dr. Buchanan. The double function of organs, the one mental and the other corporeal, modifying the circulation and health of the system, is also a discovery of his. This presents the science in a light of great usefulness, in its alleviation of distress of mind and body, and in its development of the true principles on which all methods of mental, moral and physical improvement, can be based.

"Many of us have applied the methods designated by Dr. Buchanan for the relief of head-ache, tooth-ache, neuralgia, dyspepsia, nausea, debility, and local pains and inflammations; and have met with decided success. We would especially recommend a study of the subject for its practical usefulness in families when a member is rendered uncomfortable by illness, deemed too slight to require medical aid not conveniently to be obtained.

"Dr. Buchanan's researches have enabled him to discover the principles on which the operations of mesmerism are based, and render his a branch of physiological science, instead of a collection of wonderful facts elicited but not understood, and therefore so often rejected as fabulous.

"Knowing, then, as we do, and testifying, as cautious and impartial witnesses to the truth of the science of Neurology, we perceive distinctly, even with our imperfect knowledge of the subject, that it will introduce a revolution in all sciences that relate to man. Let us consider what are the real additions which have been made to our knowledge of anthropology.

"1. Phrenology began with Gall, who discovered the functions of twenty-seven organs, without giving them a very correct definition or locality. Spurzheim added to the catalogue nine organs. Several of the successors of Gall and Spurzheim have, by observation or conjecture, made some slight additions to the phrenological system. The whole of their discoveries now appear to constitute the rudiments of an imperfect system, rather than the foundation of a complete science. By the discoveries of Dr. Buchanan, which we have seen demonstrated, it appears that the several functions are governed by laws now for the first time developed, and that several hundred distinct functions may be displayed, as the subdivisions of the organs may be carried to an indefinite extent. He has, therefore, presented a complete system of Phrenology, capable of explaining all the various phenomena of human nature.

"2. Physiology has heretofore presented a strange deficiency in the most important department. The physiology of the brain was almost entirely unknown. Its phrenological functions are but half, and by no means the most important half, of its offices, in a practical point of view. The physiology of the brain, or the explanation of the effects of its various organs upon the circulations, secretions, &c., which constitutes the key of physiology, is a new science, occupying an unexplored field, and exclusively the discovery of Dr. Buchanan. As a specimen of its principles we would remark, that the discovery of the circulation of the blood, by Harvey, presented but a single obvious mechanical fact, and gives no explanation of the laws which modify that circulation to produce health, disease, and all the organic action of the human body. The laws of this circulation in every part, of the modification of the pulse, and of the vigorous performance of each function, are fully developed by Dr. Buchanan's system of cerebral physiology. If, then, we have received from Dr. Buchanan a profound system of phrenology, which is as great an improvement upon that of Gall, as the physiology of the present day is upon that of Hippocrates, we deem the discovery an important event in the history of man. This discovery, however, is perhaps less important in its results than the development of a system of physiology based upon the action of the encephalon, which constitutes a solid foundation for the science of medicine.

"For these discoveries we tender our gratitude to Dr. Buchanan, and doubt not that an intelligent and generous public will fully appreciate their importance, and will not, as has happened in other cases, leave this act of justice to be performed by posterity."

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POLITICAL PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

No. XXXVII.

SILAS WRIGHT, JR.,

OF NEW YORK.

(With a fine Engraving on Steel.)

FRIEND or foe—Democrat or Whig—from none is ever to be heard a voice of dissent from the unanimous tribute accorded by the public judgment of the country to that vigorous and efficient intellectual power, that matchless skill and clearness of logic, that unswerving consistency and integrity, and that imperturbable good-temper and gentlemanliness, which constitute the outline of the mental portraiture of the distinguished statesman of whose features and countenance we are happy to present the accompanying excellent resemblance. Mr. Wright's name was introduced in a much earlier number of this series, but without the illustration of an engraving, no portrait of him being then in existence, or at least accessible. A very recent miniature by Blanchard—one of his best—supplies this desideratum; by which we have hastened to profit, well assured that there is no individual among the men now prominent on the stage of political life whose likeness will be looked upon with higher satisfaction, by those thousands of our readers who have never probably been favored with an opportunity of seeing for themselves the great New York Senator.

Silas Wright, Jr., was born in the town of Amherst, Massachusetts, on the 24th of May, 1795. Both his parents were natives of the county of Hampshire. They had nine children—five sons and four daughters—two of whom died in infancy; the rest are now living. The elder Mr. Wright was by trade a tanner, currier, and shoemaker; which occupation he followed until March, 1796, when he removed to the town of Weybridge, Addison county, Vermont, where he purchased a farm, and where he has ever since devoted himself exclusively to its cultivation. All the family, except Silas and his youngest sister, still reside in Vermont. The brothers, one only of whom is a graduate of a college, are all likewise farmers. The sisters married farmers, and one of them, a widow, now carries on a farm with the assistance of her sons; so that the whole family may most emphatically be regarded as the children of the plough,—than which we know no more honorable designation that wealth or rank could bestow.

Mr. Wright, the father, was indentured as an apprentice to his trade at an early age, and never was at school a day in his life. When he had "served out his time," he could neither read nor write; but with the assistance of his fellow journeyman, he soon qualified himself both to read and to write, as well as to keep accounts and transact business with accuracy and facility. After his marriage his wife became his instructress—a service which she performed with all a woman's devotion and alacrity, and with a success proportionate to her own interest in the labor of love, and to the willing docility of her pupil.

Silas, like most of the rising youth of New England, attended the common schools in winter, and worked on the farm in summer, until he had passed his fourteenth year, when he was placed at an academy, that he might be prepared to enter college. The father perceived that his son was rarely endowed by nature, and was therefore the more anxious that he should enjoy the benefits of education denied by circumstances to himself. The tradition is, that he always regarded him with peculiar pride and delight, as destined to be the chief hope and ornament of the family.

In August, 1811, Mr. Wright became a student of the college at Middlebury, Vermont, where he remained until the summer of 1815, when he received the first degree of Bachelor of Arts.

The elder Mr. Wright has always

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From a Miniature by Elliott.

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Silas Wright Jr.

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been an earnest and determined Democrat. He became such during the first contest for the Presidency, in 1796, between Adams and Jefferson. On that occasion he supported the latter zealously, and has ever since cherished for his name and principles a veneration which time has rather increased than diminished. Even now he is a warm and active politician, within the limited sphere in which he moves. Between 1800 and 1810, he was repeatedly elected a member of the Legislature, and has ever been an ardent and firm Republican. He and his oldest son were in the battle of Plattsburg, under Macomb, in September, 1814, when the British fleet was captured on Lake Champlain by McDonough, and Sir George Prevost with his forces defeated and driven back into Canada.

The husbands of two sisters of Mr. Wright were also in that battle as volunteers from the "Green Mountains," although the Federal Governor of Vermont, following the treacherous and cowardly example of Governors Strong of Massachusetts, Jones of Rhode Island, and Griswold of Connecticut, had positively refused to call out a single man to defend the invaded territory and habitations of an adjoining State,—on the unworthy position that the militia could not be required to pass beyond the boundary lines of those States of which they were citizens.

During the four years passed by Mr. Wright in college, the number of the class to which he belonged averaged about thirty. Then, as now, every student was a politician, and called himself either a Federalist or Democrat. Of the latter there were in this class only four, of whom it will readily be conceived that young Wright was one of the most ardent. His politics were never better known than at this period of his life. In October, 1815, he commenced the study of the law with Mr. Martindale, who resided at Sandy Hill, Washington county, New York, where he remained about eighteen months; when he removed to the office of Roger Skinner, Esq., which presented superior opportunities for acquiring a knowledge of the details of business, as he was at that time the attorney of the United States for the northern district of that State.

In January, 1819, Mr. Wright completed his preparatory legal studies, and was licensed to practise as an attorney of the Supreme Court of New York. His health being impaired by intense application to his books and at his desk, he spent the ensuing summer in travelling on horseback for its restoration, and with the view of selecting a place where he might settle himself permanently.

In October, he removed to Canton, in the county of St. Lawrence, and opened an office. The village was new, and the business in the courts both limited and unprofitable, so that the young lawyer made but little by his practice.

His superior talents, added to the universal kindliness in his disposition and manners, soon made him highly popular. He was, after but a short residence in his new home, selected as the village postmaster, the captain of the local militia company, justice of peace, and not long after was commissioned as the Surrogate of the county of St. Lawrence. In all these situations, at the same time that he perfectly discharged every duty devolving on him, he never failed, by an insensible process which without effort on his own part was irresistible on the part of others, to make himself the object of a universal and affectionate personal popularity.

But a more enlarged public than a village neighborhood soon appreciated justly the abilities, studious habits, attainments and integrity of the young barrister. In the fall of the year 1823, without the slightest expectation of such an event on his part, Mr. Wright was nominated by his Democratic friends as a candidate for the office of Senator in the State Legislature. There was an overwhelming Federal majority in the county of St. Lawrence when Mr. Wright first settled in it; yet he had taken especial care to express, in the most public manner, his devotion to the principles of the Republican party. Still he was elected for the term of four years, and took his seat on the first Tuesday of January, 1824. During this winter the contest for the Presidency was waged in New York, as well as in other States of the Union, with the utmost violence. It resulted in the election of Mr. John Q. Adams by the

House of Representatives, in February, 1825. The individuals voted for were Crawford, Jackson, Adams, and Clay. A caucus, composed of a portion of the members of Congress, had been held at Washington, which had nominated Mr. Crawford as the candidate of the old Republican party. At one time Mr. Calhoun's claims had been earnestly pressed in Pennsylvania, by many leading politicians who were devoted to his interests, but the great mass of the people there had espoused the cause of General Jackson.

The friends of Jackson, Clay and Adams had refused peremptorily to submit their claims to the arbitrament of a caucus, which caused the division, distraction and defeat of the Democracy. Mr. Wright, adhering as he has ever done to the principles of his party, advocated Mr. Crawford's election.

In order to defeat this wise, honest and fearless man, in New York and the contiguous States, a large number of politicians exhausted all their ingenuity and skill, secretly and assiduously, in exciting prejudices against the South. Appeals were made in behalf of Mr. Adams to the pride of the people, and it was urged that all the other candidates were southern men. By these means large numbers were decoyed from the Democratic into the Federal ranks.

From the time of the adoption of the Federal Constitution, up to the period of which we are now speaking, the electors of President and Vice President in the State of New York had been chosen by the Legislature. The Federal party which supported Mr. Adams, having ascertained that the Republicans had elected a large majority of their friends to the Legislature, in order that they might have another chance, raised the cry that the electors ought to be chosen by the people. The followers of Mr. Clay, who were comparatively few, aided in this movement. As matters then stood, it was certain that Mr. Crawford would receive the undivided vote of the State. The conductors of the Federal presses joined in with this cry, and everywhere proclaimed that those members of the Assembly who should refuse to repeal the law which had been so long in force, without complaint from any quarter, were enemies to liberty, to the Constitution, and to the rights of the sovereign people!

It was insisted by the Republicans, that there was much danger that the election of the President might be referred to the House of Representatives; that there bargain, intrigue, and management might be practised; that so great a State as New York should neither divide her vote in the electoral college, and thereby impair her strength, nor aid in any way in taking the election to a body where her political weight could not be an atom greater than that of Rhode Island or Delaware.

But the timid in the more popular branch of the Legislature became alarmed, and gave way, so that the Federalists gained the ascendency there. A bill was passed in the lower House, giving the choice of Presidential electors to the people, which was thrown upon the Senate for its action. This body contains thirty-two members, of which seventeen were a bare majority. Every member, except one, was a Democrat on paper, and had been returned as such; and yet, when this bill was called up for discussion, only seventeen had the courage to oppose it, and denounce the views and schemes of those who had concocted and passed it. They stood to their posts unterrified, and rejected the bill. Immediately, everywhere throughout the State, they were assailed by the Federal opposition, and branded as "usurpers and tyrants"—as the "infamous seventeen"—as the "immortally infamous seventeen;" and so great was the height to which the popular fury was excited by the assiduous arts of the agitators, that they were burned and hanged in effigy in many parts of the country.

At the general election of November, 1824, the Democracy was utterly defeated. Upon the causes that combined to produce this effect, it is unnecessary here to pause. The candidate of the Opposition for the Executive chair received a majority of seventeen thousand votes. General James Tallmadge, who had belonged to, and been a leader in, the Republican ranks, went over to the enemy. He was elected Lieutenant-Governor by a majority of thirty-four thousand.

A large number of the *seventeen*

remained in the Senate during the session of 1825. The "victors" quarrelled, and fell into distraction. In this condition of affairs, these seventeen exercised a controlling power over the acts of the Legislature. A vacancy was about to occur in the Senate of the United States. An individual who had belonged to the Democratic party, but who had deserted and gone over to the Federalists, was presented to the Senate, a majority of whom declared that they would not vote for this individual, nor would they accept of his nomination. The House refused to designate any one else, and there was, precisely as has been again recently witnessed, no election. At the ensuing general election in 1826, the Republicans again carried the State, and one of their friends was chosen the Senator.

It was at this election that Mr. W ight was nominated to represent the district in which he resided, in the Congress of the United States. He had acquired a high reputation for ability and independence in the discharge of his official duty. This was the first occasion on which any one of the *seventeen* had come before the people, since the memorable events already detailed had occurred. The contest was bitter beyond all former example, yet Mr. Wright beat his competitor by five hundred votes. In December, 1827, he took his seat. This was the year before the second contest between Jackson and Adams. The Republican party in New York had rallied, and espoused the cause of the former. At the election of 1828, Mr. Wright was again a candidate for Congress, in what was called a double district; and notwithstanding that there was much foul play and treachery practised against him, he was successful. His certificate, however, was refused him, and he was compelled to contend for his seat before the House of Representatives, where a decision was made in his favor.

Early in February, 1829, whilst Mr. Wright was employed in the discharge of his duties at Washington, he received from the Legislature of New York the appointment of Comptroller, whose services with regard to the financial affairs of that State, correspond precisely with those of the Secretary of the Treasury with regard to the financial concerns of the Union. This office is held for three years. Mr. Wright served out his first term to the entire satisfaction of the public, and was re-elected in 1832. In this year, William L. Marcy, who was a Senator in Congress from New York, was chosen Governor, and was sworn into office on the first day of January, 1833. Mr. Wright was elected to succeed him, and forthwith took his seat. His first term expired on the third of March, 1837, but on the first Tuesday of the preceding February, he was re-elected for the constitutional period of six years.

Opportunity to display his eminent abilities was all that Mr. Wright required to secure his rapid advancement. Within twelve years the "village justice" had become one of the representatives of the sovereignty of the "Empire State," containing nearly two millions of people. In October, 1833, occurred the famous removal of the deposites. The Opposition, who held the majority in the Senate, determined to attack this bold measure there, and to pass a direct and disgraceful censure upon the Executive. It is unnecessary here to advert to the extensive preparations that were made to render this premeditated assault fatal to the Administration,—the history of that stormy and eventful period being doubtless still fresh in the memory of most of our readers.

It was at this period that it became the duty of Mr. Wright, Mr. Forsyth and others, to repel the charges which were thus preferred with a united eloquence and ferocity never surpassed in the annals of parliamentary debate, against the administration which they supported, and to defend the course which had been pursued towards the Bank. This was the first occasion on which Mr. Wright had enjoyed an opportunity to act a distinguished part in the deliberations of the Senate, since he had become a member of it. It is almost superfluous to say that he even exceeded the expectations of his friends.

There is in all the movements of Mr. Wright an air of quietness and resolution, of modesty and mildness, which is generally found in a public speaker who feels an unshaken confidence in his intellectual strength and in the justice of his cause. When he rose, the Opposition became profoundly

attentive, because they knew that he possessed the entire confidence of the Executive, and therefore that whatever revelations he might make were to be regarded as authentic and conclusive. It was evident, in a few moments after he had risen, that he had prepared himself fully, and that he would be able to present the truth with simplicity—without hesitation or the least affectation. During the two hours that he occupied the floor, he invoked the aid of no rhetorical figures, nor was there in a single sentence that fell from him the slightest tinge of passion or prejudice, or embittered feeling. Whilst his adversaries had spoken to the throng within and without the Senate, the young Senator spoke to *it*, and through it to the whole nation. It was curious to observe with what coolness, energy and effect, combined with the most unruffled courtesy, the orator dispelled, one after another, the delusions under which the Opposition had been laboring; and when he at last announced that the Executive was content to appeal from any sentence which they might pronounce, back to the people from whom he and they alike derived their respective powers, the effect was wholly irresistible. It forewarned the Federal members, and truly too, that the tempestuous passions of the Senate chamber would soon be quelled by the solemn judgment of their constituents. Mr. Wright passed through this memorable contest as became one of his rare gifts. Even his opponents confessed with admiration the skill and ingenuity of the speaker's logic, and placed him at once in the very front rank of the friends of the Administration, side by side with the best and foremost; while many have been accustomed to assign him the first place, as the Administration "leader" in the Senate, for weight, soundness, discretion, and eloquence.

It will be asked if Mr. Wright is an *orator*. In the common sense of the term, he is not. We have never known him excited beyond his usual level of cool equanimity. He never delaims, he never addresses the passions, nor attempts to charm the imagination with the figures or embellishments of rhetoric. His voice is not melodious, though after listening to it for a short time it becomes not unpleasing. His enunciation is slow, but distinct and fluent. The same accurate logical precision characterizes his language and his thoughts. He is the most perfectly calm, methodical and logical speaker that we have ever listened to. His opinions are habitually marked by moderation—by a constant regard to the results of actual experience, as well as the dictates of an enlarged reason—by a fixed determination to be practical, at the same time that he is giving scope to the broadest general views. In his speeches there is nothing of the never-ceasing labors and ponderous energy of Benton; nothing of the abstractions, the rapid and grand generalization, the intellectual exuberance, the eagerness and fiery breath, of Calhoun; nothing of the silver tones, the splendid amplification, of Clay; nor the rapid thoughts. the wit and pleasantry, of Crittenden. The eloquence of Wright bears the stamp of deep reflection, of firm counsels; and over every sentence which he utters, there breathes a profound knowledge of the principles which he maintains. He states the question to be examined, as well as the positions which he assumes, with a clearness and force which gain the admiration of his adversaries; and when he replies, he makes his approaches like a skilful artillerist, who covers himself by a parapet or a casemate when he is about to demolish the fortress of the enemy.

Of Mr. Wright's senatorial career it is needless to speak. There has been no individual in that high legislative body of whom the sentiment has been more universally felt by the Democratic party throughout the country, that he could not under any circumstances be spared from his seat there. The Committee on Finance has been his chief post of labor, at the same time that he has been a frequent, and always a powerfully influential speaker on the floor. It may safely be said, that no man has ever discharged all the duties of that elevated position with more indefatigable industry or greater ability.

In his private life Mr. Wright is as simple and frugal, as in his public capacity he is dignified and great. There is a genuine homespun plainness about him, which is at the same time finely contrasted and finely consistent with

the most gentlemanly courtesy and kindliness. A poor man, after so long a possession of a position which could at any time have commanded the most lucrative political patronage in the gift of the Government, he is as pure and sterling as the gold which he despises. Devoted to his principles, his party and his friends, because in them he sees the true highest interests of his country, he is, as we firmly believe, the most perfectly free from all personal ambition or interestedness, of all the public men of the day.

The following little glimpse of the great statesman at home, was related by the late General Macomb, after his return, in 1838, from a tour of inspection along the line of the northern frontier, during the troubles of that period:

"I had occasion to visit Canton in October, and as soon as I arrived, I inquired for the residence of Mr. Wright. I was directed to a small neat cottage, whither I made my way; and on approaching it I saw a man with his coat off, wheeling a wheelbarrow along one of the walks of a very large garden which was attached to the house. As I came near, I discovered that the laborer was my friend Wright. He received me with great cordiality; said that his garden was cultivated mainly by his own hands, and that he was putting away his winter vegetables, and preparing to depart for Washington towards the last of the coming month. He further said, with the greatest apparent satisfaction, that he had recently purchased a farm, and intended to extend his agricultural operations. He was asked how large the farm was that he had purchased, —to which he said, *twenty acres!*—that either from natural inclination, or the effect of early habits, he was much devoted to the pure and simple pursuits and pleasures of the country."

It will be seen from the above that Mr. Wright is yet in the flower of his age, being only in his forty-eighth year. We look forward to a glorious continuance and eventual consummation of the high political career along which we have thus slightly traced his strong and steady footsteps. His last act, indeed, it is unnecessary for us, after the extreme anti-tariff doctrines already advocated in this Review, to say that we witnessed with profound regret. But we are far from presuming to censure, even when we may most decidedly differ from such a man as Wright. The responsibility of his position was of a character not easily to be appreciated by any person not actually in the midst of all its delicate difficulties. He had fully signalized his opposition to the bill of abominations which was crammed down the throat of Congress and the country by the dominant Whig majority, in his votes and remarks during its progress through the Senate; the strong reprobation of the bill freely expressed by Mr. Van Buren, the object of Mr. Wright's high personal and political attachment, was well known; and the speech with which Mr. Wright accompanied his final vote on its passage amply explained the grounds of reluctant necessity, to carry on the very government of the country, on which he felt compelled to the course he pursued—on his own single independent responsibility, without consultation with any friend either present or absent. He will undoubtedly, at the earliest moment at which it will be practicable, be found one of the most strenuous to urge the radical reform of the present tariff down to the standard to which we all consent, namely, a *bonâ fide* undiscriminating revenue tariff, adjusted to the most economical scale of public expenditure. It is well, perhaps, that it has been allowed to come into existence, as its failure will serve to make more complete and final the settlement of this long vexed question of Protection, now, we trust, near at hand. Yet we cannot close without again expressing our regret, that it should have been by the vote of one who at the same time possesses and deserves in so high a degree the confidence and attachment of the Democracy of the Union, as SILAS WRIGHT.

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MR. COST JOHNSON'S FORLORN HOPE.

When an assault is about to be made upon a difficult fortification, the besieging commander usually selects, from the volunteers, a little band of the bravest to lead the way, perchance to die in the breach. Such parties are termed, in military phrase, "forlorn hopes." Peace hath these parties as well as war. Mr. Cost Johnson has undertaken to lead the forlorn hope in this last and worst assault upon the Constitution. A forlorn hope indeed, we opine, both he and his allies, at home and abroad, avowed and secret, will find it to be.

Here is a notable scheme for giving away our vast national domain! Not that we are asked to give all of it at once. Oh, no, the modest request extends only to two hundred millions worth. But it is easy to see, that if two hundred millions are given away to-day, they who do it, will find another reason for giving away as much to-morrow; and thus, in a few years, we shall have nothing more to give.

The apparent disfavor with which this project of an eminent Whig is received by his Whig brethren should not deceive us. The Democratic party cannot, without abandoning their first principles, consent to any such measure; and if it ever meet with any favor or success, it can come only from that heterogeneous party, now designated by the general name of Whigs. At present, no doubt most of them are against it; but we fear that many of their leaders are for it; and from certain indications which we perceive, we think it quite possible that it may yet be taken up by the Whigs, as a party, and made a prominent part of their policy. It is because we think so, that we take this early opportunity to call the attention of the people to the subject, and to sound the alarm, as if there were danger at hand.

What is the time chosen for this demonstration? The finances of the federal government are disordered beyond anything we have ever known in a time of peace. Its credit has been shaken. Its expenditures have exceeded its revenues considerably; and it has succeeded in meeting its payments only by successive issues of Treasury Notes. It is in this condition of its credit and its finances that a proposition is brought forward to create by one act a larger debt than any hitherto known in our history! Should it, can it, receive any favor?

That it should not, we think perfectly clear, for many reasons; suffice it here to point out three:

1. Its breach of the conditions on which the lands derived from the States were ceded to the Union.

2. Its perversion of the powers of Congress.

3. Its pernicious consequences to the purity of the government and the peace of the country.

When the Union was formed it had no domain. The lands at the West, this side the Mississippi, and north of Florida, belonged to different States; principally to Virginia, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. They were ceded to the Union at the urgent solicitation of Congress, and always upon certain conditions, all having the same general tenor. That in the grant of Virginia, for instance, was to the effect that the lands should "be considered a common fund for the use and benefit of the States, according to their respective proportions in the general charge and expenditure, and be faithfully and *bonâ fide* disposed of for that purpose, and for no other use or purpose whatsoever." Massachusetts ceded her lands "to the United States for their benefit." New York and South Carolina did the same. Connecticut made her grant "for the common use and benefit of the said States, Connecticut inclusive." North Carolina stipulated that the lands should "be considered as a common fund, for the use and benefit of the United States, and be faithfully disposed of for that purpose, and for no other use or purpose whatsoever." Georgia made the same condition in nearly the same words. Congress had re-

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peatedly asked the States to make these cessions for the purpose of aiding the United States in sustaining their credit, paying their debts, and to promote the harmony of the Union; and the other States demanded them, because the lands were defended by the blood and treasure of all.

Now considering the request of Congress and the acts of cession, it seems quite clear that no use ought to be made of the lands for the particular benefit of any of the States. The equal benefit of all is the only object to which this common fund can be appropriated, consistently with the fair interpretation of the grants. Is the present such an one? It will not do to say that it is for the advantage of all, that no State should be embarrassed. According to this view, any particular benefit is a general benefit. The common use of all the States is the same thing as the special use of a few indebted States. The condition might as well have been left out, for this construction makes it useless.

Would anybody ever have thought of this plan of distributing two hundred millions of government stock, issued on account of the public lands, if some of the States had not been indebted? The occasion is the embarrassment of a few States that want the money to pay their debts; the motive is the relief of those States. Do not the occasion and the motive explain the "use and purpose" of this proposed appropriation, to be something else than the "common use and benefit" of ALL the States?

THEN, IN THE SECOND PLACE, would it not be a perversion, to use no harsher word, of the powers of Congress under the Constitution? That instrument confers on Congress "the power to dispose of, and make all needful rules and regulations, respecting the territory or other property of the United States, and nothing in this Constitution shall be so construed as to prejudice any claims of the United States, or of any particular State." Now it may be conceded, that the *power* of Congress to dispose of the national domain is unlimited, so much so, that what they might do in that respect could not be questioned in any court. But the *right* is another matter. Suppose our legislators, at the Capitol, were to parcel out a million of acres among themselves. It might be, that the grants made in pursuance of such an act, could not be set aside as null in the courts of law; and yet the whole world would pronounce it a monstrous abuse of power. Congress is the trustee for all the people of the country of this rich inheritance. If it despoils it or encumbers it, or alienates it, it is a faithless guardian, a dishonest trustee. The legislators, whom we send to Washington, have no right to use this "common fund," this tract of innumerable acres, for any purpose other than that for which they may use the money in the treasury. The property of the Union, in the shape of lands, can no more be misapplied to the State debts, than the property in the shape of money, which may have been received from the customs, or collected by direct taxation.

The parallel that has been drawn between this measure and that of Hamilton in 1790 for assuming the debts of the States, is fallacious. Without stopping to consider how much, even if the parallel existed, the argument would prove, it is enough at present to show that it does not exist.

The State debts then assumed had been incurred chiefly in the war of the Revolution, either in the general defence, or the defence of the particular State. Hamilton himself said, of both the State debts and the debts of the United States, "the objects for which both descriptions of the debt were contracted are in the main the same. Indeed, a great part of the particular debts of the States has arisen from assumptions by them, on account of the Union. And it is most equitable that there should be the same measure of retribution to all."

There had been accounts of long standing between the Union and the States. These had yet to be settled on principles of equity, requiring great moderation. The debts assumed were charged to the States in account with the Federal government, and even then it was supposed, that upon crediting them with all their expenditures during the war, there would appear balances in favor of all of them against the United States.

The State debts then existing had been incurred while the States still possessed the amplest powers of laying

duties on imports. When they adopted the Constitution, they surrendered to the Union these productive sources of revenue. There was some reason for their claim, that the Union having taken their revenues, should take also the debts which those revenues might have paid.

In the third place, if this plan could be adopted, without a violation of faith and an abuse of power, it would still be unwise. A debt of $200,000,000 created in a moment, without a dollar of expenditure, and without making any provision for future exigencies! Suppose a war were to follow on the heels of this grand experiment. What would then be the condition of our finances? Would they be ready for a war expenditure? The first effect of this measure would be to deprive the government of the means of carrying on any operations requiring a sound credit or ample revenues.

What would be its next effect? To encourage the State legislatures in a course of wasteful expenditure. The law, according to which extravagance is followed and punished by embarrassment, is one of the safeguards of society. Remove its restraints from individuals or States, and you do much to unsettle the moral order of the world. Once admit that the debts of the States may be paid out of the national domain, and the State legislatures, if perchance at any time they fall into the hands of needy adventurers, will have an additional encouragement placed at their doors, to engage in all sorts of schemes and outlays. What is done to-day may be repeated to-morrow; and if a reason be wanting, the same may be given on all occasions.

Allow the State debts to be paid by the Union, and you place the whole country at the mercy of three or four States. They may involve themselves in debts to any amount, and we must pay them; while, at the same time, we are utterly powerless to prevent them. We must answer for them, but we cannot control them. While we are in no wise responsible for their acts, we are made responsible for the consequences. Was there ever so unequal an alliance before? If we must needs fulfil their obligations, let us, at least, have the means of taking part in their creation, and let us refrain from relieving them of the consequences of past extravagance, till we have some guaranty against the like extravagance in future.

And its effect upon the morals of Congress, what is that to be? Are there not already temptations enough in the paths of our Senators and Representatives? Shall we make them besides distributors of the public lands among the needy or unfortunate; a body of commissioners, to divide the real estate of the nation among the holders of State bonds? Who shall answer for the virtue of Congress, when the holders of $200,000,000 of State debts, besiege the Capitol with their applications for payment, ready to sacrifice one-quarter or one-half to obtain the rest? Legislators are but men, and if we allow them to take under their charge not only the finances of the nation, but the finances of the States, the temptations that will be thrown in their way may be too strong for human nature to resist.

There is no way to keep this government pure, but to confine it to its few, appropriate duties. The Constitution has enumerated the purposes for which it was established. The list is a short one, and easily understood. If Congress is restrained from going beyond that, if it is allowed to take little by construction, and made to interpret language in its natural sense, the Union may last for ever, and the people live under it prosperous and happy. But if Congress gives way to extreme constructions of the Constitution, if it resorts often to doubtful powers, or uses admitted powers for doubtful ends, the nation cannot last. Her legislative body will become corrupt, the States will resist it, and the government be broken in pieces.

Suppose that this plan of relieving the indebted States were once adopted by majorities in the two Houses, how will the solvent States bear it? How will Massachusetts, and Virginia, and Connecticut, and South Carolina, bear the alienation of that rich inheritance, which they parted with only for the common benefit of those whose blood and treasure had been spent in its defence? Will great and populous States remain quiet, and see their patrimony squandered by the faithless trustees into whose hands they had placed it?

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The scheme is fraught with injustice as well as danger. The rights of property lie at the foundation of civil society. Every man has an incontestible claim to the fruits of his own labors, and to the patrimony that has devolved upon him. To deprive him of it, without his consent, is to set right at defiance. Now the public lands are the property of all the States. To appropriate them to any object, except that common object for which they were given, is an outrage upon justice, except it be done with the consent of every State that has an interest in them. If every representative, from every State in the Union, save one, were to vote for an appropriation to any but a common object, to relieve a common want, it could not be done justly without the vote of that other State also. She has a property in the public lands, of which she cannot be deprived but by her own consent.

But were it never so just, it would not answer the end proposed. The projectors of this new way to pay old debts, doubtless imagine that they have found a remedy for all the embarrassments under which the people suffer. Is not this a mistake? What real and permanent relief would it afford them? It is not the States that suffer;—it is the people. The States are mere impersonalities. The pecuniary difficulties which beset us on every side, are the difficulties of the inhabitants. It is the people who are in debt, and it is they who constitute the State. Give the people ability, and the States will need no assistance. On the other hand, assist the States as much as you please, unless you relieve the people of their debts, the evil remains. Now if this scheme has in view the relief of the people from the mass of debts which grinds them as between the upper and the nether millstone, then we can only say, that it proposes the most inadequate means to obtain an end which any government ever proposed. If it has this not in view, then are its projectors blind leaders of the blind.

How is the payment of the public debt of Illinois, for instance, to relieve the people from the load of private debts, which they, in common with the people of all the States, have incurred? The debt is not due to citizens of the State, and little of it even to Americans. How few men are there, in this country, whose circumstances will be made a whit better by its payment. If the citizen is not to be relieved, if his industry is to continue in shackles, how much will he gain by this magnificent issue of $200,000,000 of government stock?

Lastly, if the plan of Mr. Johnson were as possible as it is impracticable, if it were as just as it is unjust, there would be yet a reason against it quite sufficient to condemn it, and that is, that it is wholly unnecessary. The States are not so much in debt but that any one of them can pay all that it owes. Severe taxation and great sacrifices may be necessary; but are these too heavy a penalty for extravagance? Is not the honor of the State, the plighted faith of the people, worth so much? Every one of the indebted States has great resources. Look at their immense tracts of fertile lands, or their exhaustless mines; their rail-ways, their canals; look at the yearly products of their farms, their abundant harvests, their innumerable herds of cattle; look at the long trains of emigrants coming yearly to settle in their borders, making rich everything around them, and then say if these States ought to shrink from the exertions necessary to pay the interest, and to provide a sinking fund for the principal, of their debts. Compare the taxation which they would have ever to lay upon themselves with that which the Englishman, the Frenchman is obliged to submit to. Cannot the American exert himself as much, to answer for his own contracts, and to repay money spent upon the public works of his own State, as either of the others, to repay money that has been wasted in wars or lavished upon thrones? For the honor of the American name, for the sake of freedom itself, let us not be found to answer, No.

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MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

This is the season of the year of all others when commercial and financial affairs are exceedingly dull. The usual avenues of communication with the interior are closed, and the mails become irregular as well from the influence of the weather as from mismanagement. Hence, the movements of merchandise and produce are limited, and the operations of exchange probably amount to not more than one-third of those in the busy seasons of the year. The demand for money is less, and were full confidence entertained in stocks as investments, the large accumulations of money now apparent in the leading cities, would undoubtedly seek that channel of employment. But the downward tendency of the paper system for the last few years has developed such utter rottenness in everything connected with corporate associations, that few men are now bold enough to repose confidence in them. During the past month, defalcations to an extent estimated at $250,000 have been discovered in the accounts of the Secretary of the New York Life Insurance and Trust Co. This institution, with a capital of $1,000,000, has hitherto stood the highest in public favor. At the time of the explosion, the stock was quoted at 125 *a* 140, and is now held at 40 *a* 75, without sales, so greatly has confidence been shaken. The delinquency of the officer of the company has, like all others that have taken place, grown out of, and is the inevitable result of the gambling disposition engendered in the public mind by the fluctuations incident upon the paper system; but a few years since, owing to this cause, the whole country was mad with speculation. The assets of the late National Bank show that no grade of society escaped the mania. How could it then be supposed that any individual, placed in the very focus of speculation with immense sums of money at his uncontrolled disposal, should avoid engaging in that which pervaded all ranks of society? It is less the crime of an individual, than the inherent vice of a system. The discovery of its effects in an institution which ranked highest in public estimation, seems to have shut out the last ray of confidence.

The return of the Secretary of the Treasury presents a gloomy picture of the government finances. The operation of the prohibitive tariff bears with a heavy hand on commerce, on the government finances, and, as a consequence, upon the national credit. The receipts for the year 1842 are stated at $34,502,593; of which, was borrowed, $14,651,157. The expenses were, $35,308,694; of which, was paid on account of debt, $9,471,744, leaving an actual excess of expenses over revenue equal to $5,179,413. This, for a year during four months of which the high tariff was in operation. From the last of June to the first of September, there was no tariff in operation. The duties levied at that time were at a rate of 25 per cent., and paid under protest. Some suits of this nature have been decided before the United States Court in favor of the government. The Secretary states that the receipts will exceed the expenditures for the eighteen months ending June, 1844, $1,635,871. He, however, gives no data for his estimate, and no redemption of Treasury Notes or debts is included in these estimates. He states the existing debt outstanding at $20,210,226. The Secretary, in remarking upon the falling off in the revenue, states that he cannot ascribe it to the influence of the high tariff as yet, because the duties have not been in operation long enough. It is remarkable, however, in the face of this assertion, and the fact that $18,000,000 were derived from the customs this year, that under the supposition of the continuance of the tariff which he recommends, he estimates the customs of the next eighteen months at $23,500,000 only, or $15,600,000 per annum, including a new duty proposed on tea and coffee, being $2,500,000 less than this year. The imports of foreign goods have been $99,357,329, against $127,946,177 the previous year, showing a decrease

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of $28,588,848, of which, $20,000,000 took place in the last quarter. The exports of domestic goods were $92,559,088; and of foreign merchandise, $11,558,881; total, $104,117,969. In this great decline in imports will be recognized the cause of the low price of foreign bills, on which the planters and farmers are subjected to a loss of 4 to 5 per cent., there being no adequate demand from importers.

The general condition of the United States presents now every appearance of a revival of trade and of commercial prosperity. The aggregate wealth of the country is immense, the active commercial debts are very small, and the channels of trade are rapidly filling with a sound constitutional medium of circulation, the result of which must be inevitably a rise in the prices of agricultural products to an extent which will leave a margin of profits to the producer, and enable him to purchase and pay for the necessaries and some of the luxuries of life. These facts are now become so apparent, that in the leading commercial circles the utmost confidence is entertained and expressed that the next six months will witness an important improvement in all branches of business. Within the last few weeks several millions in specie have arrived from abroad in the Atlantic cities, and have been distributed over the country. This is silently but surely bringing about the desired result, and business men confidently look forward to a turn of tide in their favor, when they will reap the reward of their skill and industry, without being subjected to the arbitrary capriciousness of privileged corporations, which, at will, may produce in the value of property those fluctuations which baffle the calculations of the wisest and most prudent. The welfare of the industrious, the skilful, and the frugal, is however by no means identical with that of brokers, bankers, and stockjobbers. Accordingly, as the specie currency of the country increases, and its productive wealth augments without bringing any restoration of that confidence which enables needy speculators and designing adventurers to possess themselves of the fruits of industry in exchange for paper promises, the louder are the cries of distress from that class, and the more desperate become those politicians who depend upon a borrowing machine to hoist them into power. The sense of the people on these subjects is, however, becoming daily more apparent, and the most sagacious of the Whig politicians have abandoned the idea of a National Bank. In September, 1840, Daniel Webster, Esq. made a great speech in Wall street in favor of a National Bank. In September, 1842, he made a great speech in Boston proclaiming the idea of a National Bank to be "obsolete."

These are signs that the people at large are opposed to a Bank, not because it is called "a Bank," but because it possesses the power of multiplying or contracting the standard of value at pleasure, and of course doubling or diminishing every man's debts and property as measured by labor. It gives to speculators the means of obtaining the wealth of the industrious for their own use and profit, by the payment of 6 or 7 per cent. interest, which is ultimately paid by those whose wealth is obtained without an equivalent. For instance, a speculator obtains a discount of his note at 6 per cent. in promises of the bank; these he pays away for the produce of industry. By the operation, he expects to make a profit over and above the interest he pays to the bank, which interest with his profit enhances the cost of the article to the consumer, who exchanges the produce of his own labor for it. If no profit is made, the speculator's note is not paid, the bank fails, and the holder of the note is cheated. This operation is what the people oppose, and not the name of a bank; but with singular confidence in the credulity of the people, those, who admit that a bank has become "obsolete," still persevere in attempting to effect the same object under another name. Hence those numerous paper schemes under the names of fiscal agents, exchequer, &c., on which we have commented in former numbers.

The banking system of the United States has received a shock from which it will not speedily recover. The national discredit of which itself was the cause, is now the main obstacle to its recovery. When in 1828–9, the late National Bank commenced that immense inflation, which carried up its own loans 100 per cent. in the succeeding three years, and stimulated that

banking mania which afterwards grew to such an unmanageable height, the seeds of the present State debts were planted. The redundancy of money excited false hopes, and led States and cities, as well as individuals and corporations, to contract immense debts. In all the State Legislatures, the emissaries of banks, and the agents and accomplices of land speculators, were urging all sorts of extravagance. After a knot of speculators had fixed upon a bank, or a patch of land for an operation, their next object was to exert an influence in the State Legislatures, stimulating them to borrow money, which should procure the construction of some canal or rail-road, to turn the patch into a populous city, or give new wings to the paper machine, to enable it to extend its flight, and ultimately to fall with greater force. The late National Bank, tottering under the weight of its old political misdeeds, became the focus for the negotiation of all these State debts. Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Mississippi and Pennsylvania, were all stimulated into extravagance by the emissaries of the Bank, and the multiplication of their securities in its hands in exchange for its own promises, lengthened for some time its existence. Each and all of these States were defrauded and are now insolvent, while their dishonored securities to the extent of near $14,000,000, are pledged in London, for the debts of the author of the mischief. The means of paying these debts, which were seemingly apparent during the redundancy of paper money, vanished with the bubble. The debts now remain, and the dismayed politicians can discern in the low prices and small sales of the farmer, no trace of those golden visions whose fruition was to crown their ambition and fill their pockets. In one or two instances, their application to the people to pay taxes in the discharge of the debts, has been met by a threatened repudiation of the liability, and in many cases, the inability to pay is apparent and acknowledged. When the debts were contracted by politicians under the lash and spur of the speculators, no prospect of ultimate taxation was held out to the people. On the contrary, the Erie Canal of New York was pointed to as a proof, that the works would pay for themselves, and discharge the debts contracted for their construction. Had the people supposed that taxation would have been the result, no consent to the loans would ever have been given. In the case of Pennsylvania, a tax was levied June 11, 1840, estimated to yield $1,000,000; of this very little was ever realized, because, as stated in a subsequent message of the Governor, public opinion in many of the counties was against the tax, and it could not be collected. If the loan had been presented to them in the same practical way, it never would have been sanctioned. In creating the loans, the Legislatures did not take the ability to pay properly into consideration. They hoped that they would not have to resort to taxation. On the failure of those expectations they levied taxes. In collecting those taxes during the past year, it has been discovered that the aggregate debts are beyond the ability of the people to pay. They were seduced by the *ignis fatuus* of bank credits, from the path of economy into the mire of extravagance, and they are now overwhelmed in the slough of insolvency, while the treacherous light which lured them to ruin has vanished into thin air. The paper system in this country created for itself, and exerted an aristocratic power similar to that which is found in the courts of despotic governments. Its unseen but powerful influence operating upon State Legislatures, caused the creation of large loans. Its behests were promptly obeyed by pliant politicians bewildered with dreams of internal improvements and paper wealth. They mistook the schemes of speculators and the mandates of stockjobbers for the voice of the people, and did not discover their mistake until pay-day arrived. This is the point which in all old governments produced violent revolutions. The refusal of the people of many of the States to be taxed now, is similar to the first step towards the French Revolution. At that time the court was the seat of power. When it wanted money, it issued edicts for taxes which were sent to the parliament for registration, when they became operative. When Necker retired in 1781, and was succeeded by the extravagant M. Calonne, that minister proposed two new taxes, a stamp act, and a land tax estimated to yield

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£5,000,000. These acts the parliament refused to register. Then began those difficulties which ended in the subversion of one of the oldest governments in Europe, and in a great accession to the popular ascendancy. The extravagance of the court of Louis produced the necessity for taxes so exorbitant that they could not be paid. What the court of Louis was to France at that time, has been the banking system to the United States in our day. The bankers and stockjobbers stimulated debts which the politicians contracted at their behests, in the name of the people, under false pretences. These debts the people are now unable to pay, and in some cases refuse to acknowledge. In the case of the aristocratic government, the oppression was tangible, and was resisted and overthrown by physical means. In the case of the paper aristocracy the resistance is negative, the mere inability to bear the burden destroying the oppressor.

As this matter of inability does not so readily appear, and seems strange to those who consider the great apparent wealth and population of the States, it may be well to examine the matter a little, both in regard to the actual position of affairs here, and what other nations have done and continue to do. We will here give a table, compiled from official returns made within the year, of the debts of the several States, showing the direct debt which they have contracted, and their indirect debt, which consists in some cases in stock loaned to banks and companies, enabling them to raise money on the faith of the State to carry on their enterprises. Of this nature are the New York loans to the Erie Rail Road; the Alabama debt, which consists of State Stock issued to banks; the Florida, Arkansas, and Louisiana debts are of a similar nature. It also embraces the floating debts. The table also contains the annual interest payable, and the population of each State, as follows:

LIABILITIES AND POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES, JANUARY, 1843.

	Direct debt.	Float'g debts and loans of credit.	Total liabilities.	Rate of interest	Annual interest.	Population.
Maine, - -	1,734,861	86,854	1,811,715	5	86,743	501,793
New Hampshire,	none.	——	——	—	——	284,574
Vermont, -	none.	——	——	—	——	291,948
Massachusetts,	1,365,539	5,355,000	7,720,539	5	386,026	737,699
Connecticut, -	none.	——	——	—	——	309,978
Rhode Island,	none.	——	——	—	——	108,830
New York, -	19,502,049	5,235,700	24,737,749	4½ *a* 7	1,341,620	2,428,921
New Jersey, -	none.	——	——	—	——	373,306
Pennsylvania,	37,937,788	2,000,000	39,937,788	5	1,858,454	1,724,033
Delaware, -	none.	——	——	—	——	78,085
Maryland, -	10,000,000	10,041,393	20,041,393	5 9-10	1,182,683	470,019
Virginia, -	7,409,166	2,872,520	10,281,686	6	612,900	1,239,797
North Carolina,	none.	1,050,000	1,050,000	6	63,000	753,419
South Carolina,	760,000	4,800,000	5,560,000	6	333,600	594,398
Georgia, -	1,557,306	1,674,353	3,231,659	6½	93,385	691,392
Kentucky, -	3,750,500	40,000	3,790,500	6	211,100	779,828
Tennessee, -	1,516,916	1,500,000	3,016,916	5	150,945	829,210
Ohio, - -	16,163,374	3,000,000	19,163,374	5 *a* 6	964,302	1,519,467
Louisiana, -	1,164,886	19,204,000	20,368,886	5	1,018,444	352,411
Indiana, -	12,698,146	2,390,000	15,088,146	5	754,407	685,866
Mississippi, -	none.	7,000,000	7,000,000	6	420,000	375,651
Illinois, -	13,836,379	5,000,000	18,836,379	6	830,182	476,183
Alabama, -	B'k. capital,	9,843,536	9,843,536	6	590,611	590,756
" " -	B'k. circu.,	5,817,000	5,817,000	—	——	——
Missouri, -	853,846	——	853,846	6	51,230	383,702
Arkansas, -	none.	3,500,000	3,500,000	6	210,000	97,574
Michigan, -	5,391,000	220,000	5,611,000	6	377,170	212,267
Florida, -	none.	3,900,000	3,900,000	6	234,000	54,477
Wisconsin, -	100,000	——	100,000	6	6,000	30,965
Iowa, - -	none.	——	——	—	——	43,112
District of Columb.,	1,380,000	——	1,380,000	6	82,800	43,712

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DEBTS OF CITIES.

	Debt.	Av'ge rate.	Interest.	Populat on.
New York,	$13,011,440	5¼	$748,139	312,710
Baltimore, $4,000,000 included in St. debt,	1,318,625	5	38,885	102,313
Boston,	1,484,267	5	74,213	93,833
Philadelphia,	3,118,100	5	155,905	228,691
Cincinnati,	1,140,000	6	68,400	46,338
Albany,	435,732	6	26,143	33,731
New Orleans,	1,758,000	6	105,480	102,193
Charleston,	1,059,536	6	63,571	29,261
Mobile,	513,000	6	30,780	12,672
Troy,	361,000	6	21,660	19,334
Savannah,	547,216	6	32,832	11,214
Buffalo,	64,500	5	3,225	18,290
Rochester,	98,000	6	5,980	20,191
Vicksburg, cancelled,	50,000	6	3,000	3,104
Providence,	222,321	6	13,239	23,171
Nashville,	116,185	6	6,970	6,929
Detroit,	238,500	6	15,495	15,495
Other Cities,	2,000,000	—	—	—
Total City Debts,	27,536,422	—	1,422,017	1,079,470
State Liabilities as above,	231,642,111	—	12,259,602	—
United States Debt per Treasurer's Report,	20,210,226	6	1,212,613	—
Grand Total Stock Debt,	$279,388,760	5 1-5	$14,893,832	17,063,353

This table gives us a result of $279,388,760 of debt, bearing an annual interest of $14,491,678, payable by 17,063,353 people. This is equal to about $16 per head. This does not appear large, and if owed within the country, so that it was paid through the agency of the government by one class of citizens to another class, from whom it should be re-distributed in the operations of trade through the whole mass, the country as a great whole would suffer no diminution of wealth. The result would be only to accumulate wealth in the hands of the stockholders, at the expense of the payers. This was the case with the old war debt of the United States, that was mostly owned in this country. For near twenty years $10,000,000 per annum was collected by the federal government, and paid out to citizens in all sections of the country without creating distress or difficulty. The present debts of the states are of entirely a different character; a large portion of the whole amount was borrowed abroad, but never really came here. The proceeds of the stocks were brought over in the shape of manufactured and consumable goods, and bank credits on this side were all that was ever applied to the objects for which the loans were created. Those bank credits, issued upon the security of those who consumed the imports, have now passed from circulation, leaving the people almost without a currency, and with small exports, to find $14,000,000 worth of produce or specie wherewith to meet the foreign demand for interest.

The debts of the southern and southwestern States, whose products are nearly all exported, and consist of cotton, tobacco, and rice, amount to $75,127,113, bearing interest $4,441,410. The exports of these States amounted in 1841, to $68,917,151. The debt is not all due abroad, but there are sums due for subscriptions to company and other stocks, equal perhaps to the debts owned at home. Hence all the interest may be presumed to be remitted. Now it needs but small reflection to perceive, that so large an amount cannot be remitted yearly without impoverishing the country. The whole export of domestic produce in 1841 from the United States, was $106,000,000; of this amount, $15,000,000, or 14' per cent. is to be paid for interest. This will be far more than the profits on the export. It amounts to 85 cents on every barrel of flour, and $4,25 on every bale of cotton. It is very evident that it cannot be paid. It may be done for a short

time by the help of paper credits, but distress and bankruptcy will inevitably follow. According to official reports, $20,000,000 of the debt of Pennsylvania is owned abroad, and also about $22,000,000 of the late National Bank stock, making $44,000,000, to which may be added about $20,000,000 of other stocks. The State paid 5 per cent. per annum, and the banks 8 per cent., until their failure. These make an annual sum of near $4,300,000, which was for years remitted abroad by the citizens of Pennsylvania, equal to $2,50 per head, for which no equivalent whatever is received. It is true, that by the operation of the paper circulation of the United States Bank, the burden of the remittance was spread over the citizens of other States. For instance, if the United States Bank had a remittance of $2,000,000 to make for its own dividends and those of the States, it would come into the New York market and pay out its paper promises for bills, which bills would be remitted, and the paper circulate a long time in other States. If the bank itself wanted money, it would sell fictitious bills in Wall street for bank paper, and immediately draw the funds and carry them to Philadelphia, as was the case in August, 1839, when the conspiracy to break the New York banks was in operation.

This operation of bank paper in paying the interest, is that which supports the debt of Great Britain. The annual interest on the debt is near $150,000,000, which is paid in bank notes. These notes are paid out by the recipients in the course of business to other citizens, by whom they are again paid into the Treasury in the shape of taxes. Thus the Government actually pays nothing. It gives to its creditors pieces of paper which entitle them to demand from the producers in goods and produce, the amount of their claim upon the Government. There are two hundred and eighty-nine thousand seven hundred and fifty-one persons who receive dividends to the amount of $150,000,000 per annum, and there are twenty-six millions of people who pay taxes to the amount of $300,000,000 per annum, about one half of which goes to stockholders, and the remainder to the court and government expenses. The capital of the Bank of England is £11,015,100, which is a debt due by the government, consequently the circulation of the bank to that extent is a government liability. The bank circulation is £20,000,000, and there are £30,000,000 of exchequer bills in circulation. Now the only way in which the taxes to the government are paid, is by returning to it its own liabilities, which liabilities it re-issues to its creditors. These obtain for them real wealth from the producers, who are obliged to give them back to the government for taxes. The operation is therefore merely to transfer from twenty-six millions, the produce of their industry, to the extent of $150,000,000 per annum, to two hundred and eighty-nine thousand seven hundred and fifty-one other individuals, their fellow-citizens. The result is, that the mass are wretchedly poor, while the few are immensely rich. We may here trace the accumulation of wealth in the hands of the few, by constructing a table of the progress of the British debt and its money value, as follows:

DEBT OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

	Principal.	Interest.	Price. *l. s.*	Money Value of Stock.	Bank Circulation.
1702	16,394,702	1,310,942	——	——	920,730
1793	239,350,148	9,208,495	61,8	148,397,091	11,888,910
1816	816,311,940	32,472,210	58,13	477,542,484	27,013,620
1825	781,123,222	29,459,490	94,3	736,198,636	20,753,760
1827	783,801,739	29,388,110	79,8	627,041,391	21,890,610
1837	761,422,570	29,225,287	91,17	698,205,207	18,419,000
1842	£780,530,240	£31,201,000	£94,5	£735,649,751	£20,130,000

It appears, then, from the table, that from 1793 to 1816, the currency was increased 150 per cent. The amount of exchequer bills then in circulation was £67,000,000, making an increase of £60,000,000, or 600 per cent. in the currency, and in the debt of 300 per c't., but notwithstanding the increase of

currency, the price of stock fell nearly 4 per cent., showing how severe were the drafts upon the resources of the country at that time. At the close of the war commenced that accumulation of wealth in the hands of the stockholders, which has advanced the money price of stocks 62 per cent. The money value of the debt now is £735,649,751, and the value of the same amount of stock in 1816 was £456,967,990, showing an increase of wealth in the hands of the two hundred and eighty-nine thousand seven hundred and fifty-one stockholders equal in money to £278,681,761. This is not all, however; because, owing to the rise in the value of the stocks, the government have been able to reduce the interest £2,355,845 by conversions. This represents a capital in 3 per cents. of £77,742,885, which, added to the above difference, makes a sum of £356,424,646, or at $4,80 the pound, equal to $1,710,083,630, or the value of the whole products of the United States for two years. Suppose this mass of wealth could now be taken out of Great Britain and carried to France, what would remain? Twenty-six millions of paupers. Had the debt been contracted abroad and the interest annually remitted, a sum equal to £780,000,000 would have been sent out of the country. The difference between this sum and the increased money value of the stock, which is £343,585,356, constitutes what the stockholders have expended in their living, and averages about £45 each per annum. From these figures it is very evident that England would have been destroyed before the termination of the war, if her debt had been due abroad. As it is, she presents two extreme classes, the very rich, and the very poor, whose interests are entirely antagonist, and they are as much opposed to each other, as if they occupied different countries. It may be supposed, that the money value of all other property has increased in the same proportion as stocks. The reverse, however, is the fact, as evinced in the official returns of exports. These are always expressed in two values, the one official, and the other the real, or declared value. The official value was fixed in 1680, and now expresses only comparative quantities. A comparison of these with the real values, shows the money value of labor at different periods, as follows:

EXPORTS OF GREAT BRITAIN IN 1816 AND 1841, SHOWING THE OFFICIAL AND DECLARED VALUES AT EACH PERIOD.

	1816.	1841.	Increase.	Increase per cent.
Official value, - -	£35,717,070	£116,903,668	£81,186,578	227
Declared value, - -	41,657,873	51,634,623	9,976,750	23

If the declared value in 1841 had borne the same proportion to the official as in 1816, it would have been £135,608,254, whereas it is but £51,634,623, showing a depreciation in money value of 62 per cent. of all the products of Great Britain, while the money value of stocks in the same time increased about 62 per cent. The stockholders have become rich by the double process of an increase in the value of their own property, and a decrease of the value of that which they purchase. The holder of government stock for £1,000 could, for instance, in 1816 procure seventy-three tons of pig iron for it; he may now get three hundred and thirteen tons for the same stock; his wealth has, therefore, actually increased 450 per cent. Again, the 289,751 stockholders who received £30,000,000 in 1816, can now procure for the same money more than double the quantity of the produce of labor that they could then. This is the natural consequence of the accumulation of property in their hands. The increase of their wealth does not increase their powers of consumption; it diminishes, however, the ability of the payers of that wealth to consume. Hence, although 10,000,000 people have been added to the population of Britain, the distributive portion of wealth has constantly decreased. The people have produced more than they were able to consume. The surplus products are given to the stockholders,

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the court, the nobles, and the placemen; hence the constantly decreasing money value of those products, and the increasing wretchedness of the people.

This process cannot go on in the United States, because the wealth produced and applied to interest will be sent out of the country, and the whole United States will be impoverished to enrich England. If $14,000,000 per annum is sent abroad for the twenty years during which the debts are to run, a sum equal to $280,000,000 will be sent abroad, which, added to the principal, will make $559,388,760 to be sent out of the country in the next twenty years. Is this practicable? There are twenty-one independent governments, exclusive of the United States, which have contracted debts in London; of these, thirteen are bankrupt, being those whose debts are mostly contracted abroad.

The following will show the whole debts of each class, and the amount due in London:

	Debt due in London.	Whole debt.
Debt-paying countries, - - - - -	26,750,450	474,893,703
Bankrupt countries, - - - - -	62,837,850	163,483,072
Total, - - - - - -	£89,588,300	£638,376,775

Notwithstanding this stupendous bankruptcy, the cause of which is apparent in the great proportion of debt owned in London, a cry is raised against the United States as if they alone were bankrupt. For this $300,000,000 due in London nothing has been got, and nothing ever will be got, because they have nothing to give. Those of the United States that have become delinquent through necessity, offer to give their lands, their works, and whatever they possess to satisfy their creditors as far as they will go. In the case of some of them it must undoubtedly be years before any prospect will appear of likelihood or ability to do more. We will of course be understood to speak only of the existing state of things as matter of fact, and not as militating against our former declared conviction that every cent of every one of these debts ought, by every the highest moral sanction, to be paid faithfully to the uttermost.

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

The Confessions of Saint Augustine. Boston: E. P. Peabody. 1843. 12mo. pp. 285.

We are surprised that this should be the first American Edition of the Confessions of Saint Augustine, one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest of the Fathers of the Church. But we need not say that we welcome its appearance in a neat form, and so cheap that it comes within the means, we were about to say, of even the poorest. If it shall find an enlarged circulation, we shall regard it as a proof that our people are becoming really more profound, more ready to look into things to the very bottom, than they have heretofore been. The mass of our countrymen seem to have been mere newspaper readers, and not even readers of the solid and really excellent essays which appear from time to time in even the poorest of our newspapers; but of the mere anecdotes, and short editorial paragraphs and notices. An article requiring close consecutive thinking for three seconds and two thirds of a second, has appeared quite too much for their patience. The effect of this impatience and haste on the part of readers, has been very bad on our writers. Our writers have become superficial, afraid to utter a profound thought, lest they should fail to be comprehended, or to discuss a serious subject, lest they should fail to arrest attention. Worse than all this, they have not dared to write at their ease, with the calm strength and majesty of repose. They have felt obliged to be con-

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stantly striving to strike the bird while on the wing. Hence, they are always uneasy, always afraid the reader will escape them. Hence, they write in an exaggerated and unnatural style, straining always after immediate effect.

This style has passed from the newspapers into our periodicals, into our books, and even into the pulpit. It is not enough that a man reasons clearly and earnestly on the great themes of God, Eternity, the human soul, Duty, Righteousness: he is a dull preacher, unless he can contrive some way to entertain. The truth and importance of his views, clearly and earnestly set forth, will not answer his turn. He must surprise; he must please; he must touch a cold heart, and arrest a fleeting attention, and all without any labor on the part of his hearers. The circulation of such books as this of Saint Augustine, if people will read them, will soon cure this evil, and induce the community to demand profound thought as well as dazzling rhetoric.

Moreover, this is a great book. Saint Augustine, as a man, may almost rank with such men as Pythagoras, Socrates, and Plato, while, as a Christian bishop, we can hardly deny him the Divine illumination and authority of an inspired Apostle. In these Confessions we see the workings of a great mind, a greater heart, and a noble and devout soul. We see no cant, no mock humility, but a man conscious of his own relative greatness and worth as a man, bowing in true humility, which is man's highest glory, before his Maker, and confessing himself freely and without reserve. Here we see the spiritual facts and views which have given to the doctrines since termed Calvinism, and which are now termed *evangelical*, their immense power over the human mind and conscience; and we may say, that he who has not read Saint Augustine, is altogether unable to comprehend either the doctrines or the history of the Church. We give our thanks, then, to Miss Peabody for sending out this edition of the Confessions, and we hope it will be an introduction to a more intimate acquaintance by our public with the old Fathers of the Church.

This edition of the Confessions is made up, in part, of an old translation, it is uncertain from whom, and from the translation recently made by Dr. Pusey. The old one is the richest, and has something of an antique air of majesty and strength, which comports well with the piety and tenderness of Saint Augustine. We should have been glad to have had the volume accompanied by Dr. Pusey's Notes, but that would have swelled the size and price of the volume too much As it is we welcome it.

The Age of Gold, and other Poems: By George Lunt. Boston: William D. Ticknor. 1843. 12mo. pp. 160.

The Age of Gold of which Mr. Lunt sings, (for we still talk of the *singing* of poets, who perhaps may never have even hummed a musical note in all their natural lives), is not that primitive period of universal good and happiness, of which a dim traditionary memory seems to haunt the heart of the human race. It is our own modern age of money-worship, the evils of which would be considerably mitigated, if it were a little more literally an age of real gold, and not of lying paper. He writes with a calm didactic justness of reasoning and sentiment, though this theme does not breathe any very glowing inspiration into his lyre. But the age is after all not quite so bad as Mr. Lunt thinks it. Matters are indeed in rather a confused and chaotic condition, natural to a transition stage in the progress of civilisation such as we are now actually passing through. But the east is gradually brightening with the coming dawn, however cheerless may seem the grey and chilly twilight of the actual moment. The leaven of the Spirit of Christianity in the dull lump of society was never working so strongly or so widely, as we see it now in all directions,—though this is no occasion to expatiate on this idea. As both a favorable specimen of the poem, and for the sake of the tribute to the sacred memory of the individual referred to in it, we quote the following extract, together with the accompanying note to it:

"Yet glowing hearts there are, whose generous aim
Burns through the earthly dross with purer flame,
Instinct with thoughts that swell the nobler mind
In boundless hope to compass all mankind;
As day flings living sunshine all around,
While night's unfolding shades enrich the ground,
Their life in blessings to the world is given,
Their death distils them like the dews of heaven,
Such his, the stranger youth, on Luxor's plains,*
'Mid hoary relics of primeval reigns,
When the resistless shaft stood winged to fly,
With holy trust he glanced his fading eye
On time's triumphant trophies round him hurled,
The wreck-borne spoils of a forgotten world,
And traced with failing hands those words of light
Above time's empire or oblivion's night!
Man's mightiest, proudest works around him strown,
Their story gone, their very name unknown,
Not even the memory left of boastful deeds.
Earth grasping empire and world-conq'ring creeds;
The wandering savage in the regal domes,
Where earth's resplendent monarchs had their homes;
Dying alone, 'mid all that shakes the trust,
Man's fainting spirit builds a thing of dust;
Yet all unshaken, saw with glazing eye
The beam that lit his own far western sky;

Heaped on his country's lap his liberal gold,
Pierced the dim future's veil for him unrolled;
Saw science fostered by his leading hand,
And knowledge brighten round his native land,
And o'er the murmurs of time's sounding sea
Heard thanks from untold ages yet to be."

"NOTE—Mr. John Lowell, Jr., of Boston, whose bequest of $250,000 established the Institute in that city which bears his name. The codicil to his will is dated at Luxor, near Thebes. He died in 1836, aged 37. . . . . There is something more than commonly sublime in the spectacle of a young person, dying in a 'far country,' surrounded only by the relics of past and forgotten institutions, yet aiming, with a generous and hopeful confidence, to establish the future intellectual and moral cultivation of his native land."

Of the shorter pieces which fill out the volume, printed with all the chaste typographical taste which distinguishes the press of its publisher, we will simply remark, that while they are of very unequal beauty, none are without some merit, though we are mistaken if we have not seen poems of Mr. Lunt better than any we observe here. Though perhaps we should except from the remark his happy retort upon Campbell's epigram on our flag, which went the rounds of the newspapers some time since, as follows:

"United States! your banner wears
Two emblems; one of fame;
Alas! the other that it bears
Reminds us of your shame!

"The white man's liberty in types
Stands blazoned by your stars—
But what's the meaning of your stripes?
They mean your negroes' scars!

In every respect, both of poetry and truth, Mr. Lunt has the advantage of this, in the following:

TO THE ENGLISH FLAG.

"England! whence came each glowing hue,
That tints your flag of 'meteor light,—
The streaming red, the deeper blue,
Crossed with the moonbeam's pearly white?

"The blood and bruise,—the *blue* and *red*,—
Let Asia's groaning millions speak;
The *white*,—it tells the color fled
From starving Erin's pallid cheek!"

The Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of THEODORE PARKER, Minister of the Second Church, Roxbury, Mass. Boston: James Munroe & Co., 1843. 12mo. pp. 360.

Mr. Parker, the author of these writings, is the pastor of a Unitarian Congregational Church in Roxbury, Mass., and has, within a couple of years, gained considerable celebrity in his own neighborhood, by his boldness in denouncing the Church and his clerical brethren, and in putting forth views which are alleged to be incompatible with a belief in the Divine Origin and Authority of Christianity. Some opposition, which, considering his position as a pastor of a religious congregation, his denunciations, and his speculations, could hardly fail to be excited in a Christian community, has been construed by his friends into persecution, and made, therefore, the occasion of magnifying him considerably beyond his natural dimensions. He is, in fact, no marvel; but a young man of very studious habits, of tolerable capacity, and very respectable attainments. He is not a man of very profound or original thought; but he is quite original, and often surprising as a rhetorician. He has run over a great variety of books, has his memory loaded with apt illustrations, quaint forms of expression, striking and sometimes exquisitely beautiful imagery, which he brings together in a manner new, peculiar, and surprising, rendering him very effective as a lecturer or preacher, though sometimes wearisome as a writer. As a writer he wants severity. He is quite too gorgeous, too brilliant, too much on the stretch to say something that shall dazzle. He ransacks all creation for flowers to be wreathed into garlands, which he may hang in fantastic festoons around the topics of his discourse. We are fatigued, and often throw down his Essay or Discourse before we have half read it.

We would not charge Mr. Parker with a want of earnestness, but we confess we find it difficult to reconcile such a manner of writing with the seriousness of the preacher, much less of the Reformer. What has the Reformer to do with these meretricious ornaments? When the real man of God comes to regenerate the world, when the true prophet speaks out from the depths of a heart full of love and compassion, will he not speak in tones as remarkable for their simplicity as their power? Will he not direct the attention to the thought itself, fix it on the very NUMEN, and not suffer it to pause on the decorations of the shrine? All ornament, it strikes us, is in bad taste, if it arrest attention as ornament, or excite a single remark on itself. The beauty of the piece should be integrally one with its truth and force. That is an unfinished piece, the workmanship of an apprentice, not the master, in which the truth, the force and the beauty, coëxist as distinct elements. That only is a finished piece in which the three are absolutely one. When Mr. Parker learns this, when experience has chastened his fancy and corrected his taste, and the vicissitudes of life have sobered his feelings, deepened the earnestness of his heart, and touched it with a more genuine pathos, he will deservedly hold a respectable rank among the scholars and authors of his country.

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The Essays which make up the volume before us have all, with a single exception, been before published, and most of them in *The Dial*, a Quarterly Journal, published in Boston, and at present edited by R. W. Emerson, who may be said to be at the head of our New England Transcendentalists, and who deserves to rank among the very first of our American poets. They are chiefly theological, and therefore chiefly interesting to those engaged in theological studies. Of the peculiar theological views they set forth, this is not the place to speak. We may be permitted, however, to say, that they strike us as more remarkable for the dogmatism with which they are urged, and the costume in which they are dressed out, than for their depth or novelty. As a theologian, we are unable to discover any originality in Mr. Parker. He proposes no new problems, and offers no new solutions, and aids us in obtaining no new solutions, of any old ones. He may have said something not generally known to the mass of readers, but nothing that we should consider new to his professional brethren; and, in point of fact, he leaves the whole subject right where he found it. He may be considered as standing, in the character and tendency of his views, on the *extreme left* of the movement represented in Germany by Strauss in his "Leben Jesu."

But what reputation Mr. Parker has in his own neighborhood, he has obtained, not by his German Neology, which nine-tenths of his admirers would reject with horror were they to see it, but by his earnest appeals for free thought in the investigation of theological subjects, for a high, uncompromising morality, and for a sanctuary, so to speak, whose service shall not be mere empty forms, but consist in the practice of the moral virtues. In making these appeals, he touches a chord which vibrates through many hearts; in them he is powerful, effective; for here he is in harmony with the spirit of his times, and with the true interests of religion and morality. But in making these appeals, he is only echoing the words which others in his own vicinity were uttering long before he began his career; nay, he is only uttering what all earnest minds, in every age of the Church, have uttered with what force and clearness were in them. No matter. Here he is great, for here he is true, and engaged in a work from which he need not shrink because he has had predecessors.

Life in Mexico, being a residence of two years in that Country. By Mme C—— De La B——, Boston: Charles C. Little, and James Brown. 1843. 2 vols. 12mo.

There is but one thing about these volumes that we find to censure, and that is the refusal of the distinguished lady to whom we are indebted for them, to place her name in full on the title-page. The volumes are worthy of her high rank and character, and are more honorable to her than her rank, and her rank is none too high for her to acknowledge herself an authoress. There is no rank, royal or noble, but may derive new lustre from success in literary pursuits. We hold the dignity of Letters above all earthly dignities, saving always the dignity of true Christian morals, which, after all, is scarcely an exception, for no man or woman without the last is entitled to the first. The pure in heart shall see God, and it is only by purity of heart and nobility of aim and purpose, that one can arrive to high rank in the cultivation of Letters. But enough of this.

These volumes are beautifully printed, admirably written, full of wit, sprightliness, good feeling, and solid information, on a topic of intense interest, with which the great mass of us have very little acquaintance, and concerning which we have the most vague and erroneous notions. They deserve a more extended notice than we can now give them. They must and will be read, and so far as read they will tend to dissipate many of our errors concerning our Mexican neighbors, whom we are in the ungenerous habit of underrating, and increase our respect for them. Mexico is full of romance, and the struggle of the Mexicans for liberty, for a free republican government, deserves more sympathy than we have ever extended to them. *We* had been bred to republican habits from our childhood, and our Revolution introduced very little alteration in our internal and domestic life. We were nearly as republican before we threw off our allegiance to the British Crown as we are now. Not so with the Mexicans. They had been royalists, bred under a royal government, and governed by a sort of vice-kings, with regal authority and splendor. They had to change all their habits, their internal modes of thinking and feeling, as well as their external relations. What wonder, then, that they should not have at once settled down into a government as fixed and as stable as ours? We believe the Mexican Revolution is worthy of profounder study, and of altogether more respect than it has as yet received from our countrymen. We are

glad to find, therefore, that we are to have one of these days, a history of Mexico, from a pen every way competent to do it justice. And who but the historian of Ferdinand and Isabella should write the History of Mexico and Spanish America? In the mean time we commend these two admirable volumes to the public, as the best work which has as yet, so far as our knowledge extends, appeared amongst us on the life and character of our southern neighbors.

Life of Jean Paul Frederic Richter. Compiled from various sources. Together with his Autobiography. Translated from the German. Boston: Little & Brown. 1842. 2 vols. 16mo.

We are somewhat late in noticing these two beautiful and intensely interesting volumes, made up by a most excellent and accomplished lady from the German, concerning the Life and Character of Jean Paul, the peculiar, the undescribable, but great, noble, full-hearted German, overflowing with the fullness of life, and unsurpassed by any author of any age or nation in his power to quicken the heart and soul of his readers; but though late, we are far from regarding them with indifference, or from withholding our thanks to the author for her very valuable present. There is no German writer who is more worthy of our study and admiration, and none whose works would exert a more wholesome influence on our countrymen. Right glad are we that these volumes have appeared to give those of our readers unacquainted with the German, an introduction to one with whom they cannot commune without pleasure and profit, and from whose communion they will go away greater and better men. We are glad, also, to learn, that a friend, well known as a successful translator from Goethe and Schiller, has now nearly ready for the press his great work, the *Titan*, which we hope some of our enterprising houses will soon give to the American public.

Handy Andy, a Tale of Irish Life. By Samuel Lover, Esq., author of "Rory O'Moore," "The Gridiron," "Barry O'Reirdon," &c., &c. With twenty-two illustrations on steel by the Author. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton.

After the vast accumulation of jokes and jests which have been garnered up in our literature against that merry and warm-hearted fellow, Pat, it might have been reasonably supposed that fun had at length fairly exhausted its resources at his expense. The completion of this serial, however, has given us a goodly octavo volume, the three or four hundred pages of which are abundantly racy with bulls, blunders, and ludicrous adventures of every description, as if Mr. Samuel Lover had just broached a fresh topic of amusement. To be sure, a few of the stories and jests strike us somewhat familiarly, yet they are either so admirably told, or appositely introduced, as to be, if not quite new, yet quite as good. Understanding the art of story-telling too well to lose himself in lengthy and labored descriptions or attenuated wit, Mr. Lover manages, by a few striking points, to lay at once his whole idea before the reader. His pen, too, in the present production, has had a fit auxiliary in his pencil. The illustrations are remarkably spirited, and would not be unworthy of the artist world-famous under the *sobriquet* of Phiz.

Handy Andy, possessing all the mirth and true-heartedness of his nation, is nevertheless so ignorant and unfortunate a fellow, that if, under any circumstances, there is the smallest loop-hole or crevice by which it is possible to escape from doing right, he is sure to be thrust through it somehow or other. Suddenly transplanted from a shanty to a squire's mansion, he of course acquits himself most laughably there in a long catalogue of mistakes, and thenceforth is made to run the gauntlet wherever he goes. Though there is the usual number of deaths, marriages, disastrous chances, and hairbreadth 'scapes, the book contains, after all, not much of a plot. It is a succession of stories strung together by one or two connecting links, and has a commencement and end only because these could not be very well avoided. Thus, after Handy Andy stumbles and tumbles through a twelvemonth of mishaps, he is suddenly, for want of a better termination, converted from a poverty-stricken servant, who has just iced his master's champaign by pouring it out into the tub of ice, into a wealthy lord, and other almost equally marvellous things are accomplished during the course of the work.

Fiction in this shape, however amusing it may be, will only be read to be forgotten. Its readers can be obliged to their author for little more than a few hours' entertainment. Mr. Lover's writings, like those of nearly all the periodical school which Dickens' example has called up to the portrayal of popular manners,

although they may be very agreeably perused, contain few evidences of any such deep philanthropy or warm generosity as characterize that dear and delightful writer—(we can tell Mr. Dickens that these epithets are now worth having from our side of the water). We can at any rate say this for Handy Andy, that right merry and funny as he is, there are none who will not be pleased with his acquaintance, and sorry for that elevation of him to the peerage which was to be the signal for its termination.

Six Nights with the Washingtonians: a series of Temperance Tales. By T. S. Arthur, author of "Insubordination," "The Temperance Pledge," "Tired of Housekeeping," &c., &c. Philadelphia: Godey and M'Michael, Publishers' Hall, 101 Chestnut-street. 1843. 8vo. pp. 192.

Temperance Tales. By the same. In two volumes, 12mo. Same Publishers. 1843.

It is needless to invoke God's blessing on the movement of the "Washingtonians." Its presence in their midst has been already made sufficiently manifest. These tales are, in many passages, of striking force in illustration of the moral they are written to teach, and we can safely recommend them for the sake of their own merit, to the same wide circulation which we most heartily wish them for the sake of their spirit and object.

Fables of La Fontaine. Translated from the French, by Elizur Wright, Jr. 2 vols. 16mo. Third Edition. Boston: published by Tappan & Dennet, 114 Washington-street. 1842.

This cheap and neat form in which Mr. Wright has here reproduced his admirable translation of the great French fabulist, is chiefly designed for the benefit of schools and families, as a reading book equally amusing and instructive. The expensive elegance of the octavo edition —of the merits of which we speak only from report—placing it beyond reach for this purpose, for which the original is almost universally used wherever its language is spoken, the translator has rendered a public service, which, we trust, will not fail of its well-deserved reward, by the issue of the present one. The felicity of the translation does justice to the unanimous praise with which the former was everywhere greeted; rendering, with peculiar spirit and vigor, all of La Fontaine that could be translated. Every school and every family into which it is introduced will be the better, as well as the pleasanter for it.

The Sleepwaker. A Tale from the German of Heinrich Z. Zschökke. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1842.

Our readers need no other inducement to look over this little volume, than to be told that it is by the author of "The Fool of the Nineteenth Century," which has appeared in our pages.

MONTHLY LITERARY BULLETIN.

AMERICAN.

The revolutionizing new system of cheap periodical issues of works of all kinds, seems to have checked, for the present, all enterprise with the publishers as to the production of *new* books. We hear the Harpers are about re-issuing the volumes of their "*Family Library*" at one-half the original price, and it will be seen that the other publishers are adopting their plan with other works of the day. Five additional volumes of the "Natural History of New York," have just been completed for publication; ten volumes will finish the series of this great and important work, a copy of which is, we understand, about to be forwarded to the British Museum.

Our readers will be happy to learn that the work of Rev. Justin Perkins, on Persia, is just published by Allen, Morrill & Wardwell, Boston. It presents important facts respecting the establishment of the American Mission among the Nestorians.

Dr. Thomson's "Conspectus of the Pharmacopœias," comprising the alterations and additions of the last London work together with the French and American remedies, &c. Edited by an American Physician. This invaluable manual for the student and practitioner, will be ready for delivery in a few days. J. & H. G. Langley are the publishers.

Dr. Sweetzer, author of a well-known work on "Consumption," has a new work in progress of printing, on "Diet," which will comprise much

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valuable and curious information on a topic which has heretofore received but a very inadequate share of the attention of the learned. It is to be issued by the Langleys. The same publishers have also just completed a new edition of that admirable text-book, which has been introduced into most of the Medical Institutions of our country, as it has long been in those of Great Britain.—This volume is one of acknowledged merit, and indeed, "The Dublin Dissector" is admitted to be without a rival in works of its class.

The popular work of Mr. Norman, entitled "Rambles in Yucatan," has passed through another edition, and seems still to vie successfully with the work of his competitor, who previously invoked the public attention on this interesting subject.

Lester's new volumes, "The Condition and Fate of England," have followed their well-known predecessors, published under the title of "The Glory and Shame of England," with great success. Besides one large edition, the greater part of another has been already taken up.

D. Appleton & Co. have just published "Handy Andy," by Samuel Lover—the complete work illustrated with twenty-two humorous plates. Also, a cheap edition with two plates. They have just ready the first number of Lover's new work, "L. S. D., (Pounds, Shillings, and Pence,) or Account of Irish Heirs," furnished to the public monthly, with illustrations. "Dr Ure's Dictionary of Art, Manufactures, and Mines:" this valuable work is now being re-issued in five one-dollar monthly parts of 300 pages each. Parts 1 and 2, are ready. "Masterman Ready," vol. 3. and last of this popular work for the young, is just out. Also Part 1 of "Cooley's American in Egypt," to be completed in six semi-monthly parts.

The same publishers have also in press, "Parochial Sermons," by John Henry Newman, B. D. The six volumes of the London edition to be in two 8vo. volumes. "The Complete Poetical Works of John Milton," uniform with their edition of Cowper and Burns. Also, "The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott," uniform with Milton, &c. "The Book of the Navy," by Professor Frost, in four monthly parts. A new and cheap edition of "The Pictorial Life of Napoleon," 500 plates.

In preparation, and will be published speedily, by Tappan & Dennet, Boston, a history of the Hawaïan or Sandwich Islands, embracing their ancient manners, customs, poetry, &c., their early traditions, with a particular account of their re-discovery by Cooke, life of Tomehamer the Great, and their civil and political history, with rise and progress of Christianity and civilisation unto the present year. By James J. Jarvis, member of the Oriental Society, &c., late a resident in that group. This work is brought out in splendid style of typography, &c., in one vol. octavo, steel plates of scenery, portraits, map, and numerous wood illustrations of the best description.

Harper & Brothers announce the following for early publication: Hoboken, a romance, by Theo. S. Fay. Conquest and Self-Conquest, or, Which makes the Hero, 18mo. Adam Brown, the merchant, by Horace Smith. The Last of the Barons, by Sir E. L. Bulwer. The Mayflower, or Sketches of Scenes and Characters among the descendants of the Pilgrims, by H. B. Stowe. Italy and the Italian Islands, by Spaulding—forming three vols. of Family Library. Polynesia, or an historical account of the principal islands in the South Seas, including New Zealand, by Dr. Russell. Now out, The School and the Schoolmaster, a manual for the use of teachers, &c., of common schools. Dr. Anthon's new Dictionary of Roman and Greek Antiquities. Rev. D. W. Clarke's Elements of Algebra. Rev. S. Olin's Travels in Egypt, Arabia, &c, in 2 vols., plates.

ENGLISH.

The following are said to be just ready for publication:—"The Pope and the Actor," a new novel by Miss Burdon, the author of "Seymour of Sudley." Another from the pen of Miss Pickering, entitled "Sir Michael Paulet." Also, a book of travels by A. J. Strutt, "A Pedestrian Tour through Calabria and Sicily."

"A Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature," under the editorial superintendence of the able editor of the "Pictorial Bible," is now preparing for publication. Mr. Kitto will enjoy the co-operation of many distinguished scholars and divines, whose names will be affixed to their respective contributions. The design is to produce a work which, within reasonable limits, and at a moderate price, shall present not only a digest of all the information which is contained in the voluminous works of this description, but also the results of modern

researches in Biblical Literature and Science. The work is intended to form one thick volume, 8vo. Besides numerous engravings on wood, it will be illustrated by maps and engravings on steel.

We observe a new work from the pen of the esteemed author of "The Omnipresence of the Deity," to be entitled "Montgomery's Sacred Gift: A Series of Meditations upon Scripture Subjects;" and to be illustrated by engravings, after paintings by the great masters, is to appear immediately.

Charlotte Elizabeth's fecund pen is about to consign to the world still another of its prolific offsprings, "Judas' Lion."

Now ready in a handsome quarto volume, with one hundred and four colored plates, "The Beauty of the Heavens: a Pictorial Display of the Astronomical Phenomena of the Universe, with a Familiar Lecture on Astronomy." By C. F. Blunt. By its aid alone a competent knowledge of astronomy may be gained in the family circle in a few evenings, besides affording matter of amusement.

Nearly ready, in small 8vo., "The Life and Times of St. Bernard," translated from the German of Dr. Augustus Neander, Professor of Theology in the University of Berlin. By Matilda Wrench.

Murray announces the following for immediate publication:—

"Queen Victoria in Scotland: An Historical Account of her Majesty's recent Visit to Edinburgh and the Highlands." 4to. with numerous Illustrations.

"The Bible in Spain." By George Borrow, Esq., author of the "Gypsies in Spain." 3 vols. post 8vo.

"The Russian Campaign of 1812." By Von Clausewitz. Translated from the German. 8vo.

"Travels in the Interior of New Zealand in 1839, 1840, and 1841, by Routes never before Explored." By Ernest Dieffenbach, Naturalist to the New Zealand Company. 2 vols. 8vo. with plates.

"The Diary of a Prisoner in Affghanistan, written during his Confinement."

"The Jewess, a Tale." By the author of "Letters from the Baltic," with a Portrait.

"History of Josiah." By the author of "Gideon, the Man of Mighty Valor."

"Practical Farming, for Ladies: or, Plain Instructions for Rearing and Fattening all sorts of Domestic Fowls, Pigeons, Rabbits, &c."

"Narrative of the Campaigns in Scinde and Affghanistan, in a Series of Letters from the late Colonel Dennie, C. B."

"Floral Fancies, and Morals from Flowers," with Seventy Illustrations by the Author. *Nearly ready.*

Popular Conchology;" or, the Shell Cabinet Arranged, being an Introduction to the Modern System of Conchology, with a Sketch of the Natural History of the Animals, an Account of the Formation of the Shells, and a complete Descriptive List of the Families and Genera. By Agnes Catlow. Illustrated with 312 woodcuts.

The third part of the "*Foreign Library*" is to comprise "Celebrated Crimes," by Dumas. Illustrated by Gilbert.

"Cottage Traditions;" a Peasant's Tale of Ancestry. By Jeffreys Taylor, Author of "The Young Islanders."

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

We reserve our last page for a brief notice of the proceedings of this time-honored and excellent institution, the regular monthly meeting of which occurred on the 3d ult., when the annual election of officers was then held, and resulted in the following choice:

Albert Gallatin, L.L.D., President; Thos. De Witt, D.D., and Wm. B. Lawrence, Vice Presidents; Frederic De Peyster, Corresponding Secretary; John Jay, Recording Secretary; George Gibbs, Librarian; Cyrus Mason, D.D., Treasurer.

The following gentlemen have been recently elected honorary members of the Society:

Sir John Herschell, England; Sir William R. Hamilton, Ireland; Sir James E. Alexander, H.B.M.A., 14th Regiment;

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M. Jomard, and M. Henri Ternaux-Compans, Paris; B. M. Norman, Esq., New Orleans.

And the following resident members, viz.:

Rev. B. C. C. Parker, Samuel Forry, M.D., Messrs. Jas. K. Paulding, Marshall S. Bidwell, John L. O'Sullivan, George Curtis, Denning Duer, Frederic Saunders, Matthew Morgan, Henry Remsen, John Keese, Thomas S. Sommers.

On motion of the Secretary, the Society took up certain resolutions which had been offered by George Folsom, Esq., last April, to the effect, that it was the opinion of said Society, (from which originated the suggestion), that the important objects of the mission of Mr. Broadhead will be incomplete, unless he is further aided by an appropriation of funds by the State for the prosecution of his researches in Holland, England, and France, respecting the Records of the English government, &c.

Mr. Jay read, in support of the resolutions, a highly interesting letter from Mr. Broadhead, dated Paris, 12th July, 1842, in which that gentleman states, that he has concluded his investigation in the Archives of the Netherlands, and that upwards of four thousand pages of historical documents relating to the early days of New York—many of them of rare interest—have been transcribed and arranged in volumes according to chronological order. Having terminated the business of the agency in Holland, Mr. Broadhead proceeded to London in the prosecution of his duties, directions having been given by Lord Aberdeen to the keeper of Her Majesty's State papers, to allow Mr. Broadhead access to the papers in his custody relating to the Province of New York. The permission thus granted being at once improved, an investigation forthwith commenced of the records of the proceedings of the Committee of Council, and of the Board of Trade and Plantations, which are very full and voluminous, and include the records of the proprietary Governments which were transferred to their custody. These records consist principally of two general series, denominated *Entries and Papers*. The first comprise the commissions and instructions to the Governors, dispatches and letters to them and their answers, and various other important papers copied into books for preservation. The Papers consist of the original documents received from America by the Proprietaries, the Committee and the Board. In addition to these, there is a large series of volumes containing the correspondence of the Secretaries of State with the Colonial and Provincial Governors, an large mass of original papers recei from America. Upwards of two hund large folio volumes have been submit to Mr. Broadhead's inspection, and se ral months have been occupied in careful and laborious examination of th contents. The documents relating New York commence with the period the surrender by the Dutch in 1664, extend down to the year 1783, formin most invaluable mine of historical weal and comprising the fullest details of Provincial affairs, during the whole per of our subjection to the crown of Gr Britain. A large number of docume had been selected and allowed, and c siderable advance had been made in th transcription. A list of the papers selected from 1664 to 1763 had b already transmitted to the Governor, they would probably occupy 20,000 f pages. The remaining papers rel ing to New York to the year 1783, wo embrace about 10,000 pages more.

The Rev. Dr. Baird, well known his philanthropic efforts on the contin of Europe, delivered an address relat to the various courts he had visited in prosecution of his labors, and the Soci adjourned. Coffee and sandwiches w served as usual in an adjoining room, the remainder of the evening was pas in conversation.

The following interesting paper read by Mr. Folsom, at a late meet of this Society, which tends to show t the series of MS. Volumes of Proce ings of the British Parliament about period of the Protectorate, in possess of said Society, hitherto supposed to h been original documents, are proved be but copies made cotemporaneou with the events described.

"*MS. Parliamentary Journals.*—It well known that our Library conta several MS. volumes of Parliament Journals of England, concerning wh there has been much speculation. T current opinion has been, that they the original records brought to this co try by the fugitive regicides, as they e brace the period of the Commonweal This opinion still exists to some exte and it is time that it should be correct if without foundation, or confirmed true.

"There are, in all, sixteen volumes. T first of the series commenced on the f day of the year, as then reckoned, vi 25th March, 1650. The 15th volu ends with the year 1661. The 16th v ume begins in 1676–7, and ends 1678.

"There are other manuscript volume different years, in the possession of in

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viduals in this country. Hon. John Rutherfurd, of New Jersey, possesses several.* They are written in the Court hand of the period to which they relate. The forms of the letters, the abbreviations, &c., are of the same period.

"The water marks of the paper, belong to the same period. A particular examination of their marks as well as of the volumes generally, was made about ten years ago by the late Mr. Jas. Bowdoin, of Boston, who published the results in a volume of the Massachusetts Historical Society's Collections. Mr. Bowdoin was fully satisfied that the MSS. were at least copies made at the period of their date, if not original. An English gentleman, C. W. Stokes, Esq., examined them at the same time, and made extracts with a view to a comparison with the journals in England, 'if,' says Mr. Bowdoin, 'contrary to the belief of several gentlemen, the journals of this period were found to exist in that country.'

"This gentleman on his return home, pursues the inquiry and writes to Mr. Bowdoin as follows:

"'I have got access to the *originals* for the period between 1650 and 1658. The entire series is unbroken, * * * unless my memory deceives me, the handwriting and water marks are the same as those in the books we examined together in New York, so that there is no doubt that the copies (for I am convinced they are only copies) were made at about the same time when the originals were written. I have made the most minute inquiries on the subject, and I have learned in the course of them that many scores of copies of Journals of the House are to be found in Libraries in England, it having been formerly the practice, before minutes of the proceedings of the House were printed, for members to send their servants, some every day, to take copies. Those in New York then will, we may suppose, have been the copies made by one of the regicides who took refuge in America.'

"It would thus seem that the question of the true character of these MS. volumes was settled quite satisfactorily, ten years ago, by the examination of Mr. Bowdoin and his intelligent correspondent. But the evidence appears not to have carried general conviction, for the belief still exists to some extent, that they are the originals. We now have it in our power to add another piece of testimony which must be regarded as entirely conclusive, and which divests the volumes of much of the value and importance as well as the mystery that has hitherto attached to them.

"A resolution passed the House of Commons, on the 31st May, 1742, in the following words: 'Resolved, that all the Books of the Proceedings, or the Journals of the House of Commons, now in the custody of the Clerk of the said House, and commencing with the book called Seymour, which begins with the reign of King Edward the Sixth, *be printed.*'

"This resolution was carried into effect, and I have before me one of the series of printed volumes, which corresponds, so far as I have been able to compare them, with the MS. vol. of the same date in our Library. That they were printed from the originals in the possession of Parliament at that period (1742) there is no reason to doubt; and those originals, as appears by the statement of Mr. Bowdoin's correspondent, still exist.

"Mr. Bowdoin assigns as one reason for the particular examination he instituted into this subject, the fact, that 'no copy of any of the Journals was to be found on this side of the Atlantic, and detached fragments only, scattered here and there, in rare books, can here be got at.' This was written in 1829, and as that gentleman, whose loss to society cannot be too much regretted, possessed the means of informing himself on every subject he undertook to investigate, the statement was then unquestionably correct. But since that time complete sets of the printed Journals of Parliament have been imported into this country; three are in Washington, and one in the Department of State at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and another set has just been received here, to which the volume now before me belongs.

"Our MS. volumes, although stripped of much of the importance hitherto attached to them, must still be regarded as curiosities, from the circumstance that they were unquestionably written at the date of the events they record, and nearly a century before any printed copies were made; and also from the fact, that they may have been brought out by the fugitive regicides, who sought an asylum in this country after the Restoration. The binding of the volumes is of the same period, and their whole contents bespeak their great antiquity."

Mr. Rutherfurd has eleven vols., viz.:

3 vols. A. D. 1647, commencing April 13th.
6 " " 1648.
2 " " 1649, ending Oct. 9, 1649.

(This gentleman is now deceased.)

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THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

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HIS NUMBER CONTAINS SEVEN SHEETS, ONE HUNDRED AND TWELVE PAGES.

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THE

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THE GALLOWS AND THE GOSPEL.

AN APPEAL TO CLERGYMEN OPPOSING THEMSELVES TO THE ABOLITION OF THE ONE, IN THE NAME OF THE OTHER.

GENTLEMEN, let us understand each other in this matter. A number of you have undertaken this cause, of the maintenance of the Punishment of Death, with a degree of zeal, activity and combination of effort, which has awakened an equal astonishment and regret, on the part of those who have assailed it, and with God's blessing will unweariedly assail, as an institution not only revolting to the feelings and reason of a large portion of the community, and at variance with the true spirit of Christianity; but, in a practical point of view, not only useless, but even fatally pernicious, in its influence upon the very object for which it is designed, the prevention of crime. Some of you appear to have felt especially called upon to cast yourselves in the path of this advancing movement of opinion; to have taken the institution in question under your peculiar professional patronage and protection, and marshalling yourselves in organized array, as it were, around the foot of the Scaffold, have seemed ambitious to assume the function of the very Body-Guard of the Hangman. None will of course receive these expressions in an offensive sense. They can only reach those individuals of whom in point of fact the remark is true,—while all such, sustained as they undoubtedly are by a full sense of right, in both its religious and moral aspects, can see nothing in them at which to take just exception; but rather an emphatic tribute to their zeal and prowess in a cause which to them is a good one because they regard it so. If the Gallows and the Hangman are all they urge them to be, then of course to stand under the shadow of the one and the command of the other, as their special champions and defenders, is to maintain the post equally of duty and of honor.

We are far from ascribing this course or this position either to the Profession as a body, or even to a majority of them. On the contrary, we know full well that among them—and of all the various denominations—are to be found many of the most enlightened and earnest of the friends of this wisely humane reform, as we regard it. Roman Catholic and Protestant—Orthodox and Liberal—Evangelical and Rationalist—among all we can point, with gratification and respect, to some of the best of ministers and best of men, as strongly and warmly coinciding in the convictions, and sympathizing in the feelings, which impel this movement of Christian and moral reform. We deny to our adversaries in this controversy the advantage of any right to claim the moral weight which would be justly incident to the collective authority of the Christian

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Clergy, as a class, on their side of its issue. We have many on our side. The great majority, probably, have heretofore stood aloof from the subject, uncommitted to either decided opinion. A portion, as has been already said, with an industry magnifying their apparent number, have espoused the other side with a zeal worthy of a nobler object. We desire to address not only this latter class, but those who, from the contagious example of these, and from the natural influence of their skilful appeals to prejudice and panic, may be more or less inclined also toward that side. We would include, too, the large numbers of the undecided and indifferent, who may never have had a combined opportunity and disposition to give to the question, as a question of Biblical criticism, that investigation necessary to its proper mastery. Every Minister ought to give to it his most earnest attention. It is a question of lives and souls—a question into which some of the fundamental principles of religious truth enter as among its essential elements—a question with which the Bible has most direct relations, and toward which already so many of their colleagues in the Profession have officially assumed such attitudes, that none can hold back from the duty and necessity of forming a conclusion and taking a part for himself. If indeed the Punishment of Death ought to be abolished, then is there no class of men who ought to aid in its abolition more prominently, or by higher obligations, than the Ministers of Christianity. For the sake of the truth itself; for the sake of the human souls at stake on the issue; for the sake of their own hold on the public confidence and respect; for the sake of the prejudicial influence which through them may reach the truths of which they stand in the public places as the messengers and interpreters, if they go wrong, or even if they do not go right, in this matter—for these among many obvious reasons, such is their peculiar, their vital duty. If it ought to be abolished, and if it is to be abolished, not only ought they by the most solemn considerations of duty to contribute toward that object their important influence, but on the clearest grounds of policy in reference to their Church and their Class. Every Minister should think not only twice, but very earnestly each time, before making up his mind either to discountenance this proposal of reform, or even to hold back his hand from its aid. Our design in the present Article is to bring succinctly before the special attention of those to whom it thus addresses itself, an outline of the *Scriptural Argument* by which we refute the common objections opposed to us from the Bible, and on which we claim the right to invoke their favor and co-operation with these efforts. We ask to be confuted if we do not convince, and are perfectly willing to open our pages to any well stated and reasoned reply to our arguments.

Understand—we here deal only with the scriptural aspect of the general subject; putting entirely out of view all considerations of mere policy or expediency. The question is, *Does the Bible make it a positive and mandatory religious duty to inflict the Punishment of Death for Murder?* If it does, then are those Ministers right who insist upon it, and on this ground; if it does not, then are they committing a grievous wrong and a grievous folly. On the one hand they assert that it does. On the other we assert that there is no authority in either the Old or New Testament more than merely *permissive*, in favor of the Punishment of Death—a permission only to be used in case of its necessity as a matter of practical policy; and that the spirit of the Christian Gospel is strongly in opposition to it. Here, then, is an issue fairly made up. Let us argue it logically and fairly.

Does the Bible make it a positive and mandatory religious duty to inflict the Punishment of Death for Murder?—The main point of departure and point of support to the argument on the affirmative of this question, is the familiar passage from the ninth chapter of Genesis, which (according to the common English version) reads as follows:

5. "And surely your blood of your lives will I require; at the hand of every beast will I require it, and at the hand of man; at the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man.

6. "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed: for in the image of God made he man."

In this passage resides the only diffi-

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culty we have to combat in this Biblical discussion. Read in the absolute imperative sense for which our opponents contend—and made universal and perpetual, as they interpret its intended application—it would indeed at the first blush seem hard to get over or round; nor is it surprising that its apparent force should, in the very outset of every discussion of this subject, create a strong bias on the minds of the "religious community," against a doctrine which would seem to propose a flat disobedience to so direct a divine command.

Now against the force of this passage, as thus read by our opponents, we have two replies to make. The *first* is, that there is nothing in the terms or structure of the original Hebrew to which necessarily attaches any such mandatory sense, and that it may just as well be rendered in a sense simply denunciatory, or at most permissive. The *second* is, that even if, for argument's sake, an imperative force be conceded to it, yet, however proper and necessary it may have been for the age and society to which it was addressed, it does not follow that it must be equally mandatory to us and our times, when an altered state of social and civil institutions may have superseded its former utility. Either of these replies, if it can be sustained, must be conclusive; and must remove entirely out of the path of this reform the obstacle which we find thus formidably heaved up against us at its outset. The first of these is a question of criticism, which may, however, be made plain enough to the unlearned, as well as the more scholarly reader; the second is one of common sense, to judge of which requires neither Hebraic erudition nor the aid of sacerdotal authority. The first, first.

What is the literal rendering of the Hebrew of the sixth verse? Simply this: "*Shedding blood of man in man his* (or *its*) *blood will be shed*," &c. No one will dispute this. Now, in order to convert this into the common English version, three things have to be assumed, on the strength of some right or authority which, wherever it may reside, it is very certain does not necessarily reside anywhere in the terms of the Hebrew itself,—namely: 1. The participle *shedding* is not only made personal and masculine, but it is confined to the personal and masculine sense, in the words, "*whoso sheddeth;*" 2. The verb which in the original is the simple future tense, so as to be rendered in Latin *effundetur* and in English *will be shed*, must receive an imperative sense so as to be read, *shall be shed;* and 3. The expression which is literally *in man* in the original, must be made to denote agency, by selecting and assigning to the preposition employed one only of its numerous meanings, so as to be converted into "*by man.*" It is only after the performance of this triple process that the original Hebrew (of which the literal rendering has been above given) becomes translated, or rather transformed, into the common English reading of our Bibles.

Respecting the participle, we do not care to dwell upon that point. It is true that it is almost universally rendered by all the old commentators and translators, including the Septuagint, in the personal sense; though the high authority of Michaelis extends it to both the personal and the neuter senses, so as to include both the antecedents to which it has reference, that is to say, both the man and the beast shedding human blood. The rendering which would to us make the most intelligible and rational sense of the entire passage, would be, with Michaelis, to adopt the neuter sense of the participle, though not for the purpose of making it cover both, but for that of confining it to the beast alone; and then, taking the future verb in its natural merely permissive sense, to understand it as conferring that moral right, which nowhere in terms appears before the Deluge, to slay all beasts themselves destructive to human life. It is true that this construction would have no other authority, so far as the books are concerned, than the mere *capability* of the Hebrew, boldly interpreted by a modern independence and originality of judgment, anxious perhaps to find a possible reading more satisfactory than any of the current ones. We do not care to lay any stress upon it, and are in fact perfectly willing to give it up, rather than unnecessarily embarrass a discussion which we desire to confine to a form as simple, and as suitable for general acceptance, as possible. Let it pass, then, as "*whoso sheddeth*"—not caring even to insist upon the reading of Michaelis.

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Respecting the *future* form of the verb, however, we deny most emphatically that our opponents have any right or reason to claim for it any necessary imperative force. What is their reply to this point? Do they deny the fact? No;—but they say, that as there is no third person imperative in the Hebrew, the future has to be used when it is desired to express that sense. If you would render back into Hebrew, say they, this same mandatory expression "shall be shed," you must use the same word; and so, too, is the same used in such passages as this, where the context makes unequivocal the imperative meaning—"He shall flee to the pit, let no man stay him,"—as also in the commands of the Decalogue. Grant all this, is our answer, and it does not disprove our assertion, nor prove the antagonist one. We may also with the same right urge that if you would render back into Hebrew our version, namely, *will be shed*, or *may be shed*, (that is, in a denunciatory or in a permissive sense), the same Hebrew word must be employed. The word may undoubtedly be so rendered, *if we choose*, but it is not necessary to do so. Because the future form may sometimes be rendered imperatively, must it always be? Are *may* and *must* identical? For one instance of the imperative, ten can be pointed to of the simple and proper future sense. In the verse immediately preceding—in which it is said that "Every living thing that moveth shall be meat for you,"—it will hardly be pretended that there is any imperative command to make meat of spiders, rattlesnakes, or centipedes. The future is there obviously one of mere declaration or permission—precisely as we contend for in the present case. In the case of the futures used in the Decalogue their imperative sense will not be questioned, both because the whole is evidently an act of express legislation (which is not the case in the present passage, which is a covenant and not a code), and also because none of the absurd and bad consequences follow from the imperative sense in the Commandments, which we do impute and prove against its adoption here. To oppose to us in this instance the objection, that a similar reasoning would overthrow the imperative authority of the Commandments, would be an equally sound argument to compel us to give an imperative sense to every instance of the mere future occurring between the covers of the Bible.

Our position on this point cannot be shaken; no scholar, no candid reasoner, can dispute it—namely, that there is nothing necessarily imperative in the Hebrew verb here used, and that it may just as well be rendered *will be shed* (denunciatory or declaratory), or *may be shed* (permissive). To give it the imperative sense, and then to claim our obedience as to a command, is not only to beg the whole question, but even impiously to clothe in the garb of a divine authority that which is the mere imposture of human assumption. In the present application of it, it may not unfairly be compared to an act of forging a sovereign's signet to a death-warrant.

And respecting the expression which is rendered in our English version "*by* man." It is essential to the adverse argument to retain this. But to insist on this, and to derive from it a mandatory authority upon man, requiring him to make himself the executioner of his fellow creature, because "*by* man shall his (the murderer's) blood be shed," is even a still more unwarranted assumption than that just explained. As above stated, the literal rendering of the Hebrew is "*in man.*" The preposition here employed (*beth*) is one including a wide variety of significations. It *may* indeed, if we choose, bear the translation "*by*," but it may just as well, if not better, be translated, as is done by different commentators, *among* (so as to signify, *among men, in human society*, or *in the course of human events*, corresponding to the declaratory or denunciatory future); or *for*, or *on account of* (that is, *on account of the one slain*); or, as some render it, *in the presence of*. So, after enumerating the various senses in which it is received in this passage, the "Synopsis Criticorum" says, "*beth* hæc omnia significat, *per, pro, propter, coram*, et *cum*."—We might here rest content with simply disproving any such sense as necessary, and claim the right to take any of the others better harmonizing with our view of the truth. But we are entitled to go much further. Not only is it not necessary to adopt this translation "*by*" as unequivocally involved in the original, but the weight of authority is con-

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clusive against it. That of the Septuagint would alone suffice, as it is not to be supposed that the seventy-two learned Jews of Alexandria, 287 years before Christ, would have misunderstood the Hebrew expression; and their rendering into Greek is: Ὁ ἐκχέων αἷμα ἀνθρώπου, ἀντὶ τοῦ αἵματος αὐτοῦ ἐκχυθήσεται. "Whoso sheddeth a man's blood, *for* his blood (i. e. the blood of the slain) will have his own shed." So also the Samaritan version, as rendered into Latin, has it, "*pro* homine sanguis ejus effundetur"—"*for* the man his blood will be shed." While the Latin Vulgate renders it simply: "Quicumque effuderit humanum sanguinem fundetur sanguis illius,"—"Whoso sheddeth human blood his blood will be shed"—omitting our "by man" altogether; as indeed is done by Calvin himself, both practically and theoretically a good friend to the punishment of death, even for the crime of a difference of theological opinion, and certainly an authority second to none with our opponents in this controversy; who says that the particle which is added *in homine* has the mere force of an emphatic amplification, and that to render it "*by* man" is a "forced" construction. And Calvin expressly in his commentary on the whole passage interprets it rather in a denunciatory than in a merely legislative sense.* The pious and erudite Le Clerc, than whom no higher authority can be cited of either biblical criticism or Hebraic learning, translates it, not *by*, but *among:* "Effundentis sanguinem humanum, inter homines, sanguis effundetur,"—"of the one shedding human blood, *among* men, the blood will be shed,"—the expression "among men" evidently denoting, in human society, under the order of Providence in human affairs. In fact, in a note on the word, he says that while some translate it "*per* hominem," i. e. *through* or *by* man, and that the preposition *beth* is constantly to be found in the sense of *per*, yet, "in accordance with the most frequent usage of the Hebrew language, it would have been said BJAD ADAM, *by the hand of man.* Yet it is always read BAADAM, or *in man*, or *among men.*" "As *in man* (continues Le Clerc) would scarcely make any sense, we are led to adopt the other signification, *among men;* whence arises a plain proposition, which is the same as that of the words immediately preceding, but more clearly expressed. God has said that *he will require* the life of the man slain from the slayer, among men or among beasts; he here more fully sets forth the same truth when he says that the blood of the slayer will be shed. A similar expression is used in Ecclesiastes viii. 9, *Dominatus est homo inter homines in malum suum.* It also often occurs in the books of Moses, BAADAM OUBABBHEMA, *among men and beasts*, as in Exodus xiii. 2. . . . . Nor are these words to be understood otherwise than ὡς ἐπὶ τὸ πολύ, (as generally to happen), as such expressions constantly occur among the sacred and profane writers. Homicides generally suffer a retributive punishment for their crime, whether they fall into hands of the law, or, by the just providence of God, perish by some violent death."

We should like to know what the candid reader by this time thinks of the translation "*by* man." As we before said, not only is it not necessary to adopt this translation, as unequivocally involved in the original, but the weight of authority is conclusive against it;—and if our assertion is not fully established, we should be glad to have the defect of the proof pointed out.

So much for our argument from the critical examination of the terms and structure of the original, against the absolute and imperative sense in which this passage is attempted to be forced upon the conscience of the religious

* "Particula quæ mox subjicitur *in homine* ad amplificationem valet. Quidam exponunt coram testibus. Alii referunt ad sequentia, Quod per hominem fundetur sanguis. Sed omnes istæ interpretationes coactæ sunt. Tenendum ergo quod jam dixi, sceleris atrocitatem magis exprimi hac locutione, quod quisquis hominem occidit, sanguinem et vitam fratris haurit in ipso. Quod ad summam rei spectat, falluntur (meo judicio) qui putant simpliciter legem politicam hic ferri, ut plectantur homicidæ. Equidem non nego in hac Dei sententia fundatam esse pœnam, quam et leges statuunt et judices exequuntur; sed verba plus complecti dico. Scriptum est, Viri sanguinum non dimidiabunt dies suos. Et videmus alios in compitis, alios in lupanaribus, plerosque in bellis mori," &c.

community by our opponents. We should be glad to see it, as we certainly have never heard it, fairly and fully met. It certainly cannot be denied that the "*by* man" must be thrown out, either entirely, or to make way for one of the other forms above referred to, "*among* men," or "*for*," or "*on account of* man," that is to say, the man slain. Respecting the future, nothing more can be pretended than that it may be either the one or the other, either imperative, or merely denunciatory or permissive. We are at liberty to adopt either the one or the other; and the whole controversy respecting the Punishment of Death must be removed from the ground of this passage, either to other parts of Scripture, or to the whole field of inquiry which opens out of the practical bearings of the question, as a problem of simple morals and human policy.

Now, in this undeniable double sense of the passage, our judgment is decided against its mandatory version, as not only unnecessary but in opposition to strong antagonist considerations. It should be borne in mind, that we interpret it (we mean, of course, the school of opinion for which we speak), in either of the two following senses:

First, as *denunciatory or declaratory;* that is, as establishing a special prohibition against the destruction of human life; declaring it a high crime for which God will hold its author to an inevitable account; and announcing the warning truth or precept, that in the course of his Providence, in human affairs, from the general laws and principles of human nature and society, the effect of blood-shedding will be to generate retaliatory and retributive blood-shedding; just as in Psalms lv. 23, it is said that "Bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days;" and as in Christ's rebuke to Peter for drawing his sword against the servant of the high-priest, he is bidden to put up the unchristian weapon, for all they who take the sword shall perish (or rather *will perish*, it being the simple Greek future ἀπολοῦνται) with the sword, (i. e. *in* the use of the sword, ἐν μαχαίρᾳ).

Second: as *permissive;* that is, as authorizing the infliction of death upon either blood-shedding beasts or men, when necessary for the protection of the sacred principle of human life—though far indeed from commanding it, when circumstances should not make it thus necessary; and of course leaving it always open as any other question of practical human policy, to adopt that or any other mode of deterring and preventive punishment which wisdom may teach and experience confirm.

In the undeniable double sense of the passage in the Hebrew, our judgment, we repeat, is decided against the absolute and imperative version contended for on the other side, by the following leading considerations:

1. If it be received in that sense, we can see no authority for any discrimination between the worst forms of murder and at least the higher grades of manslaughter. Even though we go nearly nine hundred years down the course of time, from the date of the Noachic covenant to the institution of the Jewish system of government and law, and, from the principle of the institution of the cities of refuge, derive an interpretation reflecting back on this precept to Noah, and authorizing us to exclude accidental homicides from its application—those committed "unawares,"—yet even then, unjustifiable as would be such a method of construction, by blending into one things not less distinct in their extent and application than in their respective periods of time, even then, we say, there would remain the whole range of the excusable and the justifiable homicides, and the higher grades of manslaughter, proceeding from great natural passion, extreme provocation, or those half-disordered states of mental or physical health, or both, out of which the greater number of murders and manslaughters do in point of fact proceed. The construction contended for by our opponents would forbid the right to make any discrimination in these cases. If it is such a *law* of God, and founded on such principles as led him even to exact a retribution for bloodshed even from the beast, to which certainly no moral responsibility can attach, we can certainly have no right to cut and carve it at our pleasure, to prescribe how far we shall obey or disregard it, and to determine for ourselves to what cases we will and to what we will not extend its application. This is an inevitable logical necessity; and without dwelling further on the point, we appeal to

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the universal reason, heart and practice of mankind, revolting as all do against the practical application of such a consequence, to stamp it as a conclusive *reductio ad absurdum* against the construction we combat.

2. If a *law* at all, it must be equally mandatory against the beast which, either from its native ferocity or by accident, may cause a human death. We have seen that the "*by* man," which some endeavor to confine to the case of the human homicide, (in contradistinction to that kind of divine inquisition for blood at the hand of the beast, which they say God may enforce in his own unknown ways), cannot stand in the true translation of the passage. If God says that he will require the life of man at the hand of his brother, he equally makes the same declaration respecting the beast, and the general and comprehensive form of expression in the sixth verse includes both of the two antecedents to which it thus refers, and which come within the scope of the same declared principle of liability to the retribution of blood. This consequence is no less logically necessary than the former, and no less positive a *reductio ad absurdum.* It is vain to say in reply, as we have sometimes heard, that, well, we may go and extend the application of the law to beasts likewise—as Michaelis consistently contends. The proposition will be rejected by the whole civilized intelligence of Christendom as monstrous and ridiculous; and cannot but be regarded as conclusive against a construction of which it is the consequence—unnecessary and arbitrary as we have shown that construction to be.

3. The reason assigned for the precept or declaration itself far better harmonizes with ours, than with the opposite version—"for in the image of God made he man." Reading in this, in common with us, a strong expression of the magnitude of the crime of murder, they infer from it a more imperative obligation to punish it with a retaliatory penalty of death; and, on the legal maxim of the continuance of the law with the continuance of its reason, they even find in these words the chief basis for their claim to make perpetual and universal the mandatory law they create out of this passage. On the other hand, we read in this reason a solemn injunction to respect this mysterious "image of God" in the person even of the murderer, in whom it no less resides than in his judge or executioner. Even *his* life, in accordance with the spirit of the passage, ought to be held sacred if we can do so consistently with the safety of society and the preservation of other innocent lives. And while we argue that great moral evil results to society from the contagious influence of the example seen of cold-blooded infliction of death by the Hangman, desecrating this idea of the sanctity of human life, and weakening its hold upon men's minds, we offer a great array of practical proof to show that this mode of punishment tends rather to increase than to diminish the crimes to which it is applied. We are therefore entitled to insist that in proposing a change calculated to foster and strengthen this idea of the sacredness of life, and the practical effect of which we offer to show to be in accordance with the theory of this argument, we best observe the spirit of the precept, as it is interpreted by its own declared reason.

4. Our version is in accordance with the lesson set us by the example of God himself in the case of the first murderer; of which it is remarked in the Report on this subject to the New York Legislature in 1841, that "it would seem indeed that the direct object of the permission of this frightful blot of blood to deface the very first page of the history of man upon the earth, was to plant deeply in his mind the same great idea which was afterwards reproduced under the sanction of the rainbow covenant with Noah—from amid the thunders and lightnings of Sinai,—and again, more sublimely than either, from the meek lips of Jesus of Nazareth—'*Thou shalt not kill.*'" The explanation of this attempted on the other side—that God was thus "trying as it were the experiment of dispensing with capital punishment"—that is to say, for the experimental instruction of the human race itself—certainly seems to us puerile and absurd to an extreme.

5. It accords also with that afforded by the case of Simeon and Levi, who were the authors of a murder which, great as had been its provocation, was treacherous and ferocious in the highest degree. Not only had every possible atonement been made for the provoca-

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tion, but the vengeance taken for it by the sanguinary brethren embraced not only its individual object, but his father and all the males of the city. That the murder or massacre was in itself unjustifiable, is shown in the grief and anger for the crime expressed by their father, the patriarch Jacob; as also by his death-bed denunciation of the retribution yet to overtake the seed of the guilty brothers—that is to say, through the course of divine providence, as according to our construction of the Noachic covenant. No allusion is made by the Patriarch to any such imperative blood for blood retribution as is contended for by our opponents, while on the contrary it is evident (Gen. xlix., 5–7), that Jacob in his day understood the principle under consideration in a sense of divine denunciation precisely corresponding to that urged by our side of the controversy.

Such then are the leading reasons which, in the undeniably double or ambiguous sense of this important passage, between a simple denunciatory or permissive sense, and an imperative one, decide our judgment in favor of the former and against the latter. Of their validity, every candid reader may judge. To these we afterwards add, when we come to the discussion of the practical aspect of the question, the fact which we claim to prove, that other modes of punishment are more effective and beneficial for the repression of crime; and even in the absence of any of the authority for our construction above stated, we should be entitled to regard that fact alone, when experimentally proved, as sufficient to show that the true meaning of this passage could not possibly have been one which would forbid our adoption of those better methods, at the same time more wise and more merciful, more in harmony with the lights of modern science and with the gentle and forgiving spirit of Christ.

If the above demonstration against the mandatory sense claimed for this passage be not complete—a demonstration which we have desired to conduct on our opponents' own ground—we acknowledge ourselves incapable of judging of any reasoning processes of our own mind. But the argument in favor of our Scriptural right to adopt the reform in question, if we can prove it to be even probably safe and expedient, does not rest here. All the above may be conceded. It may be granted to have been a command as addressed to the age and condition of the world then and for many centuries thereafter existing, yet would it not follow to be similarly mandatory for us, with our penitentiaries, our prison systems, and above all with our Gospel, to teach alike its hopes to the criminal and its charities to his judge. "If it be assumed that this is a command," says the late eminent lawyer, Elisha Williams of Hudson, "it is surely most preposterous to urge it upon us, at a distance of time when the necessity on which it is founded has ceased to exist, and when, from the fluctuations of human affairs, a different order of things is established, while those to whom it was immediately directed, and who must have understood its intent, oftentimes contravened it without incurring the displeasure of God." And upon this point we shall add nothing further to the following extract from a late excellent work, the "Companion to the Book of Genesis," by the Rev. Samuel H. Turner, Professor of Biblical Literature and Interpretation of Scripture in the Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and of the Hebrew Language and Literature in Columbia College, New York:

"It is not certain that this law is positive and peremptory. Like some others, afterwards introduced into the Hebrew code, it may be merely permissive, to be followed according to the discretion of the judiciary, governed by circumstances, as some Jewish commentators affirm to have been the case with respect to the law of retaliation of Ex. xxi. 24, 25; Levit. xxiv. 19, 20. But if it be a positive command, its universal obligation by no means follows. The circumstances and condition of mankind may so vary from the state in which they were when the law was originally promulged, as to make the continuance of the penalty highly inexpedient and improper. The grounds on which laws are mutable or unchangeably binding are admirably settled by Hooker, in his third Book, 510. His remarks are well worthy of attentive consideration. I cannot refrain from quoting the following sentence, from its remarkable applicability to the subject. 'Laws, though both ordained of God himself, and the end for which they were ordained continuing, may notwithstanding cease, if, by alteration of persons or times, they be

found insufficient to attain unto that end. In which respect, why may we not presume that God doth even call for such change or alteration as the very condition of things themselves doth make necessary.' "—p. 223.

We have thus dwelt upon this text because it is confessedly the citadel and commanding key of the whole position of the adverse argument on this question. This conceded or carried, nine-tenths of the victory in this controversy is already gained. The utmost that is attempted to be done with the rest of the Scriptures, in connection with this subject, is to bring them, by the aid of more or less of ingenuity and effort, into possible consistency with it. If this passage were out of the way, not even the most bigoted or sanguinary of the advocates of the Punishment of Death would pretend to derive from the rest of the Sacred Volume anything in the nature of command for its institution. The utmost that would be contended for would be, that a permissive justification of it, if practicably expedient and necessary, might be found in the *precedent* of the Jewish law, and in the two or three slight and doubtful texts to be adduced from the New Testament; of which the utmost that can be said is that they tolerate and do not prohibit it. Now, all that we desire is to have fair play, in addressing the mind, for the reasonings by which we urge the practical policy of the reform in question. We do not wish to have the Bible cast into the opposite scale to all our arguments and evidences, by those whom we believe most outrageously to misunderstand and misuse it for that purpose. For this reason we have regarded it as well worth our while to devote the space and time which have been given to the elucidation of this passage,—the object of this Article being to address its appeal particularly to the class referred to in its title. How far we have succeeded in removing out of our path the obstacle of this text, with its assumed imperative, and its pretended perpetually and universally imperative, character, the candid and intelligent reader must be the judge.

As for the Mosaic Law, there is no question that it did inflict the punishment of Death, with a degree of sternness which will scarcely be held up for our imitation, not only for the crime of murder, and for all homicide not merely accidental or "unawares," but for a long array of other offences down to "*gathering sticks on the Sabbath*," and being a "*stubborn and rebellious son*," a "*glutton and a drunkard*." And even for accidental homicide the next of kin, or the "Avenger of Blood," might lawfully slay in return if he could either overtake his victim before his escape to one of the "cities of refuge" in the land, or should afterwards catch him beyond its sanctuary limits. But no one seriously pretends to hold up these laws as obligatory upon *us* and *now*. Local and limited in their application, they were designed for and adapted to that peculiar people in their peculiar social condition, the Jews alone. Doubtless wise and good laws for them, yet for our age, and for our more fixed habitations and settled mode of life, they may be entirely unsuitable. "If these laws are obligatory on us," says Mr. Williams, already quoted, "we must suppose the obligation general. We cannot be permitted to select such portions as will suit our purpose, and throw aside the rest as impracticable. The various parts must stand or fall together; and to infer the justice of a penalty from its having been sanctioned by the laws of Moses, presupposes the absurdity, that it would be fit and proper to adopt and execute the whole body of those laws at the present day. . . . . If it be said that capital punishments are inflicted, not by the authority, but in imitation of the Jewish laws; I answer that, to justify us in following this example, our political situation and the objects of our civil institutions, our relations and our necessities, should be similar to those of the Jews. For, as the policy of laws is modified by these considerations, so their justice is often dependent upon them; and imperative necessity may at one time require what at another would be improper and inexpedient. If the example of the Jews will warrant us in inflicting capital punishments, it will likewise warrant us in the cruelties of savage warfare—in destroying the aged and infirm—the helpless and the innocent."

Upon the few slight and doubtful texts adduced from the New Testament against us, it is not necessary to dwell at any length. Nothing manda-

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tory is ever claimed for any of them. They are only used to prop the assumed mandatory character of the text in Genesis, against our arguments for mercy and forgiveness drawn from the general spirit of the Gospel. The principal one is that from the 13th chapter of Romans, in which it is said: "If thou do that which is evil, be afraid; for he (the ruler) beareth not the sword in vain: for he is the minister of God, and a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil." It is evident that the expression of *bearing the sword* denotes simply the general executive power of the Government, referred to as an existing fact, and a fact, like all other facts, permitted by God. It was of the actual rule of a Nero that it was immediately spoken; and it was evidently designed as a general prudential caution and advice to the infant Christian community at Rome, to comply with all the requisitions of the law, for conscience' sake as well as for the sake of those penalties of which the power was not held "in vain" by the Government. The succeeding verses in like manner enjoin the due payment of tributes and customs. Another is that declaration of Paul before the tribunal of Festus (Acts xxv.): "If I be an offender, or have committed anything worthy of death, I refuse not to die." He is simply asserting his innocence of any crime bringing him within reach of the law, the existing law of the Jews as it stands. The words of Christ to Peter have already been incidentally noticed above. And these constitute the complete whole of the New Testament authority that either is or can be adduced for Capital Punishment—with the exception of a single verse in that inexplicable sacred mystery, the Book of St. John's Apocalypse; in which (Rev. xiii. 10) the saying referred to by Christ is merely again alluded to: "He that leadeth into captivity shall go into captivity: he that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword"—upon which no further remark is needed.

We have confined ourselves to the single object held in view from the outset of this paper—that of negatively disproving the existence of any mandatory Scriptural authority, applicable to us and our times, requiring the maintenance of the death punishment. We have not gone further, to show positively on the other side, how it is essentially forbidden by the general pervading spirit of the Gospel, as well as by the countless texts that could be adduced from the New Testament, tending toward that direction—assuming always that which we hold ourselves bound to show, namely, that there is at least sufficient probable reason to feel assured that it may be done with safety and advantage. This being proved—(and the liberty to present this proof to open and candid minds, anxious for the truth alone, and unwedded to either an obstinate prejudice of opinion or to a sanguinary vindictiveness of spirit, is all that the friends of this reform desire)—this being proved, and the paralyzing incubus of our opponents' false perversion of the authority of the Old Testament removed, the Gospel of the New Testament, with its spirit of boundless Love, and inexhaustible Mercy—with its prohibition of all vindictiveness of feeling or judgment on the part of man toward his fellow-man, a prohibition from which, in its application to the private individual, it is vain to seek to exempt the public authority—with its solemn teachings of the infinite importance of a single human soul, and of the awful mystery of its immortality beyond the gallows and the grave—with all these influences radiating their silent power from its every page on the reason and conscience of every true reader, when once opened like the loosened spring soil to receive the fructifying warmth, the Gospel may safely be left to do its own work, speedily to efface from every Christian land the last trace of this useless, and worse, far worse than useless, barbarism of the Gallows.

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THE BALLAD OF CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK. 1659.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

In the following ballad, the author has endeavored to display the strong enthusiasm of the early Quaker, the short-sighted intolerance of the clergy and magistrates, and that sympathy with the oppressed, which the "common people," when not directly under the control of spiritual despotism, have ever evinced. He is not blind to the extravagance of language and action which characterized some of the pioneers of Quakerism in New England, and which furnished persecution with its solitary but most inadequate excuse.

The ballad has its foundation upon a somewhat remarkable event in the history of Puritan intolerance. Two young persons, son and daughter of Lawrence Southwick, of Salem, who had been himself imprisoned, and deprived of all his property for having entertained two Quakers at his house, were fined ten pounds each for non-attendance at the church, which they were unable to pay. The case being represented to the General Court at Boston, that body, in obedience to the suggestions of its ghostly advisers and conscience-keepers, issued an order which may still be seen on the court records, bearing the signature of Edward Rawson, Secretary, by which the treasurer of the County was "fully empowered to *sell the said persons* to any of the English nation *at Virginia or Barbadoes*, to answer said fines." An attempt was made to carry this barbarous order into execution, but no ship-master was found willing to convey them to the West Indies.—*Vide* Sewall's History, pp. 255-6. G. Bishop.

To the God of all sure mercies let my blessing rise to-day,
From the scoffer and the cruel he hath plucked the spoil away,—
Yea, He who cooled the furnace around the faithful three,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath set his handmaid free!

Last night I saw the sunset melt through my prison-bars,
Last night across my damp earth-floor fell the pale gleam of stars;
In the coldness and the darkness all through the long night time,
My grated casement whitened with Autumn's early rime.

Alone, in that dark sorrow, hour after hour crept by;
Star after star looked palely in and sank adown the sky;
No sound amid night's stillness, save that which seemed to be
The dull and heavy beating of the pulses of the sea.

All night I sat unsleeping, for I knew that on the morrow
The ruler and the cruel priest would mock me in my sorrow,
Dragged to their place of market, and bargained for and sold,
Like a lamb before the shambles, like a heifer from the fold!

Oh, the weakness of the flesh was there—the shrinking and the shame;
And the low voice of the Tempter like whispers to me came:
"Why sit'st thou thus forlornly!" the wicked murmur said,
"Damp walls thy bower of beauty, cold earth thy maiden bed?

"Where be thy smiling faces, and voices soft and sweet,
Seen in thy father's dwelling, heard in the pleasant street?
Where be the youthful glances which all the Sabbath through
Turned tenderly and timidly unto thy father's pew?

"Why sit'st thou here, Cassandra?—Bethink thee with what mirth
Thy happy schoolmates gather around the warm bright hearth;
How the crimson shadows tremble, on foreheads white and fair,
On brows of merry girlhood, half hid in golden hair.

"Not for thee the hearth-fire brightens, not for thee kind words are spoken,
Not for thee the nuts of Wenham woods by laughing boys are broken,
No first-fruits of the orchard within thy lap are laid,
For thee no flowers of Autumn the youthful hunters braid.

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"Oh! weak, deluded maiden!—by crazy fancies led,
With wild and raving railers an evil path to tread;
To leave a wholesome worship, and teaching pure and sound;
And mate with maniac women, loose-haired and sackcloth-bound.

"Mad scoffers of the priesthood, who mock at things divine,
Who rail against the pulpit, and holy bread and wine;
Sore from their cart-tail scourgings, and from the pillory lame,
Rejoicing in their wretchedness, and glorying in their shame.

"And what a fate awaits thee?—a sadly toiling slave,
Dragging the slowly lengthening chain of bondage to the grave!
Think of thy woman's nature, subdued in hopeless thrall,
The easy prey of any, the scoff and scorn of all!"

Oh!—ever as the Tempter spoke, and feeble Nature's fears
Wrung drop by drop the scalding flow of unavailing tears,
I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and strove in silent prayer,
To feel, oh Helper of the weak!—that Thou indeed wert there!

I thought of Paul and Silas, within Philippi's cell,
And how from Peter's sleeping limbs the prison-shackles fell,
Till I seemed to hear the trailing of an angel's robes of white,
And to feel a blessed presence invisible to sight.

Bless the Lord for all his mercies!—for the peace and love I felt,
Like dew of Hermon's holy hill, upon my spirit melt;
When "Get behind me, Satan!" was the language of my heart,
And I felt the Evil Tempter with all his doubts depart.

Slow broke the grey cold morning; again the sunshine fell
Flecked with the shade of bar and grate within my lonely cell;
The hoar-frost melted on the wall; and upward from the street
Came careless laugh and idle word, and tread of passing feet.

At length the heavy bolts fell back, my door was open cast,
And slowly at the Sheriff's side up the long street I passed.
I heard the murmur round me, and felt, but dared not see,
How from every door and window the people gazed on me.

And doubt and fear fell on me, shame burned upon my cheek,
Swam earth and sky around me, my trembling limbs grew weak,
"Oh Lord, support thy handmaid, and from her soul cast out
The fear of man which brings a snare, the weakness and the doubt."

Then the dreary shadows scattered like a cloud in morning breeze,
And a low deep voice within me seemed whispering words like these:
"Though thy earth be as the iron, and thy heavens a brazen wall,
Trust still His loving kindness whose power is over all."

We paused at length, where at my feet the sun-lit waters broke
On glaring reach of shining beach, and shingly wall of rock;
The merchant ships lay idly there, in hard clear lines on high,
Tracing with rope and slender spar their net-work on the sky.

And there were ancient citizens cloak-wrapped and grave and cold,
And grim and stout sea-captains with faces bronzed and old,
And on his horse, with Rawson, his cruel clerk, at hand,
Sat dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the land.

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And poisoning with his evil words the ruler's ready ear,
The priest leaned o'er his saddle, with laugh and scoff and jeer;
It stirred my soul, and from my lips the seal of silence broke,
As if through woman's weakness a warning spirit spoke.

I cried, "The Lord rebuke thee, thou smiter of the meek,
Thou robber of the righteous, thou trampler of the weak!
Go light the dark, cold hearth-stones—go turn the prison-lock
Of the poor hearts thou hast hunted, thou wolf amid the flock!"

Dark lowered the brows of Endicott, and with a deeper red
O'er Rawson's wine-empurpled cheek the flush of anger spread.
"Good people," quoth the white-lipped priest, "heed not her words so wild,
Her Master speaks within her—the Devil owns his child!"

But grey heads shook, and young brows knit, the while the Sheriff read
That law the wicked rulers against the poor have made,
Who to their house of Rimmon and idol priesthood bring
No bended knee of worship, nor gainful offering.

Then to the stout sea-captains the Sheriff turning said:
"Which of ye, worthy gentlemen, will take this Quaker maid?
In the isle of far Barbadoes, or on Virginia's shore,
Ye may hold her at a higher price than Indian girl or Moor."

Grim and silent stood the captains; and when again he cried,
"Speak out, my worthy gentlemen!"—nor voice nor sign replied;
But I felt a hard hand press my own, and kind words met my ear:
"God bless thee, and preserve thee, my gentle girl and dear!"

A weight seemed lifted from my heart,—a pitying friend was nigh,
I felt it in his hard, rough hand, and saw it in his eye;
And when again the Sheriff spoke, that voice, so kind to me,
Growled back its stormy answer like the roaring of the sea:

"Pile my ship with bars of silver—pack with coins of Spanish gold,
From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the roomage of her hold,
By the living God who made me!—I would sooner in your bay
Sink ship and crew and cargo, than bear this child away!"

"Well answered, worthy captain, shame on their cruel laws!"
Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud the people's just applause.
"Like the herdsman of Tekoa, in Israel of old,
Shall we see the poor and righteous again for silver sold?"

I looked on haughty Endicott, with weapon half-way drawn,
Swept round the throng his lion-glare of bitter hate and scorn,
Fiercely he drew his bridle-rein, and turned in silence back,
And sneering priest and baffled clerk rode murmuring in his track.

Hard after them the Sheriff looked, in bitterness of soul;
Thrice smote his staff upon the ground, and crushed his parchment-roll;
"Good friends," he said, "since both have fled, the ruler and the priest,
Judge ye if from their farther work I be not well released."

Loud was the cheer which full and clear swept round the silent bay,
As with kind words and kinder looks he bade me go my way;
For He who turns the courses of the streamlet of the glen
And the river of great waters, had turned the hearts of men.

Oh, at that hour the very earth seemed changed beneath my eye,
A holier wonder round me rose the blue walls of the sky,
A lovelier light on rock and hill, and stream and woodland lay,
And softer lapsed on sunnier sands the waters of the bay.

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Thanksgiving to the Lord of life !—to Him all praises be,
Who from the hands of evil men hath set his handmaid free;
All praise to Him before whose power the mighty are afraid,
Who takes the crafty in the snare which for the poor is laid !

Sing, oh, my soul, rejoicingly, on evening's twilight calm
Uplift the loud thanksgiving—pour forth the grateful psalm;
Let all dear hearts with me rejoice as did the saints of old,
When of the Lord's good angel the rescued Peter told.

And weep and howl, ye evil priests and mighty men of wrong,
The Lord shall smite their pride and break the jaw-teeth of the strong.
Wo to the wicked rulers in His avenging hour!
Wo to the wolves who seek the flock to raven and devour!

But let the humble ones arise,—the poor in heart be glad,
And let the mourning ones again with robes of praise be clad,
For He who cooled the furnace, and smoothed the stormy wave,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, is mighty still to save!

SABBATH WORSHIP IN THE FOREST.

Here will I worship—here where sky and sod
Unite their offering—where sight and sound
Bring their glad tribute, and the smile of God
Bathes all in light around.

No hollow form is here—the breathing flower
Exhales its perfume, and the summer gale
Comes, with sweet incense, from still forest-bower,
And solitary vale.

Unseen the wild bird chants her quiet lay;
The green leaves answer, and the hidden stream
Makes dream-like music, while above its way
Bright wings in sunlight gleam.

No hollow form is here; but teachings deep,
And lessons, such as man may not impart,
And truths, untaught in human temples, sweep
Like rivers o'er the heart.

For here God speaketh. In the summer wind
His voice is heard; and in the calm blue sky,
And starry flower, 'mid whispering leaves enshrined,
Man meets him eye to eye.

Not, then, to temple reared by human art,
And decked by human pride, will I repair;
Mine be the shrine, where Nature's mighty heart
Sends up eternal prayer.

New Bedford, Mass. Rev. S. S. Andros.

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SYNTHETIC PHILOSOPHY.

(CONTINUED.*)

BY O. A. BROWNSON.

OPERATIONS OF THE MIND.

§ 4. *Willing.*

THE second general operation of the Mind, or Subject, is WILLING, or, as it is sometimes denominated, the *Will.* There is, however, an obvious distinction between Will and Willing. The term Will means, 1. The power or faculty of Willing; 2. The interior result, effect, or product of the exertion of this power or faculty. It should be confined in its use to this last meaning, in which sense it is the synonym of VOLITION. Willing is neither the power regarded as a faculty, nor its effect, that is, the power regarded as having acted; but the power regarded as *in action,* that is, as operating. It is, then, strictly, not a faculty, that is, a *principle* of human nature, but an OPERATION, and therefore a *fact* of human nature.

Will is often treated by psychologists, ancient as well as modern, as a special power or faculty of human nature. Thus Saint Augustine, who with Moses, Pythagoras, and Plato, recognizes the Triad or Trinity of human nature, which we have affirmed in our Formula of the Me or Subject, terms one of the elements of this Triad Will,—his Trinity, being, *Am, Know,* WILL, To Be, To Know, and To Will. Swedenborg, Edwards, Kant, Reid, and others, also make the Will a faculty of human nature. That there is a power or faculty of Willing of course must be true, or else there could be no such operation as willing, and no such phenomena as volitions; but this power or faculty is in nowise distinguished, nor distinguishable, from the general power or faculty of acting, which we have called the ACTIVITY.

WILLING, according to this view of Will, can be only a specific mode of acting in general, without any generic difference from any other species of acting. But wherein is it specially distinguished from acting in general? This is no easy question to answer. Locke makes it consist in the "mind, thinking upon its own actions, and *preferring* their doing or their omission;" Edwards makes it consist in preferring or choosing; Swedenborg, Kant, and Reid reckon under it all those phenomena in which we are *active,* as distinguished from *passive;* Cousin and his school identify it with Liberty, make it both spontaneous and reflective, and define it to be the RESOLUTION of the Subject, on the presentation of a case, to act or not to act. All these definitions are more or less defective. Choice and preference are judgments; and, then,—if we distinguish, as Locke and others do,—between the Will and the Understanding,—acts of the understanding, intellections, the νοηματα of the Greeks, not volitions. M. Cousin avoids this objection, but only by giving a definition which defines nothing, and which fails to distinguish Willing from any other species of acting. All these psychologists have erred in consequence of their asserting a passivity in man, as well as an activity, and assuming that we are passive, not active in a portion of our phenomena. But we have already seen that there is no passivity in man or in nature. What we call our passivity, is not in us, but out of us, not-me, and is no more passive than the me itself. All our powers are active powers, and we are active in all our phenomena. To resolve to act or not to act, is itself to act; so also is to prefer or to choose; so also,

* From the Number for January, p. 55.

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again, is to perceive, to reason, to understand.

If the Subject, or Me, were not a unity, if faculties were little beings or agents in us, as Locke says he suspects some are in the habit of considering them, we should find it comparatively easy to define what we mean by Willing; but as the case stands, a definition is all but out of the question. Willing is not a peculiar, nor an isolated phenomenon; it is an operation which enters as an integral, an essential element, in some degree, into every one of our phenomena. There are no phenomena of human life, which are pure, unmixed volitions. The volition is never alone, never the *whole* phenomenon, but always an inseparable part or portion of it. The only distinction which it seems to us possible to make between Willing and Acting in general, is analogous to the distinction we have already made between Apperceiving and Perceiving. It is the Subject exerting his general power to act in a special degree, or under special conditions, with a distinct consciousness of acting, and of the end to which, or in view of which, it acts.

But the distinction which we have sought to mark, amounts to very little, and all but escapes us when we examine it closely. The Me, or Subject, is essentially intelligent, and therefore never acts, never can act without intelligence, without, to some extent, perceiving that it is acting and the grounds of its acting. The whole *Me*, since it is a unity as well as a multiplicity, acts and must act together. In all its phenomena it must be always active, always sentient, and always intelligent. Then it never does, and never can, as we say, act *blindly*. If, then, we were to define a volition, an act done with intelligence, we should fail to distinguish it from any other act we may perform. If we go a step farther, and assume that the intelligence with which it acts, rises to distinct consciousness, we still distinguish volition from any other act, only in the degree or energy of intelligence with which it is performed.

According to Guizot, in his very able view of the Pelagian Controversy, Willing takes place only after the case has been investigated, and the decision of the mind made up. We have decided what it is we ought or ought not to do, and the act of the Will is the resolution we now take to do or not to do, what we have already decided we ought or we ought not to do. This would seem to define a voluntary act, to be an act done after deliberation. But deliberation itself involves volition. We do not deliberate without willing to deliberate, nor without being conscious of some motive for deliberating. Moreover, we deliberate only where there is doubt, obscurity, or uncertainty. Where our knowledge is complete and immediate, there is no occasion for deliberating. The highest intelligences deliberate the least. They comprehend at a glance what ought to be done, and take their resolutions instantly. Are these less voluntary in their actions than are those feebler intelligences who deliberate, adduce the pro and the con, doubt, hesitate, for a long time, and after vacillating between acting and not acting till the time for acting has passed away, are finally resolved, and conclude to act? Have they less of what we call *Will?*

Nor is this all. There are few persons who always act with a clear and distinct consciousness of the fact that they are acting. There are very few of us who always clearly and distinctly understand what we are doing, or why we are doing what we are. Ask any man at a venture, to give you the reasons which induced him to act as you see him acting, and in nine cases out of ten, if he attempt to assign any reasons at all, he shall assign those which are not the true reasons, reasons which have come to him as after-thoughts, and which were not present to his mind as his motives for acting. We are rarely able to assign the true motives of our actions even to ourselves. Nothing is more frequent, or morally more disastrous, than self-deception. But shall we deny all volition where the motive is not clear and distinct? Shall we say that the bulk of mankind are involuntary in their whole conduct, and that even the choice few are also involuntary in by far the greater part of their lives?

The truth after all, we apprehend,

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is, that all actions are in some sense voluntary; and under the point of view of voluntary or involuntary, one action will be found to differ from another only in its energy and the degree of intelligence with which it is performed. No man is responsible in a moral point of view for what he does involuntarily; but who would not revolt at the moral doctrine, which should hold us responsible for only those actions which we perform with clear and distinct consciousness of the act and its motives? Responsibility is unquestionably proportioned to the degree of the intelligence of the agent, enlarging or contracting as that intelligence is more or less. But as man is intelligent in his nature, in his very essence, and therefore must always act with some degree of intelligence, it follows that he must begin to be responsible as soon as he begins to act. Infants, in this view of the case, have a moral character, and do incur, in a degree proportioned to their intelligence, moral responsibility. The question between the responsibility of the infant and the full grown man, can be only one of degree. The infant perceives as well as the man, and therefore acts with intelligence. It perceives doubtless to an altogether feebler extent, and thus far acts with an altogether feebler degree of intelligence and of moral obligation. The clearer, farther reaching, more distinct and certain, one's knowledge, the greater his responsibility, and the more culpable he becomes if he acts improperly. This is the universal sense of mankind, and the rule as laid down by our religion.

Moral responsibleness begins with life, and continues through it; and since man acts always and everywhere, in all his phenomena, it must needs attach to him as Intelligence and Sensibility, no less than as Activity. A man's thoughts, feelings, desires, passions, emotions, affections, are in some sort his acts, are in the strictest sense his acts. He must then be as responsible for them as for any other of his deeds. The desires of a man's heart are to a great extent the test of his character, and the Gospel teaches us that we must be brought into judgment for every one of our thoughts, words and deeds. The notion which sometimes obtains among us, that a man is not accountable for his desires, his feelings, in case he restrains their outward expression, is exceedingly low and mischievous. Jesus assures us that he who looks upon a woman to lust after her in his heart, hath committed adultery with her, and he who is angry with his brother is a murderer. The desires, feelings, inward affections as they are called, are the all-important matters. They prove what the man is. They cannot, and will not be impure, unchaste, ungodly, unless the man be himself inwardly corrupt. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Therefore are we commanded to keep our hearts with all diligence, for out of them are the issues of life. No man is truly moral who is not purified in his very essence, so that no impure, no unchaste, no ungodly desire can spring up within him. He must not only refrain from possessing himself of what is another's, but he must not even covet; he must not only refrain from committing murder, but he must not even feel the slightest desire to injure his brother; not only withhold the expression of anger, but he must be "slow to anger," and "rule his own spirit."

Thoughts and opinions, according to this view of the case, have a moral character, for they are in some degree voluntary. A man acts in thinking, acts in forming his opinions, and it is not a matter of moral indifference what thoughts a man thinks, or what opinions he forms. Error of opinion is never harmless, even to the man himself, much less to society. Opinions, doctrines, are deeds which live after the man is dead, and, if false, may corrupt the minds and the hearts of multitudes. He who steals, robs, or murders, on the largest scale possible to a private man, is harmless in comparison with him who successfully propagates a false doctrine on morals, politics, or religion. A man has, then, nothing of that unrestrained license of opinion we sometimes claim for him. No man is or can be at liberty to think as he pleases, to reject or embrace any doctrine or any opinion he chooses. He has no more right to embrace a false doctrine than he has to commit a crime, or to be guilty of a vice. A heavy responsibility rests upon every man, and every man is as much bound to seek for

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truth in his opinions as he is for moral rectitude in his ordinary actions.

This rule reaches to those who cling to old opinions, to old theories, to old established doctrines, no less than to the advocates of new views. A man who upholds a popular error is no less, and often even more, in fault than he who propagates a new one; for he often upholds it, not because he really believes it, but because it is popular, and he is too indolent to expose it, or because he is too indifferent to truth, too little in love with his race, too little in earnest, to be willing to submit to the inconvenience, and perhaps personal danger there may be in ranging himself on the side opposed to it. Such a man is guilty on all sides of his character, and most of all for his moral indolence, selfishness, cowardice, and want of fidelity to God and humanity. The truly moral man is always energetic, disinterested, and heroic.

Nor does this rule concern merely the *utterance* of opinions. A man must not aim merely to be blameless before the public, but before his conscience and his God. He must be right in his private thoughts. His whole life is nothing but a succession of thoughts, and therefore can be a true normal life no further than he thinks truth. Nay, furthermore, a man can think truth only in proportion to his inward purity and moral conformity to the law of God. Every man thinks with his whole nature, and therefore thinks as he is. If inwardly corrupt, his thoughts will be corrupt and false. They are the pure in heart who see God. He who would be able to form correct views of God, man, or nature, must cleanse his heart from all iniquity, must wash his hands in innocency, and be clean before his Maker. The man who propagates a doctrine on morals, politics, or religion, nay, a man who *believes* on these great subjects, a doctrine radically false, does by that fact show forth that his heart is radically depraved. The world has not been always in the wrong in judging a man's morals by his doctrine, and in maintaining that there is a necessary connection between soundness of doctrine and purity of life.

In morals, then, we must hold that a man is just as responsible for his opinions as he is for any other of his deeds. If he do his best to obtain the truth, no doubt God will pardon him the errors into which he may fall; for God is merciful, and never exacts impossibilities. Whether a man should be held socially, or rather civilly, accountable for the doctrine he may propagate or entertain, is a question of social ethics, which will be considered in a subsequent part of this work. All we say now is, that while we utterly deny the maxim, not unfrequently put forth, and on high authority too, that "Error is harmless if Truth be free to combat her," for Error will have travelled half over the globe, before Truth has pulled on her boots for the pursuit; yet it does not follow from this that society ought to seek forcibly to prevent the utterance of such doctrines as may be judged unsound; nor because society may not by the application of force hinder the utterance of error, that a man is not responsible *in foro conscientiæ* to society for the doctrines he entertains, upholds, or promulgates.

The difference between Will and Activity, and between Willing and Acting, is, it would therefore seem, not only difficult to define, but, in a moral point of view, of no great practical importance; for it is impossible to define with any tolerable exactness the line where the one loses itself in the other. Here, as in the case of Perception and Apperception, of Apperception and Imagination, of Imagination and Trance, there is a disputed territory, and till we have advanced a considerable distance into the interior, we can never say whether we are in the territory of the one or of the other; everywhere the one shades off into the other without any abruptness of outline, and is, even when most obviously distinct, so only in degree and not by any real difference at bottom.

The debates which we carry on in ourselves, and which are generally explained as debates between inclination and judgment, passion and reason, may seem at first view to make against the doctrine of the Unity of the Subject for which we contend, and also against the general identity we have asserted of acting in desire, passion, and affection, and of acting in willing,

or, in what are commonly termed *volitions;* but these debates are, in point of fact, not carried on in ourselves, between one branch of our being, so to speak, and another, and it must not be pretended that the Subject acts with a greater degree of purity or exclusiveness in volition than in desire.

This apparent duality of the Subject is one of the mysteries of our nature, which has been taken notice of in all ages, and is unquestionably of difficult solution. St. Paul has stated it as clearly, and with as much distinctness as can be desired, in his Epistle to the Romans,—"For that which I do, I allow not; for what I would that I do not; but what I hate that do I." So again, Ovid, in a passage often quoted:

"Sed trahit invitam nova vis, aliudque cupido;
Mens aliud suadet. Video meliora, proboque;
Deteriora sequor."

That there is this apparent duality, and, so to speak, internal antagonism, suggesting, if not justifying, the old hypothesis of two souls, or two principles, one good and the other evil, one from Ormuzd, the other from Ahriman, must needs be admitted; for, I presume, every man's experience bears witness to it; but we must not thence infer that the me, or Subject, is not a unity, that it is essentially a duality; for, after all, the *I*, active in desire, in passion, affection, or inclination, is identically the *I* that is active in volition, in reason and judgment. A little psychological analysis suffices to identify the two. But what is the explanation of the apparent contradiction? The explanation is not in the hypothesis of two souls, nor yet in what is termed the antagonism of soul and body, spirit and matter. In point of fact, this alleged antagonism between spirit and matter, soul and body, has no existence. The secret nature of the relation between soul and body is no doubt a mystery to the wisest; but whatever it be, this much we may affirm of it, that it is a relation of perfect harmony, making of the two not two but one in the unity of life. Man, as we shall hereafter see, is neither soul nor body, but the union of the two, or more properly, soul in and through body. The body is as essential to the full conception of a man as is the soul. Desire, passion, appetite, inclination, do not originate in the body, regarded as a force or activity distinct from the spiritual man; they are not physiological phenomena as distinguished from psychical phenomena; but are as interior, and come out as much from the spiritual centre of the man, as do volition, perception, reason, judgment. Lust is love, but love profaned; evil passions are nothing but the perversion, inversion, or profanation of good passions. When I sin it is I and not my body that sins; and I sin with precisely the same faculties and by the exercise of precisely the same powers wherewith I do good; as St. James affirms, when speaking of the tongue, he says, "therewith bless we God, even the Father; and therewith curse we men who are made after the similitude of God. Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing." The dissolution of the body does not free the soul from the condemnation of sin, nor cleanse it of its moral pollutions.

The true explanation of the problem will be found in distinguishing, so to speak, between the Fact of Consciousness and the Fact of Memory. I desire to do what I see to be evil, and instantly this is opposed by my desire to do good, or to receive good. Conscience, the rule of right which a man's own experience establishes for him, and which, therefore, belongs to the world of Memory, condemns the evil desire. That is, I see by comparing the desire with the rule, that it is wrong, and therefore condemned. But this condemnation does not extinguish it. I see it is opposed to what I have decided to be good, which I also desire. There are now two desires, between which I am torn and tormented. But these two desires are not at the same instant facts of consciousness. The desire to do evil, when combated by the desire to do good, is not a fact of consciousness, but a fact of memory; so the desire to do good, when combated by the desire to do evil, is not a fact of consciousness but also a fact of memory. Again; the desire, passion, or inclination, when I am judging it, when I am comparing it with the rule of right which I have obtained by

my experience, is, since it is obviously the object concerning which I am thinking, not a fact of present consciousness, but of past consciousness. The duality, then, is not in the subject, but is composed of the me present, living, the Subject, and the me that was, that is to say, the me of memory, whether the me actualized, or the me disclosed by the Ideal, and which we feel should be actualized.

The question, whether the Will be free or not, that is to say, whether man be a free agent, or a mere machine acting only as propelled, or necessitated by a force foreign to himself, is easily disposed of. The power to act is the only possible definition of freedom. A being that has the power to act is free to act; and the being that is free to act, has the power to act. A being that is necessitated, has no power to act. The actor is that which necessitates, not that which is necessitated. If man has the power to act, he is free to act, and free to the full extent of his power. The question, then, whether Will be free or not, whether man be a free agent or not, resolves itself into the question, whether he be or not an *active* being; and finally into the question, whether he does or does not act. That he does act, he knows as certainly, as positively, as he knows that he exists; for, as we began by showing, it is only in acting—thinking—that he finds his existence, and it is only under the relation of *actor* that he finds himself at all. I know myself free, then, with all the certainty with which I know that I am; and indeed the measure of my freedom is the exact measure of I *am*. I AM is found only in *I am* FREE. I know myself only as actor, that is, as a cause. But I do find myself in every fact of consciousness to be a cause, as has been shown by the fact that I find myself always as the subject of the act. If a cause, I must be free, and free to the full extent to which I am a cause, for a cause that is necessitated is no cause at all. The real cause is that which necessitates. In finding himself an actor, that is to say, a cause, man finds himself free. The phrases *free* will and *free* agency are absurd. Will is not will any further than it is free, and an agency which is not free is no agency at all.

But in affirming that man is a cause, we do not affirm that he is a universal, unlimited cause. His freedom is not an unlimited freedom, but is cöextensive with his power to cause. How far this goes must be learned by experience. It is not determinable *à priori*. No man knows, or can know, what he can do before he has tried; and much which was once pronounced impossible for man to do, we now find he can do with great ease. The power varies with different individuals, and with different epochs in the life of the same individual. It is feeble in the child, but grows with his growth; it grows also with the progress of the race. The progress of freedom in society is but the expression of the progress of freedom in humanity in its individual manifestations. It may be advanced by moral and intellectual culture. Practical wisdom, the purification and exaltation of sentiment, whatever tends to give energy and intensity to man's activity, enlarges his power, and therefore his freedom.

Under the head of Willing, according to the relation we have established between it and acting in general, may be arranged the acts of *attending* and *reflecting*, and also the several appetites, inclinations, propensities, desires, passions, emotions, affections, however they may be designated, all those in which Sensibility predominates, as well as those in which the intellect predominates, those which are normal and good in their tendency, as well as those which are anormal, perverse, and evil; but as their special treatment belongs to the special departments of science termed Ethics and Æsthetics, we pass them over till we come, in the progress of our work, to those special departments; which we must do both for the sake of systematic harmony, and because we cannot treat them properly till after we have discussed the *third* general Operation of the mind, which we have termed Reasoning, and which we proceed in the following section to consider at length.

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§ 5. *Reasoning.*

In order to understand the precise operation of the Mind, termed REASONING, it is necessary to have a clear and exact notion of the proper meaning of

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the word REASON. Reason is sometimes reckoned among the powers or faculties of human nature, but upon no sufficient authority. When taken for one of our powers or faculties, it must be identical with what we have called the Intelligence, or power of knowing. The power to know is always the same, whatever the field or the objects of knowledge. Reason is the *object* of the faculty of knowing, rather than the faculty itself; and man is a *reasonable* being, not because Reason is one of his faculties, but because he is created in relation with Reason, and made capable of perceiving its truths, and following its dictates.

Reason, properly defined, is the world of necessary relations, abstract and universal truths, or the world of absolute and necessary IDEAS, using the word *Idea* in its original Platonic sense. According to this view of the case, Reason answers to the Logos of the Greeks, and, as we shall see hereafter, to the Logos, or Divine Speech, of the Evangelist, the WORD that was in the beginning, which was with God, and which was God, and which may perhaps be properly termed the MIND of God, using the word Mind to designate the mental operation, rather than the substantive power that operates. But more of this when we come to consider CHRISTIAN THEODICY. The objects of human knowledge are divisible into two classes, the IDEAL and the ACTUAL. The Ideal includes the abstract, the universal, the necessary, the permanent, the immutable, the absolute, the infinite; the Actual includes the concrete, the particular, the contingent, the transient, the variable, the relative, the finite. The first class is the world of Ideas, and the constituent elements of what we understand by the Reason.

This may be easily explained. A = A, is a proposition which contains two concrete, particular, contingent objects, between which there is the abstract, necessary, and universal relation of equality. But this relation of equality by no means depends on the presence or absence of these two particular, contingent, concrete objects; for, B=B, is another proposition with other concretes, between which there is precisely this same identical relation of equality. The whole is greater than a part. Here is asserted a truth which is the same identical truth, whether asserted of one contingent whole or of another. The same thing cannot both be and not be at the same time, is just as true when asserted of one particular thing, as when asserted of another particular thing. That which is not, cannot act; no phenomenon can begin to exist without a cause; every quality supposes a subject; men should govern their passions; they should love one another as each loves himself; are all propositions which express universal and necessary truths, for the truths are the same whatever be the particular thing, phenomenon, quality, or men in question.

We are here far from attempting to draw up a complete list of the Ideas of Reason. That work has been done, and so done as not to need revision, by Kant in his *Critique of Pure Reason.* Those which we have enumerated, we have enumerated merely by way of example, for the purpose of explanation, of making apparent the order of objects in question. These Ideas, indeed, all Ideas, though they are sometimes termed *entia rationis*, beings of Reason, and therefore regarded as having no existence as not-me, are really objective and independent of us, as is evinced by the simple fact, that they are *objects* of thought; for it has already been demonstrated that the object of thought is *always* not-me. If they were, as some philosophers pretend, mere modes or affections of the subject, they would be all on the side of *Subject*, and therefore could never be found in the mental phenomenon as *object*. They would, also, not only be subjective, but would needs vary with each Subject. But they do not so vary. The three angles of the triangle are equal to two right angles, is equally a truth whether perceived or not,—a truth which may be perceived at the same instant by a million of differently constituted minds; and these millions of differently constituted minds are not perceiving a million of different truths, but one and the same invariable truth. It must then be independent of them all, and instead of a mode or affection of the Subject, an object of its intelligence.

Ideas, absolute, necessary and uni-

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versal truths, are perceived *by* the Subject, but not *in* himself. This is the fact which modern psychologists have overlooked, and the overlooking of which has occasioned their principal errors. Locke makes the Idea objective to the mind, it is true, for he defines it to be that about which the mind is immediately conversant; but he still seems to regard it as *in* the Subject, a sort of intermediary between the percipient agent and the external reality which is the real object of the mental perception. Hence, Locke's difficulty is to establish the agreement or disagreement between the *Idea* in the mind, the immediate *object* of its perception, and the external reality, of which the Idea was the image or representation,—a thing which he never succeeds, and never can succeed, in doing. Locke confounds *Idea* with *Notion*, and tries to make, if one may so say, a distinction between the *seeing* and the *seen*, as if the object of sight could be conceived of, and in some degree ascertained outside and independent of the sight or seeing of it; as if there was an object for us outside of the object of perception. There may be, and we shall hereafter show that there is, a higher than the Idea, but this higher is the Absolute God, in his own infinite and incomprehensible, because *unuttered* Essence. Nevertheless, the Idea is the real object with which Locke is concerned, and the agreement or disagreement he was seeking, instead of being the agreement or disagreement of the Ideal with the infinite Real, or God, shining out through it, was merely the agreement or disagreement of the Notion, which is unquestionably subjective, with the object, whether that object belonged to the Actual or to the Ideal.

Even Cudworth, who has treated the Ideal, or Ideas, in his *Immutable Morality*, with more depth and justice than any other writer in our language, and who asserts, and for ample reasons, its objectivity, fails to establish, scientifically, that objectivity, in consequence of regarding Ideas as the property, or rather as the creation of the Subject, existing in the mind as its original garniture, or produced by it, "vitally protended" from itself by its own energy. But, if existing *in* the Subject, if they are, as Kant contends, laws or categories of a *subjective* reason, that is, of reason as a faculty of human nature, they are subjective, and of no authority outside of us. If these Ideas are *in* the Subject, the Subject can find its object, and be able to display itself, without going out of itself. It would then be under no necessity of going out of itself in order to find itself, and consequently would be sufficient for itself. If sufficient for itself, that is, if the assumption of itself be sufficient to account for all its phenomena, then there is no occasion for the assumption of aught beside itself; nay, not only no occasion for the assumption of an object, but actually no possibility of even conceiving of an object, for whatever we should agree to call *object*, would be *subject*.

Nevertheless, we should be wrong to suppose that either Locke or Cudworth, ever for one moment, doubted the objective reality of what is, in regard to Ideas, really the objective element of the mental phenomenon. This reality both affirmed, and both labored to maintain, and both failed to maintain it, only because both placed the Idea *in* the Subject, instead of *out* of the Subject. Cudworth also seems to have failed, because affected by a belief in Innate ideas, and because, like some of his successors, he was preoccupied with what we regard as a useless, if not even an unaskable question. He contended that in certain cases our knowledge is intuitive, that is to say, we know by looking on, or as I should say, by simply perceiving the object. A man makes a certain affirmation, there is a God, for instance, or two things respectively equal to a third, must be equal to one another. Now, one does not need to have these and like propositions proved, demonstrated; we see their truth at once, *intuitively*, as it is said. But how is it that the mind is able to perceive and recognize these truths intuitively? that is to say, what is the *medium* through which we know that which we know *immediately?* The question is absurd, and yet it has been asking and attempting to answer this question, that has caused no small part of our metaphysical aberrations. How is it that I am able to call an object

beautiful? That is, how do I know that beauty is beauty, when I see it? By virtue of the fact that I have in myself, it is said, the *Idea* of the Beautiful, which Idea becomes the touchstone by which I try the object and determine whether it is beautiful or not. But what is the real purport of this answer? It is that there is a distinction to be made in the Subject, between the Subject and the power or agency by which it knows the object. According to this doctrine, the *Idea* is *subjective*, but *intermediate* between the subject and the object, as the condition on the part of the Subject of knowing the object. Be this so, it only resolves the *Idea* into the power or faculty by which we know, what we know. To say simply that we know the Beautiful, by virtue of the fact that we are intelligent agents, is saying all that we say, when we say that we know the Beautiful by virtue of an original pattern or Idea of the Beautiful instamped on our natures.

Nor is this all. The question, what are the subjective conditions of knowledge? is very different from the question we are considering in regard to the objectivity of Ideas; but they have really been confounded, and are so confounded by Cudworth himself. He really confounds Idea in the sense of intermediary between the subject and object, or rather as the power or faculty of the subject to know the Ideal, the abstract, necessary, universal, the absolute, with the Ideal, with the absolute Ideas themselves. This, too, is the precise error into which M. Cousin, who can rarely be detected in an error, has fallen, as may be seen in the fact, that after defining the Reason precisely as we have done, he declares it a faculty of the Subject, the power by which the Subject knows all that he knows. This error is avoided only by distinguishing between Reason as the faculty of intelligence, and Reason as the object of intelligence, between Idea as an inward property or power, a subjective picture or pattern of the objective, and Idea in the old Platonic sense, answering very nearly to the *genus* or *kind*. Idea, in the Platonic sense, and in the only sense in which it concerns us, is transcendental. It transcends the Actual, but is the transcendental *in* us? This is what say our modern Transcendentalists, and this is their error. Assuming that Ideas are the medium of knowledge, that is to say, that we know because the Idea of what we are to know is innate, instamped by the hand of God on the retina of the human soul, and then identifying Idea in this sense with Idea in the Platonic or true transcendental sense, they have fallen into the gross absurdity of asserting that the Transcendental is in the Subject, and therefore, the Eternal Logos, nay, the infinite and absolute God himself. But greater is the container than the contained; and, therefore, says the author of the Orphic Sayings, to us one day in conversation: "I am *greater* than God, for I contain him." It is this confounding of Idea in one sense with Idea in a different sense, that has originated the systems of philosophy and religion among us, founded on the alleged infinity of the soul, on the alleged fact that it is absolute, and therefore sufficient for itself, and for all things, being in itself, as the old Sophist contended, "the measure of all things." Hence comes the profane nonsense, so common among a portion of our young men and maidens, about "the great Soul," "the Soul," "the Divine Soul," "the Infinite Soul," and "the Divinity of Man." Hence the presumption of our professors and lecturers in setting up Natural Religion as the *measure* of Revealed Religion, and in undertaking to show to popular assemblies what is, and what is not, fit and proper for God to do or not to do.

Locke and Cudworth, no doubt, believed in the objectivity of transcendental Ideas, when they considered them apart from the subjective power of knowing of them; but in consequence of conceiving it to be *in* the subject that the subject perceives them, they were unable to demonstrate their objectivity; for, in point of fact, nothing can be objective that is *in* the subject. If these Ideas were in the subject, they would be the subject perceiving, not the object perceived; for we have already demonstrated, that whatever the subject perceives is out of itself, as it were standing over against it, opposing, resisting it. The Subject does not even perceive itself in itself, but only as projected in the act or phenomenon, and reflected from the

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phenomenon as from a glass. The objectivity of the Ideas which constitute the Reason, and therefore of the Reason itself, is established the moment we find them to be *objects* of thought, and their objectivity establishes not only that they are not-me, but out and independent of me.

The reluctance of many philosophers to admit the *externity*, so to speak, of Ideas, comes, in part, from their conceiving that *out* of the Me, must needs imply out in *space*. In their view there are only two worlds, the world *without*, and the world *within*. The world within, is the world within the Subject, and therefore necessarily subjective, though they seem never to have so believed; and the world without is the world of space, the material world, the world of senses, with which we become acquainted through the medium of the senses. All knowledge, say they, consists in knowing the world without, and the world within. The facts of memory, the products of our past living, since they are not outward material facts, must subsist *in* the soul; and God himself, since he has no extension, and therefore cannot occupy space, must also exist in the world within; therefore must be subjective, must be me; and therefore I must be the infinite God, at the same time that I am poor, miserable, and sinful! But, after all, these philosophers are the victims of their own vicious terminology. What they really mean to assert is merely the transcendental character of Ideas, and they have really intended by their In-*World*, not the world within the Subject, that is, when they understand themselves; but the world which stands opposed to the worlds of Time and Space. Their *In-World* is really as much out of the Subject as their external world itself; and it is properly not an In-World, but the World of Eternity and Immensity; that is to say, the world which transcends time and space, o. more strictly still, which transcends the Actual, and is, therefore, in the old Platonic sense, Ideal.

Man, in some sort, stands in relation with three worlds,—the world of Space, the world of Time, and that of Eternity. The world of time and that of space are identified and declared to be one world under the name of the Actual. But beyond the Actual there is for man always the Ideal. The actual world, the moment we examine it, is seen to be insufficient for itself. There is obviously something back of it, realizing itself in and through it. I take up a fact of memory, that is to say, an act which I have performed. I see at once that it could not have performed itself. It may have been, for aught I know, a cause, an actor in relation to certain effects or consequences which have followed it; but it could itself have never been without an actor. I take a tree, an oak or a pine, for instance. Now this pine, or this oak, I see is obeying a law which it is not. This acorn will never produce a pine. There is something back of this individual oak, a principle, pushing itself out and actualizing itself, which transcends this actual oak, and can survive it. So when I see a man I immediately recognize in him that which makes him a man, to wit, humanity. This individual man I see is but a deed, an act of some power back of him, actualizing itself in and through him, and this, which I call the kind, I find to be the same in all men. The Actual, moreover, never suffices for us. The actual beauty I behold never quite satisfies me, and always reveals to me a beauty transcending it. The goodness I see actualized is always a little defective, and I see beyond it a goodness that is purer and more perfect. Now, this which transcends the Actual, which is revealed by the Actual, on which the Actual depends, and which is realizing itself in the Actual, is the Transcendental world, the world of Ideas, or, in one word, Reason. The objects of this world are not *facts* nor *events*, not what has been done, nor what has happened, that is, from our point of view, and therefore do not belong to the world of Space nor of Time, but to the world of Eternity and Immensity, that is to say, of No-*Time* and No-*Where*. Yet their reality, or substantiality, can no more be questioned than can be the actual existences in time and space. For, abstract the transcendental Idea, humanity, and who could conceive of an actual *man?* or who, seeing an individual man, could say he is a man? Who could know individuals without knowing

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genera? or, if there were no genera, how could there be individuals? Man is so constituted that he can and does recognize this transcendental world, which I call the Ideal; but he does not recognize it in himself any more than he does the actual; nor is he it, any more than he is the world of time and space. He is a reasonable being because he is able to recognize it, and the power of recognizing it is, no doubt, to a very considerable extent, that which separates him from the animal world, and gives him his character of personality, that makes him a person, and therefore morally accountable. Still this power differs only in degree, not in kind, from that which perceives in the feeblest and obscurest perception, and probably not from the power of perceiving common to all percipient beings, the lowest as well as the highest. Man, if he rises to an intuition of the Ideal, and through that to a recognition of the Absolute, is still kindred to all nature, and may call the worm his brother.

How man can perceive the Ideal, in or out of the Actual, is no doubt an inexplicable mystery; nor is it less a mystery how he perceives in time, or in space, that is, how he perceives at all. How does the Subject establish the relation we express by the word *perception*, between itself and the object? What is the perception, the knowing power, regarded solely in itself? strictly on its subjective side? Who knows? Who can answer? The speculations of philosophers, their various hypotheses of ideas, phantasms, species, images, vibrations, nervous fluids, electric or magnetic influences, throw no light on the subject, but leave us as much in the dark as ever. How we can see external objects, by means of the picture painted on the retina of the eye by the refraction of the rays of light from the object, any better than without the intervention of such picture, it is impossible to conceive. How do we perceive the picture? Philosophers have imagined an analogous picture, which they call innate Idea, intervening, if we may so say, between the percipient subject and the transcendental object of perception; but how the mind can grasp the transcendental object any easier through the intervention of this innate Idea than without it, is still an inexplicable mystery. All their efforts to explain the How, are worse than useless. The *How* does and for ever must transcend the reach of our powers, because, answer as we will, the question will perpetually renew itself, however far back we may drive it, till we come to the Infinite itself. There is no instance, save in a loose and superficial sense, that we ever do or can answer the question of the *How*. The most that we can do is, within given limits, but within limits always extending, to tell what is, and what are the usually accompanying phenomena. The mystery of perceiving is always the same, and no greater in one world, or by means of one kind of apparatus, than another. Man himself is a mystery unto himself, and always will be. Ever sits the Sphinx by the way-side with her riddle of the man-child, and ever is a new Œdipus demanded to solve it. All we can say is, that we perceive because we have the power to perceive; we know we have the power to perceive because we are conscious of exercising it. The extent of this power we know only by experience, and when we have experienced it with regard to the world of Reason, we know its competency there as well as anywhere else.

But, from the fact that man perceives the Ideal, necessary relations, abstract and universal truths, absolute IDEAS, we must not suppose that he perceives them independent of the Actual, and in an absolute manner. Man is finite, and so are and must be all his perceptions. He perceives the world of Reason, but does not comprehend it; that which *transcends* time and space, but only *in* time and space. He perceives the necessary, but his view of it is contingent; the permanent, but his view of the permanent is transient; the Infinite, but not with an infinite perception; the universal, but always in a relative and particular manner.

The Ideal is seen and known, but only in the Actual. The objects of the higher Mathematics and transcendental Geometry, belong to the world of Reason; but they are revealed to us only in the concrete, that is, through concrete, finite, particular,

and contingent objects, belonging to the actual world of Time and Space. Magnitudes, quantities, dimensions, relations, what mathematician could talk of these, seek to determine or measure them, if he had not found them concreted? That the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, is an abstract, universal, necessary, and therefore absolute truth; but would it be possible for us to conceive of it, to have any notion of it, if we had before us, either as a present fact or as a fact of memory, no actual triangle and right angle? A = A. This relation of equality is not dependent on the given concretes A and A; but without concretes, we could no more conceive of it than we could of whiteness, independent of that which is white, or roundness without our having seen something which is round. For this reason, in the mathematical sciences, we are obliged to make use of signs. But they are not sciences of signs, but of realities. They deal with real relations, and make use of artificial signs as representatives of the natural concretes, because without concretes the relations cannot be conceived of.

This fact, that we know the Ideal only in the Actual, is still more obvious when we leave the region of mathematics. It is here the old question concerning Universals and Particulars; Whether know we the particular in the universal, or the universal in the particular? The last is the true answer. It is the prerogative of God to know the particular in the universal, but finite intelligence can know the universal only in the particular, the *kind* only as revealed by the *individual*. Whence know I humanity? In individuals, and in individuals only, and only so far as I know individuals. Abstract all actual men and women, and what would be humanity to me? Humanity is inconceivable save in individual men and women. So of all genera. God himself is known only in his works, that is to say, his works of nature, providence, or grace. Hence it is that no man sees God, or can see him, save through a mediator, as manifested in the face of his Son; and hence, too, the reason why we cannot even see the Son, through whom the Father is revealed, till incarnated, and only so far as made flesh and dwelling among us. Here is the philosophy of the Christian Fathers, and which some modern theorisers have seemed to themselves to find exceedingly absurd, and probably for the sole reason that they were unable to comprehend it. This is the doctrine of Aristotle, the doctrine in reality of Locke and the English School, and what the old Nominalists had in their doctrine that was true, and worthy of being set forth and preserved.

But, if we perceive the Ideal only in the Actual, we must not fall into the opposite error, of asserting that we perceive *only* the Actual. We have seen that we attain to genera only in individuals, but then we do attain to them; and if we did not, we could not even know the individuals. This is the truth so insisted on by Plato and the Platonists, by the Realists among the Scholastics, and by the modern Transcendentalists and Eclectics of Germany, France, and America. The genera are what Plato calls Ideas. Humanity is an Idea, which is actualizing itself in individual men and women. Now, if I had no power, on seeing a man or a woman, to detect the Idea, that is, humanity which is transcendental, I could not say whether the individual in question belonged to the human race or to some other race, or to any race at all. I could not say of this woman, this picture, this statue, how beautiful! if I had no perception of the Idea, of the kind, namely Beauty, or the Beautiful, of which I speak, and of which the woman, picture, statue, is a representation. The conception of the individual, then, always involves that of the kind, race, or Idea, which has led some to suppose that the knowledge of the Idea, the race, the kind, that is, of the Universal in the language of the schoolmen, precedes as a matter of fact the knowledge of the actual, the individual, the particular. It does, as M. Cousin shows in his examination of Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*, *logically* precede, but not *chronologically*. The simple fact is, that the knowledge of the one is always by and through the knowledge of the other, and therefore both are to be regarded as simultaneous, and as ONE SIMPLE KNOWLEDGE, rather than as two distinct kinds of knowledge. The Actual reveals the Ideal, but knowledge of the Actual is

knowledge of the Actual only so far as it is knowledge of the Ideal, which is the basis and possibility of the Actual.

We are now in a condition to answer the question, What is Reasoning? Reason is the Transcendental World, the world of Ideas, kinds, genera, Universals, what I call the Ideal.—Only let it be kept in mind that the Ideal, if not Actual, is still real, and exists not in the Subject, but out of it, and is truly objective, and therefore *not-me*. It is as much and as truly an object of perception as a tree, a house, or a man. If it be asked how we know that we perceive it? the answer is, the perception *is* the *knowing* that it is perceived. The perception is not the *medium* of knowing, but the *knowing itself*. Reasoning is simply detecting and bringing forth in a clear and distinct light, in the various concrete objects of the Actual world, the Ideal. It is to *generalize*.

But what is it to *generalize?* Merely to classify, to aggregate, to arrange under distinct heads, or in separate groups? This answer may suffice for our naturalists, but can by no means suffice for the philosopher. For if this were all, why not arrange the oak under the head of the pine, and place the sheep in the same class with the wolf? Some rule or principle must be adopted according to which our classifications of the individual objects shall be made. What is this rule or principle? Is it arbitrary, or natural? Should not our classifications be those which really are in the nature of things? Should not individuals and particulars be arranged according to their nature, like with like? Then, to generalize is to detect the *genus*, and to bring back all individuals to their respective *genera*.

According to the doctrine we have laid down, the genera, or Ideas, are not fictions, are not mere abstract nouns, mere . . . . . invented for the convenience of scientific classifications, but realities, living powers, as much superior to the individuals, as we are to our individual actions. We know individuals, particulars, only so far forth as we detect in them the Idea they are actualizing, or rather which actualizes itself in them. In every act of *reasoning*, we are always seeking this transcendental Idea. When we abstract, what is it we do, but eliminate the transient, the particular, the concrete, that is to say, the Actual, in order to get at the Ideal? In decomposing a phenomenon, are we not always doing the same? In comparing, are we not merely endeavoring to find out whether this particular belongs to *that* kind, or to *this*. In proving, demonstrating, assigning *reasons*, what are we but seeking to exhibit the reason, that is, to point out the kind to which the particular in question belongs, the Idea of which it is a more or less perfect actualization?

To reason, again, is to define. All logic consists in definition. But we define only, as say the schoolmen, *per genus*, and *per differentiam:* that is, by detecting what is common to all the individuals concerned, and discovering whence they differ one from another. But the definition *per differentiam*, must necessarily depend on the definition *per genus*, of which it is only the development. Reasoning therefore, after all, resolves itself into the detection in the individuals of the *genus* or kind. We detect the kind, the genus, the Idea, and consider it apart from the particular. This is erecting it into a science. Man considered in this way gives us the science of humanity. Man, nature, all classes of particulars considered in this way, considered solely in what is common to them all, in relation to the Idea of Ideas, of which all their genera and sub-genera are but so many individual manifestations, give us Philosophy, the science of sciences, which some go so far as to term not only the science of the Absolute, but absolute science.

It is this science of the Sciences, this science of Ideas, that is, of kinds, genera, in their unity, or one Divine Original, which M. Cousin and his school term ONTOLOGY, and which in their view is the Science of the Absolute. They with us, or we rather with them, call Ideas objective; and as all Ideas are universal, necessary, and immutable, and as they are all united or made one in the Reason, or Logos, in the language of Plato, the Speech of God, which therefore must be one, universal, necessary, and absolute, they must in the last analysis be identical with

the Absolute God, as says Saint John, —"And the Word was God." Hence, as we know Ideas, and know nothing but Ideas, for individuals are nothing, abstracted from the genus or kind, we may be said to know God. Hence, M. Cousin denies the incomprehensibleness of the Deity, and asserts that he is intelligible. This, however, is too strongly expressed. On the wings of Ideas we can unquestionably soar to God; for God reveals himself in Ideas, as Ideas reveal themselves in deeds, or genera in individuals; and as the act carries us back to the actor, the individual to the genus, the genus to the Original, or Universal Generator, the GENUS of Genera, we have a direct and sufficient medium through which, from the simple recognition of ourselves as actors, we can rise to God himself. But we must remember that we know God only in Ideas, and Ideas only in individual actualizations of them. We can, therefore, know of God no more than these individual actualizations reveal of him.

Our knowledge of these individual actualizations is very imperfect. Moreover, even if it were perfect, it would not be a complete knowledge of God, for God has not put himself all forth in his creations. Supposing we had a perfect acquaintance with all the individual men and women that now are, and that all have been, we should have only an imperfect knowledge of humanity, because humanity has not been all manifested, and has, as we learn from the fact that new individuals are continually pushed out, possibilities which are as yet unrealized by any or all of the individuals which have been and are. Then, again, were we even to know all the actualities and possibilities of humanity, we should still be defective in our knowledge of God, unless we were in like manner to know the actualities and possibilities of all actual and all possible races of beings in his actual and possible universe. So it is in vain to pretend that we have a full knowledge of God the Absolute. Our knowledge of God after all, if we consider him as the Infinite Reality of which the Ideal is the Revelation, and the Actual the Actualization, is little more than knowledge of him as the Infinite UNKNOWN. Science must not pretend to absolute knowledge, for the human mind cannot grasp all things, and if it could, that would not suffice; for all things remain never the same for two successive moments. Always will there be the Infinite Unknown before us, and therefore, never for us any resting-place in the pursuit after knowledge. Eternally must we aspire to know, and eternally may we rise higher and higher, in the scale of our knowledge, and still see the Infinite Unknown, rising dark, and dread, and frowning above us. Yet let us hope, and toil on, never weary or disheartened.

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EGOTISM;* OR THE BOSOM SERPENT,

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED "ALLEGORIES OF THE HEART."

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

"HERE he comes!" shouted the boys along the street.—"Here comes the man with a snake in his bosom!"

This outcry, saluting Herkimer's ears, as he was about to enter the iron gate of the Elliston mansion, made him pause. It was not without a shudder that he found himself on the point of meeting his former acquaintance, whom he had known in the glory of youth, and whom now, after an interval of five years, he was to find the victim either of a diseased fancy, or a horrible physical misfortune.

"A snake in his bosom!" repeated the young sculptor to himself. "It must be he. No second man on earth has such a bosom-friend! And now, my poor Rosina, Heaven grant me wisdom to discharge my errand right! Woman's faith must be strong indeed, since thine has not yet failed."

Thus musing, he took his stand at the entrance of the gate, and waited until the personage, so singularly announced, should make his appearance. After an instant or two, he beheld the figure of a lean man, of unwholesome look, with glittering eyes and long black hair, who seemed to imitate the motion of a snake; for, instead of walking straight forward with open front, he undulated along the pavement in a curved line. It may be too fanciful to say, that something, either in his moral or material aspect, suggested the idea that a miracle had been wrought, by transforming a serpent into a man; but so imperfectly, that the snaky nature was yet hidden, and scarcely hidden, under the mere outward guise of humanity. Herkimer remarked that his complexion had a greenish tinge over its sickly white, reminding him of a species of marble out of which he had once wrought a head of Envy, with her snaky locks.

The wretched being approached the gate, but, instead of entering, stopt short, and fixed the glitter of his eye full upon the compassionate, yet steady countenance of the sculptor.

"It gnaws me! It gnaws me!" he exclaimed.

And then there was an audible hiss, but whether it came from the apparent lunatic's own lips, or was the real hiss of a serpent, might admit of discussion. At all events, it made Herkimer shudder to his heart's core.

"Do you know me, George Herkimer?" asked the snake-possessed.

Herkimer did know him. But it demanded all the intimate and practical acquaintance with the human face, acquired by modelling actual likenesses in clay, to recognize the features of Roderick Elliston in the visage that now met the sculptor's gaze. Yet it was he. It added nothing to the wonder, to reflect that the once brilliant young man had undergone this odious and fearful change, during the no more than five brief years of Herkimer's abode at Florence. The possibility of such a transformation being granted, it was as easy to conceive it effected in a moment as in an age. Inexpressibly shocked and startled, it was still the keenest pang, when Herkimer remembered that the fate of his cousin Rosina, the ideal of gentle womanhood, was indissolubly interwoven with that of a being whom Providence seemed to have unhumanized.

"Elliston! Roderick!" cried he, "I had heard of this; but my conception came far short of the truth. What has befallen you? Why do I find you thus?"

"Oh, 'tis a mere nothing! A snake! A snake! The commonest thing in the world. A snake in the bosom—that's all," answered Roderick Elliston. "But how is your own breast?"

* The physical fact, to which it is here attempted to give a moral signification, has been known to occur in more than one instance.

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continued he, looking the sculptor in the eye, with the most acute and penetrating glance that it had ever been his fortune to encounter. "All pure and wholesome? No reptile there? By my faith and conscience, and by the devil within me, here is a wonder! A man without a serpent in his bosom!"

"Be calm, Elliston," whispered George Herkimer, laying his hand upon the shoulder of the snake-possessed. "I have crossed the ocean to meet you. Listen!—let us be private—I bring a message from Rosina!—from your wife!"

"It gnaws me! It gnaws me!" muttered Roderick.

With this exclamation, the most frequent in his mouth, the unfortunate man clutched both hands upon his breast, as if an intolerable sting or torture impelled him to rend it open, and let out the living mischief, even were it intertwined with his own life. He then freed himself from Herkimer's grasp, by a subtle motion, and gliding through the gate, took refuge in his antiquated family residence. The sculptor did not pursue him. He saw that no available intercourse could be expected at such a moment, and was desirous, before another meeting, to inquire closely into the nature of Roderick's disease, and the circumstances that had reduced him to so lamentable a condition. He succeeded in obtaining the necessary information from an eminent medical gentleman.

Shortly after Elliston's separation from his wife—now nearly four years ago—his associates had observed a singular gloom spreading over his daily life, like those chill, grey mists that sometimes steal away the sunshine from a summer's morning. The symptoms caused them endless perplexity. They knew not whether ill health were robbing his spirits of elasticity; or whether a canker of the mind was gradually eating, as such cankers do, from his moral system into the physical frame, which is but the shadow of the former. They looked for the root of this trouble in his shattered schemes of domestic bliss—wilfully shattered by himself—but could not be satisfied of its existence there. Some thought that their once brilliant friend was in an incipient stage of insanity, of which his passionate impulses had perhaps been the forerunners; others prognosticated a general blight and gradual decline. From Roderick's own lips, they could learn nothing. More than once, it is true, he had been heard to say, clutching his hands convulsively upon his breast—"It gnaws me! It gnaws me!"—but, by different auditors, a great diversity of explanation was assigned to this ominous expression. What could it be, that gnawed the breast of Roderick Elliston? Was it sorrow? Was it merely the tooth of physical disease? Or, in his reckless course, often verging upon profligacy, if not plunging into its depths, had he been guilty of some deed, which made his bosom a prey to the deadlier fangs of remorse? There was plausible ground for each of these conjectures; but it must not be concealed that more than one elderly gentleman, the victim of good cheer and slothful habits, magisterially pronounced the secret of the whole matter to be Dyspepsia!

Meanwhile, Roderick seemed aware how generally he had become the subject of curiosity and conjecture, and, with a morbid repugnance to such notice, or to any notice whatever, estranged himself from all companionship. Not merely the eye of man was a horror to him; not merely the light of a friend's countenance; but even the blessed sunshine, likewise, which, in its universal beneficence, typifies the radiance of the Creator's face, expressing his love for all the creatures of his hand. The dusky twilight was now too transparent for Roderick Elliston; the blackest midnight was his chosen hour to steal abroad; and if ever he were seen, it was when the watchman's lantern gleamed upon his figure, gliding along the street, with his hands clutched upon his bosom, still muttering:—"It gnaws me! It gnaws me!" What could it be that gnawed him?

After a time, it became known that Elliston was in the habit of resorting to all the noted quacks that infested the city, or whom money would tempt to journey thither from a distance. By one of these persons, in the exultation of a supposed cure, it was proclaimed far and wide, by dint of hand-bills and little pamphlets on dingy paper, that a distinguished gentleman, Roderick Elliston, Esq., had been relieved of a SNAKE in his stomach! So here was the monstrous secret, ejected from its

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lurking-place into public view, in all its horrible deformity. The mystery was out; but not so the bosom-serpent. He, if it were anything but a delusion, still lay coiled in his living den. The empiric's cure had been a sham, the effect, it was supposed, of some stupefying drug, which more nearly caused the death of the patient than of the odious reptile that possessed him. When Roderick Elliston regained entire sensibility, it was to find his misfortune the town talk—the more than nine days' wonder and horror—while, at his bosom, he felt the sickening motion of a thing alive, and the gnawing of that restless fang, which seemed to gratify at once a physical appetite and a fiendish spite.

He summoned the old black servant, who had been bred up in his father's house, and was a middle-aged man while Roderick lay in his cradle.

"Scipio!" he began; and then paused, with his arms folded over his heart.—"What do people say of me, Scipio?"

"Sir! my poor master! that you had a serpent in your bosom," answered the servant, with hesitation.

"And what else?" asked Roderick, with a ghastly look at the man.

"Nothing else, dear master," replied Scipio;—"only that the Doctor gave you a powder, and the snake leapt out upon the floor."

"No, no!" muttered Roderick to himself, as he shook his head, and pressed his hands with a more convulsive force upon his breast,—"I feel him still. It gnaws me! It gnaws me!"

From this time, the miserable sufferer ceased to shun the world, but rather solicited and forced himself upon the notice of acquaintances and strangers. It was partly the result of desperation, on finding that the cavern of his own bosom had not proved deep and dark enough to hide the secret, even while it was so secure a fortress for the loathsome fiend that had crept into it. But still more, this craving for notoriety was a symptom of the intense morbidness which now pervaded his nature. All persons, chronically diseased, are egotists, whether the disease be of the mind or body; whether sin, sorrow, or merely the more tolerable calamity of some endless pain, or mischief among the cords of mortal life. Such individuals are made acutely conscious of a self, by the torture in which it dwells. Self, therefore, grows to be so prominent an object with them, that they cannot but present it to the face of every casual passer-by. There is a pleasure—perhaps the greatest of which the sufferer is susceptible—in displaying the wasted or ulcerated limb, or the cancer in the breast; and the fouler the crime, with so much the more difficulty does the perpetrator prevent it from thrusting up its snake-like head, to frighten the world; for it is that cancer, or that crime, which constitutes their respective individuality. Roderick Elliston, who, a little while before, had held himself so scornfully above the common lot of men, now paid full allegiance to this humiliating law. The snake in his bosom seemed the symbol of a monstrous egotism, to which everything was referred, and which he pampered, night and day, with a continual and exclusive sacrifice of devil-worship.

He soon exhibited what most people considered indubitable tokens of insanity. In some of his moods, strange to say, he prided and glorified himself on being marked out from the ordinary experience of mankind, by the possession of a double nature, and a life within a life. He appeared to imagine that the snake was a divinity—not celestial, it is true, but darkly infernal—and that he thence derived an eminence and sanctity, horrid, indeed, yet more desirable than whatever ambition aims at. Thus he drew his misery around him like a regal mantle, and looked down triumphantly upon those whose vitals nourished no deadly monster. Oftener, however, his human nature asserted its empire over him, in the shape of a yearning for fellowship. It grew to be his custom to spend the whole day in wandering about the streets, aimlessly, unless it might be called an aim, to establish a species of brotherhood between himself and the world. With cankered ingenuity, he sought his own disease in every breast. Whether insane or not, he showed so keen a perception of frailty, error, and vice, that many persons gave him credit for being possessed not merely with a serpent, but with an actual fiend, who imparted this evil faculty of recognizing whatever was ugliest in man's heart.

For instance, he met an individual, who, for thirty years, had cherished a

hatred against his own brother. Roderick, amidst the throng of the street, laid his hand on this man's chest, and looking full into his forbidding face,

"How is the snake to-day?"—he inquired, with a mock expression of sympathy.

"The snake!" exclaimed the brother-hater—"What do you mean?"

"The snake! The snake! Does he gnaw you?" persisted Roderick. "Did you take counsel with him, this morning, when you should have been saying your prayers? Did he sting, when you thought of your brother's health, wealth, and good repute? Did he caper for joy, when you remembered the profligacy of his only son? And whether he stung, or whether he frolicked, did you feel his poison throughout your body and soul, converting everything to sourness and bitterness? That is the way of such serpents. I have learned the whole nature of them from my own!"

"Where is the police?" roared the object of Roderick's persecution, at the same time giving an instinctive clutch to his breast. "Why is this lunatic allowed to go at large?"

"Ha, ha!" chuckled Roderick, releasing his grasp of the man.—"His bosom-serpent stung him then!"

Often, it pleased the unfortunate young man to vex people with a lighter satire, yet still characterized by somewhat of snake-like virulence. One day, he encountered an ambitious statesman, and gravely inquired after the welfare of his boa constrictor; for of that species, Roderick affirmed, this gentleman's serpent must needs be, since its appetite was enormous enough to devour the whole country and constitution. At another time, he stopped a close-fisted old fellow, of great wealth, but who skulked about the city, in the guise of a scare-crow, with a patched blue surtout, brown hat, and mouldy boots, scraping pence together, and picking up rusty nails. Pretending to look earnestly at this respectable person's stomach, Roderick assured him that his snake was a copper-head, and had been generated by the immense quantities of that base metal, with which he daily defiled his fingers. Again, he assaulted a man of rubicund visage, and told him that few bosom-serpents had more of the devil in them, than those that breed in the vats of a distillery. The next whom Roderick honored with his attention was a distinguished clergyman, who happened just then to be engaged in a theological controversy, where human wrath was more perceptbile than divine inspiration.

"You have swallowed a snake, in a cup of sacramental wine," quoth he.

"Profane wretch!" exclaimed the divine; but nevertheless, his hand stole to his breast.

He met a person of sickly sensibility, who, on some early disappointment, had retired from the world, and thereafter held no intercourse with his fellow-men, but brooded sullenly or passionately over the irrevocable past. This man's very heart, if Roderick might be believed, had been changed into a serpent, which would finally torment both him and itself to death. Observing a married couple, whose domestic troubles were matter of notoriety, he condoled with both on having mutually taken a house-adder to their bosoms. To an envious author, who deprecated works which he could never equal, he said, that his snake was the slimiest and filthiest of all the reptile tribe, but was fortunately without a sting. A man of impure life, and a brazen face, asking Roderick if there were any serpent in his breast, he told him that there was, and of the same species that once tortured Don Rodrigo, the Goth. He took a fair young girl by the hand, and gazing sadly into her eyes, warned her that she cherished a serpent of the deadliest kind within her gentle breast; and the world found the truth of those ominous words, when, a few months afterwards, the poor girl died of love and shame. Two ladies, rivals in fashionable life, who tormented one another with a thousand little stings of womanish spite, were given to understand, that each of their hearts was a nest of diminutive snakes, which did quite as much mischief as one great one.

But nothing seemed to please Roderick better, than to lay hold of a person infected with jealousy, which he represented as an enormous green reptile, with an ice-cold length of body, and the sharpest sting of any snake save one.

"And what one is that?" asked a bystander, overhearing him.

It was a dark-browed man, who put

the question; he had an evasive eye, which, in the course of a dozen years, had looked no mortal directly in the face. There was an ambiguity about this person's character—a stain upon his reputation—yet none could tell precisely of what nature; although the city-gossips, male and female, whispered the most atrocious surmises. Until a recent period, he had followed the sea, and was, in fact, the very ship-master whom George Herkimer had encountered, under such singular circumstances, in the Grecian Archipelago.

"What bosom-serpent has the sharpest sting?" repeated this man: but he put the question as if by a reluctant necessity, and grew pale while he was uttering it.

"Why need you ask?" replied Roderick, with a look of dark intelligence. "Look into your own breast! Hark, my serpent bestirs himself! He acknowledges the presence of a master-fiend!"

And then, as the bystanders afterwards affirmed, a hissing sound was heard, apparently in Roderick Elliston's breast. It was said, too, that an answering hiss came from the vitals of the shipmaster, as if a snake were actually lurking there, and had been aroused by the call of its brother-reptile. If there were in fact any such sound, it might have been caused by a malicious exercise of ventriloquism, on the part of Roderick.

Thus, making his own actual serpent—if a serpent there actually was in his bosom—the type of each man's fatal error, or hoarded sin, or unquiet conscience, and striking his sting so unremorsefully into the sorest spot, we may well imagine that Roderick became the pest of the city. Nobody could elude him; none could withstand him. He grappled with the ugliest truth that he could lay his hand on, and compelled his adversary to do the same. Strange spectacle in human life, where it is the instinctive effort of one and all to hide those sad realities, and leave them undisturbed beneath a heap of superficial topics, which constitute the materials of intercourse between man and man! It was not to be tolerated that Roderick Elliston should break through the tacit compact, by which the world has done its best to secure repose, without relinquishing evil. The victims of his malicious remarks, it is true, had brothers enough to keep them in countenance; for, by Roderick's theory, every mortal bosom harbored either a brood of small serpents, or one overgrown monster, that had devoured all the rest. Still, the city could not bear this new apostle. It was demanded by nearly all, and particularly by the most respectable inhabitants, that Roderick should no longer be permitted to violate the received rules of decorum, by obtruding his own bosom-serpent to the public gaze, and dragging those of decent people from their lurking-places.

Accordingly, his relatives interfered, and placed him in a private asylum for the insane. When the news was noised abroad, it was observed that many persons walked the streets with freer countenances, and covered their breasts less carefully with their hands.

His confinement, however, although it contributed not a little to the peace of the town, operated unfavorably upon Roderick himself. In solitude, his melancholy grew more black and sullen. He spent whole days—indeed, it was his sole occupation—in communing with the serpent. A conversation was sustained, in which, as it seemed, the hidden monster bore a part, though unintelligibly to the listeners, and inaudible, except in a hiss. Singular as it may appear, the sufferer had now contracted a sort of affection for his tormentor; mingled, however, with the intensest loathing and horror. Nor were such discordant emotions incompatible; each, on the contrary, imparted strength and poignancy to its opposite. Horrible love—horrible antipathy—embracing one another in his bosom, and both concentrating themselves upon a being that had crept into his vitals, or been engendered there, and which was nourished with his food, and lived upon his life, and was as intimate with him as his own heart, and yet was the foulest of all created things! But not the less was it the true type of a morbid nature.

Sometimes, in his moments of rage and bitter hatred against the snake and himself, Roderick determined to be the death of him, even at the expense of his own life. Once he attempted it by starvation. But, while the wretched man was on the point of famishing, the monster seemed to feed

upon his heart, and to thrive and wax gamesome, as if it were his sweetest and most congenial diet. Then he privily took a dose of active poison, imagining that it would not fail to kill either himself, or the devil that possessed him, or both together. Another mistake; for if Roderick had not yet been destroyed by his own poisoned heart, nor the snake by gnawing it, they had little to fear from arsenic or corrosive sublimate. Indeed, the venomous pest appeared to operate as an antidote against all other poisons. The physicians tried to suffocate the fiend with tobacco-smoke. He breathed it as freely as if it were his native atmosphere. Again, they drugged their patient with opium, and drenched him with intoxicating liquors, hoping that the snake might thus be reduced to stupor, and perhaps be ejected from the stomach. They succeeded in rendering Roderick insensible; but, placing their hands upon his breast, they were inexpressibly horror-stricken to feel the monster wriggling, twining, and darting to and fro, within his narrow limits, evidently enlivened by the opium or alcohol, and incited to unusual feats of activity. Thenceforth, they gave up all attempts at cure or palliation. The doomed sufferer submitted to his fate, resumed his former loathsome affection for the bosom-fiend, and spent whole miserable days before a looking-glass, with his mouth wide open, watching, in hope and horror, to catch a glimpse of the snake's head, far down within his throat. It is supposed that he succeeded; for the attendants once heard a frenzied shout, and rushing into the room, found Roderick lifeless upon the floor.

He was kept but little longer under restraint. After minute investigation, the medical directors of the asylum decided that his mental disease did not amount to insanity, nor would warrant his confinement; especially as its influence upon his spirits was unfavorable, and might produce the evil which it was meant to remedy. His eccentricities were doubtless great—he had habitually violated many of the customs and prejudices of society; but the world was not, without surer ground, entitled to treat him as a madman. On this decision of such competent authority, Roderick was released, and had returned to his native city, the very day before his encounter with George Herkimer.

As soon as possible after learning these particulars, the sculptor, together with a sad and tremulous companion, sought Elliston at his own house. It was a large, sombre edifice of wood with pilasters and a balcony, and was divided from one of the principal streets by a terrace of three elevations, which was ascended by successive flights of stone steps. Some immense old elms almost concealed the front of the mansion. This spacious and once magnificent family-residence was built by a grandee of the race, early in the past century; at which epoch, land being of small comparative value, the garden and other grounds had formed quite an extensive domain. Although a portion of the ancestral heritage had been alienated, there was still a shadowy enclosure in the rear of the mansion, where a student, or a dreamer, or a man of stricken heart, might lie all day upon the grass, amid the solitude of murmuring boughs, and forget that a city had grown up around him.

Into this retirement, the sculptor and his companion were ushered by Scipio, the old black servant, whose wrinkled visage grew almost sunny with intelligence and joy, as he paid his humble greetings to one of the two visitors.

"Remain in the arbor," whispered the sculptor to the figure that leaned upon his arm, "you will know whether to make your appearance."

"God will teach me," was the reply. "May he support me too!"

Roderick was reclining on the margin of a fountain, which gushed into the fleckered sunshine with the same clear sparkle, and the same voice of airy quietude, as when trees of primeval growth flung their shadows across its bosom. How strange is the life of a fountain, born at every moment, yet of an age coeval with the rocks, and far surpassing the venerable antiquity of a forest!

"You are come! I have expected you," said Elliston, when he became aware of the sculptor's presence.

His manner was very different from that of the preceding day—quiet, courteous, and, as Herkimer thought, watchful both over his guest and himself. This unnatural restraint was

almost the only trait that betokened anything amiss. He had just thrown a book upon the grass, where it lay half-opened, thus disclosing itself to be a natural history of the serpent-tribe, illustrated by life-like plates. Near it lay that bulky volume, the Ductor Dubitantium of Jeremy Taylor, full of cases of conscience, and in which most men, possessed of a conscience, may find something applicable to their purpose.

"You see," observed Elliston, pointing to the book of serpents, while a smile gleamed upon his lips, "I am making an effort to become better acquainted with my bosom-friend. But I find nothing satisfactory in this volume. If I mistake not, he will prove to be *sui generis*, and akin to no other reptile in creation."

"Whence came this strange calamity?" inquired the sculptor.

"My sable friend, Scipio, has a story," replied Roderick, "of a snake that has lurked in this fountain—pure and innocent as it looks—ever since it was known to the first settlers. This insinuating personage once crept into the vitals of my great-grandfather, and dwelt there many years, tormenting the old gentleman beyond mortal endurance. In short, it is a family peculiarity. But, to tell you the truth, I have no faith in this idea of the snake's being an heir-loom. He is my own snake, and no man's else."

"But what was his origin?" demanded Herkimer.

"Oh! there is poisonous stuff in any man's heart, sufficient to generate a brood of serpents," said Elliston, with a hollow laugh. "You should have heard my homilies to the good towns-people. Positively, I deem myself fortunate in having bred but a single serpent. You, however, have none in your bosom, and therefore, cannot sympathize with the rest of the world. It gnaws me! It gnaws me!"

With this exclamation, Roderick lost his self-control and threw himself upon the grass, testifying his agony by intricate writhings, in which Herkimer could not but fancy a resemblance to the motions of a snake. Then, likewise, was heard that frightful hiss, which often ran through the sufferer's speech, and crept between the words and syllables, without interrupting their succession.

"This is awful indeed!" exclaimed the sculptor—"an awful infliction, whether it be actual or imaginary! Tell me, Roderick Elliston, is there any remedy for this loathsome evil?"

"Yes, but an impossible one," muttered Roderick, as he lay wallowing with his face in the grass. "Could I, for one instant, forget myself, the serpent might not abide within me. It is my diseased self-contemplation that has engendered and nourished him!"

"Then forget yourself, my husband," said a gentle voice above him—"forget yourself in the idea of another!"

Rosina had emerged from the arbor, and was bending over him, with the shadow of his anguish reflected in her countenance, yet so mingled with hope and unselfish love, that all anguish seemed but an earthly shadow and a dream. She touched Roderick with her hand. A tremor shivered through his frame. At that moment, if report be trustworthy, the sculptor beheld a waving motion through the grass, and heard a tinkling sound, as if something had plunged into the fountain. Be the truth as it might, it is certain that Roderick Elliston sat up, like a man renewed, restored to his right mind, and rescued from the fiend, which had so miserably overcome him in the battle-field of his own breast.

"Rosina!" cried he, in broken and passionate tones, but with nothing of the wild wail that had haunted his voice so long. "Forgive! Forgive!"

Her happy tears bedewed his face.

"The punishment has been severe," observed the sculptor. "Even Justice might now forgive—how much more a woman's tenderness! Roderick Elliston, whether the serpent was a physical reptile, or whether the morbidness of your nature suggested that symbol to your fancy, the moral of the story is not the less true and strong. A tremendous Egotism—manifesting itself, in your case, in the form of jealousy—is as fearful a fiend as ever stole into the human heart. Can a breast, where it has dwelt so long, be purified?"

"Oh, yes!" said Rosina, with a heavenly smile. "The serpent was but a dark fantasy, and what it typified was as shadowy as itself. The past, dismal as it seems, shall fling no gloom upon the future. To give it its due importance, we must think of it as an anecdote in our Eternity!"

THE ANGEL'S SEARCH.

BY MRS. JANE L. SMITH.

I CANNOT find the thing I seek,
  Through earth, or air, or sky;
'Twill still elude my eager grasp,
  'Twill still my search defy.
In every unfrequented clime,
  In every well-known spot,
I've sought in vain the prize to find—
  One thing that changes not.

They told me earth was beautiful;
  A garden, full of flowers,
Of scented shrubs, and pleasant plants,
  Of vines and myrtle bowers.
I thought so, till I saw the bloom
  Upon the roses fade,
And marked the dry and withered leaves
  That strewed the wintry glade.

They told me that the sunshine slept
  Upon earth's verdant hills,
And sparkled in the limpid course
  Of rippling mountain rills.
I knew not that the glowing ray
  Must pale as night came on,
And darkness shroud each fav'rite spot
  The sun had shone upon.

They spoke of towers, and palaces,
  Of domes, and gilded fanes:
I mark'd the ruins time had made,
  And felt my search was vain.
In vain I've winged my rapid flight
  To earth's remotest spot,
In vain I've sought my prize to find—
  One thing that changes not.

They told me that the mind of man
  Was noble in its aim,
Endowed with gifts which angels share,
  With powers which gods might claim;
Immortal in its destiny,
  It could not know decay,
A spark from Heaven can ne'er go out,
  However faint its ray.

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Elate with hope, I hover'd near
  At last my prize to find;
But ah! the mind of changing man
  Is fickler than the wind.
For prejudice and wrong have warped
  Those minds I've dared to scan;
And gilded baubles change or mar
  This better part of man.

They told me that the human heart
  Knew strong and changeless ties;
That naught but death could break the links
  Of kindred sympathies.
I marked the glow that earthly love
  O'er every scene could fling;
E'en to an angel's eye, it seemed
  A pure and holy thing.

Yet time would quench—estrangement chill
  The current in its flow;
Naught but a mother's love could bide
  Through this world's weal or woe.
I saw it cling to worthless ones,
  Herself, her love, forgot;
It was *almost* the prize I sought—
  One thing that changes not.

They said that Hope could cheer the soul
  With an undying ray;
But I have seen its light illume—
  Grow pale—and fade away.
Oh! earth has not one boon to give,
  Within its widest range,
That feels not Time's decaying touch,
  That knows not blight or change.

I'll spread my wings, and speed my flight
  Back to my starry home,
Where kindred spirits chaunt their songs
  To greet me as I come.
Farewell, oh earth, in yonder sphere
  Is cast my happier lot,
There ye may seek a better world—
  A world that changes not.

New York, Jan., 1843.

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HANDEL AND HIS "MESSIAH."

HANDEL, like most of the great composers, was a prodigy in his boyhood. But in him it was not, as in so many cases of precocity, a premature development, a budding out before the spring had fairly come. In him everything came in the fulness of time. His was healthy genius; it could bear the cold. He had always something in reserve; the flower did not exhaust the plant. The brilliant manifestations of the boy were a preparation, as well as a promise, of more. It was a life destined to be a long one, and to complete itself on as grand a scale as it began.

We have not room to review the incidents of his history; but we will remark on the character of the man, as it presents itself at different periods of his life, and show how completely the man and his music were one. This will bring new interest to the examination into which we are about to enter of his glorious Oratorio.

First, look back over his childhood and youth, from the time when he had completed his severe German education, had sunned himself in Italy, and there initiated himself into the popular business of Operas, and was now ripe for his great career in England; that is, from about the year 1710. Even then he is the Handel which his music since declared him. A decided march towards the one thing needful, the thing he was made for, marks him from an infant. He seized upon and appropriated just the food his genius craved, precisely in the fulness of time, and as one having authority. That child, or that child's instinct, always knew what he was about;—no dallying, no wavering, no misgiving. What a healthy strength was his! How well he kept his balance! How, without hurry, or complaining, he made known his wish just at the time when he *could* realize it! There was no romance about him; nothing morbid or excessive. Those occasional bursts of anger were only quick electric explosions of a body highly charged, and essential to continued calm weather. For in him generosity went with independence; he could afford to fly into a passion with his neighbor; for there was nothing in him which it was necessary to hide under a smooth exterior. There was not an hour of sickly sentimentality through the whole April and May of his youth. What sorrows and inward struggles he may have had we know not, for he was not of a nature to tell of those things. He was the antipodes to the self-accusing Rousseaus, and he would not have known how to write "Confessions." Evidently he had no leisure to complain of fortune—the earnest struggling youth! For him the voluntary pains of hard but healthy toil drowned the sense of other pains. He was therefore a child whom Art had chosen and set apart. He walked in his own sphere, which was one of light, led by the hand of Nature. Almost it seems as if he were not subject to the infirmity, *par excellence*, which we call humanity. This we commonly deem a defect, because we want a person who gives and craves sympathy. Strong attachment, or rather, weak attachment to persons and places, he certainly never showed. He was no tender, blushing, moist-eyed boy, like Mozart, asking everybody to love him. There is not a single love-passage recorded in his whole life; nor any tell-tale breaks in the solid continuity of his works, any trembling in the bold handwriting, to lead us to suspect the presence of such secret disturbing force, from beginning to end of his whole career. A poor hero he would make in a modern novel. Was this coldness? or was it that perfect temperature in which one never asks how cold, or how warm? For, be it remembered, he was generous and kind, and just; altogether above envy; and he never betrayed a trace of meanness. And if this is not enough, wait and see what he was reserved for; hear the perpetual voice which he has lent to the heart's deepest faith and love, in those songs of the "Messiah;" and consider whether it may not be that he was marked from the first for one of Nature's holy priesthood, to keep himself above all personal and private interests and feelings, and be

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an interpreter and voice to the deep and universal experience of all souls, keeping alive the consciousness of a life beyond time.

Having accompanied him thus far in the world (which to him was the world of Art), let us look around with him, and try to understand his position in that world. What was the state of music then? What the schools in which he was formed? And what had he to build upon?

The music of that day may be comprehended under three great classes: 1. The learned, or Organ style; 2. The Italian and French Operatic style; and 3. The Protestant Church style, the popular Hymn or Choral.

1. The first prevailed in Germany, and had, until within a century, prevailed in Italy. Until that time, music, as a science, had been shut up with the monks in cloisters, like every kind of knowledge; and consisted mainly in artificial combinations of harmony, with comparatively small regard to melody. For long centuries the monotonous "plain chant," or *canto fermo* of the first Christian Churches, improved into the "Gregorian Chant," and sung in unison or octaves, without any harmony, was the only recognized form of music. How harmony, or the concord of several parts, was introduced, of course can never be matter of very definite history. The discovery must have been gradual. Probably, however, the organists, (for the organ was common from the twelfth century), were the first to discover its beauty. Accompanying the chant in the churches, they would naturally be tempted to deviate from the air into other notes which chimed in pleasantly; and having all the elements of harmony spread out on the key-board under their hands, like the colors on a painter's palette, they would be led on by the excitement of one new lydiscovered combination to another, (indeed a child, wandering over the keys of a piano, discovers harmony for himself in the same way now), till they had attained to all the fulness of counterpoint, (music in parts corresponding note for note), and to all the labyrinthine windings of the Fugue. This is substantially Hogarth's account of it. This last became the proper organ style. It originated, so accounts say, in the *antiphonal* singing, or the responses of two or more choirs singing the old chant. "A certain phrase of the melody, after having been sung by one portion of the choristers, is echoed by the others, at certain distances, and at a higher or lower pitch; and the successive accumulation of these different masses of sound into one grand and harmonious whole, produces the greatest effects of which music is capable." Once discovered, these curious applications of the laws of harmony bewitched all composers. Nothing was artificial and elaborate enough; a natural effect, perhaps, of the monkish confinement of an art which is properly the child of Nature. The music of these schoolmen was as ingenious and barren as their philosophy.

But is this the whole account of it? Oh, no. With all the coldness and artificiality into which it degenerated in Germany, some time before Handel, the Fugue is too beautiful in itself, too inexhaustible in its suggestions, to pass for a mere musical puzzle or acrostic. Mere ingenuity could not exercise such lasting, universal sway. The Fugue was rooted in the heart and genius of the middle ages. No one admires Gothic architecture for its mere skill; it is felt to be full of beauty and spiritual significance. So the genius of the Fugue is essentially Gothic. It grows, and kindles, and goes circling upwards, like a many-tongued flame, always aspiring, never finished, telling of more and more that it would be. Moreover, it is impersonal and universal in its sentiment. There is not one prominent air or voice in it, and the rest subordinate; but innumerable voices and airs winding and blending into one another, and leading you into the depths and mysterious mazes of a vast animated whole, like this world of ours. It is the type of the Finite losing itself in the Infinite. Such is the nobler aspect of the Fugue; the natural language of the deep, religious, mystical, and Gothic sentiment of those times.

It was into this style that the young Handel was first initiated. It was in this high mystic organ-music, that the soul of the future composer of the "Messiah" unfolded its wings, and learned to soar above this smoky element of limitation, difference, and partial interests. At the same time, even admitting that there was little of saving life in the then German com-

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posers in that style, so that their works are forgotten, yet what a school for the future artist! To compose a Fugue, however mechanically, compelled the mind to *think*, to re-produce great nature's law of unity in variety. It was called the *strict style*. It compelled one to stick to his text; it was the *logic* of music. It would not do to string together passages, wandering wherever fancy led. The composer chose a theme, and then developed it, unravelled the seemingly simple knot into an endless sequence of admirable inferences, traversing a vast variety, yet always bringing you safely home to the theme. This is something like the insight by which a philosopher deduces the whole of Nature from the sight of one plant or stone. The artist, trained in such manly exercise, would be in little danger of composing superficially, if there were any material in him. How like the germ of an oak, in spring warmth, would every little spontaneous melody open out in his hands into a whole melodious vegetation! Handel laid a broad foundation in this thorough school of harmony. All that there was good in it he made his own; and if he also contracted what was bad in it, if he cultivated harmony at the expense of melody, he was soon in a way to remedy that.

2. The Italian Opera was his next school. In the Opera resulted the effort of music to escape the fantastic fetters of science and the tedium of the church, and to get back to nature. Popular melodies sprang up like wild flowers in the low places and by-paths of life. They were an unwritten music. The ecclesiastical composer did not recognize them. But towards the beginning of the seventeenth century they began to attract the attention of persons who had taste and feeling. As to the old church music, its original melody and subject matter had now become so stationary and lifeless, (all invention being bestowed on curious ways of harmonizing it), that it needed replenishment from the genuine sources, the careless natural melodies of the heart. Then popular airs were gathered up, and written out, and harmonized. And recitative, or singing speech, which had the double charm, (1) of natural expressiveness (its rhythm and melody irregularly varying with the sentimental), and (2) of being supposed to be the very same idealized and exalted language in which the old Greek dramas were recited, came into notice about this time, and was the principal feature of the first opera, performed in 1600. Between this date and the time of Handel, operas had run away with nearly all the musical feeling of Italy. Meanwhile, too, the powers of the violin had been somewhat developed; for then Corelli lived. And wherever the violin is practised, the taste for free and graceful melody necessarily follows.

From the deep ecclesiastical studies of Germany, then, (varied only with so much of secular music as the oboe and some few wind instruments furnished), Handel went to the world's great conservatory of natural melody and pathos, the opera of Italy; from learning how to handle every theme with masterly power, to the enriching his mind with new themes; from delving amid the laws and exploring the thorough-bass of nature, to listening and answering to her poesy. Strength and grace, now, alike were his. He had laid a solid rock-foundation; but it was overspread with a rich and generous soil, in which all the sweetest flowers sprang quickly up.

3. There was yet a third, a middle style, between the learned church style and the natural and almost licentious secular music: and on this Handel, though perhaps unconsciously, stood by force of his whole inborn character and genius. I mean the Lutheran Protestant "Choral;" the *popular sacred* music; the insurrection of nature against science *in* the church, as the opera was nature setting up for herself *out* of the church. This was the simplest, though the gravest of all music. It did not discourse of the personal and temporary, like songs and operas, but gave utterance to the universal religious sentiment. It allowed the whole congregation to sing, in solemn long-drawn notes; all in unison, without any harmony: and yet the vast uprolling cloud of sound, swelled by such a mass of voices, saluting the ear from different distances, and swallowing up its own echoes and reflexions, did affect the ear *like* harmony,—just as the cloud taking the sun at different angles exhibits all the colors of the rainbow. A Handel, listening to this mighty volume of sound, would

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scarcely help hearing tenor, and alto, and bass, and even imagining florid interwoven melodies playing spontaneous accompaniment, and fugues in endless chase traversing the whole mass.

Handel's genius was essentially popular. He stood on the middle Protestant ground of popular feeling. He did not confine himself, of course, to the simple *form* of the "Choral;" but on the basis of its simple spirit he built his art, borrowing, on either side, from the profoundly learned, mystical music of the cathedral, and from the inventive fire of the secular opera. To the music of the popular religious sentiment he gave the endless metaphysical unfoldings of science, and the grace and unconstraint of nature. Thus he reconciled religion, science, native impulse, all, in his art; and produced a music which is a prophetic language, a language of that innate faith in every mind which is deeper than all our moods and opinions, the faith, namely, that all *shall* be reconciled; that there shall be no secular, no sacred, but all good, each finding its joy in all. But this is anticipating. Handel did not enter this peculiar province which Heaven had assigned him, until he had studied long in the schools we have described; no, not until he had toiled much longer, in a false position, trying to succeed in a sphere too small for him. I mean his long opera drudgery in England.

His life in England before he composed the "Messiah" was one long thirty years of gigantic unremitted toil; during which time he produced about forty operas, several oratorios, and other music without end. He reigned absolute monarch in England's music during half that time, and then he let no opposition drive him from the ground; it was the ground itself sank under him. It was Providence itself letting him down upon the solid rock foundation, where he might work with all his own true strength. Of his splendid triumphs there as opera conductor and composer we cannot speak. Like every popular favorite he had his day of reverses. His lofty spirit could not conform to the caprices and ambitious tastes of the singers whom he had to manage, and whose quarrels divided the nobility into rival factions. For, strange to say, the opera faction was made political capital of; and a formidable body of nobility conspired to break up Handel's opera. He made head against the tide with a giant's vigor, till he had lost all his earnings, and become diseased in body and in mind. Finally one arm was paralyzed. He was induced to leave cares and go over to Aix la Chapelle to recruit himself. He made summary work with this cure, as with everything. He sat thrice the usual time over the vapor baths; in three days he was exciting crowds to rapture, as he played like an angel just descended, on the organ of the neighboring church; and in six weeks he was in England again, composing operas as before. This was in 1736. He struggled on a few years more, but all in vain; the day had passed. The whole tide bore down against him; not only enemies whom he was too proud to conciliate, but popular taste itself. Indeed, the opera was but a fashion, and never really loved in England. The barren sentimentalities and trivialities of the Italian opera were no field for him. He was not born, like Gluck and Mozart, to bring out the peculiar genius of that sort of music. He was reserved for greater work. His quarrel with the singers was, in fact, a quarrel with the opera itself, a contending against his own chosen position, a chafing against the wires of the cage to which he clung with mistaken fondness. He discovered it while he had yet strength left to turn the dark experience to account. He dropped the opera, and took to the oratorio. He had wrought so like a Hercules, for the love of it, because he was so full. He was a long time in finding himself out. The very glow of health-activity made him careless as to the sphere he wrought in. Such a strong and ready engine finds its way unconsciously in whatever market is open for it. He was all this while only laboring for the *present;* and if he created any imperishable products, if he lavished on the immediate object more than that object was worth, it was quite unconsciously. Doubtless much of the pure ore of his own true genius long lay buried with the dusty volumes, the forty folios, of his forgotten operas, in the Royal Library. Rich mine that, with all its rubbish! and busily they are beginning now to work it. The imperishable, the truly inspired songs and recitatives, scattered

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through the operas, will soon be separated from the rest; the part which belongs to Handel and to eternity will be separated from that which belongs to the days of George II. and the opera, and added to the classics of the art.

We cannot help remarking, in the Handel of those days the publicity of the phenomenon. He loved the light. He passed his life in the eyes of all men. But there was not a particle of vanity or morbid ambition in this. Calmly he took his place there, and stood conspicuous, because it *was* his place. He never courted fortune; she came to him. His genius, we have said, was of a popular nature. It was for "old Sebastian Bach," his great contemporary (whom, by the by, he never saw), to stay at home in a small German town, and toil in solitude, producing gigantic works which he enjoyed in solitude and dedicated to Art for Art's sake. Handel was made to sway the minds of men. Bach was a mystic in music; Handel, the eloquent but thoroughly true and honest people's man. Bach's writings are now brought out from the dust of antiquity, like the buried leaves of a Sybil; Handel stood forth and prophesied before the eyes of men.

We have now arrived at the period of his greatest works. He sank in the Opera, to rise again in a glory which that could not give. He had already written several Oratorios, among others his "Esther," "Deborah," "Alexander's Feast," and recently his stupendous "Israel in Egypt." These were performed in the theatres during Lent, when operas were forbidden; and as they required no expensive scenery and decorations, he could not do better than address himself henceforward altogether to the public taste, which had declared itself so decidedly in favor of his earlier works of that kind. In 1741 he composed the work by which he is chiefly known—the highest and fullest expression of his soul, possibly the highest product of musical art, his "Messiah." It was begun and finished in twenty-one days! History has no other instance of such intense and lightning-like execution in any department of human activity.

We have not time to continue his history. He composed Oratorios till his death, which was in 1759, making him seventy-five years old. We only pause to contemplate two pictures. One is Handel in the full tide of success in England—the man of many cares, and who delighted in many cares, directing in the performance of his own operas, his great bag-wig the while vibrating, as it is said, with a peculiar motion that indicated his satisfaction, and told the spectators when all went on to his mind. The other is the blind old man, led forward in the choir to make his obeisance to an audience affected to tears, before he sat down to play the organ in his own oratorios. Then look at any picture of his full-length statue in Westminster Abbey, and recognize in his commanding form the like colossal proportions of his mind and character; calm, and steady, and cheerful, as his own open, placid countenance.

Let us now, then, approach the "Messiah." Let us study the plant in the full flower. Though not unsurpassed by others of his works in grandeur of execution; though not, like "*Israel in Egypt*," one vast mountain-chain, *all* choruses; yet, for its blending of the whole variety—mountains, plains, villages and streams—into one warm and life-like landscape; for poetic unity, for the dignity of its theme, for never-ending influence upon the minds of men, carried about, as it is, like thoughts of home and friends, in the every-day, familiar consciousness of so many, embalming their Christmas associations, interpreting, to the heart if not to the head, the most pregnant sentences of Scripture; in fact, expressing all the essential juices of the Gospels, old and new, into one bright cordial, which goes straight and warm to the heart, quickening it into forgetfulness of dry dogmatics and the stumbling-blocks of tradition; for these, and many more good reasons, it must be regarded as his greatest work.

Strange as it seems, about the origin of this noble work there are several theories. Though but a century old, there is mist and uncertainty about its beginning, as if it were some old Iliad. The author is known, the date of its *appearance* too; but when and how did it originate in him? the date and manner of its *creation?* that is the question. And that is the question about all great works of genius. A certain mysterious suddenness marks

their appearance; they are here, all fully organized and animated, to command our admiration; but of the first designs, the study, and the time it took to make them what they are, we can only conjecture. The grand, however near, has something of the obscurity of the distant and antique.

The usual account is this. Finding his operas fail, and weary with such trivial work; feeling that it was time now to do something more worthy of his genius and more fitting his years, as he was getting old; having always been of a religious turn; a staunch Lutheran in creed; well read in his Bible; particularly fond of the Prophets and of St. Paul; and deeply impressed with the one pervading theme of the Scriptures, the fall and redemption of man, he resolved to draw from all the resources of his Art, and put forth all his powers to make an eloquent exposition of his faith, in music, and interpret the Bible thus to the hearts of all men. In such a work he would discard the words and inventions of men. He would draw from the genuine fount of Inspiration; from the Scriptures themselves cull out the most pregnant sentences, and arrange them in an epic unity, like a small germ in which the whole tree should lie hid, needing only music to warm it out into full life. The story goes, that an English Archbishop, hearing of his intention, sent and begged him to "wait awhile, and he would write the words for him." But Handel replied indignantly, "Does he think that he can write better than prophets and apostles full of the Holy Ghost? or that I have not read and loved my Bible as well as he?" So he chose for himself such sentences as he wanted; and, having set them in due order, till they filled out the circle of his thought, began at the beginning and turned it into music.

So far as this is historical fact, it is well. But then in the main point, namely, as regards its being a work of deliberate design on the part of Handel, it evidently is, and could only be, conjectural. If it was so, it was an exception to almost all great works of genius, which are not made to order, or from set purpose, but come spontaneously, Heaven knows how—*grow* with the growth of the man himself.

Far lovelier to the imagination is the theory which supposes the "Messiah" the result of slow, successive accretions; or rather, that it had a fragmentary and accidental origin; that he had long carried about in his head the independent parts of it, till finally, in one glowing hour of genius, they were all fused into one perfect whole, to the surprise of himself as of every one. This makes it seem more as if the design lay in the eternal counsels of Fate and God—as if the work were the culminating flower or fruit of the man's whole nature, and not the arbitrary manufacture of his will. This view is stated by Zelter, perhaps the first of musical critics, in a letter to Goethe.

It is enough to mention these opinions. We proceed to examine the work itself. The main theme, which forms the nucleus and body of the Oratorio, is certainly the middle portion of it, which relates to the sufferings of Jesus upon earth, and which, taken by itself, is only another specimen of a form of composition so common among the early Church composers, called *the Passion*. Though not more than a fifth of the whole in length, yet in the consciousness of the hearer it occupies more than all the rest; for it is deeper and darker, so that we *feel* our way through it, and count the moments, and weigh each thought, and think not only of what we are now hearing, not only of "the sufferings of this present time," but also of "the glory which is to be revealed," while at the same time we look back upon that bright morning of promise, succeeded by this cloudy day. Swiftly fled the fond childlike anticipations of the first part, with its vision of shepherds, and starlight, and angels announcing the birth. Swiftly, too, without sense of time, are we buoyed up on those Hallelujahs and Songs of Immortality which follow. It was the wisdom of Art, thus to spend more words and notes upon the introduction and the close, diffuse in its treatment of the illuminated edges of the cloud, brief, condensed, and suggestive in painting its opaque body, on whose surface all this beauty plays.

Such, then, is the unity of the work. Such the way in which it is all evolved from the central theme, or "Passion." Life is often compared to a day. So also the "Messiah," which represents the whole story of life, its hopes, its toils, its everlasting results, embodied

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in the life of Jesus, may be said to correspond with the divisions of the day. On the dull and restless night of the overture breaks the red dawn of prophecy: "*Comfort ye, my people.*" The wear and tear, the fruitful weariness and woe of busy day-time, answers to the "Passion." Calm, crystal light from the red west at sunset,—the pure crescent of a new moon above, and the friendly stars still brightening, whispering faith, and waking a love which cannot think of death,—is the fit scenery of the sentiment that follows: "*I know that my Redeemer liveth!*"

And now let us try to do some justice in detail to our memory of this never to be forgotten music, tracing its songs and choruses along in order, and lingering as long as we dare in each favorite spot; a pleasant task, of which the hardest part will be the self-denial of having to pass rudely by many a beauty, if we would get through within any reasonable space.

Each part, beautiful as it is singly, must be understood and appreciated in its membership to the great whole. The overture, (a critic suggests), is purposely dull. First, a slow movement in a minor key, significant of nothing but emptiness and weariness; then a quick, nervous fugue, a struggling as of many forces to disengage themselves and find relief; each, however, set against the other; a strife which ends in nothing; a helpless, hopeless, passionate impatience. This is the night of sinful and suffering humanity, and is the background on which the radiant form of Prophecy alights. The struggling fugue subsides, and remains in the imagination a night-mare which must be shaken off, a discord which cries for solution. The fever is at the crisis; relief must soon come, if at all. And now steal in those fresh, spring-like notes from the instruments, in the major of the key, (which happens to be that warmest and sunniest of all the keys, E major,—the same in which the sunny Haydn so delighted, the same in which he wrote the sunrise symphony in his "Creation"), and a clear, consoling, manly voice is heard: "*Comfort ye, my people; speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, for her warfare is accomplished, her iniquity is pardoned;*" and rising to a tone of more eloquent and authoritative assurance adds: "*The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness: Prepare ye the way of the Lord.*" But observe, the music here is not dramatic. It does not *impersonate* the prophet and the voice in the wilderness; it *hears* them; or remembers them and muses on them. It is Israel with a heavy heart, when her need is the sorest, bethinking herself of her prophets and her precious holy sentences. And in this musing mood how naturally comes up the memory of other sentences, more minutely figurative, the "dear images" (as Rochlitz says), which are dwelt upon and imitated in the song: "*Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low; the crooked straight, and the rough places plain;*" a species of imitation so literal and out of the province of true art, that it would require excuse in any other case, where feeling did not justify the fondling over trifles. And now comes the fugued chorus of joy, leaping forth as if it could not contain itself. The first phrase, "*And the glory of the Lord,*" is begun by the alto, and then immediately resounded in all the parts; then a second phrase, "*shall be revealed,*" with a more flowing rhythm, starts with the tenor, is pursued by the bass, then the alto, then the soprano, till all are whirled away in a swift and graceful play of hide-and-seek; and again a third phrase, begun and repeated in the same way, on the words, "*and all flesh shall see it together,*" comes in to increase the harmonious confusion. And so, buoyantly, wave upon wave rolls in and falls back upon others coming after, while the bass in long loud notes—holding upon the words, "*For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it*"—seems like the boundless reservoir of Ocean behind all.

This completes the first sketch, or introduction of the Oratorio. It is all fresh and spring-like, and full of expectation. It is but the prelude of what is now given in more detail.

A bass voice recites the words: "*Thus saith the Lord: Yet once a little while, and I will shake the earth, &c., . . . and the desire of all nations shall come,*" &c. But the confidence inspired by these words yields to a momentary misgiving in that most beautiful bass song, in the minor, "*But who may abide the day of his coming;*" which rises to wild terror

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at the thought: "*For he is like a refiner's fire.*" Then begins a single high voice in a musing, half involuntary tone, as if just struck with the thought that there is hope in the words, "*And he shall purify,*" and then again, more confidently and with a prolonged and florid melody, "*And he shall purify the sons of Levi.*" The bass takes up the suggestion, and one part after another, till all grow enthusiastic with the thought, and the kindling fugue becomes one blended, heavenward, soaring flame; when all the voices unite, "*that they may offer unto the Lord an offering of righteousness.*" The chorus dies away; and again we are introduced into the solitude of the believing heart, feeding upon its delicious secret, the hopes of prophecy. The deep, tender, full-hearted, innocent contralto, sings over to itself the promise, "*Behold, a virgin shall conceive,*" and then gives way (like a child talking to herself, so in earnest with her own sweet thoughts, that she forgets she is alone) to a rapturous, ever varied, fondly repeated melody: "*O thou that tellest glad tidings to Zion,*" &c., so steeped in feeling! so heavily drooping with excess of love, and faith, and piety! so confident of the sympathy of all and everything! so much so, that all the sweetness and majesty of the skies seem to blend in with it in the accompaniments! Trustful, happy child, to whose devout thought it is all smile and sunshine, even in the midst of darkness! When she reaches the words, "*And the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee,*" the accompaniments cease, and the voice sinks slowly down, as in a swoon of delight, through almost an octave, and there our souls hang poised in the magical sphere of the *flat seventh*, when all manner of sweet dreamy imaginations, "children of the air," swim up round us in figures of the violins, and seem to balance themselves upon our shoulders, and cling round our necks. And now from this blissful inner world of faith, from the holy recesses of the pious heart, we are led by a descriptive bass recitative to the world without: "*For behold, darkness shall cover the earth.*" But to us, prepared as we have been, it is a darkness big with expectation; and wondrously the music swells and brightens with the words, "*But the Lord shall arise, and the Gentiles shall come to thy light,*" &c. And in the song that follows, we see the people groping their way in darkness—darkness without and within. Here is no fine shading, no harmony of colors; for there is no light to see by; the harmony is all absorbed into dark unison; we *feel* our way along; the rhythm, the movement alone intimates what is passing in the dark; in stately, gloomy octaves, voice and instruments move on together.

Enough of these visions! the mind is over-full and must find vent. We are come to another of those grand halting-places, where the gathering crowd of thoughts, as they hurry on towards the consummation, must pause, as it were, and turn round and shout; another of those mighty choruses, each mightier than the last, which seem to sum up all that goes before, and measure the progress of the piece; or shall we call them periodical inundations, in which the silent depths of emotion and enthusiasm, which have been all this while secretly feeding the springs of the heart, rise and testify their fullness? It is the chorus: "*Unto us a child is born!*" Zelter says that in the original it was not intended to come in until after the "Annunciation." "After the shepherds," he says, "have heard the words of the angel in the field by night, and recovered from their terror, one party begins: '*Unto us a child is born,*' and toys innocently with the thought; then follows another in the same way; then the third, then the fourth, till finally at the words, '*Wonderful, Counsellor,*' &c., all unite; the flocks of the field, the host of stars of the whole heavens, all awake and stir with life and gladness." But in Mozart's arrangement, which is always used, this chorus, (for what reason I cannot tell), comes first. I could not describe it better than in the words of Rochlitz:

"Six—not more than six measures of *Ritornel* (instrumental symphony) contain at the outset *all* the musical ideas, of which this very long chorus is woven, with the exception of a single one, which Handel, for a good reason (as we shall soon hear), could not betray till its time came. These ideas are here plainly, but powerfully stated. They are so characteristic and expressive, that I have never yet been at a performance, without remarking how every face, however serious

and clouded over during the last passage, brightened up at the first sound of the instruments, before a single voice began. The soprano voice begins alone, in the principal theme of the music, announcing the glad tidings, '*Unto us a child is born, a son is given,*' while the instruments alternating with a second thought play on softly by themselves. Then the tenor takes up the same words with the same melody; but before it has half announced the message, the first, as if it could not contain itself, falls in again with the same tones, and carries it out with more spirit (while the tenor perishes) and with a richer figure (the third musical idea), in which joyous movement the instruments are almost hushed. Now the alto takes up the words to the first melody; that is interrupted by the bass, as the tenor was by the soprano; till the tenor, without instruments (except the continued bass), and in majestic solemn style, adds: '*And the government shall be upon his shoulders:*' the others, as if timid, merely say it over after; especially the vocal bass, slowly and statelily coming up from the deep, as if thinking and doubting still. Then all, as if by inspiration, suddenly exclaim: '*And his name shall be called* WONDERFUL, COUNSELLOR, THE MIGHTY GOD, THE EVERLASTING FATHER, PRINCE OF PEACE;' and with that word 'WONDERUL!' all the fulness of the choir and of the orchestra hitherto kept back rushes together like many mountain torrents into one flood, and all souls bow entranced before the power of this single accord, which Handel could not betray before, that it might surprise. The voices and instruments all together (except the trumpets and drums, reserved for still greater use), simply exclaim one of those lofty names—pause awhile, that it may have time to echo far and wide—and then exclaim another, still in the same chord, and pause again, and another, and so on—while the violins take up that first joyous figure of the soprano, soar up into the sky with it, and there in warbling *thirds* bind those single exclamations together. Handel in this chorus works over these same ideas, in essentially the same manner, and yet with the greatest variety, twice more; till all the voices, and all the instruments, and all the ideas unite at length, and at the climax of their inspiration proclaim the whole glad tidings yet again. A *ritornel* plays over once more the principal themes, and lets the soul down gently and gradually from the ever-gaining and by this time too intense excitement."

And now comes the Christmas spectacle of the Nativity, an exquisite piece of picture music. It has been well likened to one of those altar-pieces by the old painters on the same subject, exceedingly simple in its means, yet beautiful and full of feeling. First is the "Pastoral Symphony," a Siciliano movement, soft and flowing, confined to a very few of the simplest chords, the melody flowing in *thirds* (that first harmony which natural, untaught singers discover for themselves), and all by the few unaided stringed instruments, which form the heart of the orchestra. To these Mozart has added flutes, and tardy, mellow horns, and reedy bassoons; and the effect is an all-pervading streaming up of sweetest sounds, as if they exhaled from the leaves and flowers, from all the pores of the earth. The air teems with melody, "smoothing the raven down of darkness till it smiles." As Zelter says, "you *feel* the starlight." This forms the overture. Then comes the recitative, "*There were Shepherds abiding in the fields,*" &c. Then there is a waving of wings in the air, nearer and nearer, as the approach of the angel of the Lord is recited; and then a clear, crystal, bell-toned voice, calm and without passion, announces the birth of the Saviour to the shepherds; and the violins fill the air full of wings at the words: "*Suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host.*" In the song of the angels, which is composed of high and silvery chords, there is exquisite music, such as only floats down in our thoughts on a clear night in the skies, when the boundless firmament above mirrors the spiritual firmament within, and nature and we are one thought. At the words, "*Peace on earth!*" proclaimed in long full tones, there is a pause while the echo rolls away amid short, full, measured pulses of the instruments, which seem like the throbbing of all nature's sympathetic joy. And playfully are the words passed about among the multitudinous voices in the air, in broken fugue; "*Good will towards man.*"

This scenic interlude, or play within play, over, the grand business of the Oratorio proceeds: namely, contemplation and celebration of the great event with all its consequences. A Soprano voice soars up like a lark into the blue of heaven, and pours down floods of rapturous flowery melodies in the

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song: "*Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion!*"—Joy uncontainable—that cannot fly high enough, in the very excess of its joyfulness, feeling more than ever the chains of earth, so that in despair of utterance it yields at last to a sweet melancholy, and sinks so full of feeling in the solemn, almost condoling passage: "*He is the righteous Saviour.*" Then follows: "*The eyes of the blind shall be opened,*" &c., and that most heavenly air (again in the pastoral Siciliano rhythm) "*He shall feed his flocks,*" &c., so full of consolation, inspiring one with that holy sweet content, which sermons only make us feel the want of. Some one said of it, "God grant that this song may float before my mind, when I rest upon my death-bed. Gladly must the eyes close upon all that is left behind and that was dear to the heart, in the fulness of hope." Then comes the chorus: "*His yoke is easy,*" &c.

This closes the first part. It is refreshing and elevating to stand right within the roar and spray of Niagara, if one can tarry long, and dwell at leisure on its various views and features. But to hurry rapidly by, with the hope of seeing and doing justice to it all in a given time, only irritates and dissipates the mind. There is a bend in the river, three miles below, where one sees the whole in the distance, and comprehends it easily, in all its beauty, if not in its sublimity. In this way we shall be obliged to treat the remainder of this Niagara of oratorios,—to stand further off, and give but a general, bird's-eye view of the other parts.

The second portion, consisting of some dozen choruses and airs, describes the Passion, and constitutes, as we have said, the body of the piece. For it is "the divine depths of sorrow," out of which the whole mysterious work of redemption is perfected. The music grows very deep here. You are reminded of the earnest business of life, of the serious price, the toil and study and long suffering, by which all good must be earned. You no longer delight in the gay flowers and gems of countless forms of beauty which strew life's surface, gleaming in the sun; you are led down into the dark laboratory where, amid pain, privation and patience, these beauteous results are prepared. Most perfect type of this universal fact in human life was the suffering of Jesus. The first chorus: "*Behold the Lamb of God,*" with its dark minor chords, brings threatening clouds over us, which hang so low, as almost to suffocate; we are weighed down with intensity of gloom. Its rhythm, too, is that of the great restless, heaving ocean, each swell thundering on the shore with a more ominous sound. This chorus is not so much the voice of the multitude; it is not as if you heard persons singing; but rather as if you saw them looking each other in the face in the stony silence of stifled woe. It is rather a descriptive symphony, performed by a great choir of voices, instead of instruments, for the sake of the greater mass of sound; a sort of vocal overture. And now comes the sweet relief of tears; now grief finds a voice in that most pathetic song ever written: "*He was despised and rejected.*" It is said that a friend, calling upon Handel while in the act of setting these pathetic words, found him actually sobbing. We must pass over the choruses and songs, which describe his persecution and the taunts of the multitude, only casting behind one lingering look of awe and admiration upon the sainted form who rises before us, mild, majestic, eloquently silent, as we hear the recitative: "*Thy rebuke hath broken his heart:*" and "*Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow.*" It is the apotheosis of grief. The whole part Zelter characterizes thus: "Sufferings and death: brief, but not crowded; great, still, affecting; no torments, no crucifying, and that sort of thing; the sorrow of the just over the degradation of the good and beautiful."

I cannot leave this part, however, without remarking upon the singular chorus: "*All we like sheep have gone astray;*" whose wild, mirthful, almost comic style, breaking in in the midst of so much sadness, has puzzled many critics. The most of an apology which Rochlitz has been able to make for it, is to suppose it necessary for variety. But genius never stoops to so low a reason. The smallest part of its work stands by the like inward necessity with the greatest, with the whole. To me this chorus does not seem to break the moral and poetic unity of the work, but rather to strengthen and complete it. The tramping, truant, reckless motion with which it sets out,

the voices running away in all directions, each with a phrase; "*we have turned*," and "*every one to his own way*,"—this is but sin glorying in its shame, and making the most of its hard case by getting up a little alcoholic exhilaration for the time. But the weight of the chorus lies not here. This is but the introduction and preparation by contrast for the main theme which follows. With what unerring fatality all this drunken furor subsides into reflection on the dread, retributive *other side* of the matter, in the profoundly solemn adagio at the close: "*And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.*"

We must not stop to notice the many admirable things in the third part, which, beginning with the resurrection of Jesus, and the great chorus, "*Lift up your heads, O ye gates*," (forming a finale to all this last), goes on to celebrate the fruits of his death, and describe the sending forth of preachers, and the triumphant conflict of the Word with the powers of darkness. This part, too, has its grand finale. Enthusiasm has reached the acmé, and breaks forth in the celebrated "Hallelujah Chorus." Handel confessed, in his later years, that when he composed this chorus "he knew not whether he was in the body or out of the body." The simplicity and grandeur of its massive structure, and the universality of its sentiment, make it one of those works which never can be represented on too vast a scale. No multitude of voices can overdo it. There is no bloating or exaggerating, by any representation, these great granite ranges in the world of musical art. In England, their traditional associations with the "Hallelujah Chorus," as performed at the great commemoration of Handel in Westminster Abbey, form a part of the national treasure. Dr. Burney closes his account of it thus:

"Dante, in his 'Paradiso,' imagines nine circles, or choirs of cherubs, seraphs, patriarchs, prophets, martyrs, saints, angels, and archangels, who, with hand and voice, are eternally praising and glorifying the Supreme Being, whom he places in the centre; taking the idea from the '*Te Deum laudamus.*' Now, as the orchestra in Westminster Abbey seemed to ascend into the clouds, and unite with the saints and martyrs represented on the painted glass in the west window, which had all the appearance of a continuation of the orchestra, I could hardly refrain, during the performance of the 'Allelujah,' to imagine that this orchestra, so admirably constructed, filled and employed, was a point or segment of one of those celestial circles. And perhaps no band of mortal musicians ever exhibited a more respectable appearance to the eye, or afforded a more extatic and affecting sound to the ear than this.

"'So sang they, and the empyrean rang
With allelujahs.'"

The last part celebrates the great doctrine of immortality, opening with the song, "*I know that my Redeemer liveth*," which it is well that we must hurry over, for no words are worthy of it. Who is not a believer while he gives himself up to that song? And who soon forgets it? In the doubts and fears of weaker moments, that will come to all of us, recall its heavenly sound, and wait in peace till thou shalt be thyself again!

One thing here we would remark. What a mystery is this matter of the *keys* in music! Each seems a separate sphere or element. Here we are again in the clear, blue, sunny, upper air of E major, the heaven of prophecy, where those first tones of hope came upon us in "*Comfort ye, my people.*" Then it was sweet dependence on a heavenly promise; now it is the very sense and inward realization of Immortality; "*for now is Christ risen.*" It is too much to feel; too much for a poor child of circumstances; the miracle and glory of it must be celebrated in the thrilling trumpet-song, "*Behold I tell you a mystery!*"

And what can we say of the triple accumulation of choruses at the end? First, "*Worthy the Lamb;*" then, "*Blessing and honor be unto him;*" which, if not more sublime, are at least more elaborate than the "Hallelujah;" and then, when the hearer thinks there can be no more, the vocal torrent bursts the shackles of words, and on the two syllables of "Amen," revels with all the freedom of an orchestra in the most magnificent of Fugues.

Having thus refreshed our memory of this great work, let us try to weigh it in the scales of an appreciating criticism, as a work of Art and of Soul.

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1. The last impression which it leaves upon the mind, and the first to be recalled, is sublimity. It rolls away in the memory like distant thunder. Those choruses echo through one's life. They are the grand feature. They, more than any part, stamp the meaning of the whole upon us. If it were merely a physical sublimity, consisting in the grandeur of the masses, in overpowering, deafening effect, or in the vastness of the images suggested, this would not be the highest praise. But the sublimity is in the thought. Each chorus is the development of a sentiment so deep and universal, as to be capable of indefinite expansion. That which unites all minds finds utterance in them.

We perceive a uniform progress in these choruses. From first to last, each leaves the mind in a state of expectation which is more than fulfilled in the next that comes, and so they grow greater and greater to the last Amen. We seldom hear a succession of choruses, in which one does not in a measure neutralize the other, and send you away more confused than edified. This we felt in the "Mount Sinai" of Neukomm; and even in the "Creation" of Haydn, where, however noble each chorus may be in itself, they do not follow each other up with that ever-gathering force, which lends one onward sure momentum to the oratorio, and floats the whole mass majestically on. Full of separate beauties, you feel its want of unity. But in the "Messiah" each great chorus seems to gather up the last one with it in its onsweep, as each wave only falls back into the arms of a succeeding greater wave, and both with accumulated force roll further in, and make a higher mark upon the beach. Such is the way with Handel. He never spends his strength too early. He never fails to answer expectation, let him begin on never so grand a scale; and he does not have to contract his forces with any niggardly economy, in order to come out at the great end of the horn.

Simplicity and profound treatment equally belong to these choruses; natural melody and all the resources of harmony. They are all elaborate Fugues; but the subjects of the Fugues are so simple, so expressive and characteristic, that every hearer recognizes them under every modification under which they re-appear continually in the gathering, self-uplifting whirl of harmony. They are profound, yet easily understood. The theme is simple, the effect as a whole is simple, though swift and complicated the machinery by which it is wrought out. Recall here what was said of the essentially popular character of Handel's genius. He stood on the middle ground, between the scientific, mystic old church style, the Gothic fugue, and the light Italian melody; viz., on the Protestant choral. On that he built his art. Filled with the sentiment of that, he did not let its bald and naked form confine him; he developed it with all the skill of science; and the *choral*, the plain psalm of the congregation, became a *Fugue*. There is this peculiar in his Fugues; that they all point to the origin in nature of that form. When you hear the "Wonderful" or the "Amen" chorus, it is as if you heard a plain choral, only carried out to the full extent of its idea, that is to say, sung in the open air by a countless multitude. First you catch the melody of the nearest voices,—a simple tune which any child might sing. As it goes on, other and more distant voices reach you; you catch their first notes while the others are already in the middle of the melody; and both keep on while another and another wave rolls in; and finally all are mingled in a confused yet most harmonious chase; now one part, now another of the air is prominent, but not longer than the crest of one wave is uppermost on the great boiling ocean; and finally, when the flood is at the full, there is a sudden pause—the silence which is louder than sound—the moment's suspense, when the great ocean-swell has reached its height,—and slowly with ever-mingling, widening harmonies it settles back. Thus Handel's Fugue is but the choral or psalm-tune, clad in its own sublime effects. It is the choral as handled by Nature, the choral *as we hear it*. And thus in him Nature and Art are one; and the greater he is, the more we feel at home with him.

2. This would seem enough for one man. But from this sublimity, this mountain elevation, where we have ocean and land at our feet, sending up the sound of many waters, mingled with the reverberating Fugue of multi-

tudinous voices, we go down with him into the still valley, and follow the musical murmur of the brook;—from the chorus to the song, from harmony to melody, from the sublime to the pathetic. Simple and earnest as Luther, deep and intricate, striving upward in ever-shifting, flame-like Fugue, like Gothic architecture, his choruses are thoroughly German. In his songs we live on the sunny south side of the Alps. Here his Italian culture shows itself; the melodious forms of the Italian opera, and the deep sensibility of his own heart. In melody he surpassed all of his time. And there are no songs now which so haunt the mind, and express so much to us, as some of those we have mentioned in the "Messiah." True, there is something antique and formal about them. At first we are offended by those long figures with which a single syllable is prolonged and played upon: for instance, the second syllable of the word "*exalted*" in the song, "*Every valley.*" But soon one learns to love even this, and to feel that Nature is not smothered by it, any more than she is by Shakspeare's rounded periods. And how often he forgets all conventional forms, and is purely original, pouring forth a strain, all of the heart, with nothing of the school!

Still more of this natural eloquence is in the recitative passages. When we have heard Braham sing, "*Thy rebuke hath broken his heart,*" or that famous piece from "*Jephtha,*" we are no longer surprised to hear it said that Recitative is only a little more than the common speech of the warm South, What is it but a more unreserved and child-like speech, such as would be natural to us all, if cold weather and caution, winter without and within, did not check expression? So it is said, the dog naturally howls or sings; it was intercourse with artificial man which first taught him to bark.

3. Picturesque effect is another memorable charm of the "Messiah." This, of course, is in the instrumental accompaniments. These are often highly descriptive, and surround the subject with a warm, rich scenery. If they often present images and special sounds or sights in nature, yet it is more in the way of suggestion than of imitation, and therefore fairly within the province of the Art. The accompaniment but does the work of association, telling what is present to our imagination, while we feel with the song. It is wonderful how characteristic and how indispensable Handel has made every little morçeau of accompaniment and symphony; and yet they are the merest outlines. Instrumental music was a slight and meagre thing in his time. He only composed for the quartette of stringed instruments, with the oböe and trumpet. Mozart filled it out with the rich coloring of the modern instrumentation, with flutes and horns and bassoons, &c. A bold experiment, one would think! But so boldly and decidedly had Handel sketched, that the appreciating younger brother could not alter or pervert his thought; he only set it in a stronger light.

4. But it is as a whole that this work is most remarkable;—how it is all evolved out of one central inexhaustible thought, of which each part is only one of the numberless manifestations, just as the flowers and crystals and living forms of the earth all tell of one inward principle of life. The whole work is one organic life. This it is that saves it from tediousness. We feel interested to complete it, as we do to complete our own life. For it is the echo of our life; the whole story of human life working itself out in harmonies. Its theme is universal; alike the concern of every individual. It is not a personal story, but the story of humanity. It is founded on a historical book, it is true, and celebrates a historical person; but the Bible history and the life of Jesus are typical of the inward history of every human soul. Hence the "Messiah" is not dramatic; it is epic; and it is lyric too. And so, if we take the "Messiah" for a standard, we are tempted to call it *the only* oratorio. The difference between it and all other oratorios (so called) is greater than the difference between them and other forms of Art.

The oratorio was originally a sacred musical drama, bearing about the same relation to the first operas, that the old "Mysteries" bore to the first plays. But these were not entirely sung. San Filippo Neri founded the order of "Priests of the Oratory" in Rome, in 1540. He introduced spiritual songs

and anthems to entice the youth to church, and caused stories from the Bible, like the Prodigal Son, to be set to music and sung,—one half before the sermon, the other after, that the expectation awakened by the first half might induce roving spirits to wait through the graver services and hear the story out. From these small beginnings the growth of the oratorios into the highest form of sacred dramatic music is easily understood. Oratorios on the continent of Europe were, until very lately, performed as operas on the stage. The "Moses in Egypt" of Rossini is still an instance. The "Messiah" presented a new and nobler model. It is no more dramatic than the Bible itself. And since its appearance oratorios (so called) have hovered doubtfully between the dramatic and the epic. Thus, of the oratorio of "David" one is tempted to say, "Why not dress out the characters and make a play of it at once?"—its genius is so dramatic, while for form's sake it has those heavy choruses, which clog the action, and seem introduced because, after Handel, everything short of grand choruses seems trifling. Even Beethoven, who had a genius for the highest, repented of the too dramatic style and subject of his "Mount of Olives." Haydn wrought in wholly another genius, that of instrumental music; and his "Creation" may be called a great descriptive instrumental Symphony, with vocal accompaniments by way of interpretation, interspersed with hymns. It is of little consequence about a name, but the "Messiah" has so familiarized us with an august form of art, that other works, called oratorios, look ephemeral and slight.

Such are the artistic qualities of this great work. But what is it which, independently of any form of art, pervades and characterizes the whole? Handel himself. Do we not recognize in all this music the man of whom we have spoken? It is enough to mention one or two traits, which suggest the whole of his genius.

In the first place, calm, self-relying *strength*. A superficial measurement of this will not be idle. See it displayed in the magnitude and quantity of his labors; the thirty oratorios, the fifty operas, the countless anthems and concertos for the organ, and pieces of every form for instruments; and the greatest of all, the "Messiah," composed in twenty-one days! See it in his influence on public taste, especially in England, where it acts perhaps with a too great and paralyzing spell upon the national genius, just as too much reading of Shakspeare is fatal for the time to original production in young minds. If so, however, the awakening will be with glory and with power when it comes. The genius of Handel is impressed on all English music. He is the school, and he is the world of art with them. There are curious anecdotes to illustrate this. One of the conductors and organists of the "Ancient Concerts," a musical oracle of the last generation, is said to have played from memory, at one sitting, the whole of the "Messiah," the "Israel in Egypt," and one other oratorio of Handel. Curious zeal, too, is shown at the time of the great musical festivals. We are told of a certain eccentric rector, who never omitted this pilgrimage, and who often performed the journey on foot, singing over the whole "Messiah" to himself by the way, which just occupied the time of the journey, so that such a chorus or song always found him at such a place.

But this quantity was of an adamantine quality; and its influence was not a fashion, but is, as it were, elemental and for ever.

And now, to come nearer to the characteristic in it, what strength in the least as in the greatest parts of the work! With what an absolute grasp he handles everything, and does not so much invent and set a passage, as he establishes it. I would speak of him, as the *Founder* of the Hallelujah chorus. Each part, each note seems held in its place by all the laws of nature; it does not cry out and justify its position, any more than the tree in the landscape, or the bend of the arch of the sky. We cannot well conceive of its being set otherwise. Through such works only, do we discover the laws by which to judge all works.

This strength appears also in variety. It is not hazarding much to say, that no composer is so free from mannerism as Handel. Count over the songs in the "Messiah," and what two are at all alike, except in being Handel's? Which would you be willing to leave behind, taking only the others for your

specimens? No two of them are flowers, which can go by the same name; in each, you carry home a new variety. It is just so in the choruses, and especially in those which we have dwelt least upon, those which are not so much outbursts of praise, as part of the action, and descriptive. Here he indulges himself in following out the individuality of each to his heart's content. The scoffing crowd in the chorus, "*He trusted in God that he would deliver him;*" the pastoral scene; the song of joy; each little episode—he puts his whole soul into it, as if it stood for itself, and there were nothing else to be thought of. He is as objective as nature in this respect, giving each figure a life of its own, and an absolute worth to each detail. And yet, freely as he goes out into this variety, he never violates the unity of the whole; all gravitates to one centre; each separate conceit, (if you choose to call it, each pet), harmonizes with the whole, and can no more be detached, than a rock or a house can fall off the earth.

Strength, which can disport itself in this free way without losing its balance, can afford to smile in the midst of its most earnest work. Humor is not far off, where we see such breadth and energy of style. Humor accompanies all healthy greatness, both of mind and character. Intense activity of every kind, even intense woe, smiles at itself. He, who does not expend his strength, beyond all power of self-recovery, in a great effort, can even amuse himself with his work. So it is with some of these choruses. How he enters into the humor of the thing in the chorus, "*All we like sheep!*" And in the chorus, "*The Lord gave the word: great was the company of the preachers,*" we almost laugh at the fineness of the thought; before the blast of the word, we seem to see them scattering like merry prattling leaves in autumn; like troops of locusts and little ants, they overrun the earth. It has sometimes been objected to the historian of the French Revolution, that, with all his sublimity and pathos, he seems not quite serious, but amuses himself with his heroes, and as he looks down curiously upon the earnest doings of his fellow-men, seems to "talk baby" to them, and smile at the important little mannikins. But this is love laughing at its own fondness. So does genius sometimes get possessed with its own idea, till it laughs out loud at the exquisite folly. Such humor is not levity; but the play of lightning after a day of intense heat. And this suggests the other pervading quality of all his works.

Depth. From the depths of sorrow and painful earnest experience rise those mighty choral floods of triumph. This sunny, strong, rejoicing, self-possessed, unwearied nature, must have known, and toiled, and waited in those depths. For what knowledge of the heart, what sympathy with that heart's unspeakable woes, his feeling notes betray! "*De profundis clamavi,*" should be the title of every chorus.

These are the major and minor moods of the man. Strength and Depth. What is most characteristic in him, is the most impersonal. Peculiarities he has none, any more than the sublime simplicity of the old Bible narratives. He struck the key-note to universal experience, and sang to the hearts of *all.*

This, therefore, seems the one thing to be said of Handel and his "Messiah;" that it is not so much some *kind* of Music, as it is the soul of music itself. Music in its highest office, as the expression of the universal religious sentiment. An atmosphere of reconciliation between all minds, or rather, a medium between our mind and the universal; an outlet of escape from this whole element of opinions, differences, and contradictory views and interests; a promise, a foretaste of a better world; a language of a deeper consciousness and of emotions, which seek an answer and a home beyond this life—is Music. And when we call it the natural language of religion, we must understand a very Catholic religion; one which lies broad and deep under every heart, and in whose depths the superficial boundaries of creeds and sects cast not even a shadow. There is a Faith which is "the evidence of things unseen," or, of its own fulfilment; a consciousness of something more than we see; a love of something that exceeds our thought, yearning to be united with it; a trust in an Almighty Goodness, which we cannot comprehend, which daily care, and misery, and deceit, deny and contradict, and would fain drive out of our minds;

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a hope that sticks by us to the last, and assures us that love and truth, and all ideal thoughts are real, and that death, and sin, and sorrow, shall turn out to be the shadows; there is such a feeling, more or less clearly recognized, pervading all our life. No words can utter it. But in the unconscious *tones* of another, without words, we feel whether he too feels it. This was the beginning of music. And music has gone on, testifying of that unseen world within, till by the hands of her sublime succession of priests, her Handels, Mozarts, Bachs, Beethovens, she has filled the world with wondrous works of art, with mystic lore, which benighted minds can poorly understand, but which will never fail to quicken in after generations, in spite of business and frivolity, the higher life which first gave them being. To this part of us, speaks the high voice of prophecy and of the Gospel. This gave force to Handel's music. Humanity's looking for and welcome of a Messiah—this properly is the burthen of all music. In music, as in sweet sleep, (which is a sort of prayer), we retire from the distracting world, forgetting our cares, letting our desires die out, and our poor will with them, and lay our heads in childlike trust upon the bosom of the great, safe, all-sympathizing, incomprehensible protecting All.

MEETA; A FRAGMENT.

BY MRS. ELLETT.

"Ernst sind die Räthsel des Lebens, doch gelingt es uns manchmal sie zu lösen. Wer aber löset die Räthsel des Todtenreichs?"

"Deep are the mysteries of Life, yet is it sometimes given to us to penetrate them. But who can solve the mystery of Death?"

"Auf wiederschen!"—The words were simple, but the low sweet German voice that uttered the farewell, was musical as that of a bird; and there was a spell deeper than beauty's in the dark eyes that looked calmly, yet, as I thought, regretfully, upon us through the thin veil that covered them. The young girl and her companion, an elderly woman, and a relative, had been our fellow travellers only for a stage or two, on the road to Lucca: they remained there some days, while we hurried on to Modena. Once before we had casually met, at Bareno, on Lake Maggiore; one glorious evening in that most beautiful of all places. The moon had arisen in the eastern sky as the sun sank behind the Alps; the soft light reposed upon Sesto, and on the tranquil, blue waters, and tipped with silver the orange and myrtle trees, making the wilderness of flowers skirting the path that overhangs the lake, more fragrant and lovely. We strolled along the margin of the water in silent enjoyment of the scene, and passed a group of three persons, apparently as much enchanted as ourselves. Two of them were the females I have mentioned; the third was a gentleman who, as I afterwards learned, was an acquaintance, but did not form one of their travelling party. Never shall I forget the impression which the first sight of that pale, youthful face, lighted up with the earnestness of her absorbing admiration, produced upon my mind. I was conscious of a strange sensation of mingled pleasure and pain. The paleness of her complexion was far greater than could be consistent with health; and there was a depression of the corners of the mouth that indicated habitual suffering. Her eyes were large, and singularly bright, and it was their expression that gave to a countenance, not regularly handsome, a fascination that rivetted my interest at once. I saw how it was; hers was an instance too common; she was a doomed victim of that fatal malady

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which has proved the scourge of northern Europe. She had come, like many others, to seek the renovation of her health under more genial skies;—perhaps to be flattered by a temporary revival of the energies of life, then to sink and die suddenly, far from home and friends; or return wasted and wretched, in time for them to receive her last breath. There was no hope for her—none! This conviction sank upon my heart as I looked on the young stranger. The light breeze blew aside her hair, and her shawl dropped from one shoulder; she adjusted it immediately, but I had time to see that the form it covered was sadly attenuated. At the same time her companion said to her: "Meeta, this night air is not good for you." They turned and walked away. In the brief conversation I had with them on the journey afterwards, I learned that she was indeed travelling for her health; that the lady with her was an aunt; the means of her father, her only parent, being too limited to allow him to accompany them. He belonged to a respectable, though not aristocratic, class in one of the northern German towns. Meeta had been in delicate health from childhood; had been nervous, and subject to sleep-walking; and had latterly been attacked by paroxysms that exhausted her strength, though her physician did not think her in immediate danger. He prescribed a strict diet, and a milder climate for the winter. This had been tried, for the winter was now nearly over, without benefit to her health, and they should return homeward as soon as the season was sufficiently advanced to allow her to do so with safety.

We parted, as I said, at Lucca; and, interested as I felt for the suffering invalid, I gave her my best wishes, never expecting to behold her again. But there was a cheerful confidence in her tone when she uttered her "Auf wiederschen!"

"And we *shall* meet again, I trust!" said my companion.

I was startled, for I had not observed that he had seemed interested; certainly he had not joined me in questioning the dame. In reply to my question why he was induced to think so, he merely shrugged his shoulders and sighed; plainly intimating that in the place whither all the living are tending, the kingdom of death, he expected to meet her.

"She will be there before you or I," was my half-musing remark, to which he returned no answer; yet it was evident our thoughts ran in the same channel.

I have said nothing of my companion; yet I ought to say much in justice to what I received and enjoyed in his society. Our acquaintance had been formed but recently; but in my pride of insight into human character, I fancied I had read his in its depths. His was a generous and kind nature, and a mind of true refinement. His intellect was expansive, and at the same time pervading. He had his own rational estimate for all things and subjects in the world, and was in no wise moved by the judgment of others. At first, this seemed to me like obstinacy or pride of opinion; but I soon saw it arose from his ever calm self-possession, and his clearness of apprehension, that perceived at a glance, and thoroughly. I always found him, at last, in the right, and often had occasion to rejoice that his purpose had been so inflexible, even when I had long withstood him. He never exulted in this superiority over me: indeed, so great was the gentleness combined with so powerful an order of mind, that it was a perpetual surprise to me, till I reflected that serenity was the natural result of faculties so well balanced, and humility of an intellect so grand and penetrating. I often compared him with the paintings of the great masters I had seen. He possessed the strength of Michael Angelo without his sternness; the expression and tenderness of Raphael without his superhuman grace; the richness of Correggio without any of his commonplace; the elevation of Guido, with yet little of his imagination about him.

This is something poetical, but where is there a more poetical subject than human character? It has ever been my delight to study it; to unfold one by one its mysterious pages; and read with eager eyes a volume that speaks more vividly, more intensely, of the Deity than the works of external nature. In these latter I used to be an enthusiast; but inanimate indeed were they, unless linked to the ideal, and needed, like the marble of Pygmalion, the artist-embrace to give them life!

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Count Basil—so I shall call my travelling companion—had a manner of perfect repose. I might call it a classic repose, but that would give the idea of something elaborate, and his was quite unstudied, unpretending and natural. With all its simplicity, however, it was a finish, if I may so call it, never attained without long attrition with the world. Nay, more, it was a stamp vulgar metal would not take: and marked far more decidedly the superiority of the man than any exterior of rank, or display of wealth could have done. Yet so little commanding was his presence, so subtle was the distinction about him, that you felt it creditable to your understanding that you recognized it. Twenty people might have conversed with him half an hour without discovering him to be other than an ordinary man; but if one among them had done so, you would have regarded the circumstance as a proof of brighter intellectual discernment.

His features were passionless and inexpressive while at rest; and he had the power, beyond any one I ever knew, of preserving their immobility while speaking even on subjects of interest. This displeased me often; but when he smiled, the grace and expression was wonderful, the effect almost magical; and he often thus unbent in conversation. In the judgment of women, he might have been eminently handsome, though I never heard any one call him so. I say nothing of his beauty, for it does not become one of the same sex to give judgment on such a point. To me, he was at all times interesting; and much of the enjoyment of my journeyings in that storied land was due to the advantage of his varied information, the charm of his correct and cultivated taste. We mingled little in society, for though I had many letters, I preferred having him to myself; nay I felt almost jealous at times, that any one should participate with me in what I regarded as a privilege to which I had a pre-eminent claim; his instructive remarks upon the scenery, the works of art, and the living manners of Italy.

* * * *

Strange, that our thoughts and feelings can become so linked with others, to whom we are bound by no tie of consanguinity or long acquaintance: there was Count Basil, from whom I could not, for weeks together, have borne the thought of separating myself; yet I knew little of him beyond the fact that he was a gentleman, from Stuttgard originally, latterly a citizen of the world, in easy circumstances, and travelling without the pressure of business. He might in truth have "bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany and his behavior everywhere,"—and he spoke several languages with perfect fluency. He was useful as a guide and agreeable as a companion; but how is it that my natural pride did not more frequently rebel, at the superiority he at all times, though quietly enough, asserted and exercised? He it was who always determined our route, made all the arrangements, and decided upon everything. If I had not been too indolent for reflection, I should have seen that I had become entirely passive, and that he governed my actions completely. If I had been the least suspicious, I should have apprehended some ulterior object in this uniform control. But I did not; for I was quite willing to be saved the trouble of deliberation, and I had learned a deference, of which, under the circumstances, I was nowise ashamed. We often talked this over, for I was entirely frank with him, and he seemed so with me. He had a theory of human nature which was then new to me; I have since learned that it is a branch of the philosophy taught in modern German schools. Basil was a genuine disciple of Kant, but something of his own he had grafted on the original stock. I listened as he explained his theories, like one in a dream; for his fluency and eloquence, when on his favorite topics, took away from me the power to dispute his assertions, and I was insensibly carried on with him, till brought to assent to propositions I had deemed startling at first. He showed no disposition to triumph when he had thus overpowered me;—his object, he said, was to convince, not to persuade. And I could almost imagine myself convinced while his lucid, forcible language sounded in my ears; nor, though afterwards it seemed like sophistry, could I divest myself of an inclination to yield belief.

There were no things in heaven or earth which it appeared his philosophy had not "dreamt of;" his mind had surely ranged the universe. Yet he

was the most imaginative of human beings. It was the reflective, not the creative faculties, that were at work. Nor could I call him an enthusiast; his ever-toiling intellect borrowed no stimulus from the impulses of feeling. He might have made the grandest discoveries without being moved to exclaim, "I have found it!" in the joy of his success.

. . . .

Weeks passed on;—how little note we take of the time which is weaving destinies faster than thought can fly! We returned by ship from Venice to Trieste. It was sunset when we came on board, and one of those bland, delicious evenings known only to the climate of Italy. The western sky was gorgeously crimson; the breeze just enough to propel the vessel, and it seemed life to inhale it. There were few passengers on board, but among them my eyes were not slow to recognize Meeta and her companion. Oh! how changed she was in the short space of time that had intervened since we parted! She seemed almost spirit-like, so much was her slight frame wasted—so sadly visible were the ravages of disease upon her face. Her complexion was so pale, it hardly seemed possible that life yet animated those features, so youthful, so childlike in their delicate outline. She raised languidly the lids that drooped over her dark eyes, and uttered an exclamation of surprise at seeing me; but did not ask after the Count, though she looked around restlessly, as I thought, with the hope of seeing him. I had no time to speak with her, for her companion soon arose and led her to her state-room, casting a glance at me as she passed that seemed to say, "Do not speak to her, she is too weak to linger!" I observed, indeed, that her steps were tottering, and she leaned heavily on the arm of her relative. Moved almost to tears, I sought the Count, and told him how sadly the poor girl was altered. He seemed much interested, but expressed no wish to see her. We remained on deck till late at night, enjoying the luxury of that unrivalled clime, and the balmy sea breeze, and the prospect of soon being again in Germany. I loved Italy, I loved her works of art; but it was painful to live in an atmosphere whose very dreamy languor takes away the energy of enterprise, and see nothing but decay around; decay in the proud monuments of former greatness, and yet more in the spirit that gave birth to them. The beauty I saw suggested but painful reflections; it was even with a melancholy admiration that I lingered over the creations of art. I poured out these feelings to my companion, but he seemed to have little sympathy with them. His conception was of man in the abstract; the rise and fall of nations he looked upon but as the development and progress of the race. I felt almost angry as I heard him speak thus.

"I have often thought you like Schiller's Posa," cried I, "but you are even more expansive than he was. He entered the lists for the rights of nations, and sacrificed those of individuals. You would immolate all to the species. But your ideal can never be realized."

"Not in this age, perhaps," said he, "but though I, like Posa, am a citizen of future times, you must acknowledge me at least more rational than others." And with a smile he repeated—

"Erschrocken fliehen sie
Vor dem Gespenste ihrer innern Grösse."

This was a truth that admitted no dispute, and I sighed to think how much of the misery and crime of humanity might be traced to it. The Count went on, but we were soon interrupted. The female whom we had seen in company with Meeta, came on deck and approached us hastily. She passed me, and laid her hand imploringly on the Count's arm. "Will you not come to the poor girl?" she said; "she has asked for you." The Count rose and went with her; I involuntarily followed, but stopped as we reached the door of the state-room. It was not right for me to intrude upon the invalid, though Heaven knows curiosity was not the feeling that impelled me.

"Oh, come in, signor," said the aunt. "Perhaps you may do something for her; she is in one of her paroxysms. Pity and relieve her, if you can. I am worn out with watching and anxiety."

And, in truth, the good woman looked ready to sink into the earth. Weeping, she took my hand, and led me into the small apartment where Meeta reclined on a couch. She looked like a bowed

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lily, as she lay motionless, her eyes closed, without sign of life, except a slight convulsive movement of the lips, her hands clasped across her breast and apparently rigid. At a sign from her aunt, the Count approached and bent over, gazing earnestly on her face. A slight tremor ran through her frame, and with a faint sigh, she opened her eyes, and fixed them on his. Pale and deathlike as she looked, there was the full fire of life in her eyes, that seemed larger and darker than ever. Several times she closed and unclosed them; then loosening her fingers from their rigid clasp, she took the Count's hand in her own, and pressed it against her heart. A faint color came back into her cheeks; she smiled and made several ineffectual efforts to speak; at length said, in a voice so low that I could scarcely catch the words, "At Arona—by the lake—I saw thee."

The words were uttered with effort, and the sentence was incomplete, but the Count seemed much startled. He changed color, and glanced at me, then turned again to the young invalid, who still held his hand clasped in both hers, and pressed to her heart. She said nothing more, but ere long her features relaxed; she sank back, closed her eyes, and breathed lightly, like one in a gentle slumber. Her relative then motioned us to withdraw, and warmly thanked my companion for his timely aid.

"It has never passed off so easily before," said she, "she is commonly much convulsed at the moment the fit leaves her, and she has not spoken before so calmly. Her words are generally wild and incoherent, and it gives her pain to utter them."

"It is strange," said Basil, after we had left her, "it was at Arona, where you remember, our windows overhung the water, that I had that singular dream. Her features were the same; yes—it must be so."

I was too much impressed by what had happened, to feel inclined to make light of his vision, or its connection with the being who seemed now to stand in so strange a relation to him. All the reserve that had marked the demeanor of Meeta's relative when we met before, was gone, and she found relief in making us acquainted with her distress. The poor girl's malady had increased rapidly after we left her, and had assumed a more alarming character. The paroxysms returned more frequently, and she would talk wildly, when able to speak at all, of one whom she had met in former ages—so she fancied—and whom she longed to rejoin. So accurately of late had she described his person, that her aunt knew it could be no other than Count Basil, but hesitated to claim his assistance, till driven to do so, by the increasing illness of her niece. "I entreat you, sir," she concluded, "not to leave us till we reach Germany. Let me but carry her home to die! Let her mourning father receive her, or at least be sent for from Trieste, if her strength fails to go further."

This was resolved upon as soon as we landed, for Meeta was too much exhausted for further travel. Lodgings were procured in an elevated situation, and we promised to remain with them, till the arrival of her parent.

Not a day passed that the Count was not summoned to the side of the invalid, for his presence alone would relieve her. In him she found what she had so long sought and suffered for; and however great the physical pain she endured, it gradually departed whenever he came near her. On one of these occasions, while the paroxysm was upon her, she was violently convulsed. Her aunt summoned the Count in haste; when he came to her couch, Meeta took both his hands and passed them over her face, down her shoulders and arms, directing him to repeat the motion. He did so; the convulsions ceased, and she became calm. She smiled, and spoke, at first incoherently, but soon more connectedly; but talked of dim and distant things—of objects beyond ordinary sense. I hardly knew whether to believe her dreaming or inspired.

"Do you understand her?" I asked of the Count.

He shook his head. "Not entirely; but she is not less rational on that account."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that we should be worse than fools, to judge her by the rules of our ordinary senses. She is now beyond them."

"Can you account, then, for the influence you possess over her?"

"The power of the will is sufficient

to produce it. Have not you yourself observed or experienced that power in one human being over another?"

"True; mind sways mind; but can the will have power over inanimate matter—over the diseases of our frame?"

Basil looked at me earnestly as he replied, in the words of one of the philosophers of his native land: "The will is stronger than the angels; yea, *it may overcome even death itself.*"

The more I saw of this interesting invalid, the more earnestly I desired to obtain from her some explanation of her own mysterious language. One day, when I saw her under an attack of her malady, I ventured to address her for that purpose. She did not reply. I soon found she was conscious of the presence of no one but the Count. To see if he could induce her to reply to me, Basil took my hand, and placed hers in it; then I repeated my question. She suddenly turned to me, with a bright look of intelligence, but hesitated some time before she answered me, speaking slowly, in her soft tones.

"The true life of man is not that which he enjoys through the medium of the senses. There is another, and a higher life; that which was his before the spirit was united to flesh; which shall be his again when death sets the spirit free. The soul of every human being is but a portion of the mass of spiritual life. The flesh divides it from its kindred atoms; but it grieves for the separation, and rushes to their embrace again, when the intervening is removed. Even while shrouded in clay, it feels the thrill sent through the mass by the slightest movement of any integral part. Not a thought is born in a single human breast and goes forth into the foreign, but it bears with it a still increasing, still widening influence, for ever and ever."

Basil regarded me, as if he would read my opinion of what she said. I replied to his look, "It were strange if Thought, the noblest offspring of the Deity, could ever perish."

The musical voice of Meeta continued: "Sometimes even in earthly life, the spiritual influence transcends that of the senses. Thus, two meet who have never looked on each other's faces before; their spirits are mutually recognized; they mingle, and clasp each other firmly and for ever. Thus it was, O Basil, with me and thee; thou knowest me not so well, because the earthly shell veiled me, but thee I saw clearly, because my covering is worn so thin, that the immaterial looked through. Could I recover, I should lose thee again, but only for a time."

"Is there a nearer affinity, then, between certain spirits, than others?" I asked.

"There is a tendency in universal nature to supply that which is wanting by what abounds. Thou seest this is the case in the external world; so the spiritual life seeks equalization. The strong seeks the feeble; the weak takes refuge with the strong. The powers of Basil yield what my spirit craves; I could not live without him, therefore am I implanted in his essence. I can but speak darkly of those things, for all is yet shadowy and imperfect to my vision. But it will grow stronger day by day."

"As your mortal frame grows weaker?"

"Even so. But do not imagine there is any increase in the spiritual power. That is always the same; it ebbs and flows, it is true, but the changes are not in itself, but in its manifestation. The flesh alone changes, and sometimes opposes its barriers more firmly than at others. When the flesh is ready to dissolve, the barriers are shattered, and the light pours in from the vast abyss of universal being. And in health, when the life of the flesh is suspended in dreams, light breaks in, though faintly and fitfully."

"Sleep, then, is the waking of the spirit?"

"In proportion as the bodily life is suspended; not wholly, for the senses yet mingle in the perceptions of the soul. Hast thou not often been conscious of shadowy recollections at the moment of waking from slumber? Those were glimpses of the inner life, but they are imperfect and transitory. It is as one sees the glow of sunset, or sunrise, or some mountain summit, while darkness is yet around him. He sees the distant glow, and knows it is day in some more favored region. So when thoughts come suddenly, and unaccountably, either in sleeping or waking, upon thy soul, thou art wont to say that some good angel, or some invisible power sent the suggestion. That is the flow of the inner life."

Much more she said on this subject;

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the effort of speaking did not seem exhaust her, as it always did when under the influence of her malady. Basil did not permit me to talk g at a time with her. On another asion, I questioned her on the phenena of trances, and visions, and thsaying. She called dreams the dge between the outer and inner , and referred everything to the ebb flow of spiritual power. I could but admire the ingenuity of her ory.

"As the physical frame loses its wers by age," she continued, "its ation to the soul grows weaker; the l has less power over its once obeent vassal, and the spirit withdraws lf into the inner unconscious life. e alienation increases, till the last nd that united them is severed, and e freed spirit bounds away. Sometes it looks forth, while yet imprisoned, with a vision so clear, that it is enabled to foretell the moment of dissolution."

I have transferred to my journal much that she said, which I cannot here record; much of the past and of the future—for she predicted events that have since been accomplished. I observed that her fantasy always obeyed the direction of the Count's will. She would wander, as he bade her, over the earth, and describe scenes in places far distant. She could tell the thoughts of many persons, and often answered to his, when he had not uttered them.

Days passed, and while the clairvoyance, or paroxysm, was upon her, she continued to speak eloquently of things beyond the discernment of sense, but in the intervals grew hourly more feeble. She suffered less than formerly, for the will of her friend always soothed her physical pain, and restored calmness to her. It was not at all times necessary for him to be in her presence to minister relief, but his thoughts could not wander from her without causing her suffering. We had one or two affecting instances of this, and afterwards I observed the Count did not quit the house, though he avoided, as much as possible, the painful necessity of being near her. Who could, without emotion, see her sinking under a hopeless malady to the grave? For a time she was able to sit by the window; then she became too weak to leave her couch; and ere long her faithful relative had to sit by her bedside, and for hours support the frail form of the dying girl in her arms, to enable her to breathe at all. Still recurred, at the usual intervals, those strange paroxysms; and her eye would kindle with supernatural brilliancy as it rested on him to whom her spirit clung, even when her tongue refused to utter her glowing thoughts. I never saw the Count so much agitated as when he stood thus by her side for the last time.

"I go,"—she said, in a voice of strange sweetness; "fare thee well! My father will arrive too late. But it matters not now. I go with joy. Basil, I await thee!" And those were her last words; for when consciousness came again, she was speechless. That night she died.

. . . .

I went into the Count's room; he was sitting by his table, his face buried in his hands. Never shall I forget the look of deep anguish that met my glance as he raised his head. I saw that he had loved Meeta.

"Had she but lived!" exclaimed he —in answer to some expression of sympathetic feeling on my part—"had she but lived—so gentle—so earnest—so truthful—with mind so purely clear! Such childlike, feminine grace, united to an intellect almost seraphic! Could it have been developed, of what were she not capable? Though struggling against untoward circumstances, shrouded long in ignorance, it burst forth and shone, alas! too late, except to show how noble was that emanation from Divinity—and how glorious it might have been on earth had longer time been given!"

I hardly knew what to make of him; was he mourning only that a bright soul was lost to the world!

"It might have been mine,"—he continued passionately, "to guide, to instruct her; and she would have understood my lessons. In her I might have lived over my youth—the fairest and most joyous, if not the noblest part of our existence. Yes, in her the last trace of the beautiful is gone from this world—henceforth all is gloom!"

He covered his face again with his hands, and I saw the strong heart shaken with mighty grief. He had loved her; and, in natures like his, how powerful is love! It is not that passion which exists in the transports

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of the senses, which misleads reason in others, and leads to jealousy or remorse, or exhausts itself by its own violence, incapable of continuance; but love like that the German poetry has illustrated; which purifies while it warms the heart; unites calmness with its force; governs all the faculties of the soul; which cannot descend to crime; mysterious, enduring, invincible, inextinguishable, like the intellect in which it has its origin.

I was about to withdraw, when the Count arose, having regained his composure by a strong effort, and requested me to remain, that we might determine what was best to be done. We decided that the burial should be deferred a day or two, that time might be given for her father's arrival. It would be a melancholy consolation for him to look once more upon the mortal remains of his beloved child, before they should be hidden in the tomb. Her relative was incapable of any exertion; for, exhausted by grief and her long anxieties, it was necessary to procure a nurse to attend her till her strength should be restored, so that in common humanity the care of the dead devolved upon us.

The first night I watched beside the corpse alone; the next the Count insisted on taking his turn; and, unwilling to leave him in the disquieted state of his mind, I insisted on sharing his melancholy vigil.

. . . .

We sat together for hours, alone with the dead; and few words were spoken, for conversation would have desecrated so solemn a scene. The Count was near the window, which commanded a view of the sea. The night was tempestuous, the dashing of the waves on the shore, and the wild howling of the wind, was melancholy music enough, but it corresponded with our gloomy thoughts. I removed the light several times, to avoid the gusts of wind that poured through numerous crevices in the old building; and having at last found a sheltered spot, returned to my seat, to indulge in waking dreams of far distant friends as the hours wore on.

Suddenly I was startled by what seemed a movement from the bed on which the corpse was laid. The blood curdled at my heart for an instant, but my next impulse was to reproach myself for having fallen into momen[illegible] slumber. The Count had not seen [illegible] forgetfulness; his face was tu[illegible] away; and, with a resolution to gu[illegible] against the least inclination to slee[illegible] changed my position. A quarter o[illegible] hour passed, during which I beca[illegible] satisfied that my senses were su[illegible]ciently sharpened to discern the l[illegible] sound, and I was beginning to rel[illegible] into my old train of thought, w[illegible] every faculty was keenly aroused [illegible] what I could no longer doubt w[illegible] sigh from the inanimate form.

It was a sigh—the lightest [illegible] faintest—but distinctly heard and [illegible] with thrilling effect, through e[illegible] fibre of my frame. I sprang to [illegible] feet, I came to the bed, and drew a[illegible] the covering that shrouded the d[illegible] girl. Oh, how wan, yet lovely, [illegible] that face in its waxen repose! [illegible] and death-like she lay; her long l[illegible] hair was unbound, and lay across [illegible] cheek, and on her breast, and on [illegible] white robe that shrouded her, so [illegible] that it seemed to me I had never seen absolute repose before. Her white dress was confined at the waist with a girdle, clasped with a silver buckle. Her slender, almost transparent hands, were folded across her bosom. I gazed at her some minutes in breathless attention; then I saw—yes, I saw the lips part almost imperceptibly, and heard the same faint sigh. The lips were tinged with a light rose color. I rushed to the Count, seized his arm, and drew him to the bed, for my emotion denied me the power of speech. Alas! that faint sign of life had already disappeared; the rose hue had vanished from the lips, and they were motionless as white and cold. Basil looked at me as if he would say, "Do you mock my anguish?" and returned to his place. I stood by the bedside with feelings unutterable.

Again—and again; and this time there was no doubt the breast heaved, and there was a convulsive motion in all the features. I seized her hand—it was warm; and when I let it fall it sank on the cushions with the elasticity of life. "She lives!" I shrieked. Basil came to me; I would have called assistance, but he peremptorily forbade it.

"We have means at hand," he said, "for her restoration, if she be really living; but do not be deceived by these

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appearances; they sometimes occur after death."

I was surprised to hear him speak thus, but yielded to his request; and pouring some liquid from a phial he gave me, I chafed Meeta's hands and forehead, and employed every means of restoration in my power. These means appeared now to be successful, now to be entirely without effect; yet I continued them mechanically, with a vague hope of I knew not what.

I can give no idea of the time employed in this strange and awful occupation; for my feelings were bound up, like one in a hideous dream. Hours must have passed, and I could not say yet whether she lived or not. But all at once a change took place; she moved, like one waking from sleep. She lifted her arm, so that the white sleeve fell from it, then let it sink again on her breast; she unclasped her hands, but seemed unable to raise them to her face. Soon after, with a slow and languid effort, she rose from the bed and sat upright. Her head drooped, first on one side, then on the other, as if sleep overpowered her; her lips moved, but no sound came from them, and her eyes were closed. Her hair hung over her face; slowly she raised her hand, and with the thin wasted fingers put aside the locks. Then her hand fell heavily and wearily by her side. The fearful drama went on; she folded her arms on her breast, stood upon her feet, and, with a deeply drawn sigh, opened her eyes. They were bright as ever, but their look of intelligence was gone. She was like a sleep-walker, that looks at objects without seeing them, for, though her gaze was fixed on me, she seemed wholly unconscious of my presence. What were my feelings during this frightful enactment of Life in Death? I cannot describe them; nay, I knew not what they were. I was conscious of but one hideous thought, and gasped long for breath before I could give it utterance—"If you have indeed done this"—cried I to the Count—"if your WILL has indeed summoned this prey of the tomb ere the tomb has received her—back to a ghastly life which is not life—beware what you do! Disturb not the repose of the dead! Look at her! if those pale lips could frame language, would they not implore the peace you have impiously marred?"

The Count cast on me a stern glance, and walked across the room to the spot where stood the Life-in-Death. She made a step forwards to meet him; waved her head gently, laid her hand upon his arm and looked in his face with an expression like that of a pleased child, while her lips murmured his name softly.

The Count took both her hands in his, and looked at her fixedly and solemnly. "Dost thou live?" he asked. She shook her head, and the expression of pleasure in her eyes gave place to one of deep sadness. The Count suddenly let fall her hands, staggered backward, and struck his hand against his forehead. "Art thou, then, Oh Heaven! the spectre of her I loved?"

The apparition stretched out her arms towards him. "Basil, dear Basil!" she murmured. He approached her, and I saw him shudder as her hand again touched his. She laid one hand upon his shoulder, as if to support herself, and spoke slowly and interruptedly. "Let me receive strength from thee to speak what I would utter. I live—Basil—but no longer the life of earth, nor yet that of immortality. Soon I shall live—in the Creator—when thou dost release me from this heavy thraldom. Release me, Basil. Call me not back to this cloud-life—that is agony to the panting spirit. Give me thy blessing, that I may depart!"

Bewildered as my senses were to everything else, they were fearfully alive to what passed by that couch of death. The Count placed her passive form upon the bed; her eyes closed, but the smile remained on her lips. Again her hands were folded across her breast; her features gradually became rigid; the coldness of death once more settled over them; the grave reclaimed its prey! He covered her face, and led me from her without a word; and long before the dawn of morning, all was as it had been when we first took our places for that solemn death-watch; nor till this record goes forth to the world, will have been known to a single human being, save one, the occurrences of that terrible night.

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THE VICTORY OF FREEDOM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF COUNT AUERSBERG.*

FREEDOM is the spell of magic,
  Thro' the world its name is heard;
Little will it now avail you,
  To be deaf to Freedom's word.
Once she spoke entreating mildly;
  And your deafness is to blame,
If amid the thundering cannon
  Now she shouts her glorious name.

Beauteous Freedom, chosen maiden,
  Of our time the banner holds;
Do not hope to plead your blindness,
  When her standard she unfolds;
And if ye that banner saw not,
  When 'twas white, and pure, and fair,
Can ye wonder if of crimson,
  Sanguine stains now glitter there?

Ye alone have linked the maiden
  With the tyrant god of war;
Clang of arms and blood-stained mantles
  From her thoughts and hopes are far.
Yet must Freedom ever conquer,
  This her power can never cease;
Over spears in raging battle,
  Over hearts in gentle peace.

If the distaff, and the spindle,
  And soft words and glances fail,
Armed in brass, like fabled Pallas,
  With the sword will she prevail;
And with us, too, will she conquer,
  I proclaim it loud and free—
Oh, how longed for, oh, how welcome,
  Were that victory to me!

In the land of ancient Vulcan,
  A Vesuvius must arise,
Fill the troubled air with lightnings,
  Ere it clear the darkened skies;
In that land, with wild commotion
  Must the tempest's rage be spent,
Ere grown bright, and pure, and brilliant,
  Shines the azure firmament.

But in this sweet land of blossoms,
  And of vines of purple hue,
There but needs a shower so gentle,
  Springtide, rain, and morning dew.

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* The author of the above poem is better known to the literary world, under the fictitious name of "Anastasius Grün."

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Do not fear the noble ferment,—
  In our wine the same we see,
That more sweet, and pure, and golden,
  The bright sparkling draught may be.

Not the sword, our warlike weapon,
  No! the *Word* be law and light!
Victory, when serene and joyful,
  Claims a glory doubly bright.
Look on Spring, the youthful hero,
  Learn from him the conqueror's road,
When he drives the tyrant Winter
  Boldly forth from his abode.

Winter is a rugged despot,
  Dark and cruel, and severe,
For with his long nights obscuring,
  He would gladly veil the year.
Winter is a gloomy tyrant,—
  Fast within his icy chains,
The bright fountain of enjoyment
  Languishing and cold remains.

See, with all his army round him,
  How the glorious rebel Spring,
In his camp so drear and gloomy,
  Has surprised the hoary king!
Sunbeams are his glittering sabres,
  Ears of corn his lances bright;
How the lances and the sabres
  Sparkle radiant in the light!

For the music of his army,
  Sings full many a joyous bird,
And his hymn of bold rebellion
  From the soaring lark is heard;
All his cannon-balls are blossoms,
  All his bullets, morning dew;
How his cannon-balls and bullets
  Fly o'er fields of every hue!

And to those to whom three colors
  Seem too many for their gaze,
Boldly he unfolds the rainbow
  With its various-colored rays.
For rosettes of youthful Freedom,
  Spring has strewn with flowers the ground,
How on hill, and dale, and valley,
  Now his flowery wreaths abound!

All around in town and village,
  Has he kindled flames of fire,
Yes, in rays of golden sunshine
  Brightly glitter roof and spire.
Fluttering high his azure banner
  Waves serenely o'er the land,
For a scutcheon, rosy vapors,
  With the motto, *Freedom*, stand.

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Ha! the Winter's reign is over,
  With his long and gloomy night;
With his frost and icy fetters,
  He has sped his dreary flight.
Where he reigned in chilly darkness,
  The young victor may be seen,
By exulting song surrounded,
  Sunny mirth and garlands green.

And in robes of verdant splendor,
  Mountain, dale, and wood are dressed;
EQUAL *Freedom* do I proffer—
  All shall EQUALLY be blessed.
Such a victory, my country,
  Such do I implore for thee;
Like the spring-tide's brightest sunshine
  May thy glorious *Freedom* be!

February, 1843. H. M.

LOOSE LEAVES BY A LITERARY LOUNGER,

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AN author is a kind of anomaly in the human family, an exception to the general rule of the species, living apart from his race, inhabiting an ideal world, with feelings and impulses peculiarly his own, and governed by laws which are alien to all mankind beside. In his dizzy altitude, enjoying a sort of living apotheosis, yet sharing equally in the weaknesses incident to our frail mortality, it is not surprising that we sometimes should discern traces of the human, even amidst the celestial halo of immortal genius. Thus, all but superhuman, with the common-places of every-day life he has generally but little sympathy. In fine, he is essentially an anti-social being, having usually a strong spice of asceticism and saturnine exclusiveness that at once induces our commingled pity and admiration. Caressed, and in fact, at some time, almost deified as he is by the "base multitude," he becomes the unconscious victim of an insatiate love of fame, while the indulgence of this very passion renders him but the more acutely sensitive to the chilling influences of those reverses which he is often mercilessly destined to abide.

Lavish, indeed, as we have been in our devotions at the shrine of modern genius, we find our sober forefathers were not a whit behind us in this respect. Sir Isaac Newton was so highly esteemed that it is related of one of the greatest mathematicians of his age, the Marquis de l'Hôpital, that he inquired, on one occasion, whether the great astronomer actually was seen to eat, drink, and sleep as other men; as, he confessed, he had represented to himself a being of celestial attributes, entirely disengaged from corporeal matter. Of the renowned Bishop Berkeley, a name that will be consecrated as long as learning is held in honor, or virtue has reverence among men, and to whom Pope has assigned the possession of every known excellence that can impart lustre to our nature—(and whose memory ought certainly to be ever dear to us, as having been the first found associated with the organization of a University in one of our Eastern States)—a similarly superhuman notion was entertained by his cousin, who once exclaimed on quitting his room, lifting up his hands with astonishment: "So much

understanding and learning coupled with such exemplary humility and innocence, I did not believe could have been the portion of any but an angel, till I beheld him!" Again, we find it recorded of the celebrated French divine, Saurin, that on occasion of his preaching, one of his astonished audience is said to have exclaimed: "Is it an angel, or a mere man?"

It certainly involves a seeming paradox, that where we find such towering compliments lavished with so unsparing a hand on the labors of an author, he should be left so singularly destitute of a proportionate pecuniary recompense. It was Ariosto, if we remember rightly, who, when asked by a friend why he did not erect for himself a more noble villa, replied, "words are cheaper than stones." But the truth of the matter is, that although our authors may be, in their intellectuality, thus supernal, they signally fail in verifying the axiom of the ancient sage, which declares that "they are most like the gods, who have fewest wants," for the reverse has been notoriously the fact. The subject of the poverty and sufferings of authors has been worn threadbare; our present object is to cast a glance upon the other side of the account.

Hazlitt, in his amusing essay on the inconveniences of "the want of money," has some admirable hits on the subject of the proverbial improvidence and extravagance of literary men; among others we find several characteristic anecdotes about Sheridan. He exhibited a perfect specimen of what is styled living from hand to mouth. Always in need of means, although often in the receipt of vast sums of money, he is known to have exercised the most singular ingenuity in avoiding the payment of his debts. On one occasion he is reported to have squandered away no less a sum than £1600 in a six weeks' jaunt to Bath, returning without a single copper. When he accepted an invitation to the country, it was his usual custom to hire a post-chaise and four for himself, and another for his son Tom. Taylor, of the Opera House, was accustomed to say of him, that he could not pull off his hat to him in the street without its costing him fifty pounds; and if he stopped to speak to him, it was a hundred. Once when a creditor brought him a bill for payment, which had been often presented to him before, and the man complained of its soiled and tattered state, and said he was ashamed of it, "I'll tell you what I'd advise you to do with it, my friend," said Sheridan, "take it home and write it upon *parchment!*" He once mounted a horse which a horse-dealer was showing off near a coffee-house at the bottom of St. James's street, rode it to Tattersall's, sold it, and walked quietly back to the spot from which he set out with the money in his pocket; the owner was furious, and swore he would be the death of him; but in a quarter of an hour afterwards they were both seen sitting together over a bottle of wine, in the same coffee-house, the horse-jockey with the tears running down his face at Sheridan's jokes, and almost ready to hug him as an honest fellow. His house and lobby were beset with duns every morning, who were generally told that Mr. Sheridan was not yet up, and were accordingly shown into the several rooms on each side of the entrance. As soon as he had breakfasted, he once asked: "Are all these doors shut, John?" and being assured they were, he marched out very deliberately between them, to the chagrin and amazement of his self-invited guests. Perhaps few, however, could be found to equal Sheridan in this species of legerdemain; but the above may afford a fair sample of the foolish indifference to the value of money which we so frequently find to belong to the members of the literary profession. When Fielding was interrogated as to his reasons for espousing the literary profession, he replied, "that he had no alternative between being either a hackney writer or a hackney coachman;" and we find Butler making the following rather depreciating allusion to the votaries of the muse;

"It is not poetry that makes men poor,
For few do write, that were not so before;
And those who have writ best, had they been rich,
Had ne'er been seized with the poetic itch;
Had loved their ease too well to take the pains
To undergo that drudgery of brains:—
But being for all other trades unfit,
Only t' avoid being idle, set up wit!"

The earliest evidence we can find upon record of a recognition of literary property, occurred under the pontificate

of Leo X. a period memorable for letters as synchronizing with the great revival of learning in western Italy. In Roscoe's interesting life of that extraordinary man and patron of literature, we read of a MS. copy of five books of Tacitus having been purchased for 500 zechins, by the Pope, from Angelo Acromboldo, who procured them from the Abbey of Corvey in Westphalia. He committed them to the editorial supervision of the renowned Beroaldi, for the security of whose services as collaborator, the pontiff instituted a penalty of 200 ducats, confiscation of the spurious copies, and, in addition to this, excommunication against any person who should attempt to pirate the edition within ten years. But notwithstanding these severe prohibitions, it appears, the edition was reprinted at Milan, and in the same year; the unfortunate bibliopole had, however, to hand over the counterfeit copies and the cash—the substantial part of the penalty—but he found the wrath of the offended party appeased by the salvo, and the mercy of the Pope spared him the infliction of the residue of his sentence!

The first writer we shall quote as having made literature a profitable profession, is Ariosto. Although at the time he completed his "Orlando Furioso," he was obliged himself to incur the expense of its publication, the publishers declining to embark in the enterprise in consequence of the depreciating opinion expressed as to its merits by Cardinal Hippolyto, to whom the work had been inscribed, which was to the effect, that "he wondered where he had contrived to pick up such a mass of absurdities;" yet the world soon amply avenged the poet upon the critic, by recording a very different estimate of it, and fortune was not behindhand in the bestowal of her favors. Under the immediate auspices of the wealthy Duke of Ferrara, was his condition not only placed beyond the influence of want, but he was at length enabled to erect for himself a noble mansion, in lieu of his former humble domicile; and although it did not occur till the evening of his life, he yet was destined to receive the honor of the laurel-crown, at the installation of which, it is stated he himself enacted the part of herald, proclaiming his own honors before the assembled multitude.

Geoffrey Chaucer, the great parent of our vernacular verse, whose "well of English undefiled" was

> "Made firste to distylle and rayne
> The gold dew dropys of speche and eloquence
> Into our tunge,"—

thus enriching it with the foreign spoils, the more euphonious cadences of sunny Italy, and weeding it of the ruder relics of Gothic idiom,—was, as far as can be ascertained, by no means a "poor poet," as concerns the things of this life. Not only had he sufficient means to obtain a liberal education at Cambridge, but throughout almost the whole of life he enjoyed "honorable ease," retaining for many years the lucrative office of Comptroller of Customs; and also, at successive intervals, was commissioned on an embassy to Rome and Genoa. His good fortune would probably have accompanied him to the end of his days, since he was a remarkable favorite at the court of the Plantagenets, had he not forfeited its esteem, by his adherence to the Wickliffe tenets then so unsavory in that quarter. His immediate successor, Lydgate, although far from being considered as his compeer, either in the grasp of his intellect or the exuberant richness and versatility of his poetic imagery, yet appears to have been no less a favorite with the indolently rich.

Of the immortal Spenser, it is sufficient for our purpose to relate the anecdote of his first interview with his amiable patron, Sir Philip Sydney, who, on his reciting the ninth canto of the first book of his "Faerie Queene," became so entranced with the fascination of his verse, that he interrupted him, by calling to his steward to give him £50, but no sooner had he completed another canto, than he doubled the amount; his astonished steward, however, being no less surprised than his master, though for a very different cause, thought it his duty to delay the execution of so sudden and lavish a bounty; when upon the poet's reading one stanza more, his munificent patron quadrupled the amount, making it £200, strenuously insisting that his servant should instantly pay him the money, and beg him to leave the house, for he feared, if he continued

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to practise the incantations of his genius, he would be in danger of parting with his whole estate. The kind-hearted Sydney long continued to befriend him, by appointing him to embassies, and other tokens of esteem and beneficence. He held a fine estate in Ireland for ten or twelve years, and the dark shades which settled about his latter days, were, it seems, superinduced by political intrigue, rather than any neglect of his merits as an author.

And what shall we say of the bard of Avon, whose magnificent genius has delighted the human race, and whose unrivalled skill in the delicate analysis of human thought and feeling, has by universal consent been rewarded with the epithet of being almost divine? From the obscurity of the lowliest origin, his career was early marked by the lustre of his intellectual strength; during a period of nearly twenty years, we find him patiently occupying himself with the laborious drudgery of the stage,—now modestly correcting the dramatic essays of those scarce worthy to "tend his humble bidding,"—now enacting the productions of his own pen at the Globe; till at length, idolized by the world, he is seen returning with his golden sheaves to the hallowed spot of his nativity, with a competency more than sufficient to ensure for him as smooth an autumn of life, as the bosom of his favorite Avon. It is not a little singular, that we know less of the actual private history of this great man, than almost any whose lives have been deemed worthy of record. It is enough, however, for our purpose to know, that if it was not attended with great affluence, his career did not suffer from the cares of penury or want. On the contrary, Gibbon mentions that the personal estate of Shakspeare, at his decease, was estimated at £300 per annum; and although it is contended by Malone, that it could not have much exceeded £200, in either case he may not be said to have died poor.

The age of Shakspeare was no less ennobled by his surpassing genius, than by the many master-spirits which contributed to its lustre; some of whom, like their great prototype, rose from the humblest origin. Such was Davies, the poet, who ultimately attained the highest civil distinction, by being appointed to the supreme seat in the judiciary of the realm. And thou, "O rare Ben Jonson," didst receive good and honest pay for thy dramatic performances, which thou didst cause to appear with the regularity of the solar year; and but for thy incurable love of good old sack, and thy sneaking predilection for the convivialities of the coffee-house, thou mightest have lived all thy days, if not in affluence, at least in ease; for didst not thou receive many a golden guinea for thy pen's labor, and, in addition, 100 marks from King James, which thy wit metamorphosed into as many guineas per annum, from the private purse of his unfortunate successor? But we pause not for thy reply—the thing speaks for itself. We are all familiar with the frailties of this favorite dramatist, and it is needless to descant upon them afresh.

Phineas Fletcher, the poet, who lived in the early part of the seventeenth century, seems to have passed his days unruffled by the vexations and difficulties so commonly thought to be the sure concomitants of a life devoted to the Muses. He was well paid, and earned no mean amount of fame, having been styled by some of his critics, "the Spenser of his age." His brother, Giles Fletcher, a writer of more than equal merit perhaps, was in a like condition. Abraham Cowley was also patronized, by having received several appointments, including the mastership of the Savoy, a post of considerable emolument; and even Milton was indebted for his commission in the Government department of foreign affairs, to the acknowledgment of his splendid talents alone, notwithstanding his avowed adherence to republican doctrines, so inimical to his individual interests and preferment. Dryden, moreover, might have been rich, one would have supposed, had he husbanded the ample resources accruing from his workings; for he received £1300 for his "Virgil," and nearly £300 for his "Fables," in addition to which, he enjoyed an annuity from Government of £200 sterling, and which was only intermitted, in consequence of the Revolution. He wrote on one occasion, it is true, ten thousand lines for £300, but he was partly his own enemy, being characterized as saturnine and reserved in his deportment, notwithstanding his muse is the

most chastened, terse, and rich, in the language. His spouse might have been partly to blame in the matter, perhaps, for we find she was not particularly endowed with the attributes which contribute to connubial felicity. In the case of Matthew Prior, we have a striking instance of the supremacy of mind over circumstances. His first step to honorable preferment occurred at his uncle's house, where the Earl of Dorset chanced to be in dispute with some others, respecting a passage in Horace, when one of the party affirmed, "that there was a youngster present, who could set them all right in a minute." Prior, although a mere boy, explained away the difficulty so readily, and so modestly withal, that the Earl at once and for ever became his friend. He took him under his patronage, sent him to Cambridge, and procured for him an excellent appointment, which he held for many years; and which, together with his poems, published by subscription, yielded him a large amount of money, thus enabling him not only to pass the last years of his life in "independent ease," but (alas for human frailty!), he was actually vain enough to bequeath £500 at his demise, for the erection of a monument to his own memory in Westminster Abbey.

In reply to some observations made to Sterne, to the effect that he wielded his pen in order to obtain *nummum in loculo*, he declared he wrote not to be fed, but to be famous. His "Tristram Shandy," however, was no evidence of this fact, for he succeeded in securing no niggard share of emolument as well as praise.

Lintot, the liberal publisher of Pope, disbursed the large sum of between £5000 and £6000, for the copyright of his "Homer" and other works; and Gay received from the publication of his Poems, by subscription, £1000, which were printed in 1720. And a few years after, he got all together from his "Beggar's Opera," the extraordinary sum of £1600 sterling. He also held several offices under the gift of Government, and notwithstanding he was a notoriously bad economist, by the especial care which his patroness, the Duchess of Queensborough, took of him, he left at his death over £3000. Addison, who rose from a mere pot-house boy, was no less well provided for; he enjoyed the snug little annuity of £300 for some years, and at a subsequent date, 1717, the office of Secretary of State; but being inadequate to the onerous duties of that post, he retired from it with a pension of £1500. We remember, also, to have read somewhere, of one Berkenhead, in the time of the Protectorate, who was a writer of all work, and who finally worked himself so successfully into notice, that he was at length made one of the Masters of Requests, with the magnificent salary of £3000 per annum. Congreve, also, seems to have been of the number of fortunate incumbents; he had, from Lord Halifax, £1200 sinecure; and Steele was another instance of Government patronage. One Sir John Hill, a satirical scribe of the eighteenth century, made £1500 a year by his pen for a considerable time.

Again, we have, in Fielding, the English Cervantes, another proof of the liberal patronage of genius, although his germ of authorship came wellnigh being nipped in the bud; for we read that, on the completion of his first admirable satirical novel, "Tom Jones," he offered it impatiently for publication, without success, to a minor publisher for an almost nominal sum, £25; but, fortunately meeting with his friend Thomson, who, perusing the work, pronounced a highly favorable opinion of it, our author set off with a light heart, in company with the poet, to the well known Andrew Millar, to whom he presented his MS. Millar's critic and counsellor in these matters was his wife; and accordingly to her the production was consigned for inspection. The result was successful to poor Fielding, as she advised her husband "on no account to let the work slip his fingers." An interview with the several parties ensued at a coffee-house in the Strand, and, after applying the mollifying specific of a couple of bottles of old port, they proceeded to business. Fielding, with no little trepidation, consequent on his recent rebuff in another quarter, at length broke silence, and requested to know what the worthy bibliopole proposed to give for the work. "I am a man," said he, "of few words, and fond of coming to the point; but really, after giving every consideration I am able to your novel, I do not think I can

possibly afford to give you more than £200 for it." "What!" exclaimed the astonished author, scarcely crediting the sound, "two hundred pounds?" "Indeed, Mr. Fielding," returned Millar, "indeed I am fully sensible of your talent, but my mind is made up." "Two hundred pounds," continued the delighted novelist, "two hundred pounds did you say?" "Upon my word, sir, I mean no disparagement to the writer or his great merit, but my mind, I repeat, is made up, and I cannot give more." "Allow me to ask," responded the still incredulous and enraptured scribe, "to ask you—whether—you—are—really—in earnest?" "Never more so," replied Millar, "in all my life, and I hope you will candidly acquit me of every intention to injure your feelings or depreciate your abilities, when I repeat, that I cannot afford you more than £200 for your novel." "Then, my good sir," cried out poor Fielding, in a delirious rapture, having recovered himself from the surprise of such unlooked-for good fortune, "give me your hand on it—the book is yours; and waiter," continued he, "bring two more bottles of your best port." But this freak of fortune was not ended yet. He received from the subsequent editions of the work £500 more in gratuity from this noble patron of authors. His "Amelia" produced him £1000, and, it appears, his other works in like proportion. Yet, notwithstanding he was in possession of £1500 by his marriage, in addition to an annuity he enjoyed of £200, such was his extravagant folly and improvidence, that he was frequently in absolute want, and had to borrow of his indulgent publisher, at various times, to an extent of over £2500, which sum, indeed, the latter was generous enough to cancel against him at his death. One of the absurdities he had the vanity to indulge was that of launching an equipage with bright yellow liveries, which, requiring frequently renewing to preserve their brilliancy, of course involved one item of considerable moment to a person of his sphere, and sufficiently evinces his utter disregard of the virtue of economy. The story of Fielding and the tax-gatherer serves also to induce the inference. Poor Fielding had the misfortune to live when taxes were as much in vogue as they are in our own day; and the patience of the tax-collector had been taxed to the extreme verge of endurance, beyond which he would bear with no further procrastination. In this dilemma he hies away to his banker, i. e. bookseller, for the necessary sum. Scarcely had he obtained it, and turned his steps homeward, when, meeting an old college chum, he soon found himself seated in the nearest coffee-room, and, in the course of the conviviality that ensued, his friend confessed himself in some distress; whereupon the tax-gatherer's money was turned to a new account, being probably half consumed in the tavern score, and the residue appropriated to the relief of his indigent friend. On the following morning, however, when the man of the municipal dues called for the promised cash, instead of receiving it, he had the following laconic expostulation sent to him: "Friendship has called for the money and had it; the collector must call again."

But to return. Swift had for his "Gulliver's Travels" £300, and Smellie for his work on Natural History £1000. Smollett, who wrote his "History of England," comprising thirteen centuries, in about the space of as many months, received for the copyright, together with that of his "Universal History," £2000, and further sums on subsequent occasions. Gibbon obtained but £200 for the first part of his "History of Rome;" but how much, good reader, do you suppose for the remainder?—£5000. Dr. Robertson also got £600 for his "Scotland," and £4,500 for the copyright of "Charles V." Dr. Hawksworth is said to have even obtained a still larger sum—an enormous one for those days—being £6,000 for his "Collection of Voyages," &c. And then there is Hume, who, from almost nothing, raised himself by his writings to considerable wealth, and high offices, which brought him more; so that he died in the enjoyment of a thousand a year, and left behind him no less than £15,000. Nor do we think Johnson, that great Colossus of English literature, had much to complain of in the long run, for he was not only petted to an abominable degree by society at large, but he received no little of their pecuniary offerings to boot. He wrote his "*Rasselas*" in a week, to pay the expenses of his mother's

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funeral; for it is true he was the son of a very *poor bookseller*, at Litchfield, whose widow had consequently a meagre inheritance, indeed, as well as her son, which rendered his early struggles somewhat severe, but they were soon mitigated through the ready appreciation of his genius. On subsequent editions of his first literary effort referred to, he further obtained about £125; his "*Dictionary*" procured for him £1575, and for each number of the "*Rambler*" which was issued twice a week, he had two guineas. But we need not enter further into detail; he lived for years on a sinecure grant of £300. Boswell got for his amusing Memoirs of the doctor, £1000. Of Goldsmith, we only possess the following particulars. He sold his "*Vicar*" for £60, while his subsequent "*Selections of English Poetry*," a labor almost mechanical, yielded him £200. His "*Traveller*" made assuredly a long journey, for it occupied five years, and after all only produced £100, while again he seems to have netted in one year, from his Dramatic pieces, £1800! Rev. Charles Simeon's Theological Writings yielded to its author £5000, a heavy speculation, being in 21 vols., 8vo. And, while we think of it, there have been a host of female writers,—Edgeworth, Porter, Hannah More, Trimmer, Sherwood, Clara Reeve, Hofland, Leslie, and Ann Radcliffe, who all received good copyrights as far as we can ascertain. The last named received £500 for "*The Mysteries of Udolpho*;" for "*The Italian*," £800—immense sums for works of fiction at the time. Again, Allan Ramsay cleared between £400 and £500 by the publication of his Early Poems, and a much larger amount by his pastoral, "The Gentle Shepherd." Even poor erratic Burns netted over £500 by his first volume of Poems, in 1782, and Currie's Memoir brought to his family £1000. Sir John Carr, for four single books of separate Tours he wrote, received £1900; Thomson held a sinecure in the Court of Chancery in consequence of his literary repute. The copyright of his "Seasons" produced him 600 guineas from first to last. Mallet, the poet, was also richly paid for his literary labors; he lived and died in easy circumstances; and so did Glover, Beattie, Wharton, and Hayley. Cowper also enjoyed, during the latter years of his life, a pension of £300 a year, and his copyrights were liberal, especially those of his later works. Wordsworth, our true vernacular poet, has long enjoyed "peace and plenty." His course seems to have been as unruffled as the limpid waters of his own favorite Rydal; while few, if any, of the brotherhood of poets have received more substantial or more refined compliments from their contemporaries; and we are happy to find he has recently received a grant of £300 a year from the British government, the present amount of whose literary pensions is £4340. So much for the *neglect* of authors. The author of "*Ion*" once said of him, "He has supplied the noblest antidote to the freezing effects of the scientific spirit of the age; and, while he has done justice to the poetry of greatness, he has cast a glory around the lowest conditions of humanity, and traced out the subtle links by which they are connected with the highest." Then we might refer to Byron, who originally made it his boast that he wrote for fame and not money; but notwithstanding his first refusal of money from Murray, he finally received from that prince of publishers the munificent sum of £23,540! for the copyrights of his various productions. And Moore, the most melodious muse of modern times, whose popularity has been universal, has raised himself to fortune by the aid solely of his pen. He received for several years £500 from the sale of his "*Irish Melodies*" alone; and he is, we believe, still in receipt of a life annuity of £300 from his publishers on account of his copyright. A like amount he lately received from the new and elegant collected edition of his works.

The origin of "*Lalla Rookh*" was an application made to the author by Longmans' to write for them an epic poem, in which there should be no allusion to the ancient classic authors, they being responsible for the highest sum ever given for an epic. The negotiator was Mr. Perry, who concluded the business at the agreed sum of three thousand guineas!

Charles Lamb, the inimitable Essayist, was, like Montgomery, in the possession of at least the conveniences of life. The latter has long enjoyed an annuity of £300. Dugald Stuart

had also a sinecure of £600 per annum in reward for his literary labors. Jeffry, of the Edinburgh Review, originally of obscure and lowly station, has now erected for himself a large fortune, which he has acquired from his critical and literary celebrity; and his contemporary of the opposite critical organ exhibits a close parallel with the features of his antagonist friend. Professor Wilson has not been without even the luxuries of life; "his deliciously eloquent passages," to adopt the words of an appreciating and enthusiastic critic, "have produced gushes of admiration and praise;" and an echo to the same pulse of feeling will not be found wanting on this side the Atlantic. Crabbe and Campbell, though dissimilar in many essentials, were alike as respects their pecuniary resources, which were sufficiently abundant to enable them to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate;* the latter is characteristically indolent, but he obtained 300 guineas for his last small poem of "*The Pilgrim of Glencoe;*" for his "*Pleasures of Hope*" he received a similar amount; and, after it had been published several years, he obtained 1000 guineas additional, and 1500 guineas for his "*Gertrude.*" Then we might mention the name of Robert Southey—once laureate, now, we grieve to write, lunatic—as affording ample proof that the sons of genius are not always neglected by the smiles of worldly prosperity. Sotheby, the author of "*Italy,*" was not of any note originally, but his successful *début* in the world of letters, led to pecuniary results which enabled him to yield to the impulses of a generous heart, and which have enshrined his memory with the few who

> "Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

Wolcot, the facetious "Peter Pindar," for many years received an income of nearly £300 a year, and at his decease, which occurred at the age of eighty, he was found to have amassed no inconsiderable property. Theodore Hook averaged £1000 for his later novels. Thomas Hood, the punster, has had no reason to weep over the consequences of indulging his most provoking propensity; but, on the contrary, he is a verification of the trite adage which allows those to laugh who win, for he has cleared a handsome annuity, we understand, by the series of his popular "Comic Annuals," "Whims and Oddities," &c. But it is quite time to pause, at least as it concerns the plaints of "*poor poets,*" the enumeration of whom we will close with Samuel Rogers, of whose superabundant pecuniary as well as poetic resources, it is needless for us to speak.

But what shall be said of the legion of prolific novelists which belong to our own days? We commence with Scott, whose personal property, obtained solely by his pen, must have been worth £100,000, in addition to the title conferred on him and his family. The prodigious sums of money he received for his novels were beyond all precedent. As far as we can make out, he had been accustomed to derive about £15,000 per annum from his writings. His three Poems produced on the average 3000 guineas a-piece to their author; and for his "Life of Napoleon" he realized £12,000, being at the rate of £33 per diem for the time he occupied in its composition. If we remember correctly, James has been in the receipt of from £800 to £1000 for his historic fictions. Bulwer a still larger sum; his "Rienzi" yielded him £1600, and was the production of two months, as also his "Last Days of Pompeii." Marryatt derived from the sales of his "Peter Simple" over £2000; Lady Morgan had 2000 guineas for her "France in 1839;" and lastly, we might mention the celebrated Charles Dickens, who is reported to have accumulated, by his inimitable satiric fictions, full £30,000, independent of his recent "American Notes," which his liberal English publishers, we hear, cashed in full for £1000, before they could even receive endorsement on this side the ocean. We shall not speak of the D'Israelis, Dr. Lever (Charles O'Malley), and a host of others, as our space is unavoidably prescribed.

With respect to French and German authors, we can adduce but little, not having had opportunity for much inquiry in those quarters. Chateaubriand is reported to have received for the copyrights of his entire works, half a million of francs. M. Scribe, the celebrated French dramatic author, has, since 1812, written 315 pieces, which

have produced him the sum of 2,400,000 francs. Each piece (generally in one or two acts) averages 7,619 francs. Among the most fecund writers of the age we may mention the name of the celebrated *Dumas*, who, it is stated, has actually produced, during the year before last, no less than *twenty-two original volumes!* his valuable and interesting work on "*The Progress of Democracy in France*," being among the number. Goethe received for his copyrights 30,000 crowns; but Germany, as well as Spain and Italy, cannot boast much in the way of literary remuneration, caused in the latter no doubt by the unfriendly influence of its severe literary censorship.

We now approach nearer home, and although our facilities for information on this interesting point might be supposed to be increased, yet as such matters are usually considered cabinet secrets, we find our amount of statistics necessarily circumscribed on this account; and, much as we regret the fact, the reader will have to abide the disappointment. One of the earliest cases of any note that we know of, was Wirt's "Life of Patrick Henry," which ran through about 15,000 copies, and for the copyright of which Mr. Webster, the publisher, paid $2000. Mumford's "Virginia Reports" averaged $1500 per volume. What Bancroft and Prescott have received from their popular Histories we have been unable to ascertain; the splendid success of these important works, coupled with the known liberality of their publishers, renders the question of their own emolument a matter of no great contingency or doubt. Col. Stone's "Life of Brant" was eminently popular, and the shrewd and worthy author could not have forfeited his share of the ample reward. Stephens, it is confidently rumored, had $10,000 from the sale of his "Egypt," &c.; while, for his work on Central America, he is said to have received double that amount! Irving always retained an interest in his books, which have been richly profitable to him. The highest price for a novel by Cooper has been $5000. His English copyrights were formerly vastly more lucrative. The English copyrights of both these leading writers have been incredibly great. Willis received about £500 for his "Inklings of Adventure," and as many dollars on account of his copyright in the United States. Webster, the great lexicographer, has devoted the morning, noon, and evening of a busy life to the compilation of his Dictionary, and which has been called, like the first Arabic dictionary, "an ocean of words," containing over seventy thousand separate terms, with their significations; but what pecuniary return this veteran philologist has yet received for his fifty years' labor we know not, but at any rate we learn that from one of the copyrights of his Spelling Book (*of which there are about thirty in different parts of the Union*), the author's receipts are something like $5000 per annum. It is not to be supposed that all the editions printed, are equally prolific. It all depends upon the *machinery* employed in their manufacture, which, as in one instance we are acquainted with, miraculously transmutes, by a most summary process, a mass of paper shavings into books of the most immaculate description. Anthon's edition of the "Classics" yields the editor a handsome annuity.

We have not spoken, from want of space, more at length, on the enormous pecuniary results which have accrued from school books, such as Vyse's "Speller," in England, and others in our own country. But, for example, in 1836, we learn from good authority, that the sale of "Olney's Geography" amounted to the prodigious extent of one hundred and thirty thousand copies, which, allowing a profit of 40 per cent., must have netted to the author and publisher $52,000!

Are, then, the above illustrations, we ask in conclusion, significant of the misery and penury of members of the literary profession? For aught we can learn to the contrary, they are not a degree behind those of either the other liberal pursuits—law, medicine, or theology. Without staying to enter into detail, we venture to assert that the tendency to whine about the poor rewards of literature,—"the doom of indigence and starvation," which hangs over the heads of all who devote themselves to literary labor, is as unjust as it is needless. How can we assign the lowest pecuniary position to the author, when the half-starved lawyer, and the poverty-stricken curate, are epithets as characteristic as they are colloquial? If, therefore, these

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complaints on behalf of authors, are seen to be so groundless, what will be said of a further attempt to show that the booksellers, instead of having battened upon the labor of their brains, have in many instances become the victims of the cupidity of the former?

D'Israeli, it will be remembered, has a chapter on this very point; and in later times, the Rev. Thomas Scott supplies us with no less convincing evidence of the fact, that booksellers have been ruined by their authors. How few comparatively of the publishing community amass any considerable wealth, caused mainly by the great risks they incur, and their frequent losses; and how many are to be seen, contenting themselves in a quiet mediocrity, while their authors are not unfrequently among the last to requite their former liberality? There have been many hapless individuals belonging to the craft, who, had they enjoyed a near acquaintance with some such friendly hand would have inscribed as a memorial upon their last resting-place something like the following melancholy memento of one of former times:—

"Here lies poor Ned Purdy, from misery freed,
He long was a bookseller's hack;
He lived such a horrible life in this world,
I don't think he'd wish to come back!"

The extreme liberality and enterprise of publishers is a matter little understood, and we shall probably hereafter invite the reader to a few recitals on this subject; meanwhile, we may just allude to the fact of Rees's Cyclopedia, which cost in its publication the unparalleled sum of £300,000. What should we think of his prudence in these utilitarian times were a publisher to embark even a tithe of this vast sum on any single work? We should unanimously deem him a confirmed case of lunacy. And as evidence of the importance of booksellers as accessary to the interests of literature, as well as authors, we extract the following passage from the "Memoirs of Mrs. Hannah More," who, speaking on this subject, makes the following observations:—"Cadel and Davis have sent me my account. The expenses of printing, paper, &c., are exorbitantly increased, and I had near £5,000 to pay for expenses, besides all the booksellers' profits, partly in consequence of my having given *more for* the money than any book that had lately appeared. As you know, books do not sell in proportion to their intrinsic value, but to their size. I was vexed to see Miss Smith's *Fragments*, excellent as they are, and Mrs. Montagu's *Letters*, two shillings a set more than *Cœlebs*, though there is not much above half the paper and letterpress. I do comfort myself that I have sold an honest, if not a good, book. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, you will be glad to hear that I *cleared within the year* £2,000, to be paid by instalments, £500 a quarter. I have had the first quarter. That Walter Scott's two-guinea poem should produce £2,000 is not strange; but that a trumpery twelve shilling one, so cavilled at, and abused, too, should produce the same sum so soon, was what I had no reason to expect. The copy-right is still in my hands." And again, in a letter to Miss Seward, Sir Walter Scott observes, "Though the account between an individual bookseller and such a man as Southey may be iniquitous enough, yet I apprehend that, upon the whole, the account between the trade and the authors at large is pretty fairly balanced; what these gentlemen gain at the expense of one class of writers is lavished, in many cases, in bringing forward other works of little value. I do not know but this, on the whole, is favorable to the cause of literature. A bookseller publishes twenty books, in hope of hitting upon one good speculation, as a person buys a parcel of shares in a lottery in hope of gaining a prize. Thus the road is open to all; and if the successful candidate is a little fleeced in order to form petty prizes to console the losing adventurer, still the cause of literature is benefited." Booksellers, therefore, are not only often indispensable to the success of an author, but there have been some whose fostering care and patronage extended even to their latest hour. Barker the publisher, who died in 1741, left Lord Bolingbroke £300, Swift £200, and Pope £100, and yet he does not appear to have been excessively wealthy. Another feature of character in the booksellers' fraternity of London with which we will conclude this somewhat desultory chapter, is their establishment of a Literary Fund for

poor authors; and also a Provident Institution for poor assistants, who may have become superannuated and otherwise reduced in circumstances; a noble example which might be worthily adopted among us. If booksellers have done so nobly for the cause of literature and the literary profession under the restrictive influence of the existing laws regarding the rights of authors, what would they not achieve, were the prescriptive property of a writer properly recognized? All that has yet been done in the way of legislation on this subject, has been to grant protection for a given term merely; thereby, in fact, virtually implying the non-existence of the very principle it is proposed to defend. If an author have any claim at all to the results of his intellectual labor, it must assuredly be intrinsic, inalienable and abiding: and what is once ascertained to be such cannot of course be affected by the accident of country or clime; thence the absolute justice of international legislation on this important subject, and till such legislative enactments shall have been effected in its behalf, it is hopelessly vain to raise the hue and cry about the poverty of writers; and the much abused though favorite term, "republic of letters" will continue a misnomer, and *copyright* must be written *copywrong*. The idea that the grant of a copyright involves a monopoly is a mere sophism; and it is full time our legislators were influenced by higher and more ingenuous motives, than those of mere conventional interest; and instead of urging the question of cheapness as the paramount motive, they should be actuated by the nobler one, "*fiat justitia, ruat cœlum!*"*

THE DEATH OF THE PROPHET.

TO THE MEMORY OF CHANNING.

BY MISS ANN C. LYNCH.

THOSE spirits God-ordained,
To stand the watchmen on the outer wall,
Upon whose souls the beams of truth first fall,
They who reveal the Ideal, the unattained,
And to their age, in stirring tones and high,
Speak out for God, Truth, Man, and Liberty—
Such Prophets, do they die?

When dust to dust returns,
And the freed spirit seeks again its God,
To those with whom the blessed ones have trod,
Are they then lost? No, still their spirit burns
And quickens in the race; the life they give
Humanity receives, and they survive
While Hope and Virtue live.

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* It is scarcely necessary for us to remark, after the article on the subject of international Copyright in our last number, that we dissent from this concluding remark of our correspondent, which, however, we are content to allow to stand as written by the author.—ED. D. R.

The land-marks of their age,
High-Priests, Kings of the realm of mind are they,
A realm unbounded as posterity;
The hopeful future is their heritage;
Their words of truth, of love and faith sublime,
To a dark world of doubt, despair and crime,
Re-echo through all time.

Such kindling words are thine,
Thou o'er whose tomb the requiem soundeth still,
Thou from whose lips the silvery tones yet thrill
In many a bosom, waking life divine;
And since thy Master to the world gave token
That for Love's faith the creed of fear was broken,
None higher have been spoken.

Thy reverent eye could see,
Though sinful, weak, and wedded to the clod,
The angel soul still as the child of God,
Heir of His love, born to high destiny;
Not for thy country, creed or sect speak'st thou,
But him who bears God's image on his brow,
Thy *brother*, high or low.

Great teachers formed thy youth,*
As thou didst stand upon thy native shore;
In the calm sunshine, in the ocean's roar,
Nature and God spoke with thee, and the truth
That o'er thy spirit then in radiance streamed,
And in thy life so calmly, brightly beamed,
Shall still shine on undimmed.

Ages agone, like thee,
The famed Greek with kindling aspect stood
And blent his eloquence with wind and flood
By the blue waves of the Egean Sea;
But he heard not their everlasting hymn,
His lofty soul with error's cloud was dim,
And thy great teachers spake not unto him.

Providence, R. I.

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* "In this town I pursued my theological studies. I had no professor to guide me, but I had two noble places of study. One was yonder beautiful edifice now so frequented as a public library, the other was the beach, the roar of which has so often mingled with the worship of this place, my daily resort, dear to me in the sunshine, still more attractive in the storm. Seldom do I visit it now without thinking of the work, which there, in the sight of that beauty, in the sound of those waves, was carried on in my soul. No spot on earth has helped to form me so much as that beach. There I lifted up my voice in praise amidst the tempest. There, softened by beauty, I poured out my thanksgiving and contrite confessions. There, in reverential sympathy with the mighty power around me, I became conscious of the power within. There, struggling thoughts and emotions broke forth, as if moved to utterance by nature's eloquence of winds and waves. There began a happiness surpassing all worldly pleasures, all gifts of fortune—the happiness of communing with the work of God."—*Dr. Channing's Discourse at Newport, R. I.*

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MR. CLAY AND THE RESTRICTIVE SYSTEM.*

Mr. Clay is a remarkable man amid remarkable men. Having early engaged in public life, with his native ability, his sharp insight into man, his subtlety in detecting, and skill in presenting the motives by which they are or may be governed, with his affable manners—throwing others, but never himself, off their guard—with his wonderful elocution, wonderful whether displayed at the bar, or festive board, or in the legislative hall, endowed (it is Mr. Webster who says it) with extraordinary powers of tragedy, he has been enabled to exercise a strong influence, amounting sometimes to the most despotic control, over those with whom and by whom he has acted.

At twenty-six, in the Kentucky Legislature; at twenty-nine, chosen to some vacancy in the Senate of the United States;—shortly afterwards, a member of the Lower House,—then one of the Commissioners to Ghent, then member again, then candidate for the Presidency, defeated, and made Secretary of State under one of his competitors,—then some years in private life, then Senator again; finally, having resigned the virtual dictatorship with which his superiority to his party associates had invested him, he now re-appears as a candidate once more for the Presidency of the Union.

In the electoral college, that former canvass gave General Jackson ninety-nine votes, Mr. Adams eighty-four, Mr. Crawford forty-one, and Mr. Clay thirty-eight. In the eighteen years which have since elapsed, one of those rival candidates has died; another, defeated at a re-election, has been doing the State some questionable service, after his own peculiar fashion, in the House of Representatives; a third, over and over again by overwhelming majorities chosen Chief Magistrate, has returned to the Hermitage. Next came Mr. Van Buren, and next General Harrison. But, before victors or vanquished had recovered from their astonishment at the election of 1840, he, in whose name the victory had been gained, was no more; and the apple of power became ashes on the lips of those who had been too unscrupulous in the means by which they had succeeded in grasping it. It was the manner in which that victory was won, that made it a defeat. If the Whigs had dealt fairly with the public, and told distinctly for what measures they went, and made their nomination for the second office accordingly, though the likelihood of success would have been far less, yet, success once gained, the subsequent disasters had been avoided. Some of the leaders were for a National Bank, some for high tariff, and public lands given away, some for State rights and no tariff, and no bank; meanwhile, the chief made no declarations. All scrambled on board, each hoping the vessel would steer by his particular chart, especially as the Commander seemed to have none of his own. But when the First Lieutenant became so suddenly Captain, and felt, withal, so sure that he had as good right as any to dictate what course the craft should steer, and on what cruise enter,—*who* was surprised that a mutiny ensued, such as to render her useless for service of any kind? The result of this mutiny,—whether the Captain is to be thrown overboard, or whether the crew are to submit, or, whether, as is most likely, in the strife, the ship will get scuttled, and all go down together,—we do not propose to inquire, and indeed, have at present no object in seeking to know.

A distinguished French writer (Say), has said, that, whenever mankind shall be in a situation to profit by experience, they will no longer require her lessons; plain, sound sense, will then be sufficient. That happy day

* Life and Speeches of Henry Clay. Vol. I. James B. Swain, New York. Published with the approval of the Clay Club of New York.

seems at length to have arrived. For, immediately Mr. Clay is fairly nominated, forth fly,—admirably printed, and on beautiful paper, and expressly for the public eye,—"declarations," already exceeding three hundred goodly octavo pages, and to be continued, we have reason to suppose, beyond three hundred more. They are made up of his speeches, delivered heretofore, as time, place, and subject may have prompted. And although no man probably ever lived, between whose speeches as delivered by himself, and as read by others, there is so marked a disparity of effect, yet the publisher has done all that ink and material properly put together, can, to make us forget what we have lost. Indeed, since Mr. Clay has now withdrawn from the Legislature, as he had long before done from the bar, and since, in the course of human events, he is likely to address but few human audiences more, we cannot, highly as we regard the rhetorical merits of this collection, but feel that the time is fast approaching, when the wonder will be as great, how his speeches could have been so thrilling, as it now is, how Mr. Burke's could have been so dull; for he has three attributes in a degree of perfection, never more than once or twice surpassed in America. The first is, that mysterious gesticulation by which every attitude of the body, each movement of every limb, the foot hard stamping, the pointed finger, expanded palm, or fist tight clenched, all full to the utmost of animation, but never ungraceful, conspire to make *visible*, as well as audible, the emotion or passion which stirs the speaker's breast. The next is his voice, so varied in its intonations, so melodious in its cadences, attuned to the harmonious utterance of every hidden feeling, which no form of mere words could utter, and seeming as if it were the purified spirit of human emotion, sent forth to teach and kindle, and make like itself, the spirits of those around. The last is his countenance, the most wonderful of all, commonly so passionless, yet, when love, or cheerfulness, or hope, or irony, anger, scorn, hate, majesty, nay, even PRAYER (we speak of his rhetorical devotions, having, of course, no desire to intrude on his private ones), are to be expressed, then warming up and transforming itself, till it becomes the very impersonation of whatever he would convey most vividly to the conceptions of his auditory. These wonderful qualities of his, have done their magic upon the last and present generations, till men, hearing him, have lost their free agency, yielding themselves they know not to what, and able to give for their conduct no sensible reason to others, why. But this magic will soon be doing its wonders upon these generations no longer. And the speeches now before us, and which are soon to follow, will become the inadequate representatives to a future more or less distant, of all that has so strangely agitated those who now move, or lately moved, at his bidding.

That a man is a subtle disputer, gifted with a most charming elocution, adroit in the use of all the weapons of forensic strife, and possessed of a style in a reputable degree rhetorical, is certainly a high encomium of him for the bar or legislature. But when he is named in connection with a station where these high endowments would be of no avail, and, indeed, where they would be singularly out of place, men not unnaturally look for other qualifications. In fact, the White House is, of all places this side of the Asteroids, most unfit for the vehement gesture, the sudden exclamation, the swollen veins of the brow, the convulsed frame, in a word, for all the histrionic arts, with which oratory sometimes puzzles, and sometimes confounds the plainer sort of understandings. Accordingly, it is is on no such grounds, that the friends of Mr. Clay rest his claims to the Presidency. But to correct the error committed two years ago, and to inform the people what he has thought, and said, and advised in the course of his public career, and what they are to expect he will advise again,—and execute, too, if he should get the power,—we suppose it is, that the collection before us has been made, and such means employed to give it a wide and rapid diffusion, and the solemn approval of the Clay Club of New York obtained to ensure it a profound and prayerful meditation. This is not unfair. And in the same spirit, though in our more humble way, and without any such imposing sanctions, we propose to examine, not the literary, nor the rhetorical, but the business merits of two, one the best, the other among the best speeches of

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the collection.* These embody the whole outline, and all the arguments in behalf of what has pleasantly been called the *American* system. Of this system, Mr. Clay was, in 1824, as he still is, the champion. And his great oration, the most elaborate of his life, was delivered in March, he being then in nomination for the Presidency; and in the canvass of the ensuing autumn, it formed the main pillar of whatever strength he possessed; for, as we have seen, of all the candidates he found least favor with the people.

The maxim of buying in the cheapest market, and selling in the dearest, commends itself to the common sense of all men. He, too, who purchases amid the competition of various sellers, is sure to buy cheapest, and he who sells amid the competition of various buyers, to sell dearest.

On the plain sense of these doctrines, our government suffered her people to set out. And hardly was the Union fairly together, before American enterprise, the whole world lying before it to buy and sell in, had hunted out where to dispose of its products, and supply its wants to the best advantage. And what we had to dispose of was sold for the most it would anywhere fetch, and our markets were stored with what could cheapest anywhere be bought. Men in the enjoyment of such advantages both ways, are usually deemed in a state of great prosperity. If their productions be numerous and sold high, and their wants few and supplied cheap, the difference between income and outgo, is not only marked, but the blind alone can fail to see which way the current sets. And when this state of things exists among the individuals of a whole nation, it requires uncommon vigor of assertion to say that the condition of that people is anything but prosperous and happy.

Like many young persons, America began the world, known chiefly for her indomitable spirit and determination, but without any far-spread and long established reputation for business of the ordinary sort, and, withal, sadly in debt. But, somehow, she managed to get along. By the year 1816, her people had, in large quantities, got over the mountains and were "doing considerable" in Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, and the sun shone down into several unwonted apertures in the forests beyond the Mississippi. Her population had grown from three millions to ten. After scolding Great Britain several years, she quarrelled outright, and other countries that were looking on, said that the way she bragged of what she accomplished in that line, was justifiable. Meanwhile, that banner of hers had contrived not only to get acquainted, but to be on exceeding good terms with those of all the other nations, though a little difficulty was experienced at times, because the number of the stars kept changing so. She, in fact, thought herself well to do in the world.

It is true that the unsettled state of affairs in Europe, had given a kind of unsafe acceleration to her prosperity. It lured her a little too fast, and too far. This evil tendency was farther increased by the lavish internal expenditures, and consequent high prices which everything bore during the last war with Great Britain. And when these causes ceased operating, there was a general pause. The business on the ocean was not enough for all the shipping; there was not a ready sale for all manufactures; nor did the products of agriculture find, at home or abroad, any sufficient market. Much distress, an embarrassment yet more general, and stagnation everywhere, ensued. There was the languor of over-exertion; and there was the uneasiness which the industrious ever feel, in having, for a time, nothing to do; and there was, moreover, that feeling, most painful of all, of anxiety and alarm always felt by the money-making and money-loving who, after a series of hazardous but most lucrative adventures, find business running into new channels, and can see no chance of any more realizing gains like those they have realized already.

The revulsion was undoubtedly severe, but it must have been temporary; true, the day of inordinate profits had gone, never to return, save along with the causes which made them; but the sober incomes, such as discreet men acquire when all is calm, and there are no calamities of others to profit by, were sure soon to be realized. The shock

* Our Protection of Home Industry, April 26th, 1820, p. 139–161. On American Industry, March 30th and 31st, 1824, p. 219–266.

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was infinitely, *infinitely* less than that which followed the war of the Revolution, in itself a few years recovered from. Though it must be admitted that the latter war had continued so long, and the calamities of the country had been so great, that the people nearly forgot that they ever had been prosperous, and therefore quietly set themselves to work to create for themselves a new prosperity; while, in the other case, the shock came right on the heel of high activity. The vessel in a smart breeze struck with all sail at full press. Everything was in panic; all clamored; some, outright, leaped overboard; and others, the cunning ones, got the tariff long-boat out and launched her alongside close, and levied contributions, of the best, too, on all the crew to furnish her well. And when the wind lulled, and the tide turned, and the old craft was found safe, hardly a seam loosened, they, the cunning ones, the long-boat lashed close there, jumped in and cried out to those left on board, "we have saved you; don't voyage further; your surplus is safe here in the long-boat; you've a *home market* now; what you buy of foreigners you must pay gold for; it will make you beggars; trade among yourselves. Great thought this, of getting out the long-boat! No other craft on the ocean, but has one out the same way; if you had only let us put it down sooner, you had not struck; no, sure, only keep us here, and PROTECT us well, and you will never strike again." And the old craft righted and swung loose, and away she sailed, the tariff boat lashed to her side, making her go slower and steer harder; and the long-boat, though of power, BEYOND ALL DOUBT, to save the larger vessel and all her crew, yet unable to save herself, however much she may be *protected*, but getting water-logged at every rise of the breeze and turn of the tide. But we anticipate.

During nearly forty years, American citizens had been permitted to go wherever they could buy cheapest and sell dearest, and they fancied among themselves, looking only at the net gains, that the liberty was profitable.

But now, in 1816, a different system was proposed. All Europe lay under a paralysis, similar to our own. Her stimulus derived from her wars, and ours derived from our own, had subsided together; and a like prostration, only heavier beyond the Atlantic than here, lay on all the commercial world. And the measure which was to put us on our legs again, before the rest of the earth should think about rising, was this:

Inasmuch as the foreign demand for our raw material—(new countries ever abound in the unmanufactured, as the old do in the manufactured article)—had diminished; there must be constituted a HOME MARKET. As without exports there could be no imports, so, whatever had theretofore been brought from abroad was to be produced at home. But since, notwithstanding the imposts for revenue, foreigners could import their goods, paying freight and all duties, and yet sell cheaper than we could make the like ourselves, a tax, a tariff, must therefore be imposed on the importations, heavy enough to drive those goods away. On their departure, the home manufacturer took possession of the market, and being free from foreign competition then, he added to the cost of manufacturing what of the tax he could, without running the price high enough to let the foreigner in, and this price the consumer had to pay; and the difference between this price, and what, without the tax, foreigners would have furnished him for, is the exact measure of the contribution levied on him to provision and *protect* the tariff long-boat.

From the occasion and aim of this wise expedient, it is easy to see, that since exports and imports were, in a great measure, to be done away with, our shipping was, to the same extent, to be laid up. Without the tariff it might have been left to get along as it could with the adversity which the altered condition of the world had brought upon it. But since the HOME MARKET was to consume whatever our vessels had heretofore carried away, and since home manufactures were to produce whatever our vessels had brought back, they had no resource left but to pull up to the wharf and rot. The shipping out of the way, it would be easier to reconcile the producers of the raw material to this so-called home market, because reconciled or not reconciled they could get no other; and though they should grumble they could not but submit, and submit none the less how much soever every manufactured article they bought was

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enhanced in price. Thus cooped up and hedged in, what could agriculture do with its raw materials, its grain, cotton, wool, hemp, and other "notions," but sell them for what they would fetch, take courage, and be thankful? And why not? Manufacturers are an active, shrewd, improving, acute, ever-advancing race—the noblemen of nature; while the agriculturalists are dull, inapt, delving away, from Adam's time to ours, without improvement; so stupid that they are hardly fit for anything. For God's sake, readers, take not these sentiments for ours; they are Mr. Clay's. Hear ye him:

"There is a great difference in favor of manufactures when compared with agriculture. It is the rapidity with which the whole manufacturing community avail themselves of an improvement. It is *instantly* communicated and put in operation. There is an avidity for *improvement* in the one system—an AVERSION from it in the other. THE HABITS OF GENERATION AFTER GENERATION PASS DOWN THE LONG TRACK OF TIME IN PERPETUAL SUCCESSION, WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST CHANGE IN AGRICULTURE. THE PLOUGHMAN WHO FASTENS HIS PLOUGH TO THE TAILS OF HIS CATTLE, WILL NOT OWN THAT THERE IS ANY OTHER MODE EQUAL TO HIS."—*On the Protection of Home Industry*, p. 145.

Those farmers—a brutal set—generation after generation, through the long track of time, in perpetual succession, tying their ploughs to their oxen's tails there—what are they good for, sure enough, but to protect manufactures and save the country, manufactures being the country?

In the two orations of Mr. Clay,—for they have an air of too much elaboration to be called speeches,—no phrase figures so largely, and hardly any occurs so often as Home Market. It is everywhere represented as the one thing needful, the pearl of great price,—a thing really attainable, yet if lost, the acquisition of the whole world besides would nothing profit. Still, often as the phrase occurs, and largely as it figures, it is never once defined; the thing itself indicated is never once described, never located. We are, therefore, left to wonder, and ask what could it be? The farmer, to take a single instance, had his barn full of unthreshed grain, and nowhere to sell it. All other farmers were in the same condition. With grain, too, the storehouses were crammed to the eaves. The cities were glutted. It was cheap as dust; nobody hungered; all were gorged full, and lamented that they could eat no more, that the hateful drug might be got out of sight. There was no foreign market.

Now, what under heaven, could this Home Market be? Where was it? Who were the dealers in it? That market which was to carry nothing abroad, but was to buy up, at full price, all this surplus which nobody wanted at any price? The philosopher's stone had been nothing to a discovery like this. Yet it was all simple enough,—only protect manufactures! Aye, but the manufacturers were not starving, but were gorged full as the rest; only just like the rest, they made no money, but were getting deeper and deeper into debt. How then was the protection of *them* to consume the grain? Spinning-jennies and cotton-gins could not eat. For this, an increase of population would alone suffice. And a law of Congress may do many things, but can it create mouths? Can it beget children? If so, then, under the general-welfare clause, the National Legislature had better assume that duty at once, and the Litany say no more about the perils of child-birth.

The truth is, Home Market, thus used, is a word of delusion. In regard to the great products of food, no home market ever could be, nor ever was produced, which did not exist before. Yet this excess of grain was one, nay the greatest, of the evils for which this *American* system was to provide a remedy. Undoubtedly, however, it had the effect to stop production. But why call this stoppage a home market? Why not give it the true name? Why cajole men with sounds meaning nothing? If nothing more was meant than that the farmers must wait till their surplus was consumed, and then raise no faster than they could readily sell, why not say so? But then why was an act of Congress necessary? For, ignorant as they were, with their ploughs hitched to their cattle's tails, might they not have been left to themselves to find out that they had better produce no faster than they could sell?

So far, then, as the surplus already

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accumulated was concerned, it could be disposed of only in the usual course of consumption, and production in the meantime necessarily ceased far enough to allow the markets to be cleared. Thus, the distress of the agriculturalists was greatly deepened. Their efforts to extricate themselves from embarrassments, though they brought no complete extrication, had yet occasioned a glut; but now, under the peculiar Americanism of this system, their efforts were to cease, or be greatly diminished, and the embarrassments to go on increasing. Such was the inevitable result, and such the nation found it.

But this was not all. Another view of the system was, to transfer enough of the population from the production of the raw material to the business of manufacturing, to prevent thereafter a like excess of the former commodities. The population thus transferred were composed, in part, of the producers themselves, and partly of their laborers. The former could change their vocation, only after having transformed their old capital into money. This, however, could be effected solely by throwing it all into the market, and thus a glut of another kind was occasioned. Farms, and whatever else had been employed in production, were sold at such prices as they would fetch; and the purchasers were enabled to enter into competition with those who had bought earlier and at a heavier cost, with every advantage in their favor. This, therefore, brought upon the old proprietors a new aggravation of their calamities. Distressed already nearly to ruin, they now found themselves amid a new class of neighbors, by whom they were in everything underbid.

But, so far as the new manufacturing community was composed of the laborers formerly employed by the producers, a different evil was occasioned to the latter. Just as the number of laborers diminished, the price of labor rose. Thus production, besides the overwhelming burdens already imposed upon it, was subjected to the additional one of an increased expense.

Nor did the accumulating evils of the system stop here. The great suffering of the times arose from the want of money. The banks were breaking or already broken. Specie had, in the convulsive struggles of these institutions for life, almost disappeared from circulation. All the other distresses of the time resolved themselves into this one—the dearth of cash. Yet it was a part of this wondrous system to withdraw from circulation enough of the little already circulating, to build up an entire manufacturing interest in the country. Thus, since there will always be a just relation between prices and the amount of circulating medium, and, since the former inevitably fall exactly as the latter is diminished, the producers were subjected to a yet further ruinous depression.

Yet even all this had been more endurable, if the manufactures produced at so enormous a cost, had been brought into market either as cheaply or of as good quality as those with which foreign countries would have supplied us. But they were neither. The whole system was unnatural and of a hot-bed growth. For, had it been natural, it had sprung up of itself without any of this extraordinary effort to give it what, after all, was only a sickly life. Since this was the beginning of the system, those who had embarked in the business were chiefly experimenters, and, like all others of the class, wrought at a sacrifice. They had neither the perfect theory nor the skilful practice; and the enormity of the wastage could only be supplied by an equal enormity of price. The workmen, too, were raw, learning their art either wholly without teachers, or with teachers ignorant as themselves. Besides this, they began to acquire the mysterious sleights of the loom and shuttle, for the most part, at a period of life when the acquisition of new tricks is proverbially difficult. And the rest of the nation were justly consoled for all the distress and privation they had undergone to establish the system, by the reflection that they were supplied with an article of domestic manufacture, four times as bad as the foreign one which they had been accustomed, at one quarter of the present cost, to buy.

Such was the *transition* state towards the American system. In a time of the highest prosperity, a change like this could not have happened, without giving a fearful shock to every interest in the country. But here the wisdom of the time equalled

the wisdom of the plan. When every interest was already staggered almost to its fall, an additional and more violent blow was given, in order to place it, of course, once more erect, just as drunken men are sometimes made to stand up, simply by knocking them down. Nevertheless, these evils of the *transition* might have been better endured, if the system itself, the transition once passed, could in its nature be of general benefit. But it cannot. The domestic article cannot be furnished at the same price as the foreign, else no tariff would be necessary. And the difference is the tribute which the consumer pays to the system. This tribute is a positive evil, and unless there be a full compensation for it, furnished either to the consumer, or to some other part, or to the whole of the nation, the system is of course bad, and should be swept away. But it does not compensate the *consumer*, for he obtains either a worse article at the same, or an equal article at a greater cost. Either way, therefore, *he* is a loser. And even if it benefited the manufacturer, to the same extent as it harmed the consumer, still it would belong to that kind of national acts, by which one class is extorted from, for the unearned advantage of another; and would, therefore, be unequal as partiality, and unjust as robbery. But it does not thus benefit even *him*. For the consumers, by the instinct of self-interest, and sometimes by a nobler motive, are impelled to resistance. This is accomplished in various ways. Some who would otherwise be consumers, are unable to buy at the enhanced price. Others buy less; others smuggle, and all charge up the price of what they have to sell, whether of labor or other commodities. And in the end, by the diminished market and the increased cost, the manufacturer finds himself driven to implore the legislature for further *protection*, an increased tariff, and heavier penalties on the evasions of the customs. He succeeds in all, suppose. For a time, he drives once more a profitable business; but soon the class from whom his plunder is to come, have by the same process adjusted matters again, and brought him to his knees for yet further protection. In 1816, the first protective tariff was enacted. Those who were already, and those who thought of becoming manufacturers, were satisfied. But in 1820, more protection was needed. The bill giving it, passed the House, but failed in the Senate, by a single vote. The manufacturers paused for a time, disheartened, took breath, looked about, saw the *country just on the verge of ruin*, made a fresh effort, and the tariff of 1824 became a law. Again they prospered, again ceased to prosper, again began to decline, again *saw the country in greater peril than ever*, again assaulted Congress, and in 1828 the Bill of Abominations was the result. In England and America, the average exacerbations of the fever for protection have been once in four years. Thus, to the manufacturer himself, protection gives no compensation for the ills it inflicts upon the rest of society.

If then, neither the consumer, nor yet the manufacturer, is profited by these restrictive measures, the question may well be asked, who is? Yet like all oppressions, when the elements of society remain in order,—where courts mete out to all, impartially, such justice as the laws afford, and physical violence and rapine are promptly repressed,—there, imposts, taxation, and all permanent commercial restrictions, do undoubtedly give a kind of stimulus to labor, and tend to increase the amount of production, though they impair the profits and enjoyments of the producers. The principle is this. In Turkey, where there is little law, and where rapine is frequent, and labor has no certainty of its reward, there is little motive for exertion, because no one can tell whether the strong arm of some marauder may not in a moment wrest away all which that exertion may have produced. But in England, where the machinery for the distribution of law operates equally on all classes, where general plunder is arrested, and where her oppressive imposts for revenue, or protection, or whatever other object, act with regularity, can be foreseen, and calculated upon and provided for, there every man may rely, with all human certainty, upon the probability, that, after paying the taxes, in whatever shape they may come, he may enjoy the surplus in peace. It is true, that to the extent of these taxes, whether they go directly to the Government, or to the landlord, or to the *protected* classes, the toil and

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labor are, as to the payer, all for naught. Yet the surplus, if any can be acquired, is sure; but acquired it must be, or starvation will ensue, at least to the manual laborer. If, therefore, eight hours a day of hard toil will not furnish him oatmeal, with salt and water, enough to keep soul and body in the same immediate neighborhood, he will toil yet harder eighteen hours. And, if even this will not suffice, then his wife, and infant girls and boys, must toil and delve along with him. Live he must; and the enormous increase which labor, thus protracted and goaded on, can give to production, is easily seen. And paradoxical as the assertion may appear, yet there can be little question but that Great Britain is thus indebted for a great, perhaps the greatest part of her manufacturing, agricultural, and commercial productiveness, to her tariff, her enormous debt, her wasteful aristocracy, and the heavy imposts rendered necessary for the support, not only of her naval and military establishment, but of her throne. For, the same spur of necessity which goads on the laborer, urges also those who are ambitious not merely to live, but to accumulate. Industry that never tires, economy that allows not the waste of a groat, enterprise that leaves no opportunity of gain unimproved, no possible lurking-place of wealth unexplored, infuse themselves into every department of production. The heath grows fertile, the fen becomes dry, factories multiply, mines open, and the hidden recesses beneath are ransacked, while ships are careering to and fro, everywhere, on the ocean and round the globe, hurrying away with the surplus created at home, or hurrying back with the stores which other surplus may have bought. And every additional million of impost, to a limit, infuses yet newer vigor into all this overwrought activity. And the poor laborer at the bottom, by whom the whole system is kept in motion, as those above him guide, adds fresh force to his failing nerves, and fresh speed to his faltering motions, drops the salt from his oatmeal and water, changes his eighteen hours of toil to twenty, and his wife, and girls, and boys, along with him, compelled to this, either die off, or 'fly to the poor-rates, more galling than death.

In this sense, and in this alone, and that only to a limited extent, increase of burden bestows increase of strength. In this way, and in this alone, tariffs, and national debts, and extravagant expenditures, and a spendthrift aristocracy, stimulate national exertion. Great Britain, by the hundreds and hundreds of millions on all these objects annually squandered, wrings from the brows of her subjects round the globe sweat otherwise unshed, enough to float half her navies. Yet, if these hundreds and hundreds of millions were left where they were earned, and enjoyed by those from whose labors they sprung; were the laborers allowed time to straighten up occasionally amid their toil; and needful rest suffered to go round among them; and comfort to meet them on terms of good acquaintanceship, and life to become an enjoyment, when it has served no end but wretchedness,—then, undoubtedly, production would fall away; not indeed to the extent of the burdens removed, but to an extent sufficient to give the producers such rest, and comfort, and pleasures, as well consist with health, economy, and thrift. Still, although increase of burden may in this way bring increase of production, yet, until it bring also increase of happiness, nations will, if they know their interests, be shy of that kind of blessing. For, although production may increase, still it becomes less profitable, and at length altogether unprofitable to the producers. Because, if a thousand millions be the annual production of a state, and if for any causes an annual tax of fifty millions be imposed, then, though the products of the ensuing year would undoubtedly exceed the first amount, they would greatly fall short of both. And the tax would be paid, by making up the deficiency out of what would have been enjoyed or accumulated from the average production. And the quantity thus subtracted would grow larger, just as the impost should be increased; and the enjoyment, and happiness, and the average accumulation by the people grow less. Make the impost heavier and still heavier, and exertion will continue to increase, and enjoyment to diminish. And though that people may practise all arts, and bring to perfection all manufactures, and range round the world and carry on all com-

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merce, in order to pay off its taxes and bear its burdens, yet it cannot be happy. Its mighty trade, and teeming factories, and busy population, and enormous revenues, form the proof, not of prosperity, but oppression. Meanwhile, every fresh imposition gives it a fresh acceleration to the fearful verge of human endurance, where discontent, and jealousy, and impatience of misrule, and, at length, open revolt, and finally, revolution itself, will perform their appropriate functions. It is on that verge, and from these causes, that Great Britain stands now. Those who rule her see the peril. Others foresaw it twenty-five years ago, and prescribed a remedy. That remedy was to cast off her burdens, to diminish her naval, military, and regal establishments, to contract the enormous extravagance of her expenditures, to throw open her harbors, to let in the bread of the world to her starving population, and thus to leave her laboring people some share of the mighty wealth they were creating. With an unsteady and reluctant hand, this remedy has been in some small degree applied. But the appalling danger has not yet vanished, nor vanish will it ever, until she lifts up the downtrodden, gives opportunity of rest to the overtasked frames of her laboring millions, and leaves it to themselves, whether the fruit of their own toil, or some share of it, shall not minister to their own comforts, and accumulate for the wants of their age, and give chance of education to their children, now as little cared for,—and no thanks to Government if not as soulless,—as the machines they tend. And those who copy her example, may as well take warning from her danger, and be on the look-out for her doom; unless, indeed, that doom be averted by retracing her steps, and undoing for herself all which that example may prescribe to others.

This protective system of ours, therefore, was not only fraught with ruin, in consequence of the time as well as the nature of the transition, but the transition itself once passed, is, in its very nature, productive of nothing but evil, and that continually.

This measure, as we have already suggested, had its origin in a desire to escape from the inconveniences, temporary, of course, in their nature, which followed the restoration of peace to the world in 1815. Any experiment was willingly tried which would only make promises of success. The restrictive system had at an early day, almost at the revival of business in the dark ages, been adopted in Europe. And either in consequence or in spite of those restrictions, whatever trade, agriculture and manufactures, that continent or any of its nations enjoyed, had been produced. At all events, the prosperity was in point of time subsequent to the imposition of shackles on trade; and with many the argument, *postea ergo propter*, is invincible.

Accordingly, no sooner had the overaction, the lavish expenditures and high prices of the war, been followed by a corresponding languor, than many forgot their jealousy of foreigners, and began to desire that the European restrictive system should be naturalized among us. The interest of these was early espoused by Mr. Clay; and, as he happened to be their ablest champion, so they have gratefully termed him the Father of the system. But when it is recollected that this system was introduced into England as early as the year 1261,* no one will longer doubt the fact heretofore deemed incredible, that a parent may be some centuries younger than his child. And when it is remembered that the sole, or at least the chief argument for the adoption of the measure here, was, that Europe had adopted it before; and when we call to mind that Mr. Clay in his two speeches on the subject, more than twenty times appealed to the example of England alone, to say nothing of France, Spain, Russia or any other country, it may be difficult to trace the process of thought by which the conclusion was arrived at, that this imported system was purely *American*, and its friends, the friends of the *American* system, and its opponents the advocates of a *foreign* policy. Certain it is, that this singular distribution of terms sadly puzzled Mr. Webster; and it was in such words as these, that *he* showed how severely it tasked *his* understanding. "Indeed, it is a little astonish-

* Hallam's Middle Ages.

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ing, if it seemed convenient to Mr. Speaker,* for the purposes of distinction, to make use of the terms 'American Policy' and 'Foreign Policy,' that he should not, in fact, have applied them in a manner precisely the reverse of that in which he has in fact used them. If names are thought necessary, it would be well, one would think, that the name should be in some degree descriptive of the thing; and since he denominates the policy he recommends 'a new policy in this country,' since he speaks of the present measure as a new era in our legislation, since he invites us to depart from our accustomed course, to instruct ourselves by the wisdom of others, and to adopt the policy of the most distinguished *foreign states*, one is a little curious to know with what propriety of speech this imitation of other nations is denominated an 'American policy,' while on the contrary, a preference of our established system, as it now actually exists, and always has existed, is called a 'foreign policy.' This favorite 'American policy,' is what America has never tried, and this odious 'foreign policy' is what, we are told, foreign states have never pursued."†

Yet, undoubtedly, there are at this day thousands of gentlemen, quite intelligent in their own estimation, who really believe that a system like this could have lived nowhere but in the free air of America; nay, who are ready to swear it, that this same system, a very Minerva, came forth, full sized, and full armed, from the teeming brain of the Western Jupiter; and all this without giving the slightest head-ache.

But this imitation of Europe was purely remedial. Indeed, it was upon this very ground that Mr. Clay himself advocated it. Both speeches magnify the distress. The first, delivered in 1820, dwells less, however, upon it, because, though it had even then in some degree subsided, yet what remained was real, was seen and felt by all, and needed little painting or rhetoric to make it fully applicable. But when the second was spoken, four years later, it had nearly or altogether disappeared, and therefore required more effort to call it up to the memory with sufficient vividness. But to this effort Mr. Clay was equal. Indeed, the paragraphs devoted to distress, in this speech,‡ are more likely than any others he ever uttered, to give those who shall deeply ponder them a generation or two hence, any adequate conception of the Orator's power. In fact, it is well remembered still, how hundreds, not of members merely, but of those who on that occasion crowded the lobby, were agonized at their own and the country's distress, themselves having for a good two or three years forgotten it till then. For ourselves, we can well imagine the surpassing tenderness of that scene, the plaintive tone, and subdued manner, and pallid brow, and suffused eye, and gentle tear, and overwhelming pathos with which that tear was wiped away. It was this which drew from Mr. Webster the merited tribute already quoted, to Mr. Clay's unrivalled powers of tragedy.

Such was the national suffering, real and imaginary, which the measure was to cure, then existing, and to prevent in future. Yet it had, at least, been natural to inquire whether the medicine which was to do such wonderful cures, and which, we have seen, did, in fact, physic us so awfully, had been of power to cure or prevent the like maladies in the countries whence we were about to import it. For, though the system of commercial restrictions had there been for centuries in force, if, nevertheless, Europe, on every transition from war to peace, suffered the same revulsions which we were suffering, it would seem to follow, that these restrictions, whatever else they might do, did not in fact prevent those revulsions. If so, then the remedy we were to apply had neither prevented nor cured the same disease in anybody else; and the only reason we had for trying it, had been that others had tried it in vain.

To this test, then, we appeal. And how much of European history has he learned, who does not know, that without one single exception, the like results, varying only in degree, as the

* Mr. Clay was then, 1824, Speaker of the House of Representatives.
† Speech upon the Tariff, 1824.
‡ See pages 221, 222, and 223.

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causes were milder or severer, followed every war on that continent within the last century? And this too, whether the nation selected for the example was or was not one of the belligerents. To go no further back, how was it after the peace of 1763? How after that of 1783? How after that of 1801? Finally and emphatically, how was it after the final pacification in 1815, the very moment when our own calamities began? Take England herself, not only the *beau ideal*, but the great exemplar of what Protective Systems can accomplish, and how was it with *her?*

In the latter part of the year 1815, and close of 1816, the British shipping, that which had been engaged in commerce, fell away eight hundred and twenty-six thousand tons! In March, 1817, out of the number of three thousand three hundred and sixty persons who had been engaged in four of the principal clothing towns in Yorkshire, there were only seven hundred and fifty-seven in full, and one thousand four hundred and thirty-nine in partial employ, while one thousand one hundred and sixty-four were entirely idle; only two in nine had full work! At Birmingham, the principal town in the iron trade, from a population of eighty-four thousand souls, twenty-seven thousand received parish relief! Then as to cotton manufacture. At the time we speak of, there were in Lancashire alone, and the borders of the adjoining counties, above half a million of persons who derived their support from cotton weaving alone: and their wages were four and a half pence a day, enough barely to purchase half a pound of oatmeal daily, which, with a little salt and water, constituted their whole food. To alleviate the sufferings of this immense multitude, one third larger than the entire population of the city of New York, some efforts were made. But when it was found that to distribute only a slender increase of nourishment, an addition of a little milk or beer, or a morsel of meat, to the oatmeal and water, a weekly sum of no less than ninety thousand dollars would be needed, even charity retired from the scene in despair and horror. Of course, the poor rates amazingly increased. One instance must answer. A single farm of two hundred acres, in Coventry, paid nearly two thousand dollars for that purpose alone. TEN DOLLARS AN ACRE, to the poor, and all the other imposts besides!*

No other collapse in the immense machinery of trade and manufactures ever before caused the like far-spread ruin. Those of 1763, 1783, and 1801, it was admitted alike by ministry and opposition, were high prosperity in the comparison. Even our own great struggle, the seven years' war of the revolution, an enemy in the heart of the land, farms neglected, dwellings burned, people in debt, soldiery unpaid, produced nothing like it; nothing, though the money of the Old Congress became worthless, though all credit was gone, and commerce had been swept off the ocean, and the Confederacy, then the last shelter of our hopes, was tumbling in ruin over our heads. Nothing in the records of modern civilisation resembles that immense wretchedness of 1816, 1817, and 1818, pervading a whole kingdom, and wringing the hearts of fifteen millions of people. Compared with the deep gloom of it, the embarrassments which befell ourselves at the same time and from the same causes, were less than the shadows of a transient cloud.

So far, then, from these restrictions on trade and these protective tariffs being a preventive or remedy for such calamities, they only aggravate their violence. The whole system, with its wheels within wheels, and other complicated machinery, is artificial, and upheld only by a vigilant and unceasing struggle with nature, and the slightest derangement anywhere sends stoppage and ruin everywhere; and the wider the system, the broader and deeper the ruin. Take the case of ourselves, not as we were then, but as we are now, inured in some degree to tariffs, *protected* to our heart's content. And then, what if Europe should again become the theatre of such a series of desperate and convulsive struggles as finally closed in 1815? What if the Autocrat, suppose, should attempt the same universal dominion which Napoleon attempted before, and all the nations be drawn again into the raging vortex of war, and the factorship of the world be once more thrown on the United States? Who is there, that is ignorant

* Mr. Brougham's speech on Manufacturing Distress; 1817.

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enough—not of political economy, not of the laws by which all trade is regulated, but of the nature of the American people, to suppose that no gains would be attempted, no speculations begin, no overtrading ensue? Would not every plough plunge deeper, every shuttle fly swifter, every slave toil harder, and every vessel be heavier laden? Who supposes that one single energy of nature or art would be left unexerted? And when, at length, by another Waterloo, or whatever other conflict, peace should be made in an hour,—for it is the end, and not the length of the fight which brings the peace,—and the nations go to rest, and grow their own corn, and man their own vessels, and resuscitate their own commerce,—then, having no more use for *our* productions, or *our* services, would they not dismiss us again, as they dismissed us before; and as *we*, were the case ours, should dismiss *them?* And would no revulsion ensue? —no stagnation? no stoppage of factories? no barns remain full of unthreshed grain? no vessels rot at the wharves? The man who doubts it, may well be reaching out his pulse, and showing his tongue to the first physician he finds, and be ready for the razor in his hair, and plenty of refrigerants on his skull thereafter. Such a state of things, no restrictions, no home markets, no precautions of Government could prevent. The elements of it are in man, in his love of gain and greediness after it, and in his ignorance of what may lie hidden at an hour's distance in the future. And nothing but a wall, too high to be scaled, too hard to be pierced, drawn all round the nation, and closing up all intercourse with mankind, could avert the catastrophe. And without the wall, the more artificial the frame-work of trade and manufactures, the more widespread would be the disasters.

The fruits of this system to England we have already seen; and when we revolve the uses which, in our distress, we made of her example, it is natural to inquire what remedy she proposed to herself for her own calamities? While we were seeking to alleviate our embarrassments on the homœopathic principle of embarrassing ourselves more, what did *she* do? Did she tie on new restrictions? or had she tried restrictions till she was satisfied? And is it true, that we never thought of imitating her example, till she began, by experience, to find that example unworthy of imitation even by herself? Yet such is the fact. The great truths of Political Economy, first demonstrated by Adam Smith, had overcome the sneers of the ignorant and grovelling, and taken their place throughout the kingdom, among the well-grounded convictions of the wise and intelligent. Even Mr. Pitt, more conservative in his temper than most of his contemporaries, was unable to withhold his assent, and sent dismay into the hearts of the monopolists and *protected*, by citing, in Parliament, "The Wealth of Nations," as a work of conclusive authority. The doctrines of that noble science, no man, capable of steady reflection and willing to exercise his capacity, ever doubted. Accordingly, as soon as examined and understood, they received assent; but though assented to, they were still violated; just as men believe the truths of religion and yet keep sinning on. The great doctrines themselves were spoken boldly, grew familiar to the ear, often appeared in parliamentary debates, but all men stopped short at the precise line where the practice of them should have begun. The prejudices of a five centuries' growth, the conservative horror at innovation, the mighty interests interwoven with the entire existing order of manufactures, trade, and agriculture, formed a barrier which simple truth, unbacked by anything save evidence and proof, was not of power to force. But in 1816, truth received a mighty ally in the awful collapse we have attempted to describe; and in 1817 the conflict, in good earnest, began. And in that fight, far away to the utmost van, was seen the lofty frame, and heard the pealing voice of one whose name and memory mankind are long to cherish; the same by whose "Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge," science has been spread, and learning made cheap, and the neglected called to memory, and the poor instructed, and startled monarchs warned of a greater than the schoolmaster's approach,—the approach of political truth sown broadcast in the popular mind, and shooting up strong with all the popular might. But the ministry met the shock as best they could. Free Trade was, undoubt-

edly, a thing very good—but the country was not ready. And really, there was a difference between theory and practice. And in the former, truth might be very true in the abstract, but in the latter, it was certainly a lie in the concrete; and the Treasury benches applauded, and the protected classes shouted. But the distress was not cured, nor the millions fed; and some small imposts for the army and navy were remitted, and the stern conflict was adjourned, not ended. For the next year, and the next, it was renewed. And strange to say, at the very hour when Mr. Clay was delivering his first oration in favor of restriction, and sneering at *theorizers* and *speculatists*, and vaunting himself upon the support and uniform agreement of all *practical* men, at that very hour, all the practical men of any note, in London, the merchants and traders, the governor, several former governors, and the most intelligent of the directors of the Bank of England, were petitioning Parliament for free trade! The first signer of that celebrated petition was Mr. Thornton, distinguished for his practical skill, whose great work on the currency alone brought England, after twenty-five years' suspension, back to specie payments, who had himself been the governor, and then was a leading director in the bank, who had been many years a member of Parliament, and a most prominent member in everything relating to commerce, and who possessed all the knowledge of trade which close observation, a clear understanding, and long and diligent practice could bestow.

But to what *speculatist*, cloistered in some college, remote from all life, trade being a mystery, ledgers gibberish, and merchandize a thing like the phœnix, often heard of, never seen—to what *theorizer*, specially ignorant of everything about manufactures, save only what Adam Smith had taught, was this petition entrusted for presentation to Parliament? That theorizer, that speculatist, was Mr. Alexander Baring, "the Prince of Merchants," as on a late occasion in this city he was called, the fame of whose House had spread wherever commercial fame could go, and whose enterprise had penetrated all lands where commercial enterprise could enter.

But, surely, that petition, drawn for such an object, and signed by such men, the now Lord Ashburton could never have presented without extremest disgust, and without pouring forth all the phials of his experience and practice on the misguided signers and their aims? For, certainly, no *practical* man can ever speak in favor of Free Trade. But in favor of it he *did* speak, though; and in arguments drawn, not from Adam Smith, but from his own knowledge and observation, what his own eyes had seen, and practice taught, and spoke long and eloquently, and from his heart.

Then there must have been some mistake! The petition after all could not have been for Free Trade? Read the first six sentences of it, then; they form the Free Trader's perfect creed:—

"That foreign commerce is eminently conducive to the wealth and prosperity of the country, by enabling it to import the commodities for the production of which the soil, climate, capital, and industry of *other countries* are best calculated, and to export in payment, those articles for which *its own situation* is better adapted.

"That freedom from restraint is calculated to give the *utmost useful* extension to foreign trade, and the *best direction* to the capital and industry of the country.

"That *the maxim of buying in the cheapest market, and selling in the dearest*, which regulates every merchant in his individual dealings, is strictly applicable, *as the best rule for the trade of the whole nation.*

"That a policy, founded on these principles, would render *the commerce of the world* an interchange of mutual advantages, and *diffuse an increase of wealth and enjoyment* among the inhabitants of *each state.*

"That, unfortunately, a policy, the very reverse of this, has been and is more or less adopted and *acted upon by the government of this and of every other country; each trying to exclude the productions of other countries*, with the *specious* and well meant design of encouraging its own productions; *thus inflicting on the bulk of its subjects, who are consumers, the necessity of submitting to privations in the quantity or quality of commodities; and thus rendering, what ought to be the source of mutual benefits, and of harmony among states, a constantly recurring occasion of jealousy and hostility.*

"That the prevailing prejudices in favor of the protective or restrictive system may be traced to the *erroneous supposition, that every importation of foreign*

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commodities occasions a diminution or discouragement of our own productions to the same extent; whereas, it may be clearly shown, that although the particular description of production which could not stand against unrestrained foreign competition, would be discouraged, *yet, as no importation could be continued for any length of time without a corresponding exportation, direct or indirect, there would be an encouragement for the purpose of that exportation, of some other productions, to which our situation might be better suited;* thus affording at least an equal, and probably a greater, and *certainly a more beneficial employment* to our own capital and labor."

How the framers and signers of this petition, Mr. Thornton and Mr. Baring, among the rest, must have shrunk in their shoes, when the next arrival from America brought them Mr. Clay's opinion of the visionary speculations of theoretical writers. Indeed, no man that we ever read or heard of is so well authorized as Mr. Clay to sneer at theorizers in trade. Bred to the Bar; admitted at twenty; "keeping company with sheriffs and jurors," in the then wilds of Kentucky, till twenty-six; then removed to the Legislature, first of the State, and afterwards, of the nation, at a time when all minds were engrossed with the stirring events then passing in Europe, and every energy of our councils was needed to run clear of the vortex; next, when all European trade was broken up, sent Minister to Ghent to settle the question of impressment; thence, returning, after the peace, to find all business disturbed and all men too much excited and too eager for immediate change, to admit of excessively cool deliberation or prudent forecast—it was by an experience thus varied, and by a practice thus early begun and long continued, that the distinguished western Senator felt authorized, in a spirit wholly remote from tragedy, to assume the air, as well of practical wisdom, as of the deeply initiated into the sacred mysteries of trade and production!

But to return to the progress of liberal principles in England. Though trade gained little freedom by these discussions, yet men began to more than believe the doctrine; they wished it applied. They learned to look prejudice full in the eye, and were encouraged when it shrunk from the gaze. Innovation began to appear less horrid. And those who were interested under the restrictive system, ventured to inquire whether they were really as deeply interested as they had thought, and were not exactly clear about the fact; and heard the discussions with some patience, as men doubting are apt to do; and at last began to be considerably sure, though they might be mistaken, that protection of every branch, save specially their own, was, on the whole, rather hurtful,—but on the protection of their own, the salvation of the kingdom depended,—no doubt of it.

Meanwhile, the conflict went on from year to year. At length, theory began to ripen into practice. On the 8th of March, 1824, just twenty-three days before Mr. Clay was curling his lip at theorizers, and quoting the English example in his second oration, a British Minister, a theorizing, unpractical, President of the Board of Trade, ended a speech, remarkable for its liberal views, with the following noble sentiment: "If I am accused of leaning strongly to liberal principles in regard to trade; I at once plead guilty to the charge; *but they are principles founded on experience,* and sanctioned by the highest authorities. In my opinion, *to be liberal in matters of commercial policy,* IS TO REMOVE THE DIFFICULTIES AND JEALOUSIES WHICH HAVE HITHERTO PREVENTED A FREE INTERCOURSE BETWEEN DIFFERENT NATIONS, TO EXTEND TO EACH THE ADVANTAGE AND ENJOYMENTS OF THE OTHER, AND TO PROMOTE ARTS, SCIENCES AND CIVILISATION."* And loud and sincere plaudits rang from the opposition as well as ministerial benches, and pealed along the galleries. And away went the prohibitions on the importation of manufactured silks for ever.

Gifted with nothing of what the world calls genius, and endowed with no eloquence beyond a plain statement of what he understood clearly, and could fully prove, and unhesitatingly believed, it was yet the lot of this gentleman to make the theories of Adam Smith the practice of Great Britain. His name has already become a synonym for whatever is cautious in statesmanship, and liberal in trade.

* On the Silk Trade, 8th March, 1824.

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Lord Brougham, who had studied him well, and met him in many an encounter, though never in that for the freedom of trade, because there they ever stood shoulder to shoulder, champions in the same great cause, has thus sketched his character. The colors are a little remarkable, if we consider that the Great Original was one of those whom Mr. Clay calls speculatists and theorizers:

"I verily think that if I were to search all England over, and ransack the whole volumes of our annals at any period, for a practical statesman, one who habitually discarded theory for practice, one who looked to every theory with suspicion, and adopted only those doctrines which were grounded upon the most incontestible results of experience; a pilot, who, in guiding the vessel of the State, proceeded with the lead-line ever in his hand, and ever sounding as he sailed; who never suffered her to stir until he knew the depth, the bottom, a-head, and all around, and left no current, tide, or breeze out of the account;—if I were to name one whom I have known or heard of, or whom history has recorded, and to whom this description is eminently applicable, Mr. Huskisson is the name I should at once pronounce."*

In the same class of liberal-minded men, Mr. Canning, Lord Liverpool, and other names almost of equal pride, were found. Indeed, so great has been the power of truth, and so clear the doctrines of Free Trade, that within the last fifteen years no statesman in England has had the hardihood to argue for Protection on principle. The ground has all changed. The system is admitted to be bad, but it is established. Their institutions are shaped to it, and any alteration will endanger, if not lay in ruins, the great social edifice.

But alterations must come, nay do come continually. It is now but the other year, when a British Ministry, hard pressed by their Conservative foes, dissolved the Parliament, ordered a new election, went down to the hustings, and staked their continuance in power upon the abolition of the Corn Laws, and other such liberalisations in trade. Fifteen years ago, such a measure, thus propounded, had put the three kingdoms all aghast with amazement and horror. But now, though it was a step further than had been gone before, it was only a step, and the *next* step, too, in the national progress. And, though it produced much electioneering and the usual bribery, still it caused no astonishment, and hardly any surprise. It was an event in course. Fifteen years ago, a Ministry going to the People with such an issue, had not, at the opening of the next session, found, of their own faith, five members at their heels. And even now they were beaten, and, for every object of party discipline, and for every chance of continuance in place, beaten overwhelmingly. Nevertheless, there were millions and millions who had not voted, who owned no soil, thankful to find enough to be covered with at the last, whom the Protective and its kindred systems had ground to the earth,—who were in best condition when the nation prospered and groaned loudest in its adversity, and *therefore* had no stake in the kingdom, and *consequently* had no *right* to vote. Towards the defeated Ministry these millions had a kindness, because it was for themselves that the great issue had been made, and by themselves would have been enjoyed the first fruits of the victory. These millions, therefore, held meetings, sometimes ten, sometimes thirty thousand in a place, and grew acquainted, and got faint glimmerings of their own numbers, and passed resolutions, and asked for bread, and hinted in their own rough way that they had some small cause for dissatisfaction.

When, therefore, the victors came into power, though within the Parliament House they could out-count their adversaries one or two hundred votes, yet those adversaries had, without the walls, friends who could not *be* out-counted, and who, if they once discovered the power that lay in their own arms and in their own just cause, would be likely to use it, perhaps indiscreetly. Sir Robert Peel, therefore, conservative as he was and had pledged himself to be, deemed a little liberality not unmeet for his position. Public commotion being so near at hand, and liable to come any hour, he made ample concessions to Free Trade, —indeed, conceded all he could without passing the line between himself and

* On the Bill to Amend the Poor Laws, 1834.

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his rivals. *And Great Britain stands, at this moment, with the lowest average Protective Tariff in the civilized world.*

Thus, no sooner does England begin to find that the course that she has been pursuing is not worth pursuing any longer, than America takes up that course, goes back five centuries, and sits down, with the docility of a little child, to take lessons in Political Economy from the varied wisdom and practical skill of the Third Henry and his learned barons. Twenty-seven years already those lessons have been conned. But even under a tutor so skilful as Mr. Clay, the proficiency has been far from *uniformly* flattering. True, from 1816 to 1828, a period of twelve years, the progress of Protection was quite surprising. But the Bill of Abominations proved too much for human endurance. The issue was tendered, whether that or the Union should be abandoned. The people wisely chose gradually to sacrifice the former.

Meanwhile, however, a fearful paroxysm of acquisitiveness befell not this country only, but Europe and every civilized nation. The whole world had a devil. Fortunes were made—and they vanished too—with a rapidity which nothing but a devil could have had a hand in. The great revulsion of 1837, and succeeding years, brought the United States to a prostration like that which followed the late war, probably greater. The indebtedness was more enormous—the ruin more widespread—the bankruptcy more universal. The good old vessel struck once more; and once more the Tariff Long-Boat is got out. Again, the delusion of a Home Market is practised; again, the country can find no salvation but in the protection of manufactures—manufactures being the country. Once more production must stop till the surplus on hand can be consumed; once more the money, too scanty even for present wants, is to be diverted to support the precious interests so tenderly fostered, and made to prosper at so enormous a cost. Again prices fall away, and commerce languishes, and vessels pull up by the wharves to rot, and revenues decrease, and the National Treasury grows more and more impoverished. In a word, the Tariff of 1842 has equalled, in the wisdom of its time and the beneficence of its results, the Tariff of 1816. The country is once more embarrassing itself out of embarrassment. Once more it is in the transition from a bad state, through one far worse into another not much better; curing its weakness by further depletion, and regaining its lost strength by piling new burdens on. Indeed, of all theorizers the wildest, of all visionaries the most fanatic, are they who, to be taught by no experience, to be convinced by no reason, blind and deaf to all that is now passing in the civilized world, still cling to protection of manufactures as a means of prosperity to a State. For it involves a folly like that of attempting to confer swiftness by fetters on the limbs, or keenness of sight by bandages on the eyes. But the period of its long duration is fast approaching. And it will altogether cease whenever it is universally realized that nations are but aggregations of individuals; that whenever these individuals are virtuous, thrifty, contented, and happy, the nation itself cannot fail to be prosperous; and that it is only where government enforces speedy and enlightened justice, promptly punishes crime, abjures all favoritism for particular classes or pursuits, and allows its people the broadest liberty to buy and sell wherever and whatever they choose, under the guidance of their own enterprising intelligence and industry, and to pursue that line of honest conduct which each for himself may deem wisest, that this blessed lot may be attained.

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POLITICAL PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

NO. XXXVIII.

LEVI WOODBURY,

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

(With a fine Engraving on Steel.)

It has long weighed grievously on our editorial conscience, that the libellous engraving of the distinguished New Hampshire Senator, which by a strange perversion of language was styled an *embellishment* to our Number for July, 1838, has hitherto been left unatoned for. We hereby gladly relieve ourselves of the load of this remorse, and Mr. Woodbury from the imputation of resemblance to the rough outline caricature referred to—an imputation calculated seriously to prejudice his fair repute in the eyes of a discerning public—by giving to our readers the accompanying more satisfactory likeness, in a more satisfactory style of art, taken from a recent miniature. We shall not again retrace the narrative of Mr. Woodbury's life, which was given in considerable detail, on the former occasion, down to its date. Its leading points were, that he was born at Francestown, an agricultural settlement in the interior of New Hampshire, about the commencement of 1790; that he graduated with high reputation at Dartmouth College in 1809, and was admitted to the bar in 1812. He practised his profession with distinguished success, and rapidly rose to a high rank in it. When the Democratic Party acquired the ascendency in the State in 1816, he was invited to the seat of Government, on the meeting of the Legislature, to discharge the duties of Secretary of the Senate; and at the commencement of the next year, he was appointed Judge of the Superior Court—though only, of course, twenty-seven years of age.

Ascending the bench of the highest judicial tribunal of the State, at an age more youthful than had before occurred in its history, the appointment excited much remark where Mr. Woodbury was personally unknown. The result surpassed the utmost expectations of his friends. In the discharge of the arduous and responsible duties of this station, he evinced the most estimable qualifications of a judge —diligence, patience, firmness, and good temper. His familiarity with legal principles and reach of mind, combined with his suavity of manners and moral courage, enabled him to conduct jury trials with great satisfaction to the public, while his judicial opinions showed great research and accurate discrimination. Ample testimony to the qualifications of Mr. Woodbury for the performance of the duties of his office, may be found in the two first volumes of the Massachusetts Reports.

In 1819 he removed to Portsmouth, the commercial capital of New Hampshire, where he has since continued to reside, with the exception of the period during which his official duties as a member of the cabinets of General Jackson and Mr. Van Buren necessarily stationed him at Washington. Retaining always his house at Portsmouth, Mr. Woodbury gladly returned to it as soon as he was permitted by the termination of those duties.

He was elected Governor in 1822. In 1825, he was chosen by the town of Portsmouth a representative in the Legislature of the State, and though he had never before been a member of any legislative assembly, he was elected Speaker of the House. Among the last acts of the session was the choice of Mr. Woodbury to fill a vacancy which had occurred in the Senate of the United States.

His career in the Senate was one of high honor to himself and usefulness to the country. His talents, information, and habits of unwearied application, gave him much influence upon

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Levi Woodbury

Engraved for the U.S. Magazine & Democratic Review.

J. & H. G. Langley, New York.

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its deliberations. Regarded as the principal organ of the Democracy of New England in that body, during the administration of President Adams, his clear and powerful expositions of its views were received with great deference on several important occasions. During those four sessions he was appointed Chairman of the Committee on Commerce. On the expiration of his term, on the third of March, 1831, he declined a re-election, his private affairs requiring his attention at home. He was a few days thereafter elected to the Senate of his State, but in the ensuing month of April, he accepted General Jackson's invitation to a seat in his cabinet as Secretary of the Navy. After the rejection of Mr. Taney as Secretary of the Treasury by the Senate, Mr. Woodbury was transferred to that department, for which he received the confirmation of the Senate, in June, 1834. In that post he continued till the close of Mr. Van Buren's Presidency—passing from it directly into his former seat in the Senate, to which he had been elected by the Legislature of his State during the course of the preceding winter, for the six years commencing with the 4th of March, 1841.

It had been so long since Mr. Woodbury had appeared before the country in this capacity, that his former legislative reputation was almost forgotten, and the public was little prepared for the masterly demonstration immediately called out by the topics of the period, of his high powers of senatorial debate. He has taken a prominent part in all the great discussions which have arisen, especially those involving the leading questions of the public finance. His services have been invaluable to the Democratic Party in the Senate. His profound and extensive knowledge on this subject, his equal familiarity with great principles and minute details, his clearness of logic and of language, and his vigilance in the detection and his readiness in the refutation of the fallacies of the opposite side of the party division, have been brought into constant play, and have never been wanting to the occasion. Mr. Woodbury has earned a brighter laurel within the past two years on the floor of the Senate, even than any before gracing his brow. It is scarcely necessary to say that he has been one of the foremost champions of Free Trade. As the leading representative of the Democracy of one of the great sections of the Union, New England, Mr. Woodbury's position is not only already one of the most enviable eminence on the stage of public life, but it places him in an open path at no far distance from an honor surpassing any yet conferred on him, by the public appreciation of his abilities, worth, and services.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON PHALANX.

TO THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.*

LONDON, DEC. 8TH, 1842,
3 *Catharine-street, Strand.*

To the Editor of the Democratic Review—

SIR:—In the Number of the Democratic Review for November, 1842, there is an absolutely erroneous statement or review of Fourier's principles, particularly with regard to fundamentals; and as that review is written by a gentleman deservedly esteemed, on this as well as on your side of the Atlantic, for high attainments and a fearless advocacy of whatever he believes to be the truth, the opinion he expresses with regard to Fourier's views and principles is fraught

* We have already inserted in our Number of last December, a somewhat similar Protest, of our own cis-Atlantic Fourierism, against the article by Mr. Brownson here referred to. But our high respect for the ability of the writer of the present Letter, and for the noble spirit and lofty aim of the philosophy to the advocacy of which his journal is devoted, forbids us to decline his request for its insertion, even though much of its contents have been thus already anticipated by another writer of the same school.—ED. D. R.

with danger to the progress of real truth, so far as Fourier's views of progress are concerned. It is to neutralize that influence, then, as far as possible, that I ask permission to state briefly to your readers, that Mr. O. A. Brownson's appreciation of Fourier's principles is absolutely incorrect. To me it is a matter of surprise, that Mr. Brownson should pronounce opinions positively on that subject, after openly avowing he had not had leisure to investigate it thoroughly; but I will not comment upon that fact, further than to put your readers on their guard against admitting the appreciation he has given, while his mind was unprepared for such a task.

With all that Mr. Brownson states in general terms, regarding principles of progress in society, he is at one with Fourier; his error lying chiefly in the *supposition* that Fourier's general views are different. All that is stated, even, by the lady in her letter on "Brook Farm," is quite accordant with Fourier's views, as far as a mere germ may be compared to full development of principle; the universal basis of Fourier's system being that of "free attraction," harmonized by unitary discipline. All that Mr. Brownson lauds as good, then, and desirable in social progress and economy, not only agrees with Fourier's views, but is developed positively in his writings; except one point—that of "equality of condition," which, according to Fourier, is not desirable, in the common notion of equality. Graduated inequality is the chief feature of his social mechanism, and yet that principle insures equality of right. The leader of a corporation of art, or science, or industry, in one particular branch, is president of that corporation while it is in action, but the moment he engages in another corporation of a different function in society, he stands the chance of being last and least in it, instead of first and greatest, as he was before. And this constant oscillation of individuals from the first place of distinction in one corporation to the last in another, and through the various intermediate degrees from first to last in a variety of corporations,—every individual taking part in a greater or smaller number of industrial, artistic, or administrative functions,—this very frequent movement from one degree of precedency to another in the graduated scales of inequality, insures a real and a living equality of right, which could not be insured by stagnant, and monotonous, and more or less oppressive levelling equality. But this relates to the practical mechanism of Fourier's principles in action, which is not the cause of my remarks at present; that which I am most desirous of alluding to, in Mr. Brownson's article, relates to the religious doctrine of Fourier.

In that article, page 487, Mr. Brownson says, "Fourier's theodicy is, if we understand it, nothing but material Pantheism, a polite name for Atheism." This is a very great error, and the deserved influence of Mr. Brownson on public opinion generally, in Europe as well as in America, renders it most dangerous. The simplest answer I can give to it, is to state, that Fourier is a Christian, and say so, though the man has left the natural for the spiritual world, where the soul, according to his luminous explanation of the Christian doctrine of immortality, is infinitely more living and conscious of eternal truths than in terrestrial life. In addition to this, I may add that Fourier openly professed himself a Christian in his writings, and denounced the idea of any person after his death, making use of his new and lucid explanations of Christian principles, to institute a new religion. This he did expressly to prevent his version, or rather his interpretation of the Word of God, from being confounded with new pretensions to Revelation, while, in reality, they are but new developments of the truths of Christian doctrine, though they differ widely from the "orthodox" interpretations of the Word. They are, in fact, a positive inversion of all the leading doctrines of theology, except in a few cases, where the meaning of the Word is so obvious to common understanding, that no person can misunderstand it. This contrast of Fourier's interpretation of the Word, with that of the Church generally, results from the fact of all the doctrines of religion and philosophy, hitherto admitted in the world, or nearly all, being based on the doctrine of the "curse" and of "innate depravity," while that of Christ, Fourier maintains, is based on the principle of primitive purity and ultimate

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redemption. The "curse" being accidental in the destiny of man, or rather temporary and transitional, for he does not admit of anything being accidental, insomuch as the Providence of God is absolute and universal.

I may also state that such words as those made use of by Mr. Brownson, are not to be met with in the writings of Fourier. Neither the word "Theodicea," nor "Pantheism," was ever used by him; and if his doctrine had been one of "material Pantheism," he would surely have given it a name to correspond with its nature. He has written on Cosmogony, Psychology, Universal Analogy, and Revelation, and all his doctrines he confirms from the Word of God, and particularly from the Christian Revelation. His doctrine of the Passions is a key to Revelation, the mysteries of which it opens universally. It is not a new religion he has taught, but a new view of the religion of Christ and his everlasting Church.

Mr. Brownson affirms that "He denies the progress of humanity." This is absolutely erroneous. Not only does he not deny the progress of humanity, but he affirms its progress to be eternal, and explains its progress from the beginning to the end of its career on this globe, and after the destruction of the material earth. He explains the principle of its progress on immortality; in natural and spiritual life and destiny; and that progress is infinite, but not indefinite in its particular degrees. There are many other points in Mr. Brownson's notice, absolutely incorrect, relating to Fourier, which I will not enlarge upon, but leave the task of general correction in the hands of Mr. Brisbane, who, I believe, confines himself almost exclusively to the exposition of the practical parts of Fourier's views, not being conversant with all the various doctrines of Divinity in Christendom.

Mr. Brownson states that Fourier's plans are too mechanical, complex, and difficult to realize in practice. This is a point which may be compared to any branch of art or science; take, for instance, architecture, the Fourier system being one of social architecture. It is evident, that the details of science in the various branches pertaining more or less directly to a complete theory of architecture, are too numerous and complicated for every individual in the state to master; but it does not follow that they are impracticable or unnecessary.

Fourier's system of society is like the human frame, exactly, for he proves that God has pre-ordained it should be so; the individual body being a type of the collective body, of humanity; and though that type is infinitely various in its details, it is exceedingly simple in its general proportions. A head, a body, and four limbs, comprise the whole; and none but those who are to constitute the head and heart of the collective body need trouble themselves with the internal organism of these leading members of the constitution. The principle, in general aspect, is exceedingly simple and harmonious; in particulars of internal progress and refinement, life and varied action, it is indeed stupendously minute. I will conclude by stating, that all that Mr. Brownson advocates in his article, is in harmony with Fourier's views and principles, except his notion of "equality," which we believe to be oppressive and Procrustean. Fourier advocates "graduated alternating inequality," which is real, passional, or living equality of right, to act in freedom with our will and faculties, without oppressing one another. This answer to Mr. Brownson's misunderstanding, and erroneous appreciation of Fourier's doctrine, is a proof of the high estimation in which I hold his noble mind, of which I need give him no labored or constrained assurance. I agree with him in sympathy, and generally in idea, whenever I read his writings, and I hope he will either make himself better acquainted with Fourier, or refrain from injuring the cause of truth and human progress, by creating prejudice against a doctrine which he has not leisure to investigate sufficiently. In this hope, Mr. Editor, I have the honor to remain

Your obedient humble servant,

HUGH DOHERTY.

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MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

ALL the features of the money market present, as the spring season of activity approaches, increased indications of renewed prosperity in all the great channels of business. Specie continues to accumulate in the seaports, and during the past month a great impulse has been given to the disposition to invest in stock, by the decided majority by which the Exchequer scheme has been defeated in Congress. That measure was justly looked upon with alarm by capitalists, who have been taught by the experience of the past few years, that no stability to commercial affairs, nor regular course of business, can exist under the fluctuations incident upon the use of paper as a general circulation, if issued either upon the credit of individual association, or of the Federal government. Its violent and arbitrary vacillations place all property at the mercy of designing speculators. It nullifies the calculations of the prudent and the skill of the sagacious, and renders the risk of investments too great for the cautious. On the other hand, when we take into consideration the immense wealth of the country, the low money prices of all the results of labor, and remember that those prices are the effect only of the transition from the use of a redundant paper currency to the small quantity of specie now in circulation, we become aware that it is the small supply of currency in proportion to the abundance of industrial products, which causes money to be dear rather than produce to be cheap. The supply of currency is now increasing at the rate of several millions per month; it must, therefore, inevitably follow that the relative value of commodities will change with the operation. The proportional supply of money will cause it to be cheaper as it increases, and of goods to become relatively dear. This is the process now going forward, governed by the immutable laws of trade. To disturb it at this crisis by the issue of government paper,—to substitute it in circulation for the increasing volume of specie now flowing in, would only produce disaster. The fears of such unwise interference with commerce influenced the minds of men unfavorably until the result of the vote upon the measure banished apprehension, and induced confidence that adherence to the sound principles of the Sub-Treasury would give to trade its freedom of action, and to its laws the governing power over prices and property. This view of affairs seems to have induced the same results in the stock market generally as did the passage last winter of the tax law by the Legislature of New York on the securities of that State. The remaining portion of the government loan, amounting to nearly $3,500,000, has been taken at par, and is now held at 3 and 4 per cent. premium. Nearly $500,000 of Massachusetts 5 per cent. stock has also been taken at 86 40-100 by an eminent citizen. All sound stocks have improved in a similar degree. New York 6 per cents. command par, and the 5 per cents. 89 a 90. This rise has been produced by the quantity of money seeking investment, now that a portion of the discredit attached to stock has been removed. The low price of foreign bills, and the want of other means of investment, has induced the banks to become purchasers of bills to some extent to import specie,—an operation which, at present rates, will yield nearly 7 per cent., while the discount rate for the best business paper now offering, is scarcely 5 per cent., and consists in some degree of the short notes given for bills by individual importers of coin. Some of the banks have reduced the rate of discount on all paper to 6 per cent., and they loan freely on New York and government stock at that rate. All this bespeaks that returning willingness to lend money which enlarges the field of commercial operations, and multiplies the number of active men. In order to estimate the great change which has been and is taking place in the quantity of capital employed in banking, we have compiled from official sources the returns of the banks in sixteen States which have made their annual statements, and compared the aggregates with those of former years for the same States:

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STATEMENT OF THE LEADING FEATURES OF THE BANKS IN 16 STATES, JAN., 1843.

	Loans.	Specie.	Circulation.	Deposits.
New York, - -	52,557,724	8,388,559	11,860,900	18,723,030
Maine, - - -	4,405,660	175,301	1,106,261	542,017
New Jersey, - -	4,225,033	450,842	1,138,342	799,570
Massachusetts, - -	44,610,391	2,682,300	8,049,906	6,130,164
N. Hampshire, - -	3,547,833	184,874	1,010,879	597,879
Maryland, - -	7,816,786	1,917,437	1,242,397	2,417,994
Virginia, - -	12,648,609	2,181,341	5,393,612	1,854,807
Georgia, - -	7,470,221	580,076	2,835,559	817,168
South Carolina, - -	4,155,554	400,435	1,231,607	1,260,995
North Carolina, - -	3,778,768	855,206	1,496,041	339,284
Louisiana, - -	31,628,624	4,596,787	1,216,237	4,420,232
Alabama, - - -	11,563,324	1,164,754	5,750,104	1,364,355
Illinois, - - -	3,229,302	798,998	2,212,127	164,552
Ohio, - - -	2,919,433	385,126	1,116,058	388,674
Indiana, - - -	2,897,917	799,047	1,732,518	181,248
Missouri, - - -	926,973	253,205	273,490	388,993
Total, Jan., 1843,	$198,392,152	$27,814,178	$47,766,048	$40,390,962
Deduct Illinois and Alabama banks in liquidation, - - -	11,634,432	1,606,359	7,441,869	1,271,089
	186,757,720	26,207,819	40,324,179	39,119,873
Total, Jan., 1840,	295,300,476	25,341,151	68,598,620	49,279,697
" " 1839,	313,586,784	29,654,863	85,546,120	56,605,653

These figures show an immense increase in the proportion of specie to circulation. Deducting the notes on hand, the outstanding circulation of these banks in 1839 was $69,075,859, and they held nearly $30,000,000 in specie. At this time the notes outstanding are in the neighborhood of $12,000,000, leaving the specie on hand very nearly equivalent to the paper which it represents. Indeed, at the leading points, as New York, New Orleans, and Maryland, whence capital is distributed for the purchase of produce, the specie far exceeds the paper outstanding. The deposits for the most part cannot be called currency, because, although they form a means of liquidating debts due the banks, they are not generally available for the purchase of goods. They form, in most cases, but another form of loans, as they are discounts appropriated to the liquidation of former loans. Hence, all the facilities which the public now derive from the issues of sixteen banks, is the fancied convenience of using their paper for currency instead of the specie in the vaults, which is more than counterbalanced by the evils attending it. The nett circulation of all the banks of the United States, in 1839, was $107,798,029, and is now not far from $40,000,000, being a reducti n of over $67,000,000 ; of which $43,000,000 were the issues of broken banks, and are depreciated to an average level with those of the late National Bank 50 per cent., involving a loss of $21,000,000 to the public, in three years, by the use of paper money for a currency. The following will show the nett circulation and specie held by the banks of the leading States :

CIRCULATION, NOTES ON HAND, NETT CIRCULATION, AND SPECIE, OF SEVERAL OF THE STATES, JANUARY, 1840.

	Circulation.	Notes on hand.	Nett Circulation	Specie.
Maine, - - -	1,106,261	103,522	1,002,739	175,301
Massachusetts, -	8,049,906	1,883,006	6,166,900	2,682,300
New York, - -	11,860,900	4,808,987	7,051,913	8,388,559
Maryland, - -	1,243,397	314,010	929,387	1,917,437
Ohio, - - -	1,116,058	416,350	699,708	385,126
South Carolina, -	1,231,607	227,300	1,004,307	400,435
Louisiana, - -	1,216,237	310,000	906,237	4,596,287
Total,	$25,824,366	$8,063,175	$17,761,191	$18,546,945

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Hence, it appears that the currency at the influential points is now below the specie standard; that is, the distrust occasioned by the continual fall of prices from the high fictitious level of the paper system has, from the natural indisposition of people to operate in falling markets, caused money to accumulate in the banks on deposit until its owners shall have become satisfied that prices are really at their lowest points. This is one of the greatest evils of paper. It promotes overtrading by exciting people to operate in the apparent rapid rise of prices during an expansion, and consequently discourages them from moving when prices and values are falling again back to their natural level. The result is, that in one case they fall as much below their real value as in the other case they rise above it; being once down, returning activity restores them to a sound position gradually but firmly. This result is now being brought about. The moving principle is commercial confidence in the probability of realizing profits from investments at present prices for cash. There is as yet no symptom of a return to large credit operations, because, during the last few years, those great landmarks of commercial confidence which in former years formed the guide and the security of the creditor, have been swept away and perished under the demoralizing consequences of paper speculations. All those moral influences which ensured to the commercial creditor the safety of his claim, have been necessarily subverted by unwise legislation. Legalizing the suspension of the banks as matter of expediency, after the first shock of necessity passed away, sapped the foundation of the moral obligation of contracts. Exonerating associations of men from their immediate liabilities soon paved the way for "stay laws" to protect individuals from the claims of their creditors. When so much was obtained, men in comparatively good standing did not scruple to avail themselves of the usury laws, to evade contracts into which they not only voluntarily but thankfully entered. Party spirit countenancing these proceedings, the principle of the usury laws was applied to the public debts of the States, and repudiation boldly avowed. The prevalence of this disposition to protect debtors at the expense of creditors was seized upon by a bold and unscrupulous political party, to make the distresses and moral laxity of the people a stepping-stone to power. The bankrupt law offered a relief to individuals, the distribution law to States, and a new inflation of paper, through the medium of a bank, tempted broken speculators. Thus, one by one, all those dependences of the capitalist, legal and moral, for the security of his loans, were removed, and the general result is an utter loss of credit by banks, individuals, States, and Federal Government; which state of things is enhanced by the constant attempts in most of the States to pass what are called "stay laws." The tendency of these is to prevent the sale of property under execution for the benefit of the creditor, unless at rates governed by arbitrary valuations, which place them far above the actual value. Such laws have been passed in Illinois and Missouri, and other States; their effect is to deprive the poor creditor of justice, and drive the rich one into the United States Court at ruinous expense. Consequently, there can be no basis for credit. Those laws are the direct consequence of the paper system; because, under the inflation of former years, large quantities of real estate changed hands at enormous money prices; and, to sell that property now, on mortgages or for mercantile debts, will ruin the holder. Without a paper inflation, fluctuations in the value of property so great as to produce such results, could never have taken place. Hence it is that relief laws are most prevalent where banks have flourished most. All these attempts at "relief," as it is called, are working a cure for the evils out of which they sprung, by destroying credit, and therefore preventing the proposed remedies, which are based upon fresh borrowing and credit, from taking effect. The disasters of the late National Bank, and the paper system generally, have made it impossible to fill up subscriptions to a new National Bank. Hence, Daniel Webster declares such an institution "obsolete." In this state of affairs it is evident that there is but one course to adopt, that is, to go with the current of events. Instead of keeping alive the feeling of distrust, by constantly projecting new issues of paper, in the shape of money, under pretence of relieving the National Treasury, like the recently defeated Exchequer,—or of stock, like the

dead project for "assumption of debts," instead of paying them,—recourse should be had to economy in the first instance to bring down the expenses to the revenue, and then returning to the Sub-Treasury plan of the late administration, the principle of which is to require prompt payment in the constitutional currency for all dues to the government, and as promptly disbursing it to the government creditors. The great features of future trade will be cash payments and prompt activity of all industrial products. The collection and disbursement of $20,000,000 per annum in specie by the Federal Government, will give activity to the precious metals, and infinitely promote the animation of commerce. The finances of the Federal Government are, without doubt, in a most lamentable condition; the current expenditures during the past year having been near $5,000,000 in excess of the current receipts, and the estimates of the Secretary for the year 1843 make the current expenditures exceed the receipts by $7,300,000. The following is a table of the actual amounts for 1842, and the estimates of the Secretary for 1843, according to his Report, dated 9th February, 1843:

REVENUE AND EXPENDITURES OF UNITED STATES FOR 1842, AND ESTIMATE FOR 1843.

REVENUE.

	1842.	Estimate for 1843.
Customs of 1842, - - - -	15,323,665	13,000,000
Custom Bonds of 1841, - - -	3,500,000	
Lands, - - - - - - - -	1,456,576	2,500,000
Miscellaneous, - - - - - -	132,967	100,000
Total Revenue,	$20,413,208	$15,600,000
Borrowed Stock and Notes, - - -	14,651,157	4,883,358
Total Means	$35,064,365	$20,483,358

EXPENDITURES.

	1842	Estimate for 1843.
Ordinary expenses, - - - -	25,989,332	22,932,773
Loans paid, - - - - - -	9,319,302	2,402,390
Total,	$35,308,634	$25,335,163

The Secretary has here estimated the customs of 1843 at very near those of the last year, derived from the imports of that year. The result is, as we have stated, that the deficiency of means will be near 50 per cent. greater for the coming year, than for the last; and at the close of the year, or after January, 1844, over $5,000,000 of the Government stock falls due and must be paid, or renewed at a higher rate of interest, like the note of a broken speculator in a banking institution. This state of affairs has evidently been mainly brought about by the high tariff, inasmuch as the whole falling off in the imports for the year, took place after the expiration of the compromise act. The Secretary ascribes the decline to general operating causes upon the whole business of the country, yet does not explain why those causes should take effect only with the operation of an oppressive tariff. For the first six months of 1842, under the compromise tariff, the imports exceeded those of the same period in 1840, showing a disposition in the general markets to recover. The comparison is as follows:

	1st quarter.	2d quarter.	3d quarter.	4th quarter.	Total.
Imports, 1840,	28,934,302	22,237,180	28,217,025	22,700,330	$102,088,837
" 1842,	32,931,955	26,111,101	17,197,898	11 000,000	87,240,954
Increase,	3,997,653	3,873,921			
Decrease,			11,019,127	11,700,330	14,847,88?

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During the last six months, cash duties were imposed, and at protective rates during the last four. If general causes produced the falling off in imports, why were not those causes in operation in the first six months? The importations for the first six months of 1842, large as they were, were not greater than were paid by the export of produce in return; a fact abundantly proved by the rate of foreign exchange, which in July was already 3 per cent. below par, and has gradually fallen since then, until specie is imported in immense quantities. In that period, the imports of foreign goods exceeded those of the same period in 1840, by $7,800,000, and yet the cash balance was in favor of this country; showing, that, notwithstanding the pecuniary distress in England was then very great, interest being at 6 per cent., and having since fallen to 1½ and 2 per cent., that the increased imports into this country were paid for by enhanced purchases of domestic goods and produce. This brings us to the next assertion of the Secretary, which is, that the falling off in imports is not justly "chargeable to the existing tariff, because the prices of imported goods have, in common with others, generally fallen since its passage."

This seems to be the very perversity of blindness. The productions of this country are immense in volume, but command money prices so low as to yield no surplus above the cost of production, for two reasons, viz.: the dearness of the currency, and the extent of the surplus. The former reason was correcting itself during the first six months of the year, even when the imports exceeded those of the last half of the year, by $31,000,000, or 110 per cent. The only way by which the surplus may be disposed of, is by taking foreign goods in exchange. Relieving the market of the surplus raises the money prices of the remainder until they afford a profit, which profit is applied to the purchase of goods. If the exportation of that surplus is prevented by the exclusion of foreign goods in exchange, prices are sunk so low, that the producers are disabled from buying at all. The demand for goods so cut off causes their prices to fall. The authors of the whole evil then appeal to the fall in foreign goods, as evidence that they are not wanted, when it only arises from the inability of consumers to purchase, in consequence of being deprived of a market for the proceeds of their labor. We may illustrate this view by one article. The production of flour in the United States has been estimated at twenty-two million barrels; the export in 1840, which was a year of the lowest prices for flour, was near two million barrels, valued at $10,000,000; that quantity may be assumed as the surplus production, because, in the following year, the prices ranged $1,50 per barrel higher, showing that the surplus had been removed by export. At the present time, prices range from $2,60 per barrel, in Cincinnati, to $4,50 on the seaboard. At these rates, flour yields no surplus to the producer; $2.60 is equal to 50 cents per bushel for wheat, which in England, is worth $1,12. The cost of production and transport to market make up the whole price, and leave no margin for the purchase of goods. The average price in the United States, under these circumstances, is $4,00 per barrel, making the crop worth $88,000,000.

If, now, foreign goods are taken in payment for two millions of barrels, thereby raising the money price of the balance $1,50 per barrel, as in 1841, the crop will be worth $120,000,000, instead of $88,000,000; hence there will be a margin of $32,000,000, to appropriate to the purchase of domestic and imported goods, which must consequently rise in price. On the contrary, if, as now, under the present most absurd tariff, foreign goods are prohibited from coming in exchange for the surplus 2,000,000 barrels, the markets on the border continue to be glutted; the price remains so low, that western flour cannot be brought down and pay the expenses. Hence, there is nothing left to buy goods, or even to pay taxes at home; the goods cannot be sold at any price, and taxes cannot be met. The Federal Government closes its revenue, and the States repudiate. These are some of the national evils which grow out of the struggles of a political party to sustain power, by combining small pecuniary interests, through hope of obtaining exclusive privileges at the expense of the people at large.

The Secretary in his estimates puts the land receipts at $2,500,000. This estimate appears greatly too large under the circumstances, being nearly double

that of each of the last two years, although it must be taken into consideration that, owing to the strife about distribution, the lands as a resource for revenue have been greatly neglected and mismanaged in that time. In order to estimate the state of affairs we may look back at the land operations in each state for the last ten years, as follows:—

SALES OF PUBLIC LAND IN EACH OF THE UNITED STATES, FROM 1833 TO 1840, COLLECTIVELY, AND IN EACH OF THE YEARS, 1841 AND 1842.

	Sales from 1833 to 1840.		Sales in 1841.		Sales in 1842, 3 quarters.	
	Acres.	Value.	Acres.	Value.	Acres.	Value.
Ohio,	3,963,449	5,032,726	28,023	38,288	23,160	31,757
Indiana,	8,650,446	10,913,474	67,661	84,587	41,026	51,287
Illinois,	9,324,154	11,680,552	258,135	322,983	386,414	483,046
Missouri,	5,582,920	7,009,939	184,658	230,822	109,058	136,298
Alabama,	5,732,658	7,279,045	39,041	49,695	73,924	92,405
Mississippi,	7,704,831	10,074,546	9,121	11,401	27,149	33,937
Louisiana,	2,471,091	3,279,379	42,941	48,679	33,481	41,987
Michigan,	8,999,757	10,018,538	13,009	18,000	16,971	21,233
Arkansas,	2,489,535	3,135,539	45,653	57,317	18,452	23,078
Wisconsin,	1,908,239	2,438,295	70,805	89,257	88,829	113,755
Iowa,	1,141,640	1,426,934	53,468	66,847	37,275	46,594
Florida,	415,359	519,120	5,552	6,940	3,186	3,984
Total.	57,383,079	$72,807,185	818,067	$1,021,816	859,925	$1,079,366

From this, it appears that the number of acres sold in the last two years, was 1,660,000 only. In 1835–6, the number of acres sold was 32,630,000. If we now take a table of the population of these States, at three periods, with the aggregate acres sold in ten years, from 1833 to 1842, the quantity of land actually sold to settlers can be estimated as follows:

WESTERN POPULATION AT THREE PERIODS, AND NO. OF ACRES SOLD FROM 1833 TO 1842.

	Population.			Acres sold.
	1820.	1830	1840.	1833 to 1842.
Ohio,	581,434	937,903	1,519,467	4,014,932
Indiana,	147,178	343,031	685,866	8,759,133
Illinois,	55,211	157,445	476,183	9,968,703
Missouri,	66,586	140,455	383,702	5,876,636
Alabama,	144,317	309,527	590,756	5,845,623
Mississippi,	75,448	136,621	375,654	7,741,101
Louisiana,	153,407	215,739	352,411	2,547,513
Michigan,	8,896	31,639	12,267	8,010,737
Arkansas,	14,273	30,388	97,574	2,553,640
Wisconsin,	——	——	43,112	2,067,763
Iowa,	——	——	39,945	1,231,383
Florida,	——	34,730	54,477	424,097
	1,246,750	2,342,478	4,531,514	59,041.261
Acres sold to	17,213.000	10,110,468	51,620,132	——

It appears that up to 1820 there were sold of public lands 17,213,000 acres, on which was settled a population of 1,246,750 people, or about 16 acres to each inhabitant. During the ten years from 1820 to 1830, there were sold 10,000,000 acres only, and the population increased 1,100,000, or about 10 acres to each person. From 1830 to 1840 the population increased 2,200,000 persons, and the land sales were 51,000,000 acres, or about 25 acres to each individual. Assuming the number of acres to each person actually settled to have been the same as in the previous ten years, it would give 23,000,000 settled against 59,000,000 acres sold by the Federal government, leaving 36,000,000 acres in the hands of the Sta' and speculators, to be resold in com]

tition with the Federal Government. These are selected for locality and quality as the choicest lands, and will be the first settled; but if the progress of settlement continues as heretofore, twenty years at least will elapse before they are occupied. The settlement in Ohio, it appears, from 1830 to 1840, was at the rate of 7 acres only to each individual; while in Illinois and other States the sales were at the rate of 33 acres to each inhabitant added to the population. In Louisiana, Arkansas, Alabama, Mississippi, and Florida, upwards of $50,000,000 were borrowed abroad and invested in lands put under cotton cultivation. All the banks so organized have failed, the money is lost, and all the lands pledged for it are subject to foreclosure—a powerful argument against any supposed extension of sales of public lands in those sections for many years to come. Hence the proceeds of the lands as a resource to government, or as a basis for paper issues to relieve, as it is called, the States, for many years to come are utterly out of the question. The vast sales of 1835–6 anticipated settlement for thirty years at least.

DEFALCATION vs. DEFAULT.

GRASS HILLS, KENTUCKY.

To the Editor of the Democratic Review:

SIR:—Regarding your Magazine as the leading guardian of the purity of our language, on this side of the Atlantic, as well as of the true spirit of our institutions, I respectfully call your attention to the wide-spread abuse of a word which the mournfully degraded honesty of our country has of late brought into very frequent use, viz. DEFALCATION for DEFAULT.

I should not have directed so slight a communication to your grave page, did I not discover that the error has been sent out in official papers from the heads of the Government, and even from the judicial bench. I deemed, therefore, that a decision upon the merits of the word must necessarily be pronounced by a like high authority, to have its proper effect; and, accordingly, present the following definitions and derivations before your critical tribunal for final sentence:

DEFALCATION.	DEFAULT.
WALKER.—Diminution.	WALKER.—Neglect, crime, failure, &c.
WEBSTER.—The act of cutting off, or deducting a part, &c.	WEBSTER.—An omission of that which ought to be done; neglect to do what duty or law requires, &c.
AINSWORTH'S LAT. DIC.—To defalcate, *defalco*. *Falco*, to prune.	AINSWORTH. — Default, *Culpa*, a fault, blame, guilt, &c.

Thus, as far as my researches enlighten me, there appears not the slightest authority for the use of the word *Defalcation* in a sense implying guilt; in mercantile phrase, it never was so applied; while the word *Default* expresses precisely what is meant. A. J. S.

It would be at variance with a well settled judicial principle to decline a jurisdiction tendered to us. We therefore accept it, and decide as follows. *Defalcation* may not be as good English as *Default*, but it shall remain good American for the present, so long as our detestable paper-money credit-system continues, demoralizing the national character so as to make one word insufficient for the public service—as an extra pair of oxen are sometimes yoked to a team of horses to help them along. *Defalcation*, moreover, is a bigger word in every respect than *Default*, and has therefore a peculiar appropriateness to the magnitude of the scale on which these operations are sometimes now conducted in so many of our banking and other moneyed corporations. It properly denotes a shaving or lopping off, with a scythe or pruning-hook—an image graphically descriptive of the process to which the term is applied. For the strong expediency of the case, therefore, the word shall stand, as a good enough word for a bad thing—at least until the country's return to honesty and hard money shall relieve us of the necessity of its continuance, and make one word sufficient to express the idea. The appeal is therefore dismissed, with costs.—ED. D. R.

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NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

The Bible in Spain; or, the Journeys, Adventures, and Imprisonments of an Englishman, in an attempt to circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula. By GEORGE BORROW, author of "The Gipsies of Spain." Philadelphia: Jas. M. Campbell, 98 Chestnut-st. Saxton & Miles, 205 Broadway, New York. 1843. 8vo. pp. 232.

By all odds, and by universal consent, the pleasantest book of the day! Mr. Borrow has fairly taken the public heart by storm. He comes, he is looked at, he conquers—his book has not been circulating forty-eight hours (in the cheap and popular though very readable form in which the publishers have presented it for half-a-dollar) before it is in almost every hand, and its praise on almost every lip. Gil Blas *redivivus*, and engaged in the service of the British Foreign Bible Society, as missionary agent to introduce and distribute the Bible in Spain! And then it can be enjoyed with so good a conscience—it is all about "the Bible." Not only may we sinners enjoy it to our hearts' content—we world's-people, who can take down any other volume of honest amusement any day in the year—but to the saints themselves, to whom such an indulgence is a greater rarity, and who so devoutly feel bound to mortify the flesh upon the never ending supplies of "pious books," which are daily issuing from the press, in the intervals of time afforded them by their large weekly religious papers—to these Mr. Borrow has indeed afforded a most welcome holiday. Of course to have a book with this title in one's hand is almost as good as having the Bible itself; and that Sunday can be set down as most irreproachably as well as delightfully spent, of which a large proportion has been given to these most agreeable of pages.

The book is about as full of entertainment, as the saying runs, as an egg is of meat. Through highways and byways, crowded capitals and wild despoplados, Mr. Borrow pursues the object of his mission, by personal rambling, through the midst of danger and often hardship, into every nook in the very heart of the country where he can hear of a chance of selling a volume of his wares. He meets with a vast variety of character and adventure, which are sketched with a rich and racy vigor and vividness that leave nothing to be desired. The history of his proper professional mission has very little to do with the interest of the book. It is little else than the thread which holds together the pearls he strings upon it. It is indeed occasionally brought in, apparently from a certain sense of decent duty, but he certainly seems most to revel in the enjoyment of his adventures and the narration of them, when he "sinks the shop" and forgets for the time what he is travelling for and about. We cannot help thinking that it would have been much the same to him if it had been tin pots and pans, instead of Bibles and Testaments, the sale and distribution of which had afforded him the opportunity of indulging his taste for this roving, gipsy sort of life. In fact, we should like to inspect the parish register of our author's birth and baptism to satisfy ourselves that he is not after all a real instead of a mock gipsy, as he sometimes exhibited himself—and that he is not playing off a grand "hokkawar" on the public in the character in which he here acts and writes. At any rate we hope he will continue the narrative which is broken off very abruptly at a point promising a wide field of interest among the Moors. There would seem to have been few quarters of the globe unvisited by him—as also but few of its languages with which he is unacquainted. We trust he will now fight all his battles o'er again, and give us some more similar delightful chapters of his most extraordinary life and career, in other countries also as well as in Spain.

A Residence of Eight Years in Persia, among the Nestorian Christians; with Notices of the Mohammedans. By Rev. JUSTIN PERKINS, with a map and plates. Andover: Published by Allen, Morrill & Wardell. New York: M. W. Dodd. 1843. 8vo. pp. 512.

This is a highly instructive as well as pleasing and entertaining work. The author has brought back from the land of his missionary labors, as well as having taken to it. It is very copiously illustrated with colored drawings of different characters and classes of the inhabitants, which, though somewhat rude in drawing, (they

were for the most part from the pencil of a Persian artist), by the aid of the rich hues of their costumes convey a striking impression of what they represent. It will be remembered that Mr. Perkins, on his return home, was accompanied by one of the Nestorian bishops, Mar Yohannan, from whom he states, in the Preface, that in preparing the work for the press he derived some useful information and aid, in the verification of his notes and recollections. We have not been able to do more than give a few hours to the task of dipping here and there into its pages, but have seen enough to satisfy us that it was well worth publication, and well worthy of patronage, not by those alone interested in it as a narrative of missionary labors, but by all those to whom lively and well written sketches of the country, people, and manners, which the author was thus led to observe, would be acceptable.

Father Oswald; a Genuine Catholic Story. New York: Casserly & Sons, 108 Nassau-street. 1843. 12mo. pp. 304.

This volume was written, as declared by the author, for the purpose of counteracting the injurious influence exerted, against the cause of "truth," as understood by the sincere mind and pious heart from which it evidently proceeds, by that most powerful and touching anti-catholic story, "Father Clement." It consists, for the most part, of Protestant and Catholic disputation, resulting of course always in the triumph of the latter, and eventually in the conversion of the chief interlocutor on the other side—a process finally consummated by his witnessing with his own eyes the annual miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, at Naples. So far as we can judge from a cursory examination, the book is well and forcibly written;—the devout Catholic will doubtless find in it much edification and instruction in the principles of his own faith; though of the effect it may produce on the Protestant reader, each must be the judge and measurer for himself. It is one of the signs of the reviving religious spirit of the age, which in no portion of the general Christian body shows itself more vigorously than in the Catholic Church, that such a book should be put forth, seeking to make earnest and abstruse doctrinal disputation, for the purpose of proselytism, attractive through the medium of dialogue and tale.

Letters from the Earl of Shrewsbury to Ambrose Lisle Phillips, Esq. Descriptive of the Estatica of Caldaro and the Addolorata of Capriana. First American, from the second London Edition. New York: Casserly & Sons, 108 Nassau-st. 1843. 12mo. pp. 92.

This little pamphlet describes some very extraordinary cases of Ecstasy of a religious character, which are regarded by their Catholic witnesses and narrators as superhuman evidences of the special presence of the divine power and grace in the subjects of them, for the purpose of illustrating the truth of Catholic doctrines and of stimulating the faith and zeal of all believers. The first is that of a girl named Maria Mörl, now about 30 years of age, a native of a little village named Caldaro, near Trent; who is described as passing the greater part of her time in a state of trance or ecstasy, insensible to external objects, generally on her knees in her bed, though sometimes standing on the points of her feet, as it were in the act of rising from the earth, with no sign of motion or life, except a most rapt and celestial expression, for hours at a time. This habit commenced about ten years ago, and seems to have grown out of her intense excitements in connection with the taking of the Holy Communion. A word from her Confessor recalls her from this state—which, except at times when under the influence of an intense sympathy with the agonies of the Passion on Friday—is of most placid and blissful character. The other case is that of the Domenica Lazari, styled the Addolorata of Capriana, a lonely village among the mountains of the Tyrol—a girl of about 25 years of age. Her ecstasy is rather of a character of agony or sympathy with the sufferings of the Cross. She is said *not to have eaten, drank or slept for eight years.* Both are marked on the hands and feet with the *stigmata*, or marks of the nails of the cross, while the latter has her forehead encircled with the marks of the crown of thorns,—from all of which blood at times flows; in the case of the Addolorata, with considerable profusion. Other incredibilities are related of them, and of some other cases described in the pamphlet, to which the reader must be referred for them. It is certain that they are testified to by witnesses of respectability, though by most Protestant readers they will be set down as priestly impositions. We may perhaps speak further of these extraordinary narratives on a future occasion, in reference to their possible bearing on the subject of Mesmerism.

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The Bible of Nature, and Substance of Virtue. Condensed from the Scriptures of Eminent Cosmians, Pantheists, and Physo-philanthropists, of various ages and climes. Illustrated with Engravings. Albany, Stereotyped and printed by C. Van Benthuysen. 1842.

This volume has been sent to us for notice, and though it happens to be rather strange company for the most of those which at the present moment strew our editorial table, yet we have such respect for the freedom of thought, speech, and print, that we have no objection to informing our readers what it is, whatever objection we may ourselves entertain to much of its contents. It is a compilation of extracts from the works of nearly all the most celebrated writers who have protested and argued against the world's existing faiths and establishments. There is undeniably a great deal of excellent matter in it—(among the rest Christ's Sermon on the Mount)—though mixed up with much that is of fatal fallacy and tendency. It consists of a vast variety of parts totally unassorted and undigested, bound together into one thick mass, in a singular state of typographical as well as logical confusion. There is a great deal of strong and true criticism of many existing wrongs and errors; a great deal, too, of an honest spirit of desire after the good and free, and natural, and beautiful; but the whole is negative, and to the deep wants and aspirations of the human soul utterly unsatisfactory and naught. The contents and structure of the volume, in their very chaos of disorder, are an unintended expression and type of the moral condition of the mind which, even though it may abound with good elements and tendencies, yet lacks a central harmonizing, steadying and saving principle of Faith and Reverence. There is little danger of this "Bible of Nature" ever supplanting the "Bible of Revelation"—especially as every day the true spirit of the latter is making itself more and more distinctly understood and felt in the world; notwithstanding the injurious influence against it exerted by a large proportion of those classes who, while least understanding it, claim the peculiar right of interpreting and applying it.

Select Library of Religious Literature. D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation. Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Philadelphia: James M. Campbell, 98 Chestnut-street. Sold also by Saxton & Miles, 205 Broadway, New York.

This is one of the cheapest of the countless projects of cheap republications springing up everywhere. D'Aubigné's well known and (among Protestants) popular History of the Reformation will be completed in five of its monthly numbers, of eighty pages. The price of each is but fifteen cents, or $1 80 per annum. Being put in the periodical form, it has the advantage of being circulated through the mail.

Greenwood Cemetery and other Poems. By Joseph L. Chester. New York: Published by Saxton and Miles, 205 Broadway. Boston: Saxton, Price & Co. 133 Washington st. 1843. 12mo. pp. 132.

If we have no very strong terms of praise to bestow on these poems, neither shall they be set down with any ungracious phrase of condemnation. They are put forth with a modesty of manner which is itself some merit, and the author makes no pretension to claim any very high character for his verses in a literary point of view. "He only hopes to please those who love poetry in its humbler garb—who can delight in simplicity—and who prefer to have the feelings of the very heart awakened, to all the effect that can be produced by majestic verse or flowery rhythm"—is the language of the author's Preface. The dedication of the volume to "His wife—not knowing a better friend"—will serve to give some idea of its spirit, which is one of general affectionateness of temper and kindly goodness of morality, at the same time that the reader looks in vain for any sufficient reason why these poems should have been withdrawn from the modest privacy of manuscript for fireside perusal and domestic appreciation, to go forth into the great world in print, to solicit the attention of people who have so little time, and so much to do in it. However, there is no harm done—and perhaps some little good may. We give the following as a rather favorable specimen:

FAME.

Where dwells true fame?
'Tis not with those who course the battle field,
With pointed spear and oft ensanguined shield;—
Whose thirsty troops grown brutes by long excess,
Drink tears for wine, nor wish the draught were less.
Nor yet with those
Whose voices echo through the Senate hall,
Or swell the clamor of the rude cabal;—
Who boast aloud of patriotic fire,
And yet are ruled by Self's unchecked desire.
Nor yet with those
Who reign the monarchs of the mind's great world;—
For if Religion hath not there unfurled
Her spotless standard, all their glories fade,
And death will plunge them into endless shade.
Nor yet with those
In whom the brightest natures are confest;—
Man does but *Duty* when he does his best.

Be this my fame:—
That I have wiped the tear from sorrow's eye,
And sighed with those whom grief has taught to sigh:
That I have often crossed the *widow's* door,
And soothed her woe and some enlarged her store:
Have cheered the *orphan* on his lonely road,
And wooed the *wanderer* from her dark abode:
That I have *never* turned a heedless ear,
Or sightless eye, to suffering's groan or tear.
And when some friend my epitaph shall write
And marble letters meet the gazer's sight,
Be this the line for every eye to scan—
"Here lies an honest and a *generous* man!"

Speeches, Reviews, Reports, &c. By Joseph Blunt. New York: J. Van Norden & Co., Printers, No. 60 William street. 1843. 8vo. pp. 255.

The contents of this volume are somewhat heterogeneous, though Mr. Blunt has a sufficient number of friends to be glad of having this opportunity of possessing a collection of the various productions, chiefly though not entirely of a literary character, which he has from time to time given to the public in the intervals of the active labors of his profession. Mr. Blunt is a correct and often nervous writer, always exhibiting the man of cultivated mind and habits, though we cannot always approve his mode of thinking. Two or three Review articles, Historical Discourses, Reports on measures of a practical character, an able legal argument in the celebrated libel case of Erastus Root *vs.* Charles King, compose the volume, together with two strong Tariff documents, which proceeded from Mr. Blunt's pen, the Address of the Home-League, and the Report to its National Convention held in New York last October—papers certainly making the best of their case, to which the writer is attached with a zeal which we can respect even while we differ.

A Treatise on the Necessity of Capital Punishment. By Jonathan Cogswell, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Theological Institute of Connecticut. Hartford: Press of Elihu Green, 26½ State street. 1843. 18mo. pp. 58.

This little production in one respect bears strongly in favor of the abolition of Capital Punishment, as an evidence how weak an argument can be made by a learned and able man in favor of that of which he urges the necessity. We have said enough on the subject in a former article in the present number. We content ourselves with a single remark in relation to the case of Bourne, who came near being hung in Vermont, in 1819, for the crime of murdering a man who made his appearance alive on the day appointed for the execution. The case had been cited in a sermon on this subject by the Rev. W. S. Balch, which was printed in the newspapers. Mr. Cogswell denies the fact of the reappearance of the supposed murdered man on the day of execution; asserting that he returned upwards of a month before the event, and that therefore the scene depicted by Mr. Balch, as occurring on and about the scaffold, could not have taken place. Now there must be some mistake in his authority, for it is a most certain fact that Bourne was actually brought out to the scaffold, and that the execution was prevented, to the surprise of the whole crowd, and the disappointment of some, by the appearance of Colvin. We have this on the authority of a gentleman of undoubted veracity, who, residing in a neighboring town, perfectly remembers the circumstances of the return of the neighbors from the frustrated execution, and their account of the affair. It is possible that for some reason or other the return of Colvin may have been kept secret till the appointed day, for the sake of the scene at the foot of the gallows, though in the last degree improbable. Perhaps his discovery in New Jersey took place at the time stated as that of his return, and that he did not reach the spot till the last day. So far as it illustrates the argument against the irremediable character of this mode of punishment, by showing the possibility of the murder of the innocent by the executioner, it is quite immaterial whether the one or the other statement be the literal truth.

History of Europe from the Commencement of the French Revolution in 1789, *to the Restoration of the Bourbons in* 1815. By Archibald Alison, F. R. S. E. Advocate. In 4 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers, No. 82 Cliff street. 1843. 8vo. Parts 1, 2, 3, and 4.

These four parts compose the first of the four volumes in which the Harpers propose to issue Alison's great history—each issued for the price which we should call astonishing but for the miracles we now daily witness in this way, of twenty-five cents. We confess that we do not look with very great favor upon the circulation of Alison in this country—a thoroughly English and highly-toned aristocratic version of the French Revolution as it is. It is undoubtedly, nevertheless, a book of great value and powerful and brilliant style, though at times inflated and overloaded, and though requiring to be read with jealous reference to the point of view from which the author looks.

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The Addresses and Messages of the Presidents of the United States, from Washington to Tyler, embracing the Executive Proclamations, Recommendations, Protests and Vetoes from 1798 *to* 1843, *together with the Declaration of Independence and Constitution of the United States.* Fourth Edition. New York: EDWARD WALKER, 112 Fulton-street. 1843. 8vo. pp. 782.

This volume must of course be a *sine qua non* in the library, not only of every politician proper, but also of every general reader and observer of American history. Its merits are already familiar to the public, and that they are justly appreciated is sufficiently attested by the progress it has made to a fourth edition. As a book of frequent reference—as in itself a political history of the country—as a monument of national honor—and as the finest existing collection of political writings, this volume of the Messages of the American Presidents possesses a sterling and substantial value which speaks sufficiently for itself without the necessity for further recommendation of ours.

Illustrated Edition of the Book of Common Prayer, &c., &c., containing upwards of 700 engravings on wood, in part from original designs, but principally taken from the English, and adapted to the present edition. Edited by Rev. J. M. WAINWRIGHT, D. D., New York. H. W. Hewet, Publisher, 1843. No. 1.

The first or specimen number of this work does not, on the whole, strike us very favorably. The typography is very fine, and many of the cuts and vignettes good, but some of the latter are very inferior; nor does the idea of converting the Prayer Book into a picture-book, to divert and amuse the attention from its more proper purpose, seem a very happy one. The volume intended to accompany it, from the pen of its accomplished and judicious Editor, comprising a history of the Liturgy, with a commentary on the text and rubrics, will undoubtedly be of high interest and value to the denomination for which the whole is designed; among whom it can scarcely be doubted that a work so elegant as this promises to be will be extensively patronized.

MONTHLY LITERARY BULLETIN.

AMERICAN.

WE hear of little doing among the publishing fraternity at this time; and therefore our Literary announcements for the month will be few. Dr. Sweetser's book is just finished—and from a glance at its pages we predict success for the author as to fame and emolument. It is attractively entitled "*Mental Hygiene*;" being an examination of the intellect and passions and their influence on health and longevity. The Langleys are the publishers, who also announce the following for immediate publication—D. Pereira's new work on "*Diet and Food*," to be edited, (by express desire of the author), by Dr. C. A. Lee, with notes, &c. By the way, this gentleman has just completed a thoroughly revised edition of Dr. Thomson's "*Conspectus of the Pharmacopeias*" This first American, from the thirteenth London edition, will be greatly augmented by valuable additions from recent works on Materia Medica. The same firm are about to issue Dr. Clarke on the "Diseases of Females," Dr. Copeland's "Medical Dictionary," in monthly parts, "Harrison on the Arteries," &c., &c. Mr. Norman is, we hear, reaping a golden harvest of applause in the Great Metropolis, from his interesting work, "Rambles in Yucatan;" a large number of copies of which, it seems, have been despatched to London already; moreover, the Queen has transmitted instructions for a choice copy. We shall not be surprised to learn presently of his being presented with the honorary membership of the several learned institutions of Great Britain; as has been done by our New York Historical Society. We would again commend his book to the notice of our readers.

We have been gratified to observe, in a recent number of the London Athenæum, an extended and highly complimentary notice of the new and improved edition of the "President's Messages," published by Walker, of this city. It is a volume we may justly value and should be possessed universally.

Sears' "New Family Magazine," a new issue just commenced, is of very great

merit; it differs from the ephemeral works of our time, its pages being of a sterling, intrinsic, and *instructive* character; it cannot fail therefore of eminent success.

Tappan and Dennet, Boston, will publish immediately a third volume of "Speeches and Forensic Arguments of Daniel Webster."

Rumor speaks highly of Jarvis's new work "History of the Sandwich Islands." It is beautifully embellished. The same firm have also just issued "Manhood, a scene from the past —a series of poems," by W. Plumer; also, a little gem entitled "Daily Food for Christians, for every day in the year."

A splendid Pictorial edition of the "Common Prayer," edited by Dr. Wainwright, has just been commenced in this city, by Hewitt. It is to comprise some seven hundred illustrations, most of them from those of the London edition, but many are original, from the exquisite pencil of Chapman. The work is to be issued in numbers, the first of which is now before us, and augurs well for the splendid execution of its typographical appearance.

A new and very fine edition of Fox's "Book of Martyrs," has just been issued by Moore, of this city, with frontispiece and other plates, &c. Of a work so universally known, nothing further need be said in its behalf than we have already done.

Dr. Brownlee has a new work nearly ready, to be entitled "Romanism Reviewed in the light of Prophecy and History," &c., which we hear is of a very interesting character.

J. S. Taylor & Co., announce "Puseyism Examined," by D'Aubigné, author of the "History of the Reformation," with an introduction by the Rev. W. Baird; also, "The Christian Citizen," by Rev. A. D. Eddy, and "A Pattern for Sunday School Teachers," by Rev. J. Angel James.

ENGLISH.

Mr. Theo. S. Fay's new novel just issued in London is entitled "The Double Duel, or Hoboken;"—the latter, we presume, is to form its American patronymic. We are happy to observe another new production from the favorite pen of Mrs. Ellis, to be entitled "The Wives of England;" also still another by Charlotte Elizabeth to be called "Second Causes, or Up and be Doing."

A new work for the young, has just appeared, entitled "True Stories from the history of the Church," by Rev. J. King. Bentley has just commenced the experiment of cheap prices for his publications—reducing them about one half—this is a safe and will doubtless prove a popular, and therefore profitable expedient. We observe a new work of fiction is about to appear from the pen of Mrs. Thomson, authoress of "Widows and Widowers," &c.

A new work on Egyptian researches, entitled "Arts, Antiquities, and Chronology of Ancient Egypt," from Personal Observations in 1839. With numerous Illustrations, from the author's own Sketches, By G. H. Wathen. Also, "Report on the Geology of the County of Londonderry, and of parts of Tyrone and Fermanagh." Examined and described under the authority of the Board of Ordnance. By J. E. Portlock, F.R.S., &c., with a large colored Map, 45 Plates of Fossils, and 26 Illustrations on wood.

"Icones Piscium," by Dr. Richardson, part 1, 4to., large colored plates, is just out. Also, "A Life of Robert Pollok," author of "The Course of Time."

A new serial work has just been commenced, the first part of which includes "The Life and Times of Girolamo Savonarolo, including notices of Italy during the progress of the Reformation of the 15th century," to be followed by "the Life and Times of John Reuchlin, the father of the German Reformation," &c.

A new Periodical issue is to be commenced on the 1st of this month, entitled "The National Gallery of Pictures by the Great Masters." Each number to contain three subjects. Price one shilling.

"The Monkish Historians of Britain," is the title of another serial in course of publication.

"Report of the South Shields Committee, appointed to investigate the Causes of Accidents in Coal Mines. With Plans and Appendix.

"An Efficient Remedy for the Distress of Nations." By John Gray.

"Eighteen Treatises from the Mishna." Translated by the Rev. D. A. De Sola, and the Rev. M. J. Raphall.

Handsome present for the Nursery. Just published, price 3s. "The New Chapter of Kings; or, the History of England in Miniature, for the Use of Children, with 40 Illustrations, including a complete series of Portraits from William the Conqueror to Queen Victoria.

"The Schoolmaster at Home." By the Rev. W. Gresley.

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NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

At the regular monthly meeting of this institution, on the 7th February, the chair was taken by the Hon. Albert Gallatin, LL.D., the new President, supported by Chancellor Kent, and Vice Presidents De Witt and Lawrence. About one hundred members and invited guests were present. The venerable President, on being conducted to the chair, read an inaugural address, which was listened to with profound attention, and, at its close, received the loud applause of the audience. The subject was the peculiar characteristics of the American Revolution, which were treated in an original and graphic manner, in language remarkable for its precision and force. As this discourse is already before the public in a pamphlet form, we forbear making extracts, recommending to our readers the perusal of the whole, which cannot fail to afford them the highest gratification for the sound views it contains, and the respected source from which it proceeds. Mr. Gallatin is now *eighty-two* years of age, having survived nearly all the prominent politicians and statesmen with whom he was conspicuously associated more than forty years ago. Although apparently feeble in a physical point of view, his health is good, and his mind retains its surprising acuteness, strength, and activity. He is constantly employed in studies of an abstruse nature, being at present chiefly occupied with the astronomy and arithmetical science of the ancient Mexicans, and with the dialects of the Maya or Yucatan Indians, and of other Mexican nations. At his suggestion Mr. Stephens collected specimens of the Maya language, showing its verbal forms and constructive character, during his recent visit to Yucatan.

A letter from Sir James Edward Alexander, returning his thanks to the Society for electing him an honorary member, was read by Mr. De Peyster, the Corresponding Secretary. The Librarian, Mr. Gibbs, presented an interesting and valuable Report on the state of the Library.

General James Tallmadge related an interesting and curious Revolutionary incident, relative to the capture of a British spy sent by Sir Henry Clinton to General Burgoyne, after the capture of Fort Montgomery, by a large force under Sir Henry's command. The man pretending to be a cattle-dealer, in search of provisions for the army, was gradually working his way to the north unsuspected; when, reaching Red Hook, near Rhinebeck Flats, he stopped at a small tavern where several of the neighbors were assembled. Suspicion chanced to fall on him, and, according to the fashion of the times, they proceeded to search him, and took from his pocket several bullets. The light weight of one of them was immediately remarked; and, at the exclamation, "why, that is no bullet; it is too light;" the spy snatched it from the hand of the examiner, and, turning round, instantly swallowed it. He was immediately taken across the river to Hurley, near Kingston, where Governor Clinton, with a detachment of militia, was encamped; and, on the relation of the facts, he was turned over to the medical department, with orders that they should find the ball. Emetics were accordingly administered, and, these not proving effective, they were followed by medicines of an opposite character, which soon brought the ball to light. On examination it was found to be a hollow silver bullet, joined in the centre by a slight screw, and when opened contained a letter, of which the following is an exact copy:

"Fort Montgomery,
"*October 8th*, 1777.

"*Nous voici*—and nothing between us but *Gates*. I sincerely hope this little success of ours may facilitate your operations. In answer to your letter of the 28th of September, by C. C., I shall only say, I cannot presume to order, or even advise, for reasons obvious. I heartily wish you success. Faithfully yours,

"H. Clinton.

"*To General Burgoyne.*"

A drum-head court-martial was forthwith summoned, and the bearer of the bullet was tried and condemned as a spy, and hung, in pursuance of his sentence, from the limb of a tree standing close by, bearing south and east from the present Hurley church.

The important bearing of this event will be appreciated when it is remembered that Burgoyne was delaying his march toward Albany to hear of Clinton's progress, and had he learned the news communicated by the letter, that Clinton had captured, and was waiting at, Fort Montgomery, the meditated junction of the two armies might have been effected, to the great detriment of the American cause.

General Tallmadge, after detailing these circumstances, *produced the veritable silver ball, with the letter still contained in it*, which was taken from the spy, and had come into General T.'s possession, as one of the administrators of the Clinton estate. Quite a sensation was created among those present, by so practical an illustration of this interesting historical event.

Several gentlemen were proposed as resident members, and the balloting for those previously nominated was postponed to the next meeting.

Mr. Folsom moved certain amendments to the constitution, which, on motion of Dr. Stevens, were also laid over.

Mr. John L. Stephens presented the Society a number of valuable MSS which he had brought from Central America on completing his last exploring tour, and which he has made use of in his forthcoming work on the newly discovered antiquities of that region. Some of these MSS. are of vast importance, as determining the vexed question with regard to the date of the ruins of *Uxmal*, and the identity of the people of whom they are the sole remains. Mr. Stephens accompanied his offer with explanatory remarks in relation to each MS. They are as follows:

1. Ancient Calendar of Yucatan, or exposition of the method used by the Aborigines of that country to compute time. MS in Spanish, by Don Juan Pio Perez, of Pito.

2. An Almanac, according to the ancient Indian system, for the year, from the 16th of July, 1841, to the 15th of July, 1842, being a key or supplement to the Calendar. MS. in Spanish, by Don Juan Pio Perez.

3. Ancient map found among the archives of Mani, the first place in Yucatan that submitted to the Spaniards, bearing date A. D. 1557, fifteen years after the conquest; *Uxmal* being one of the places laid down upon it.

4. Act of partition, and for settling the boundaries of lands between the caciques of various villages, endorsed on the back of the above map; *Uxmal* being one of the places mentioned therein, written in the Maya language, and accompanied by a translation in Spanish.

5. Record of an agreement for the partition of lands bearing date A. D. 1556, in which *Uxmal* is again mentioned, written in the Maya language, and accompanied by a Spanish translation.

6. Fragment of a Maya manuscript, written by an Indian at some period of time not designated, and entitled "Principal Epochs of the Ancient History of Yucatan," purporting to give the series of "Katunes," or epochs of fifty-two years, "from the time of the departure of the Toltecs from their country of Tulapan until their arrival at this, as it is called, island of Chacnou-itan."

7. Verbal forms, and other illustrations of the grammar of the Maya languages, procured in Yucatan according to memoranda previously furnished by the Hon. Albert Gallatin.

8. A vocabulary, in manuscript, containing more than four thousand Maya words.

9. Table of thermometrical observations made at Merida, the capital of Yucatan, by the Cura Villamil for one year, beginning on the 1st of September, 1841, and ending on the 31st of August, 1842.

On motion of Mr. George A. Ward, the thanks of the Society were voted to Mr. Stephens for his donation; and, on motion of Mr. Schoolcraft, it was resolved that Mr. Hoffman be requested to deposit in their archives a copy of the lecture delivered before them several weeks since, and which embodied a good deal of interesting traditional lore. The Society then adjourned.

Refreshments of a simple character were provided in an adjoining apartment, and the remainder of the evening was passed, as usual, in conversation. The presence of many distinguished gentlemen, and among others Chancellor Kent, increased the interest excited by the inauguration of the President, and the delivery of his spirited and instructive address.

We understand that the petition of the Society in behalf of Mr. Brodhead's mission was favorably regarded at Albany, and that a bill has passed the Senate appropriating five thousand dollars towards its completion. We trust it will meet with no opposition in the Assembly. The object is one of such great public moment, and such universal interest, that, were other motives wanting, due regard to the wishes of their constituents, and their own reputation, ought to be sufficient to prevent the rejection of a measure, without the passage of which the history of New York cannot be written for want of the necessary materials, now actually within our grasp.

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Engraved by A. L. Dick from a daguerreotype produced by A. Masselin.

O. A. Brownson.

Engraved for the U.S. Magazine & Democratic Review.

J. & H. G. Langley, New York.

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THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. XII. APRIL, 1843. No. LVIII.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS SEVEN SHEETS, ONE HUNDRED AND TWELVE PAGES.

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OREGON.

THE importance of the Oregon Territory has not been duly considered, nor its value properly estimated by the people of the United States. In fact, until of late, very little has been known of its commonest geographical features, and less of its topography and immense resources, which have hitherto lain in obscurity, or been stealthily carried off by the grasping cupidity of a foreign monopoly. President Monroe did indeed refer to it in his last Message to Congress, and recommended the establishment of a military post at, or near, the mouth of the Columbia river, as a protection to our whale fisheries and our commerce with the Indians; and President Adams, at the commencement of the succeeding Congress, reiterated the same recommendation for the same reasons, adding the suggestion that a general exploration of the North-west coast was expedient; but neither of them hinted at the still higher importance of adopting measures for the settlement of the country by offering encouragement and protection to colonists. Little attention was paid to their suggestions by the Congresses to which they were addressed, nor has there been since—except an occasional resolution, report, or speech upon the subject. Within a few years, however, some definite measures have been proposed, and able reports and arguments been made in reference to the great value and political advantages to be attained by taking immediate possession of our Pacific frontier, and thereby affording a safe and easy protection to our commerce, and offering an inducement for private enterprise to direct its attention that way. But even now our people seem reluctant to be awakened to its great and growing agricultural, as well as political and commercial importance; or to the daily aggressions there made upon the treaty-rights and honor of our nation by that mighty creation and secret engine of the English aristocracy, the Hudson Bay Company, which for power and disposition to do evil is second only to its elder sister, the monstrous East India Company.

The vast extent of unoccupied territory lying between the Allegany and the Rocky mountains has occupied so much attention that little thought has been bestowed upon what lies beyond. Parents have severely enough chided the roving dispositions of their enterprising sons and daughters who were not content to remain for ever within sight of the old homestead, but resolved to try their fortunes on the prairies of Illinois, or among the openings of Wisconsin and Iowa. It is not long since a resolution to settle on the banks of the Ohio was ridiculed

through all enterprising New England as dreamy and preposterous in the extreme. The good old Puritan mothers were active in circulating pamphlets and caricatures, depicting in the most glowing colors, the poverty and wretchedness of those fool-hardy emigrants who left the hills and rock-bound shores of their early homes to dwell so far away in the savage wilderness. We remember to have seen one, published within the past thirty years, which represented a family returning from the "barren and desolate West," so starved and forlorn that they could with difficulty retrace their foolish steps. The wife, with half a dozen sick children, was bolstered in a rickety cart, into which was harnessed, with cords and straps, an old raw-boned horse which was trying to feed at some low dry mullen stalks by the wayside; while the father, leaning on a crutch and a staff, was directing some ragged boys to go into a wretched log cabin to beg for food. The German Flats, on the Mohawk, in those times, were so far away *from home*, that whoever settled there could never be expected to return more than once in a life-time. The Genesee Valley and the Holland Purchase were quite out of the known world. But those clouds are all dispersed, and with them the huge bugbears which they shadowed. A few days of agreeable travel, at a trifling expense, now bring the once unapproachable West into next-door neighborhood with New England itself. Another quarter of a century, at the same ratio of advancement, will see our frontier settlements at the base of the Rocky Mountains, or, if proper steps are taken by our government, on the shores of the Pacific; and weekly mails passing and repassing from Bangor to the city of "Chenook" at the mouth of the Columbia.

Some narrow-minded politicians have asserted that our territory is large enough already, without going west of the Rocky Mountains, and that the expense of settling that country, and of maintaining our rights against the assumptions of England, will cost more than it will come to; and hence, that our country had better relinquish all idea of ever occupying that beautiful and glorious region. It is better, say they, to make an offering of it to the avarice of English capitalists, and the unbounded ambition of that haughty, overbearing, and wicked nation, than to contend about a territory of so little consequence: better placate their favor at such trifling expense, by granting all they ask—or rather demand, for England does not ask—than to hazard a rupture, perhaps another war, with our fatherland. Such men are both ignorant and unpatriotic. They neither know the value of Oregon, nor care for the rights and honor of their country. To correct the errors into which such minds have fallen, and to extend more generally correct information upon this subject, which is daily increasing in interest, we design in the present Article to present our readers a brief description of the position, extent, internal resources, and commercial and political importance of this beautiful, rich, healthy and magnificent portion of our national domain. We will also give a clear and reliable statement of the grounds upon which our claim to its ownership rests, and the reasons why we are bold in asserting that England has, rightfully, no claims at all upon the Pacific coast.

By the Florida Treaty, concluded at Washington, February 22, 1819, Spain agreed that the boundary line between her possessions and the United States, after reaching the Arkansas, "shall follow the course of the southern bank of that river to its source, in latitude 42° north; and thence by that parallel of latitude to the South sea." Mexico confirmed the same boundary by the treaty of January 12, 1828. This fixes the southern boundary definitely and beyond cavil. The treaty with Russia concluded at St. Petersburgh, April 17, 1824, establishes the latitude of 54° 40′ as the line south of which that nation had no claims, and would make no settlements, and north of which the United States should attempt none. These are the proper and legitimate boundaries of Oregon on the south and north, giving a length of 12° 40′, or more than 800 miles. Its western boundary is the Pacific, its eastern the Rocky Mountains, on an average about 600 miles in breadth. By comparison, it will be seen that this territory contains nearly 500,000 square miles, or one-fifth more than the original thirteen States, including Maine and Vermont, and more than four times as much as England, Ireland, and Scotland, and is

undoubtedly capable of sustaining a proportionable number of people. Oregon is not, as we have recently heard it spoken of, a poor, valueless tract of barren waste, a pittance so diminutive as not to be worth contending for; but an immense region, capable of becoming one of the finest, richest, and most densely populated portions of our country. Allowing only 50 persons to a square mile, (England has 291, Ireland 275, Holland 254, Massachusetts 98), it would sustain 24,000,000 souls, one-quarter more than the present population of the whole United States.

By consulting the maps it will be seen that some geographers place the northern boundary at 49° north latitude. This is done in accordance with a *suggestion* made by Henry Clay, when Secretary of State, in a letter to Mr. Gallatin, then minister at the court of St. James, dated June 19th, 1826, *to propose* a settlement of this boundary by relinquishing our just claims to all land north of the same parallel of latitude which now forms our frontier line from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains. This was offering to make *straight work*, by "splitting the difference" between right and wrong, justice and arrogant cupidity. England did not accede to the proposition; but, flattered by the offer of so much, she became characteristically insolent, and clamored for more, offering, on her part, to follow the 49th degree until it reached the Columbia river, then the channel of the same to its mouth. This would have carried off more than half of the extent, and three-fourths of the value of that territory. It was rejected, of course. Diplomatists should be cautious how they make, in their generosity, propositions to deviate from the direct path of the strictest justice in the case about which they are negotiating. There is no half way between truth, right, justice, and their opposites. If concessions and accessions are required, they should be mutual; otherwise, strict justice should be unyieldingly insisted on. The claim of the United States to the lands north of latitude 49°, and south of 54° 40′, is, except in so far as that claim rests upon the purchase of Louisiana of the French, just as good as that south of the Columbia river, and depends upon precisely the same proofs for its establishment. If England can justly assert her right to control one portion, she may on the same ground claim all the rest, for nothing was ever said or done about a division line except as a matter of compromise. Our right, founded on priority of discovery, occupation, cession, and extension by contiguity, is as good to one part as the other, as shall be shown when we come to consult the authorities on which our claim rests.

Before entering into an examination of the justice of our claims, a brief description of the country will not be misplaced, that we may ascertain whether it is worth the trouble of the investigation; or whether it would not be wiser to let it remain as it is, a beautiful wilderness, ravaged of its treasures daily by the emissaries of an overbearing and avaricious foreign monopoly, and its inhabitants cheated and enslaved by the subjects of a government which boasts so ostentatiously of its friendship for poor Africans, while it persists, in every quarter of its wide-spread empire, in deeds of the darkest oppression; and actually permits, in many of its colonies, the slavery of the natives whom it has first robbed of their lands, and made dependent upon the cruelty of its tender mercies, not only for protection but for existence.

Our means for preparing a brief description of Oregon, though rather limited, are sufficiently authentic and uniform to insure a correct outline of its general features and advantages, resting in every instance upon the testimony of personal observation. They will be found ample enough for our present purpose.

The *surface* of Oregon is broken and mountainous. It presents, however, many extensive valleys of the finest soil in the world, and some wide-spreading plains capable of being made exceedingly productive. It is not much more hilly than some parts of New England, though its mountains are on a much more magnificent scale. This diversified surface affords almost every variety of climate, from the mild and frostless Italian winters, where flowers bloom perennial, to the everlasting glaciers of its Alpine heights; and, hence, it is suited to nearly every kind of agricultural production. Its streams are innumerable, and so rapid as to afford the finest water power, unlimited in extent, and never failing, being supplied by the

melting snows which hang upon the mountain tops. An abundance of the most excellent timber grows upon the borders of the prairies, along the margins of rivers, and upon the sides of the hills. Marble, granite, clay, and coal have been found, and some of the common minerals. Little is known, however, except of some parts of its surface. Future explorations will develope its hidden treasures, and active industry will fit them for the use of that enterprising people who will, at no distant day, rejoice in the occupation of its fair and fertile expanse.

Rivers.—It is along the banks of boatable rivers that the trapper and trafficker, as well as the explorer in new countries, most generally direct their course, because there communication is less difficult. Hitherto our knowledge of Oregon has been chiefly restricted to the rivers, and the valleys and mountains contiguous. Very little is known of the regions more interior. This will, in part, account for the unfavorable reports of some travellers, who have visited that country, respecting certain portions being so broken and barren as to be uninhabitable. What opinion would a traveller form of the fertility of New York by passing up the Hudson River and thence to Lake Champlain; or of New England, by following the usual routes of travel?

The Columbia is the great river of the west, the largest which falls into the Pacific from America. It is a noble stream, destined to become the great thoroughfare across the continent. Its branches are gathered from all parts of the territory except the north-west and south-west, which form valleys of intersection with this great channel, running nearly through the centre. It discharges an immense volume of water, as it is of great depth; but its navigation is occasionally obstructed by falls and rapids. Canoes and flat boats ascend it nearly 900 miles, with one or two portages. Large ships can ascend about 90 miles, and those of not over fifteen feet draught, to the Cascades, nearly 40 miles farther.

The entrance to the Columbia is at present difficult; and, for lack of pilots, light-houses, buoys, and correct charts, is rendered somewhat dangerous. The U. S. ship Peacock, attached to the Exploring Expedition, was lost in attempting to pass the bar which extends from Point Adams towards Cape Hancock (Disappointment) on the opposite shore. It is said that the water is never less than 25 or 30 feet deep in the channel; but when the western winds prevail, heavy seas are rolled in, which, meeting the strong current setting out, present a terrific line of breakers. There is no doubt, however, that good pilots would be able at all times to take vessels into the safe harbor behind Cape Hancock, especially if assisted by a steam tow-boat.

The principal rivers falling into the Columbia are—on the south, the Willamet, Chutes, Lewis, Spokane, Clarke, and Flat Bow; on the north, the Cowlitz and O'Kanagan. These, with the exception of the Willamet and Lewis, are not of much consequence, except for rafting and manufacturing purposes, being boatable only short distances, and for small craft.

Mountains.—In addition to the Rocky Mountains, which constitute the dividing ridge between the Atlantic and Pacific, and form the eastern boundary of Oregon, there are two other distinct ranges running nearly parallel to each other and the sea coast, which divide the territory naturally into three grand divisions, both as regards climate and productions. The first, or Cascade (California) chain, commences at a distance varying from 75 to 100 miles from the ocean, and is a continuation of the Snow Mountains of California. Some peaks in this range rise to the height of 14,000 feet, and are covered with eternal snow..

The Blue Mountains are 150 miles east of the former, and by no means so formidable. With the exception of the part near the Lewis River, called Salmon Mountains, none of their peaks, yet seen, reach the altitude of perpetual snows. Through them, as well as through the Rocky Mountains, several easy passes have been already discovered. From this chain several small ranges branch off laterally towards these on either side. Most of the mountains in this region are volcanic, and the marks of former eruptions are distinctly manifest. Other mountains are scattered over the territory. The coast is generally broken and hilly.

Climate and Productions.—All travellers agree in their testimony respecting the extreme mildness, equability, and salubrity of the climate of Oregon,

and the astonishing exuberance of its productions. No other section of the United States can compare with it. It is never visited by the north and east winds which sweep, with such chill and furious freedom, over the Atlantic States and down the valley of the Mississippi. The prevailing winds are from the west, and partake of the temperature of the ocean from which they come, cool in summer and warm in winter. The lower region, or that west of the Cascade Mountains, is rarely visited with snow, nor that portion south of the Columbia with severe frosts. Vegetation grows luxuriantly in mid winter. The Willamet valley, which lies close under this range, and of which more is known than any other part of the territory, is represented as the most beautiful, productive, and healthful spot in the world—the real, tangible, literal Eldorado, discovered at last. It is 250 miles long, and from 10 to 50 wide. One visitor says of it, "In beauty of scenery, fertility of soil, and other natural advantages, no portion of our country surpasses it."

"The healthfulness of this country is unquestionable. With the exception of some few low and swampy spots on the banks of the Columbia, at and below the junction of the Willamet, the whole region of the Columbia enjoys a clear and fine atmosphere, and an exemption from all the ordinary causes of endemic disease."

Another gentleman, Mr. W. A. Slacum, (Mr. Cushing's Report to twenty-fifth Congress, 3d Session, No. 101), says: "In ascending this beautiful river (Willamet), even in midwinter, you find both sides clothed in evergreen, presenting a more beautiful prospect than the Ohio in June. . . . . The land is of the most superior quality, rich alluvial deposite, yielding, in several instances, the first year, 50 bushels of fine wheat to the acre. . . . . The pastures at this day (January 12th) are covered with the richest grasses, eight to twelve inches high. I should be almost afraid to speak of the extraordinary mildness of the climate of this country were I not enabled to present thermometrical observations."

A writer before quoted, says: "Trees *sometimes* attain to three hundred feet height, and twelve to fourteen feet diameter, and very often to that of two hundred feet and proportionate thickness, and where forests are very dense."

Capt. Lewis states that he measured some pines that were thirty-six feet in circumference, and one that was forty-two, which attained the height of three hundred feet; but usually, he says, they do not rise higher than two hundred or two hundred and thirty feet. Martin, in his History of the British Colonies, says: "The trees are remarkable for the greatest beauty, and for rising sometimes to a height of three hundred feet, with a girth of forty-five feet; and many of the forest timbers tower two hundred feet before they branch."

The climate of the middle region is colder, though equally salubrious and healthful. Snows occasionally fall, but do not last long. Cattle can procure their own food during the winter.

The upper region, as we approach the Rocky mountains, grows much colder, and the lands are less productive. The atmosphere is very dry, and the temperature varies gradually between day and night.

To all this we would add the concluding remarks of Lieut. Wilkes' recent report: "Few portions of the globe, in my opinion, are to be found so rich in soil, so diversified in surface, or so capable of being rendered the happy abode of an industrious and civilized community. For beauty of scenery and salubrity of climate, it is not surpassed. It is peculiarly adapted for an agricultural and pastoral people, and no portion of the world beyond the tropics can be found that will yield so readily with moderate labor, to the wants of man."

All the productions of the States, except Indian corn, grow luxuriantly and produce abundantly. The experiment of raising maize by help of irrigation had not been sufficient to determine its productiveness. Oranges, lemons, citrons, pomegranates and vegetables common to the warm climates can be cultivated here. The trial has been already made and found to be successful. The cotton plant is said to flourish well. The raising of cattle and sheep must become an extensive and profitable business, as no labor is required to store their food, or furnish stables in winter.

Resources and Trade.—The indigenous products of Oregon are immense.

They will for a long time afford the means of an extensive and profitable trade with the Islands and coast of the Pacific. Timber of all essential kinds except walnut, and of the finest quality, is abundant, and can be easily obtained and prepared for market. It grows in great profusion along the banks of boatable rivers, into which fall smaller and more rapid streams which afford an endless number of most excellent mill seats. Lumber will, for ages to come, furnish a leading article of export. It can be prepared at a small expense, and forwarded with little delay. The demand is great and must continue to increase, as the population increases along the coast and on the Pacific Islands. The prices are high and will not be very likely to be much diminished. The Hudson Bay Company—with an energy common to trespassing monopolists, who generally desire to lose no time, conscious it is short—have already erected saw and flouring mills on the bank of the Columbia a few miles above Vancouver, their principal establishment. Their saw-mill cuts over 2,000 feet of boards daily, the year round. This lumber, when shipped to the Sandwich Islands, brings from $60 to $100 per thousand, according to quality. Mr. Kelly says: "Some notion of the amount of lumber exported may be obtained from the fact that the vessel which bore me from Oregon to the Sandwich Islands, brought out the complement of a quantity of boards contracted for at the price of $20,000."

Immense quantities of the finest salmon ascend all the principal streams, and may be taken from May to September. In the small streams, just below impassable falls, they collect in such masses that it is difficult to ford the river without treading on them. This would seem incredible, were it not within the memory of men still living, that such quantities were once found in some streams of New England. Not sixty years ago, at Bellows Falls, on the Connecticut, the finest shad were taken by hand from small rivulets which run into the eddy below the falls, which formed the head of navigation to these inland explorers from the "vasty deep."

The principal article to which the attention of the Hudson Bay Company, and of all who have visited that country for trade, has been directed, is the furs which have hitherto been found in great abundance, and have afforded incalculable profits. By being overdone, the stock, for the last few years, has been declining. At present this trade is entirely lost to the United States, through the interference of British monopoly, which has contrived to get it all into its own hands, and has had the ability to keep it there. Since 1821, the time of the coalition of the Hudson Bay and Northwest Companies, the income to the Americans had, in 1840, been reduced from $340,991 to $40,000, and in the direct trade with China, from $142,399 to $2,368. In the same time the income to the British company has continued to increase in a ratio sufficient to raise the stocks from 60 per cent. below, to near 150 per cent. above par, since 1828, or from $60,000 to $100,000 annually. It was then $894,879,85. This increase, however, has not all been derived from furs, but from agriculture, commerce, and other sources of profit which are put within its reach. Animals, yielding furs, are undoubtedly less abundant than formerly, especially in the Columbia valley, owing to the indiscriminate slaughter of old and young animals, and in summer as well as winter; for it should be known that the agents of the company have pursued a very different policy in Oregon, especially in the southern part of it, from that observed by them east of the mountains where their title is better founded; there they hunt only a few years in succession in the same district, then abandon it until it is restocked. By this process, the sources of their business remain good, where, while their possession is only on sufferance, they take all they can find.

The soil and climate are suited to nearly all kinds of agricultural productions. As the profits arising from the furs must necessarily decrease, as the country becomes settled, attention will be turned to the cultivation of the soil, and the various grains, together with cattle, hides, tallow, beef, pork, butter, cheese, and wool, will constitute the leading articles of export. All these articles can be produced at little cost, and in great abundance, and find a ready market and high prices, in most of the ports of the Pacific.

Our vessels engaged in the whale

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fisheries, which now go into foreign ports for supplies and repairs, would soon find their way into the excellent harbors in Paget's Sound, and take in all their supplies from their own countrymen. This would form a source of considerable trade, especially after it became known that all articles necessary for the business could be afforded there much cheaper than at home. In 1841, over sixty American whaling vessels went into a single port in the Sandwich Islands, which carried near one thousand men. It is estimated that there are six hundred and fifty vessels employed in the whale fisheries, more than half of which go into the Pacific Ocean. To supply the men employed in that part of the business, with beef, pork, flour, &c., and to fit the vessels with casks, all of which can be more easily produced in Oregon, than in any other part of the United States, amounts, annually, to more than $3,000,000. At least two thirds of this amount would be purchased in the ports of that country, if they could be obtained there. Nowhere can such articles be procured at less expense. Besides, the building of ships for that and other purposes can be carried on there at a less expense than in Atlantic ports. A ship-yard has already been established at Vancouver, by the Hudson Bay Company. At Gray's Harbor, at the mouth of the Umpqua, or on Paget's Sound, extensive establishments might be formed, for the best timber is found near them, and in great abundance.

No part of the western coast of America is better suited to commerce than Oregon, for none is possessed of such immense resources. The Columbia is the only river of any consequence from Cape Horn to Behring's Strait, and Juan de Fuca leads to a harbor equal to any, being easy of access, safe, and sufficiently capacious for all the navies of the world.

Indians.—The Indians in this territory are, comparatively speaking, not very numerous. In the opinion of the managers of the Hudson Bay Company, they do not exceed one hundred thousand, not more than *one* to five square miles. Lieutenant Wilkes computes them at twenty thousand only. In their general character they are less ferocious and warlike than those east of the mountains, but more indolent and filthy in their habits, and destitute and degraded in their condition.

From a sense of duty to them, and from the feelings of a common humanity, if for no other reason, our Government ought to extend its jurisdiction over Oregon, to protect its native inhabitants from the cruelty and fraud now practised upon them. The present mode of treatment adopted by our Government is humane and just, and the best probably which, under the circumstances, could be adopted. At present, Oregon is a modern land of Nod, where every cruel and inhuman outlaw, and renegade from civilized nations, may commit his depredations with impunity, and the poor Indian, more than any other, becomes the principal sufferer. Impelled by the highest sense of honor, justice, patriotism, and philanthropy, we should extend the broad wing of our liberal institutions over the unprotected red men of the western borders, and secure them from that baseness of private and reckless cupidity of which they are now made the victims.

Of the *Missionary* establishments in this Territory, Lieutenant Wilkes remarks: "Little has yet been effected by them in christianizing the natives. They are principally engaged in the cultivation of the mission farms, and in the care of their own stock, in order to obtain flocks and herds for themselves, most of them having selected lands. As far as my personal observation went, in the part of the country where the missionaries reside, there are very few Indians to engage their attention; and they seemed more occupied in the settlement of the country and in agricultural pursuits, than in missionary labors."

The Hudson Bay Company.—In 1670, Charles II. of England, who was very generous to such of his courtiers as most humored his worst vices, and very profuse with gifts he thought of little value, especially if they were in America, granted to Prince Rupert and others, a charter under the title of the "Adventurers of the Hudson Bay Company," with the *exclusive* privilege of trading with the natives "on and about" Hudson's Bay. The only advantage Government was to derive from this company was the exploration of the northern section of the continent, with a view to find a pas-

sage to the Pacific Ocean. How faithfully they fulfilled their *public* trust may be learned from the plain words of the London Quarterly Review, which run thus: "From the moment this body of 'Adventurers' was instituted, the *spirit* of adventure died away; and succeeding effort was palsied by the baneful influence of a monopoly, of which the discovery of a north-west passage was deemed to be the forerunner of destruction." This is about the way in which succeeding corporations, which are so constituted as to profess to combine *private* interests and the *public* good, have been conducted. The directors of such bodies are apt to look so steadfastly at their own emolument, that they can discover little that is worthy of attention beyond the satisfaction of the stockholders—as the small substance brought near the eye obscures what else is in the distance, no matter how great or good. A small drop is more essential to selfishness, than an ocean to the public weal.

For more than a century, this company possessed the undisputed trade of the vast region of country extending from Labrador to Lake Superior, and thence to the Rocky Mountains, and north as far as civilized man ever wandered. Being independent of all control, yet protected by the flag of Great Britain, which shielded its vilest acts, it continued to increase, constantly, in wealth and power, till it obtained a complete supremacy over the Indians in that immense territory, which it holds to this day. Most of the horrors of savage warfare which Americans have had to encounter since the Declaration of Independence, have been instigated by this company and its rival, the "North-western Fur Company."

The latter company was organized at Montreal, in the winter of 1783–4, and for a long time disputed the exclusive rights of the former to all North America, seeing its charter confined its operation to "Hudson Bay." Self-interest, thus awakened, arose like a lion from his lair, and put on its armor for a mighty struggle. The two rivals cherished the bitterest jealousies, indulged the basest passions, and perpetrated the grossest enormities. Each complained that the other had overstepped its bounds, and purposely invaded privileges with which it had no right to meddle. Their traders, hunters, and trappers, always met as enemies, but never parted as friends,—so true it is, that the narrow and selfish views and policy of soulless corporations will deceive and corrupt their most distant dependents. Both companies assumed to be alike independent, and, acting in the capacity of sovereign states, they at length virtually declared war upon each other, and fought several disgraceful battles, and committed the most revolting enormities.

The principal attention of the North-west Company was directed to the region south of the posts established by its rival, and thence west to regions before unknown to the English. It was to this company the United States were indebted, more than to any other cause, for the savage atrocities committed on our north-western frontier before, during, and since the late war with Great Britain, as the Indians themselves have testified. Pursuing their course westward, the agents of the company found, at length, their way over the Rocky Mountains, and descended the beautiful declivities towards the Pacific, where they pursued their trade at a great profit. In 1812 they took possession of Astoria, then occupied by the Americans, raised the British flag at the mouth of the Columbia, broke up every trading establishment, and drove all the Americans from Oregon.

The managers of this company, more wise than the other, early enlisted in their service half-breeds from Canada, the fruits of intermarriage between the French and Iroquois. The French have always been more successful than the English or Americans in trading with the Indians. Their peculiar affability of manners, and perhaps the more showy ceremonies of their religious worship, are far more attractive and pleasing to the untutored mind, than the plain, stern character and naked devotion of the Saxon race. Besides, by their intermarriages, they had both conciliated the favor of the natives, and produced an athletic and hardy class of men, who retained enough of the savage in their features to recommend them to the confidence of their half-brethren wherever found. They also understood both languages, and hence made the best interpreters and *engagés* the company could employ; and they

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proved sufficiently honest to be entrusted with the superintendence of the lesser duties of its establishments. Possessed of such superior means of success, the Hudson Bay Company had just grounds for dreading so formidable a rival.

England has ever been watchful of the welfare of her loyal colonists, especially when her own advantage was concerned in the promotion of her commerce or the extension of her domain. Foreseeing the vast importance of gaining a strong position on the Pacific coast of America, and possessing a superior knowledge of the value and immense resources of the extensive and unoccupied country west of the Rocky Mountains, her ministers succeeded in lulling the unwary Americans into such a disgraceful indifference,—an indifference, we regret to say, which still rests, like an incubus, upon us,—that, by the Convention of October 20th, 1818, she secured, by treaty, free trade in all the possessions belonging to the United States lying west of the Rocky Mountains. This *privilege* was to continue for ten years—long enough to secure a good foothold. Near the expiration of this limitation, the same privileges were continued indefinitely by the Convention of September 6th, 1827, either contracting party reserving to itself the right to annul the same, by giving "twelve months" notice. Let it be remembered, that America relinquished no right to the settlement or occupancy of Oregon by either treaty, but only guaranteed that "the north-west coast of America, west of the Stony Mountains, shall, together with its harbors, bays, and creeks, and the navigation of all rivers within the same, be free, and open, to vessels, citizens, and subjects of the two powers." This is the relation at present existing between England and America in reference to Oregon.

In 1821, the two rival companies had become convinced that perpetual bickerings were of little advantage to either, but that the good of both demanded a coalition. Accordingly, by the interposition of the British government, they merged their interests, under the name of the original company, and continue to act under its original charter. By an act of Parliament, passed about the same time, additional powers were obtained, by which the right to exercise *civil jurisdiction* over all its establishments is conferred upon the company. This is virtually making it a sovereign state. Thus has Great Britain actually established her jurisdiction over a portion of the United States, which, to-day, is exercised with the utmost impunity upon our citizens.

Nor is this all; for, except in name, England has, through the medium of this company, established a military despotism, which has usurped the complete control of our whole western frontier, which is daily entrenching its power by the erection of forts in every eligible position along the banks of the Columbia, and on Paget's Sound, and already training and arming, as in times past, the Indians for her service; so that, should she be molested in her trespasses, she could turn upon defenceless Americans her savage hordes, and enact again the horrid cruelties once perpetrated upon our frontier settlements. Already are they training, in their military discipline, young Tecumsehs and Black-Hawks for future use, to devastate, with the fire and scalping knife, the homes and lands of American citizens whose enterprise and patriotism shall lead them to settle in that splendid country.

These evils are not confined to the Columbia valley. They exist, though in a limited degree, this side the Rocky Mountains, and are producing considerable uneasiness in our north-western frontier settlements. Troubles are continually occurring from the aggressions there made by the servants of the Hudson Bay Company. "English subjects carry, wherever they go, the boon of English laws," they say, and, pleading loyalty to their queen, refuse to pay any regard to the officers of our Government, claiming the right to be tried by the very power which encourages them in their depredations. Unless an energetic attention is turned that way by our Government, serious difficulties may be apprehended from this source.

The union of the two companies, and the additional powers obtained from Parliament, gave a new impetus to their operations. They now went to work in good earnest and on a magnificent scale, and, employing the joint capital in the best manner, determined

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to possess themselves, at once, of all the important positions, seaward and inland, which could be of any service to their future operations. Accordingly, with true sagacity, they fixed their principal factory west of the mountains, at Vancouver, on the north bank of the Columbia, near the head of ship navigation. This position gave them the key to the immense basin of that river and its branches, and admitted of a direct and easy communication with the ocean. This is their stronghold.

At the south of the Columbia, on territory never claimed, they established fort Umpqua, near the mouth of the river of that name. Their interior forts bespatter the whole country, but are of little consequence save for trading posts.

Not satisfied with the vast region of five hundred thousand square miles on the west, and five times that extent on the east of the Rocky Mountains, they have lately invaded California, and established a trading house at St. Francisco, with the intention of monopolizing all the trade of that country, and fastening upon it with a view to its ultimate possession. Already has England made surveys of all its ports, and extended her researches far inland. An English writer,* a resident in that country, says: "I know of no place better calculated for *receiving* and *cherishing* the superfluous population of Great Britain." This work is manifestly written for the purpose of directing English attention and cupidity that way; for all the plans of emigration, settlement, and defence, are largely treated upon, and the recommendation made for that nation to secure its cession from Mexico.

This Company has also leased of the Russian-American Fur Company the exclusive right, for ten years from January, 1842, of "frequenting and trading in all the rivers, creeks, ports, bays, and sounds, on the coast and inland, as far north as Mount St. Elias, for four thousand fur seal skins, or the value thereof in money, at 32 shillings a piece ($30,720) annually; the principal part of which it will pay in goods, which are to be delivered at any of their ports, at 25 per cent. advance on London invoices." The Russians reserve only the island of Sitka, on which their principal settlements are located. This gives them the supreme control of all the north-west coast of America, on which, rightfully, England does not possess an inch of earth.

This empire company has also a large establishment in the Sandwich Islands, and will soon have one or more in China. It is clearly the design of its managers to assume the complete control of all trade from Cape St. Lucas to Mount St. Elias, which will be tantamount to the whole Pacific commerce, except the whale fisheries. To accomplish this purpose, and to avoid any suspicion of a departure from their legitimate business, its principal stockholders have formed another company, under the title of "Pell, *Simpson* & Co.," with the immense capital of $15,000,000. Simpson is the Governor of the Hudson Bay Company. That England is concerned in these magnificent schemes cannot be doubted; nor that she intends, in this deceptive and dishonorable way, to extend her empire over all the possessions she is laboring so assiduously to increase. Her conduct in Asia has been such as to remove the last shadow of a doubt upon this subject. The Hudson Bay Company is, in America, substantially what the East India Company is in Asia. And her ministers would as gladly direct the Archbishop of Canterbury to present a prayer of thanksgiving to Almighty God for her success over American rights, as they did for the triumph of their arms in Affghanistan and China.

The internal policy of the Hudson Bay Company corresponds exactly with its aristocratical powers and vast designs, and all its affairs are managed in a most economical and adroit manner. Forts have been established along the banks of the Columbia to its source, and thence across the mountains along the Athabasca and Saskatchawan to Lake Winnepeg, and so down the Nelson to their principal station at York, with lateral lines in every direction from Montreal to St. Francisco and Mount St. Elias. Some of these forts are manifestly built for defence against other attacks than those of Indians. Others are merely stockades for temporary purposes, though capable of

* Alexander Forbes, Esq. "History of Upper and Lower California."

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making a strong resistance to any attack with small arms. Between them all a regular communication is kept up, so that men can be ordered from one part to another as circumstances may require.

From Vancouver, which has intercourse with all the western stations by steamboat, batteaux go up the river laden with such articles as are required for their own men and for traffic with the Indians. Formerly, all their peltries were conveyed by this channel to York, and thence to England. Latterly, ships arrive at Vancouver directly from London, where they discharge, and take in freights of lumber, flour, fish, &c., for the Sandwich and China trade. Returning in ballast, with small quantities of salt, sugar, tea and coffee, they reload and return to England. Thus they have not only spread a net all over Oregon, but connected the strings which are to spring it directly with England herself.

The stock of this company is divided into one hundred shares. The holders live partly in England and partly in America. The stock is not held in perpetuity, and cannot be transferred like other stocks. The owners have only life estates in them, which descend by a sort of hereditary entailment. Chief traders and factors, who reside in America, are denominated partners, and have the entire management of its affairs. Each chief factor receives one-eighth of one share, equal to from $4,500 to $5,000 a year. Chief traders draw half that sum, or one-sixteenth. Every year a general council of the chief factors and traders is convened at York. At this council reports are made from all the stations, which are comprised in districts, and the best methods concocted for succeeding operations. The reports are forwarded to London, for the inspection of stockholders at home.

The laws of this company are most arbitrary and tyrannical, and from them no appeal can be made. Life and death are in their hands, as well as liberty and slavery. They determine the pay of their servants, and withhold it at pleasure; and also set the price upon all articles of consumption, from which there is no deviation; and also upon all articles they purchase of the natives. And what is worse, the leaders of companies, and, in fact, any superior, exercises the privilege of shooting down every one who disregards their regulations.

Mr. Slacum says: "Since 1828, a party of forty or fifty trappers (Canadians), with their women, stores, &c., generally amounting to one hundred and fifty or two hundred persons, and three hundred horses, go out from Vancouver, towards the south, as far as 40° north latitude (into California). These parties search every stream, and take every beaver-skin they find, regardless of the destruction of the young animals. Excesses, too, are unquestionably committed by these hunting parties on the Indians; and every small American party (save one) that has passed through the same country has met defeat and death. The parties being much smaller than those of the Hudson Bay Company, the Indians attack them with success; and Americans hesitate not to charge the subordinate agents of the Hudson Bay Company with instigating the Indians to attack all parties."

Mr. Kelly says: "While I was there, the company surgeon of Vancouver, deliberately seized an Indian who had been guilty of some indecency, and proceeded to mutilate his person; and, for this wrong, neither the victim nor his friends dared to ask for redress, or even to make any complaint."

The men employed by the company are generally from the Orkney Isles, or half-bloods from Canada. They are engaged for five years at £15 or £17 a year. Clerks are paid more. These men are required to serve as trappers, hunters, soldiers, and farmers. They are armed and drilled, and as carefully disciplined as though they were actually in garrison. Any insubordination is severely punished, not unfrequently with death. Formerly, such men as were not re-engaged, were sent out of the country, lest they should be of service to the American or Russian fur traders. Since the company has calculated on a permanent occupancy of the country, they permit them to settle *south* of the Columbia, on a pledge of loyalty, and occupy lands of their own choosing. To encourage them to remain dutiful, they kindly loan them the use of stock, but strictly insist on the return of all the increase, so that they can own none among themselves. The American colony on

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the Willamet were, for a long time, compelled to *borrow* cattle of the company on the same terms. By this process they hoped to retain the complete ascendency over all persons settling in that country. Lately the Americans have obtained cattle from California, which have increased rapidly.

It is said the British government has given assurance to the company that it will not surrender any part of the country *north* of the Columbia, or if it does so, it will remunerate them amply for all the establishments they shall make. Encouraged so far, the principal attention of the company is now directed to the occupation of the country, and the factors are doing all in their power to settle it as rapidly as possible. They have already "squatted" on the best lands and most eligible mill seats, especially those located on navigable waters. By this means they hope to prevent the emigration of American citizens, or force them interior, and expose them to the perpetual annoyance of the Indians, whom they can turn upon them at pleasure.

Of late, the company has devoted great attention to agriculture and lumber. The factors have cultivated large farms in connection with all their establishments. That at Vancouver produced, five years ago, over eight thousand bushels of wheat, six thousand bushels of barley, six thousand bushels of oats, nine thousand bushels of peas, fifteen thousand bushels of potatoes, and immense quantities of turnips, pumpkins, melons, and all the culinary vegetables. The orchard is filled with apples, pears, quinces and plums. It has also a fine grapery, which yields fruit equal to those in France. In fact, it produces all that want or luxury could desire. A garden of five acres is laid out in beautiful order, and is well stored with almost every variety of vegetables and flowers. In it are figs, citrons, oranges, pomegranates, cotton plants, and all the more common fruits. They have a large stock of cattle, horses, sheep and hogs, which multiply abundantly, and require very little attention. Connected with the farm is a large flouring and saw-mill a few miles above, close on the bank of the Columbia, so near that vessels can load directly from it.

The treatment of American *visitors* by Dr. McLaughlin, the chief factor, was formerly very gentlemanly and hospitable. Recent movements have somewhat changed his feelings and conduct, as well as that of all the factors of the company. They are now very watchful of strangers, though in their presence they still profess friendliness, if only *visiting*. Mr. Kelly says: "Before I had been long in the country, I learned that the factor and his agents were preparing, in every artful way, to render my abode there *uncomfortable* and *unsafe*. The most preposterous calumnies and slanders were set on foot in regard to my character, conduct, and designs. All my movements were watched, and, in some instances, I was threatened with violence, by persons who had been instigated, as I had reason to believe, by the company. Had I been willing to place myself under the control and direction of the company, all would have been peace; but so long as I was resolved to act independently, as an American on American soil, seeking authentic information, for general diffusion, and pursuing an avowed purpose of opening the trade of the territory to general competition, and the wealth of the country to general participation and enjoyment, so long was I an object of dread and dislike to the grasping monopolists of the Hudson Bay Company."

The testimony of all Americans who have visited Oregon for trade agrees in charging upon the company a direct and unrelenting hostility to their success. Mr. Kelly says again: "While I was at Vancouver, in that year (1834), the American ship Europa, Capt. Allen, of Boston, was on the coast. The Hudson Bay Company, in pursuance of their *regular policy*, immediately fitted out the brig Llama, and instructed her captain, McNeil, (as he himself informed me), to follow the Europa from port to port, and harbor to harbor, and drive her off the coast at any sacrifice, by underselling her, no matter what her prices, wherever she should open a trade. It has been declared by Mr. *Simpson*, who is at the head of the Company's marine, that they are resolved, even at a cost of *a hundred thousand pounds*, to expel the Americans from the coast."

Mr. Slacum tells us that "the Indians are taught to believe that no vessel but 'the company's' ships is allowed

to trade in the river, and most of them are afraid to sell their skins but at Vancouver or Fort George; of this I have positive evidence from the Indians themselves, as well as from the remark made by the chief trader McLeod, aboard the 'Llama' in Baker's Bay."

As soon as the Company learned that the Americans had established a trading post at Fort Hall, just west of the Rocky Mountains, and hundreds of miles "south" of the Columbia, they dispatched a party to counteract their operations by building a fort at the mouth of the Big Wood River, not far below them. Nowhere can an American attempt to trade with the natives without meeting competitors in the agents of that company.

The reason why American enterprise cannot establish a direct commerce with Oregon is perfectly plain. No individual can compete with such a vast and thoroughly organized monopoly, which has set apart and consecrated to its unholy purposes a vast sum, especially while unprotected by our Government. If British vessels are allowed to import goods into American ports *free of duty*, no private company can afford to *pay duties*, and then reship them from the Atlantic States to the Columbia, and there dispose of them so as to make a profit, even if the Hudson Bay Company offered an equal chance for trade. Add to this inequality the opposition and rivalry such merchants would be doomed to encounter from that tyrant company, and there is not the least chance of success. Since our commerce was first driven from Oregon, several attempts have been made to renew it, but they have all ended in complete failures, and always will, until the proper steps are taken by Government. Our statesmen reason strangely when they advocate the establishment of naval squadrons in all the waters of *foreign* nations where our commerce finds an opportunity to labor, but leave *our own ports* unprotected, and suffer the resources of a rich and extensive territory to be pilfered, and its tenants plundered by the avarice, treachery, and oppression of such a monstrous foreign monopoly. What is the difference, so far as consequences are concerned, whether the Hudson Bay Company place a Paixhan gun on Cape Hancock and a gunboat on Point Adams, and peremptorily refuse to let our vessels enter the Columbia; or, allowing them to enter, virtually, and to all intents and purposes, prevent them from trading with the proper subjects of our government? If the former would be called an "*open*" violation of the treaty of 1818, the latter cannot be called anything but a *secret* violation of the same treaty. A small fort and a custom-house at the mouth of the Columbia would soon regulate this business, and open to American enterprise an extensive field for commercial operations.

Allusion was made, in a quotation above, to *slaves* as belonging to the Company. The reader will, perhaps, be surprised that a nation which clamors so loudly against slavery in America, and in favor of the "right of search," or "*visitation*," should allow its colonies in America to tolerate that institution in its most odious forms. But such is the fact; the only kind of slavery which England is striving to put down is *African* slavery. She enslaves her own poor at home, and suffers her colonies to traffic in the flesh and blood of *natives* in Asia and America, in their own lands and on their own soil. In places governed by the Hudson Bay Company the price of a slave is only ten or twenty blankets. Women are reckoned of more value than men, because from them they can procure a stock better suited to their purpose. If a slave dies within six months after the purchase, the seller refunds half the price. Many instances are said to have occurred where a man has sold his own child! Every trapper and hunter usually has two or three slaves which are provided for by the company; and thus they save a great expense of additional servants. Every encouragement is given to such as will intermarry or live with the natives, as thereby the men become attached to the soil, and a stout and expert race is produced by the crossing of the blood, for the service of the company. A few years ago one of these half-breeds, the son of a chief trader, was sent to an academy in the north part of New York to fit himself for college. He has since been sent to Edinburgh to complete his education. He is represented as possessing strong and vigorous mental powers. The third year after learning the alphabet

he received the highest honor of the academy, and the next year was fit to enter the university.

Much more might be said of this empire monopoly, and its vast designs, and a more intimate connection between its operations and the secret policy of England respecting the North-west coast of America. But no one, who will give a moment's thought to the subject, can fail to arive at the conclusions, distinctly shadowed forward by the light of the past, that her determination is to grasp at all the country from the Gulf of California to at least the 54th degree of latitude. Already is she treating with Mexico for the purchase of California. For that end she has loaned capital, and sold vessels of war to that government. For the same reason she has acknowledged the independence of Texas, knowing that a broil would be kept up, and Mexico become so weakened in power and reduced in her finances, that an easy purchase could be made of that most excellent country. She has even now assumed an intercession (*interference*) between the two nations. All that surprises us is, that our own statesmen are not more vigilant in the assertion and defence of our own rights and honor, and more willing to give encouragement and protection to our own enterprising and patriotic citizens. This subject has been laboriously investigated in the U. S. Senate, during the late session. But some of its most honored members have approached it trembling. Those best informed on the subject have nobly espoused a just cause, and pleaded most strenuously for the maintenance of our nation's honor, and, we rejoice, have not pleaded altogether in vain.

Ownership of Oregon.—Our limits will allow only a brief examination of the comparative merits of the claims set up by the United States and England to the sovereignty of this country.* We shall confine ourselves principally to a mere statement of the facts in the case. The conclusions will be so direct and palpable, that there can be but little chance for disagreement.

Let it be remembered, in the outset, that England does not claim the right of jurisdiction south of the Columbia, although her subjects, the Hudson Bay Company, have erected forts and planted colonies there, and now virtually exercise both civil and military authority over them. Let it also be borne in mind, that she has relinquished her former arrogant pretensions to absolute right, and all she now pretends to claim is the joint right to occupancy, in common with other nations. The language of her own ministers is: "Great Britain claims *no exclusive sovereignty over any portion* of that territory, (south of 54° 40′, the Russian boundary). Her present title, not in respect to *any part*, but to the whole, is limited to a right of joint occupancy, in common with other states, leaving the right of exclusive dominion in abeyance." By this stratagem she succeeded in putting to sleep the vigilance of our statesmen, till, through the Hudson Bay Company, she could get actual possession for her subjects, and so strong a foothold as to overawe the United States whenever a renewal of our claim should be made; or, at least, that the active avarice of that grasping company might seize upon every important location, and retain the same, or be richly indemnified, if, at worst, her establishments must be given up,—for so much England has agreed to do, as an inducement for that company to push forward their settlements as far and fast as possible. That this is not an unjust inference is clear, from the fact, that immediately on the reception of the treaty of 1827, the factors commenced more active operations, with a view to permanency, such as farming, building mills, fortifications, and more durable buildings. Some of our most eminent statesmen propose to allow them still longer time to prepare for the defence of that stolen country, and retain it for ever from the possession of its rightful owners.

This brings us to inquire, What constitutes a valid title to an uninhabited or uncivilized country? What is the established law of nations upon this

* Those who desire to see a more detailed account of the discovery, or more elaborate arguments which go to show that the right of possession is in the United States, are referred to Mr. Cushing's Report on the subject to Congress, January 4, 1839; to the Memoir of Mr. Greenhow, librarian to the Department of State, and to the North American Review, vol. xxvii., 1839.

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subject, and what have been the usages in past time? Vattel defines the rights of nations in the following language:

"All mankind have an equal right to things that have not yet fallen into the possession of any one; and these things belong to the person who first takes possession of them. When, therefore, a nation finds a country uninhabited, and without an owner, it may lawfully take possession of it; and after it has sufficiently made known its will in this respect, it cannot be deprived of it by another nation. Thus, navigators going on voyages of discovery, furnished with a commission from their sovereign, and meeting with islands or other lands in a desert state, have taken possession of them in the name of their nation; and this title has been usually respected, provided it was soon after followed by a real possession."—(§ 207, *Chitty's Vattel.*)

The established principle upon which all European nations have acted in reference to the settlement and dominion of America, and by which limitations have been set in all their treaties, has been the right by *discovery* and exploration, occupation, and extension by contiguity. England acknowledged this rule in her treaties, as with France, concluded at Utrecht, April 17, 1713. The discovery and occupation of the mouth of a river entitle to all the country drained by such river. Extension by contiguity, also, allows two nations to extend their dominions over unoccupied territory, till they meet at mid distance, and form a boundary line.

By applying these just and long established principles to the case in hand, we shall be able to show distinctly that the claim of the United States to Oregon is valid and irrefutable, while the pretensions of England have no foundation in justice or right; for that power can neither prove priority of discovery or settlement, nor right of sovereignty by purchase, nor extension by contiguity, either of which would be valid. The United States has them all, as we will now proceed to show.

By the Florida Treaty, the United States is, by cession, put into actual possession of all the right and title which Spain had obtained, by discovery or otherwise, to lands north of 42° of latitude, as indicated in that treaty; and, by the Louisiana purchase, to all and every part of the country in question belonging to France at that time. These, added to our own title under which we claim Oregon as a part of our domain, give a treble right, each of which is better than that of England, and sufficient to justify our government in exercising jurisdiction over it.

The first intimation of such a country as Oregon is found in a book written by Jonathan Carver, of Connecticut, who as early as 1763 travelled among the Indians west of the Mississippi. He speaks of "the river *Oregon*, or River of the West, that falls into the Pacific Ocean at the Straits of Anian." He did not cross the Rocky Mountains, but probably gained his information from Indians who had.

Soon after the conquest of Mexico, the attention of Spain was directed to the western coast of the American continent, and voyages of discovery undertaken, to explore the regions north and south, which were then unknown to civilized nations. Cortez fitted out an expedition about the year 1533, which sailed from the coast of Guatemala, and discovered the Gulf of California, which was called at the time the "Sea of Cortez." He afterwards visited it in person, with a view to make settlements on its banks. He surveyed it to the northern extremity to the mouth of the Rio Colorado, or Red River, and, after many hardships, returned to Acapulco, and was compelled to remain there to keep in check his rivals and enemies, who had taken advantage of his absence to wrest from him the honor and emoluments of his former conquests. But he continued to prosecute the business of discovery on the North-west Coast. His principal officer was Francisco de Ulloa, who spent two years in exploring the shores of California. Several other voyages, of no great consequence farther than to show that Spain was still intent on northern discoveries, were undertaken, with indifferent success, so far as any authentic account has come to us. Forbes, in his History of Lower California, says, page 9,—"In 1562-3, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo explored the western coast of the peninsula, reaching as high as latitude 63°." He is, unquestionably, mistaken as to time, for he says again, in his History of Upper California, the same individual went

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only to "43° or 44° north latitude," and that it was in 1542. In this connection we may mention, that Forbes, though an Englishman, acknowledges that Sir Francis Drake, the buccanier, upon whose discoveries England, for lack of better matériel, has laid considerable stress, says he "named the country New Albion, and took possession of it for England, *not being aware that it had been previously visited by Spaniards under Cabrillo.*" It is not certain whether Cabrillo went so far north as 43°, as he died at St. Bernardo in 1543. It was probably his pilot, Bartolomé Ferrelo, who pursued the voyage to Cape Blanco, in latitude 43°, which Drake afterwards visited.

In 1582, Francisco Gali visited the coast as far up as 57° 30′ and gave a description of the country, which Humboldt and Navarrete consider authentic.

It is now rendered probable that as early as 1588 Behring's Strait was discovered by a Spaniard named Maldonado, which he called "ANIAN," of which mention is made by many authors and voyagers. It is also proved that a Greek pilot, in the employ of Spain, named Juan de Fuca, in 1599 discovered and sailed into the strait which has since borne his name. In 1603, January 19, Martin de Aguilar, in the frigate *Tres Reges*, belonging to a regular exploring expedition, fitted out under Vizcaino, discovered the Umpqua in lat. 43° which, for a long time, bore his name. This puts the question of discovery of the country north and south of the Columbia beyond cavil. If it is asserted that Drake had been there before, it may with equal certainty be shown that Cabrillo or Ferrelo had been there before him, as Forbes himself admits.

More than a century elapsed before any further discoveries were made, of which we have any authentic record. The political condition of Spain was such as to forbid the bestowment of attention on that business. But in 1774, Spain had been aroused from its long lethargy, by the news that Russia was engaged in exploring the Northwest coast. She fitted out a corvette, the Santiago, which sailed from San Blas in January of that year, with orders to explore the coast from Monterey to the sixtieth degree of latitude. Don Esteban José Martinez, the pilot, discovered Nootka Sound, entered it, and cast anchor there the August following, *four years before* Capt. Cook, or any other European, ever saw it. In 1775, another expedition was sent out from San Blas, under Don Bruno Heceta, Don Juan de Ayala, and Don Juan de la Bodega y Quadra, who discovered the bay at the mouth of the Columbia, which however they did not enter. They called it "Entrada de Heceta." They explored the coast to lat. 58°. The next year, a third expedition was undertaken, but did not sail till 1779. Quadra was placed in command, and Don Francisco Maurelle appointed pilot. They surveyed the coast as far north as Mount St. Elias and isle La Magdalena.

In 1778, March 7, Capt. Cook saw the American coast in lat. 44° 10′, but he made no harbor till he reached Nootka Sound, in latitude 49° 33′, above the limits proposed by Mr. Clay in his instructions to Mr. Gallatin. It should here be remembered that the orders under which Capt. Cook sailed, as given by the Lords of the Admiralty, were express, that, "taking care *not* to lose any time in exploring rivers or inlets, or upon *any account*, until you get into the before mentioned latitude of 65°, where we could wish you to arrive in the month of June. . . . When you get that length, you *are to be* very careful to search for and to explore such rivers or inlets as may appear to be of a considerable extent, and pointing towards Hudson's or Baffin's bays." When he arrived at Nootka, where the Spaniards had been *four years before*, he found the Indians "showed great readiness to part with anything they had, and took from us whatever we offered in exchange; but were more desirous of *iron* than of any other of our articles of commerce, appearing to be *perfectly acquainted* with the use of that metal." Whence came they by this knowledge, if not gained from the Spanish?

The next account we have of any voyage connected with the discovery of Oregon, relates to one made by our own countryman, Robert Gray, who sailed in the sloop *Lady Washington*, in company with Capt. John Kendrick in the ship *Columbia*, from Boston, October, 1787. The Columbia arrived

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at Nootka Sound, September 16, 1788, and soon after the Washington. Here they traded with the natives for furs. During their stay upon the coast, Capt. Gray re-discovered the strait of Juan de Fuca, and sailed some way into it. Having collected a cargo of furs, Capt. Gray was transferred to the Columbia and sent to China, where he disposed of his cargo for tea, and returned to Boston. Capt. Kendrick remained on the coast. Soon after his return, Capt. Gray was sent again to the North-west coast, where he arrived, and on the 7th of May, 1792, anchored in a bay, which he called after one of his employers, "Bulfinch's Harbor," now called "Gray's Bay." On the 11th he entered a large river in lat. 46° 17′, where he cast anchor, ten fathoms water. On the 14th he sailed up the river twelve or fifteen miles. He remained in the river till the 21st, repaired his ship and traded with the natives. Like a true sailor who loves his ship, he honored it by giving its name, "*Columbia*," to that majestic river which he had the honor to discover; which name it has since borne, and will continue to, so long as civilized man visits its shores. He called the high cape on the north side of its mouth, like a good Bostonian, "*Hancock*," and the low point on the south, "*Adams*."

This evidence, which is indisputable, answers our purpose so far as *discovery* affects our claim. It establishes its justness beyond a doubt. The next question refers to settlement, or occupancy; to which might be added, our *intention* to occupy, for some time must necessarily intervene between discovery and settlement. It was long after England discovered the Atlantic shores that a settlement was made by her subjects upon them; so that nothing can be gained to her, nor lost to the United States, from the fact that some *eight* or *ten* years elapsed before an actual settlement was made on the Columbia.

The Spanish made a settlement and built the fort of San Miguel on an island in Nootka Sound in 1799. Not long after, an English ship, belonging to a trading corporation which had been formed in imitation of the East India and Hudson Bay companies, called "King George's Sound Company," arrived in the harbor, for the purpose of monopolizing all the trade on that coast. The commander, Colnet, was called to account by Martinez—the same man who had been there in 1774, and taken possession in the name of the King of Spain—now commander of the fort, by what authority he undertook to invade their rights. Colnet insisted that the country belonged to England by virtue of Cook's discovery. Martinez replied that he had himself discovered that Sound four years before Cook visited it. The natives well recollected the fact, and personally knew Martinez. Colnet was arrested and sent to San Blas. From this affair a difficulty arose which led England, in her haughtiness, to threaten immediate war with Spain, acting upon the same policy she has since pursued so successfully with China and Affghanistan. A treaty, however, was concluded, in which Spain granted to England the right to navigate, fish, and trade in articles not contraband, with the Spanish settlements, not on the North-west coast exclusively, but in America. It was under this flimsy pretension that England once claimed the right to the Oregon.

About the same time, Don Salvador Fidalgo formed a settlement on the *main land*, the first ever made on that coast, in lat. 48° 20′, on the strait of Juan de Fuca. Very minute surveys of all this coast, its rivers, bays, and sounds, were made by Spanish navigators in the years 1791–2, by Malaspina, and Galiano and Valdes, who often met and held intercourse with Vancouver, the explorer, upon whose discoveries England principally founds her claim. It should not be forgotten that Vancouver confessed, in his own narration, that Capt. Gray had preceded him in the Columbia river, and in the strait of Juan de Fuca; and that, in exploring the former, he made use of "a chart by Mr. Gray, who had commanded the *American ship Columbia*."

Thus it appears that the *discovery* of Gray in our own name, and those of Cabrillo, Gali, Juan de Fuca, Aguilar, Martinez, Heceta, Ayala and Quadra, in the name of Spain, and the *settlements* of Martinez and Fidalgo, entitle the United States to exercise her authority over Oregon. The discovery of Gray alone gives us, according to the rules heretofore observed by civilized nations, the right to all the lands drained

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by the Columbia, which carries us into the neighborhood of 54°. Nearly the same line would be attained on the principle of the right of extension by contiguity; for, measuring from the mouth of the Columbia to the nearest settlement, at that time, on the north, the medium would not fall far from the same degree of latitude.

Let us now turn our attention to the Valley of the Mississippi, and examine our claims, advancing from the east. This will bring us to an inquiry into the rights of France, when we purchased the Louisiana territory; for, by that purchase, all her rights to that province become ours.

By the Treaty of Utrecht, it is apparent, that the boundary between the French possessions in the Valley of the Mississippi and the British on Hudson's Bay, was the forty-ninth degree of latitude, the same which is now acknowledged to the Rocky Mountains.

By the Treaty concluded at Paris, February 10th, 1763, between England, France, and Spain, France surrendered all her possessions on the St. Lawrence River, and England fixed the boundary of her colonies irrevocably, at the middle of the Mississippi and Iberville Rivers, and the Lakes Maurepas and Pontchartrain, and so to the Gulf of Mexico; west of this line, she would make no claim, but relinquished all right and title, if any she ever had. It may not be improper to state in this place, that England, as well as France and Spain, had, before this, claimed from the Atlantic back indefinitely; as in the charters of Virginia, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, which extended west to the "South Sea." England, by the Treaty above referred to, relinquished to France all her claims west of the middle of the Mississippi, as already stated. At this time, the line between France and England, on the north, was the forty-ninth degree of latitude. By the Treaty of Peace, concluded at Paris, September 3d, 1783, England relinquished to the United States, "all claims to the government, proprietary, and territorial rights of the same, and every part thereof." By the purchase of Louisiana, the United States came into possession of all the claims of France, which extended to latitude 49°; south of which, England did not claim. Hence it is clear, that the pretensions of England to possessions south of that parallel, are groundless and arrogant, and that the claim of the United States is well and immutably founded.

Soon after the cession of Louisiana, our Government, at the recommendation of Mr. Jefferson, then President, sent out Lewis and Clark, to explore the Missouri and the country west to the ocean, which duty they most faithfully performed, an account of which has been published and extensively read. They reached the Pacific, at the mouth of the Columbia, November 14th, 1805. Soon after their return, measures were adopted by the Missouri Fur Company, for establishing hunting posts along the Missouri. One was planted west of the Rocky Mountains; but was abandoned in 1810. This year, an association was formed, called the Pacific Fur Company, of which the celebrated John Jacob Astor was principal. The ship Tonquin was despatched from New York for the Columbia, where it arrived, in March of the next year. A fort and principal factory were established on the south bank of the Columbia, about twelve miles from the ocean, which was called Astoria. Subordinate factories were established at O'Kanagan, at Spokan, at Kooskooske, and Willamet, all on rivers of the same names.

These possessions were established prior to any others having been attempted on the Columbia, or any of its branches, save that of the Missouri Company, which had already been abandoned. This gives, in so far as settlement and occupancy can give, the possession of Oregon to the United States,—a fact, which England herself dare not deny, but is compelled to admit, when treating on the subject.

In 1813, October 16th, the agent of Mr. Astor, having learned from the agents of the North-west Company, that a British vessel was approaching to demolish the establishment, without any authority of his employer, direct or implied, sold "all the establishments, furs, and property," to the agents of the North-west Company. Not long after, the sloop of war, Raccoon, Captain Black, arrived at Astoria, and took formal possession of the fort, and called it Fort George. By the Treaty of Ghent, it was agreed that

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"all territory, places, and possessions, whatsoever, taken by either party during the war, shall be restored *without delay*," which portion of the treaty was formally complied with, but not till October 6th, 1818, when F. Hickey, on the part of the British Government, and J. Keith, on the part of the North-west Company, "restored to the Government of the United States, through its agent, J. B. Prevost, the settlement of Fort George, on the Columbia River." This necessarily included all its dependencies, all that was given up by the agent of Mr. Astor. Thus it appears by the exploration, at the instigation and under the pay of the United States, Lewis and Clark had surveyed that country and taken formal possession of it, with an express view to its occupancy, and that, close upon their return, companies were formed expressly to occupy and trade in it, and hence, that by exploration and settlement it is ours.

One other pretension of England remains to be considered. It has been set up, that Alexander M'Kenzie discovered the head waters of the Columbia, in 1793. This, however, could not have been possible, for according to his own narrative, his route lay too far north, to have seen any branch of that river. But should the point be granted, England would gain nothing by the admission, for he did not come *in sight of the Rocky Mountains*, on Peace River, which flows to the east, till the 17*th of May*, 1793; whereas, Captain Gray had entered the mouth of the Columbia, May 11th, 1792, *more than one year* before. All pretension to right by the discovery of M'Kenzie, is false and idle. England has not the shadow of a rightful claim to any territory bordering the Pacific Ocean on the coast of America. All her possessions there have been made by trespasses on the rights of other nations, which she hopes to retain, by threatening to visit in her wrath whoever shall have the presumption to oppose any of her plans, for the gratification of her unbounded love of dominion.

In the debate upon the bill for the occupation of Oregon, so thoroughly discussed in the Senate of the United States, none who opposed its passage expressed a doubt as to the justice of our claim. All admitted it to be ours. Some questioned the wisdom of the measure proposed for its settlement. Others thought the time had not yet arrived to undertake it. The ownership was beyond doubt. Whatever difficulties shall attend the extension of our jurisdiction over that important and valuable portion of our domain, or however strenuously the object may be opposed, at home or abroad, our *right* cannot cease to be valid, unless, through the imprudence and neglect of our statesmen, it shall be tamely surrendered to the insatiate grasping of the powers of England.

Settlement of Oregon.—A bill "to authorize the adoption of measures for the occupation and settlement of the Territory of Oregon," was introduced into the Senate of the United States at its last session, and, after a long debate, was passed in that body. Considerable opposition was manifested by some Senators, on the ground that it was not time to take any definite steps upon so important a question. Time, it was argued, was the great negotiator, and would, by due process, extend our population, as the tide flowed west, to the shores of the Pacific, in the space of twenty-five or thirty years. Such patience might be endured, if at the time of its exhaustion there should be an opportunity to realize the object for which it waited. But, leave Oregon unoccupied for that space, by our citizens, and England will have fifty thousand subjects there, whose dwellings will be in every valley, whose arms will bristle at every pass, whose vessels of war will float in every harbor, whose forts will tower on every commanding position, and whose daring flag will wave on every height, bidding defiance to all assailants, and laughing to scorn the boasted enterprise of Americans, and mocking us for our supineness. England lost a noble farm by our revolution; she would glory to steal from us so goodly a sheep-pasture.

Except in some of the details of the bill the principal opposition to it was on two grounds: 1st, that the northern boundary should previously be determined by treaty with England before we extended our jurisdiction over Oregon; 2d, that to take possession of it under "twelve months" would be a

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violation of the treaty of 1827. In answer to the first objection it was argued very justly that nothing had ever been gained by procrastinating treaties with England. It requires no very intimate knowledge of British policy to foresee the consequences which would follow delay. While we stood, in imploring attitude, gazing to see what would come of it, England would seize the prize and assert it to be hers, right or wrong. Long parleys in matters of fact and right with arrogance and cupidity accomplish little.

The answer to the second was, that nothing contemplated in the bill could be justly construed into an infringement of our treaty with England. It only designs to offer protection to our own citizens settling in that territory. Britain, through the Hudson Bay Company, has done the same to her subjects for twenty years past without giving us "twelve months" notice of any intentions on her part to occupy the country. May not we follow her example?

That so important a measure should meet with opposition, and a strong one, was to be expected. The purchase of Louisiana had its opponents, and they were not weak, though unsuccessful. They numbered some of the best and ablest men of that day. The pittance to be paid was small, hardly a fraction of its value to us; but it was a new step, a breaking over wonted lines, the creation of new relations, and, it was thought, needless dependencies. But who is there now who does not fully approve the wisdom of that measure, which has already added three States to our confederacy, and provided room for a dozen more, besides offering an asylum for our red brethren, where they are rapidly improving in the arts and blessings of civilisation? A shorter space of time will convince all who now doubt, of the wisdom of that measure which extends jurisdiction over Oregon, and invites the enterprise of our eastern States, which are becoming overstocked, to turn its attention to that most beautiful country, and establish there a home for their descendants.

The only danger to be apprehended is a probable rupture with England. She will, no doubt, rise up in her most imposing wrath, and look down with dark and deadly frown upon us, and threaten our immediate annihilation. Having terminated her disgraceful war with China and Affghanistan, and got well paid for her insults and aggressions, she will, perhaps, rejoice at the opportunity to bestow some attention upon

> "The brave descendants
> Of them who flogged their fathers so,
> And gained their independence."

The question is not, and it never should be, what will be the *consequences* of doing our duty. It is enough for us to know that our claim to Oregon is good and valid, and that such can be made to appear before any unprejudiced tribunal; and hence, that every attempt of England to dispossess us of our rights and cheat us of our substance, would be usurpation, and should, at once, be resisted. The question is not, what *will* England do? but, what *ought* the United States to do in the premises? If Oregon is ours, have we not a right to settle it? If it is not ours it is time we knew it. That it *is* ours in right, and *will be* ours in fact, there is not the least chance to doubt. Our claim from 42° to 49° of latitude is better than that to Florida and Louisiana, because, in addition to purchase, we have the priority of discovery, exploration, and settlement; and north of 49° to 54° 40′ our claim is better than that of England, for we claim it by cession from Spain, extension by contiguity, and as lying in the basin of the Columbia. England may use stratagem and threaten war; but she will never venture to invade so just, clear, and honorable a claim as ours to the entire possession of Oregon; certainly not if we show a proper determination, in an attitude simply defensive, to retain all, and no more, than what rightfully belongs to us.

The discussion of this subject in the Senate has brought it before the country and the world. The attention of many is directed that way, and had the bill which passed that body become a law, not many years would have passed before a large population, selected from the most active and enterprising portion of our citizens, would have been established in that Territory, of which Lieut. Wilkes remarks:

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"The labor necessary to acquire wealth or subsistence is, compared with our own country, in the proportion of one to three; or, in other words, a man must work through the year three times as much in the United States to gain the like competency."

The subject is only adjourned for a year by the failure of the Senate bill to pass the House of Representatives. It will undoubtedly again be brought forward as a prominent feature of the legislation of the next session. It is right and proper that it should in the mean time be thoroughly canvassed at home among the people, in preparation for that attitude and that action in relation to it, which can no longer be delayed, and which are called for equally by our national interest and honor. With a view to the promotion of this object we have devoted to it the preceding pages,—greatly regretting the necessities of space which have compelled us to curtail and simplify our statement and discussion of the subject, within limits entirely incommensurate with both its importance and extent.

THE LAW OF BLOOD.

I.

In pagan lands, where Superstition's rod
  Scourges her worshippers; where temples dark
  Are reared, with rites accursed, her sway to mark;
And all unknown the Christian's faith and God,
There human gore drenches the steeping sod!
Nor do we wonder; though the Priest on high
  Lift up his reeking hands that Heaven may bless
The smoke of sacrifice which dims the sky,
  And seals the record of his wickedness;
For on the darkness that enwraps his mind
  Truth has not poured her bright and piercing ray,
Nor sent her mighty heralds to unbind
  His people's manacles, and drive away
  The mists and clouds that hide her glorious day.

II.

But when we turn from Pagan gloom and night
To our own shores, the boasted land of light,
  Where the true worship hath its temples high,
  Pointing ten thousand spires unto the sky,
From lovely plain and wood-embowered height,
  How do our grieved and heart-sick spirits sigh,
To find that *here* man heedeth not the Right,
  Though placed in loveliness before his eye;
But reareth, by his fanes, the tree of blood;
  And Priests stand by, to bless the horrid crime,
While he doth waste the life-empurpled flood
  That swells his brother's veins! Oh! may the time
Come swiftly, when the sacred Book of God
  Is read aright with all its truths sublime!

R. H. Bacon.

Port Chester, N. Y., February, 1843.

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THE PROCESSION OF LIFE.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Life figures itself to me as a festal or funereal procession. All of us have our places, and are to move onward under the direction of a Chief-Marshal. The grand difficulty results from the invariably mistaken principles on which the deputy-marshals seek to arrange this immense concourse of people, so much more numerous than those that trail their interminable length through streets and highways in times of political excitement. Their scheme is ancient, far beyond the memory of man, or even the record of history, and has hitherto been very little modified by the innate sense of something wrong, and the dim perception of better methods, that have disquieted all the ages through which the procession has continued its march. Its members are classified by the merest external circumstances, and thus are more certain to be thrown out of their true positions, than if no principle of arrangement were attempted. In one part of the procession we see men of landed estate or moneyed capital, gravely keeping each other company, for the preposterous reason that they chance to have a similar standing in the tax-gatherer's book. Trades and professions march together with scarcely a more real bond of union. In this manner, it cannot be denied, people are disentangled from the mass, and separated into various classes according to certain apparent relations; all have some artificial badge, which the world, and themselves among the first, learn to consider as a genuine characteristic. Fixing our attention on such outside shows of similarity or difference, we lose sight of those realities by which nature, fortune, fate, or Providence, has constituted for every man a brotherhood, wherein it is one great office of human wisdom to classify him. When the mind has once accustomed itself to a proper arrangement of the Procession of Life, or a true classification of society, even though merely speculative, there is thenceforth a satisfaction which pretty well suffices for itself, without the aid of any actual reformation in the order of march.

For instance, assuming to myself the power of marshalling the aforesaid procession, I direct a trumpeter to send forth a blast loud enough to be heard from hence to China; and a herald, with world-pervading voice, to make proclamation for a certain class of mortals to take their places. What shall be their principle of union? After all, an external one, in comparison with many that might be found, yet far more real than those which the world has selected for a similar purpose. Let all who are afflicted with like physical diseases form themselves into ranks!

Our first attempt at classification is not very successful. It may gratify the pride of aristocracy to reflect, that Disease, more than any other common circumstance of human life, pays due observance to the distinctions which rank and wealth, and poverty and lowliness, have established among mankind. Some maladies are rich and precious, and only to be acquired by the right of inheritance, or purchased with much gold. Of this kind is the gout, which serves as a bond of brotherhood to the purple-visaged gentry, who obey the herald's voice, and painfully hobble from all civilized regions of the globe to take their post in the grand procession. In mercy to their toes let us hope that the march may not be long! The Dyspeptics, too, are people of good standing in the world. For them the earliest salmon is caught in our eastern rivers, and the shy woodcock stains the dry leaves with his blood, in his remotest haunts; and the turtle comes from the far Pacific islands to be gobbled up in soup. They can afford to flavor all their dishes with indolence, which, in spite of the general opinion, is a sauce more exquisitely piquant than appetite won by exercise. Apoplexy is another highly respectable disease. We will rank together all who have the symptom of dizziness in the brain, and, as fast as

any drop by the way, supply their places with new members of the board of aldermen.

On the other hand, here come whole tribes of people, whose physical lives are but a deteriorated variety of life, and themselves a meaner species of mankind; so sad an effect has been wrought by the tainted breath of cities, scanty and unwholesome food, destructive modes of labor, and the lack of those moral supports that might partially have counteracted such bad influences. Behold here a train of house-painters, all afflicted with a peculiar sort of colic. Next in place we will marshal those workmen in cutlery, who have breathed a fatal disorder into their lungs, with the impalpable dust of steel. Tailors and shoemakers, being sedentary men, will chiefly congregate into one part of the procession, and march under similar banners of disease; but among them we may observe here and there a sickly student, who has left his health between the leaves of classic volumes; and clerks, likewise, who have caught their deaths on high official stools; and men of genius, too, who have written sheet after sheet, with pens dipped in their hearts' blood. These are a wretched, quaking, short-breathed set. But what is this crowd of pale-cheeked, slender girls, who disturb the ear with the multiplicity of their short, dry coughs? They are seamstresses, who have plied the daily and nightly needle in the service of master-tailors and close-fisted contractors, until now it is almost time for each to hem the borders of her own shroud. Consumption points their place in the procession. With their sad sisterhood are intermingled many youthful maidens, who have sickened in aristocratic mansions, and for whose aid science has unavailingly searched its volumes, and whom breathless love has watched. In our ranks the rich maiden and the poor seamstress may walk arm in arm. We might find innumerable other instances, where the bond of mutual disease—not to speak of nation-sweeping pestilences—embraces high and low, and makes the king a brother of the clown. But it is not hard to own that Disease is the natural aristocrat. Let him keep his state, and have his established orders of rank, and wear his royal mantle of the color of a fever-flush; and let the noble and wealthy boast their own physical infirmities, and display their symptoms as the badges of high station! All things considered, these are as proper subjects of human pride as any relations of rank that men can fix upon.

Sound again, thou deep-breathed trumpeter! and herald, with thy voice of might, shout forth another summons, that shall reach the old baronial castles of Europe, and the rudest cabin of our western wilderness! What class is next to take its place in the procession of mortal life? Let it be those whom the gifts of intellect have united in a noble brotherhood!

Aye, this is a reality, before which the conventional distinctions of society melt away, like a vapor when we would grasp it with the hand. Were Byron now alive, and Burns, the first would come from his ancestral Abbey, flinging aside, although unwillingly, the inherited honors of a thousand years, to take the arm of the mighty peasant, who grew immortal while he stooped behind his plough. These are gone; but the hall, the farmer's fireside, the hut, perhaps the palace, the counting-room, the workshop, the village, the city, life's high places and low ones, may all produce their poets, whom a common temperament pervades like an electric sympathy. Peer or ploughman, we will muster them, pair by pair, and shoulder to shoulder. Even society in its most artificial state, consents to this arrangement. These factory girls from Lowell shall mate themselves with the pride of drawing-rooms and literary circles—the bluebells in fashion's nosegay, the Sapphos, and Montagues, and Nortons, of the age. Other modes of intellect bring together as strange companies. Silk-gowned professor of languages, give your arm to this sturdy blacksmith, and deem yourself honored by the conjunction, though you behold him grimy from the anvil. All varieties of human speech are like his mother tongue to this rare man. Indiscriminately, let those take their places, of whatever rank they come, who possess the kingly gifts to lead armies, or to sway a people,—Nature's generals, her lawgivers, her kings,—and with them, also, the deep philosophers, who think the thought in one generation that is to revolutionize society in the next. With the hereditary legislator, in

whom eloquence is a far descended attainment—a rich echo repeated by powerful voices, from Cicero downward—we will watch some wondrous backwoodsman, who has caught a wild power of language from the breeze among his native forest boughs. But we may safely leave these brethren and sisterhood to settle their own congenialities. Our ordinary distinctions become so trifling, so impalpable, so ridiculously visionary, in comparison with a classification founded on truth, that all talk about the matter is immediately a common-place.

Yet, the longer I reflect, the less am I satisfied with the idea of forming a separate class of mankind on the basis of high intellectual power. At best, it is but a higher development of innate gifts common to all. Perhaps, moreover, he, whose genius appears deepest and truest, excels his fellows in nothing save the knack of expression; he throws out, occasionally, a lucky hint at truths of which every human soul is profoundly, though unutterably conscious. Therefore, though we suffer the brotherhood of intellect to march onward together, it may be doubted whether their peculiar relation will not begin to vanish, as soon as the procession shall have passed beyond the circle of this present world. But we do not classify for eternity.

And next, let the trumpet pour forth a funeral wail, and the herald's voice give breath, in one vast cry, to all the groans and grievous utterances that are audible throughout the earth. We appeal now to the sacred bond of sorrow, and summon the great multitude who labor under similar afflictions, to take their places in the march.

How many a heart, that would have been insensible to any other call, has responded to the doleful accents of that voice! It has gone far and wide, and high and low, and left scarcely a mortal roof unvisited. Indeed, the principle is only too universal for our purpose, and, unless we limit it, will quite break up our classification of mankind, and convert the whole procession into a funeral train. We will therefore be at some pains to discriminate. Here comes a lonely rich man; he has built a noble fabric for his dwelling-place, with a front of stately architecture, and marble floors, and doors of precious woods; the whole structure is as beautiful as a dream, and as substantial as the native rock. But the visionary shapes of a long posterity, for whose home this mansion was intended, have faded into nothingness, since the death of the founder's only son. The rich man gives a glance at his sable garb in one of the splendid mirrors of his drawing-room, and, descending a flight of lofty steps, instinctively offers his arm to yonder poverty-stricken widow, in the rusty black bonnet, and with a check-apron over her patched gown. The sailor-boy, who was her sole earthly stay, was washed overboard in a late tempest. This couple, from the palace and the alms-house, are but the types of thousands more, who represent the dark tragedy of life, and seldom quarrel for the upper parts. Grief is such a leveller, with its own dignity and its own humility, that the noble and the peasant, the beggar and the monarch, will waive their pretensions to external rank, without the officiousness of interference on our part. If pride—the influence of the world's false distinctions—remain in the heart, then sorrow lacks the earnestness which makes it holy and reverend. It loses its reality, and becomes a miserable shadow. On this ground, we have an opportunity to assign over multitudes who would willingly claim places here, to other parts of the procession. If the mourner have anything dearer than his grief, he must seek his true position elsewhere. There are so many unsubstantial sorrows, which the necessity of our mortal state begets on idleness, that an observer, casting aside sentiment, is sometimes led to question whether there be any real woe, except absolute physical suffering, and the loss of closest friends. A crowd, who exhibit what they deem to be broken hearts—and among the many love-lorn maids and bachelors, and men of disappointed ambition in arts, literature, or politics, and the poor who were once rich, or who have sought to be rich in vain—the great majority of these may ask admittance into some other fraternity. There is no room here. Perhaps we may institute a separate class, where such unfortunates will naturally fall into the procession. Meanwhile let them stand aside, and patiently await their time.

If our trumpeter can borrow a note from the doomsday trumpet-blast, let him sound it now! The dread alarum

should make the earth quake to its centre, for the herald is about to address mankind with a summons, to which even the purest mortal may be sensible of some faint responding echo in his breast. In many bosoms it will awaken a still, small voice, more terrible than its own reverberating uproar.

The hideous appeal has swept around the globe. Come, all ye guilty ones, and rank yourselves in accordance with the brotherhood of crime! This, indeed, is an awful summons. I almost tremble to look at the strange partnerships that begin to be formed, reluctantly, but by the invincible necessity of like to like, in this part of the procession. A forger from the state prison seizes the arm of a distinguished financier. How indignantly does the latter plead his fair reputation upon 'Change, and insist that his operations, by their magnificence of scope, were removed into quite another sphere of morality than those of his pitiful companion! But, let him cut the connection if he can. Here comes a murderer, with his clanking chains, and pairs himself—horrible to tell!—with as pure and upright a man, in all observable respects, as ever partook of the consecrated bread and wine. He is one of those, perchance the most hopeless of all sinners, who practise such an exemplary system of outward duties, that even a deadly crime may be hidden from their own sight and remembrance, under this unreal frost-work. Yet he now finds his place. Why do that pair of flaunting girls, with the pert, affected laugh, and the sly leer at the bystanders, intrude themselves into the same rank with yonder decorous matron, and that somewhat prudish maiden? Surely, these poor creatures, born to vice, as their sole and natural inheritance, can be no fit associates for women who have been guarded round about by all the proprieties of domestic life, and who could not err, unless they first created the opportunity! Oh, no; it must be merely the impertinence of those unblushing hussies; and we can only wonder how such respectable ladies should have responded to a summons that was not meant for them.

We shall make short work of this miserable class, each member of which is entitled to grasp any other member's hand, by that vile degradation wherein guilty error has buried all alike. The foul fiend, to whom it properly belongs, must relieve us of our loathsome task. Let the bond-servants of sin pass on. But neither man nor woman, in whom good predominates, will smile or sneer, nor bid the Rogues' March be played, in derision of their array. Feeling within their breasts a shuddering sympathy, which at least gives token of the sin that might have been, they will thank God for any place in the grand procession of human existence, save among those most wretched ones. Many, however, will be astonished at the fatal impulse that drags them thitherward. Nothing is more remarkable than the various deceptions by which guilt conceals itself from the perpetrator's conscience, and oftenest, perhaps, by the splendor of its garments. Statesmen, rulers, generals, and all men who act over an extensive sphere, are most liable to be deluded in this way; they commit wrong, devastation, and murder, on so grand a scale, that it impresses them as speculative rather than actual; but, in our procession, we find them linked in detestable conjunction with the meanest criminals, whose deeds have the vulgarity of petty details. Here, the effect of circumstance and accident is done away, and a man finds his rank according to the spirit of his crime, in whatever shape it may have been developed.

We have called the Evil; now let us call the Good. The trumpet's brazen throat should pour heavenly music over the earth, and the herald's voice go forth with the sweetness of an angel's accents, as if to summon each upright man to his reward. But, how is this? Do none answer to the call? Not one: for the just, the pure, the true, and all who might most worthily obey it, shrink sadly back, as most conscious of error and imperfection. Then let the summons be to those whose pervading principle is Love. This classification will embrace all the truly good, and none in whose souls there exists not something that may expand itself into a heaven, both of well-doing and felicity.

The first that presents himself is a man of wealth, who has bequeathed the bulk of his property to a hospital; his ghost, methinks, would have a better right here than his living body.

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But here they come, the genuine benefactors of their race. Some have wandered about the earth, with pictures of bliss in their imagination, and with hearts that shrank sensitively from the idea of pain and woe, yet have studied all varieties of misery that human nature can endure. The prison, the insane asylum, the squalid chambers of the alms-house, the manufactory where the demon of machinery annihilates the human soul, and the cotton-field where God's image becomes a beast of burthen; to these, and every other scene where man wrongs or neglects his brother, the apostles of humanity have penetrated. This missionary, black with India's burning sunshine, shall give his arm to a pale-faced brother who has made himself familiar with the infected alleys and loathsome haunts of vice, in one of our own cities. The generous founder of a college shall be the partner of a maiden lady, of narrow substance, one of whose good deeds it has been, to gather a little school of orphan children. If the mighty merchant whose benefactions are reckoned by thousands of dollars, deem himself worthy, let him join the procession with her whose love has proved itself by watchings at the sick-bed, and all those lowly offices which bring her into actual contact with disease and wretchedness. And with those whose impulses have guided them to benevolent actions, we will rank others, to whom Providence has assigned a different tendency and different powers. Men who have spent their lives in generous and holy contemplation for the human race; those who, by a certain heavenliness of spirit, have purified the atmosphere around them, and thus supplied a medium in which good and high things may be projected and performed,—give to these a lofty place among the benefactors of mankind, although no deed, such as the world calls deeds, may be recorded of them. There are some individuals, of whom we cannot conceive it proper that they should apply their hands to any earthly instrument, or work out any definite act; and others, perhaps not less high, to whom it is an essential attribute to labor, in body as well as spirit, for the welfare of their brethren. Thus, if we find a spiritual sage, whose unseen, inestimable influence has exalted the moral standard of mankind, we will choose for his companion some poor laborer, who has wrought for love in the potatoe-field of a neighbor poorer than himself.

We have summoned this various multitude—and, to the credit of our nature, it is a large one—on the principle of Love. It is singular, nevertheless, to remark the shyness that exists among many members of the present class, all of whom we might expect to recognize one another by the free-masonry of mutual goodness, and to embrace like brethren, giving God thanks for such various specimens of human excellence. But it is far otherwise. Each sect surrounds its own righteousness with a hedge of thorns. It is difficult for the good Christian to acknowledge the good Pagan; almost impossible for the good Orthodox to grasp the hand of the good Unitarian, leaving to their Creator to settle the matters in dispute, and giving their mutual efforts strongly and trustingly to whatever right thing is too evident to be mistaken. Then again, though the heart be large, yet the mind is often of such moderate dimensions as to be exclusively filled up with one idea. When a good man has long devoted himself to a particular kind of beneficence—to one species of reform—he is apt to become narrowed into the limits of the path wherein he treads, and to fancy that there is no other good to be done on earth but that self-same good to which he has put his hand, and in the very mode that best suits his own conceptions. All else is worthless; his scheme must be wrought out by the united strength of the whole world's stock of love, or the world is no longer worthy of a position in the universe. Moreover, powerful Truth, being the rich grape-juice expressed from the vineyard of the ages, has an intoxicating quality, when imbibed by any save a powerful intellect, and often, as it were, impels the quaffer to quarrel in his cups. For such reasons, strange to say, it is harder to contrive a friendly arrangement of these brethren of love and righteousness, in the procession of life, than to unite even the wicked, who, indeed, are chained together by their crimes. The fact is too preposterous for tears, too lugubrious for laughter.

But, let good men push and elbow

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one another as they may, during their earthly march, all will be peace among them when the honorable array of their procession shall tread on heavenly ground. There they will doubtless find, that they have been working each for the other's cause, and that every well-delivered stroke, which, with an honest purpose, any mortal struck, even for a narrow object, was indeed stricken for the universal cause of good. Their own view may be bounded by country, creed, profession, the diversities of individual character—but above them all is the breadth of Providence. How many, who have deemed themselves antagonists, will smile hereafter, when they look back upon the world's wide harvest field, and perceive that, in unconscious brotherhood, they were helping to bind the self-same sheaf!

But, come! The sun is hastening westward, while the march of human life, that never paused before, is delayed by our attempt to re-arrange its order. It is desirable to find some comprehensive principle, that shall render our task easier by bringing thousands into the ranks, where hitherto we have brought one. Therefore let the trumpet, if possible, split its brazen throat with a louder note than ever, and the herald summon all mortals who, from whatever cause, have lost, or never found, their proper places in the world.

Obedient to this call, a great multitude come together, most of them with a listless gait, betokening weariness of soul, yet with a gleam of satisfaction in their faces, at the prospect of at length reaching those suitable positions which, hitherto, they have vainly sought. But here will be another disappointment; for we can attempt no more than merely to associate, in one fraternity, all who are afflicted with the same vague trouble. Some great mistake in life is the chief condition of admittance into this class. Here are members of the learned professions, whom Providence endowed with special gifts for the plough, the forge, and the wheel-barrow, or for the routine of unintellectual business. We will assign them, as partners in the march, those lowly laborers and handicraftsmen, who have pined, as with a dying thirst, after the unattainable fountains of knowledge. The latter have lost less than their companions; yet much, because they deem it infinite. Perchance the two species of unfortunates may comfort one another. Here are Quakers with the instinct of battle in them; and men of war who should have worn the broad-brim. Authors shall be ranked here, whom some freak of Nature, making game of her poor children, has imbued with the confidence of genius, and strong desire of fame, but has favored with no corresponding power; and others, whose lofty gifts were unaccompanied with the faculty of expression, or any of that earthly machinery, by which ethereal endowments must be manifested to mankind. All these, therefore, are melancholy laughing-stocks. Next, here are honest and well-intentioned persons, who, by a want of tact—by inaccurate perceptions—by a distorting imagination—have been kept continually at cross-purposes with the world, and bewildered upon the path of life. Let us see, if they can confine themselves within the line of our procession. In this class, likewise, we must assign places to those who have encountered that worst of ill-success, a higher fortune than their abilities could vindicate; writers, actors, painters, the pets of a day, but whose laurels wither unrenewed amid their hoary hair; politicians, whom some malicious contingency of affairs has thrust into conspicuous station, where, while the world stands gazing at them, the dreary consciousness of imbecility makes them curse their birth-hour. To such men, we give for a companion him whose rare talents, which perhaps require a revolution for their exercise, are buried in the tomb of sluggish circumstances.

Not far from these, we must find room for one whose success has been of the wrong kind; the man who should have lingered in the cloisters of a university, digging new treasures out of the Herculaneum of antique lore, diffusing depth and accuracy of literature throughout his country, and thus making for himself a great and quiet fame. But the outward tendencies around him have proved too powerful for his inward nature, and have drawn him into the arena of political tumult, there to contend at disadvantage, whether front to front, or side by side, with the brawny giants of actual life. He becomes, it may be, a name for brawling parties to bandy to and fro, a legislator of the Union; a governor of his native state;

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an ambassador in the courts of kings or queens; and the world may deem him a man of happy stars. But not so the wise; and not so himself, when he looks through his experience, and sighs to miss that fitness, the one invaluable touch, which makes all things true and real. So much achieved, yet how abortive is his life! Whom shall we choose for his companion? Some weak-framed blacksmith, perhaps, whose delicacy of muscle might have suited a tailor's shop-board better than the anvil.

Shall we bid the trumpet sound again? It is hardly worth the while. There remain a few idle men of fortune, tavern and grog-shop loungers, lazzaroni, old bachelors, decaying maidens, and people of crooked intellect or temper, all of whom may find their like, or some tolerable approach to it, in the plentiful diversity of our latter class. There, too, as his ultimate destiny, must we rank the dreamer, who, all his life long, has cherished the idea that he was peculiarly apt for something, but never could determine what it was; and there the most unfortunate of men, whose purpose it has been to enjoy life's pleasures, but to avoid a manful struggle with its toil and sorrow. The remainder, if any, may connect themselves with whatever rank of the procession they shall find best adapted to their tastes and consciences. The worst possible fate would be, to remain behind, shivering in the solitude of time, while all the world is on the move toward eternity. Our attempt to classify society is now complete. The result may be anything but perfect; yet better—to give it the very lowest praise—than the antique rule of the herald's office, or the modern one of the tax-gatherer, whereby the accidents and superficial attributes, with which the real nature of individuals has least to do, are acted upon as the deepest characteristics of mankind. Our task is done. Now let the grand procession move!

Yet pause awhile! We had forgotten the Chief-Marshal.

Hark! That world-wide swell of solemn music, with the clang of a mighty bell breaking forth through its regulated uproar, announces his approach. He comes; a severe, sedate, immovable, dark rider, waving his truncheon of universal sway, as he passes along the lengthened line, on the Pale Horse of the Revelations. It is Death! Who else could assume the guidance of a procession that comprehends all humanity? And if some, among these many millions, should deem themselves classed amiss, yet let them take to their hearts the comfortable truth, that Death levels us all into one great brotherhood, and that another state of being will surely rectify the wrong of this. Then breathe thy wail upon the earth's wailing wind, thou band of melancholy music, made up of every sigh that the human heart, unsatisfied, has uttered! There is yet triumph in thy tones. And now we move! Beggars in their rags, and Kings trailing the regal purple in the dust; the Warrior's gleaming helmet; the Priest in his sable robe; the hoary Grandsire, who has run life's circle and come back to childhood; the ruddy School-boy with his golden curls, frisking along the march; the Artisan's stuff-jacket; the Noble's star-decorated coat;—the whole presenting a motley spectacle, yet with a dusky grandeur brooding over it. Onward, onward, into that dimness where the lights of Time, which have blazed along the procession, are flickering in their sockets! And whither? We know not; and Death, hitherto our leader, deserts us by the wayside, as the tramp of our innumerable footsteps passes beyond his sphere. He knows not, more than we, our destined goal. But God, who made us, knows, and will not leave us on our toilsome and doubtful march, either to wander in infinite uncertainty, or perish by the way!

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THE WHITE STEED OF THE PRAIRIES.

Mr. Kendall, of the New Orleans Picayune, in giving some account of what he saw and suffered in his late expedition toward Santa Fe, which resulted in imprisonment at Mexico, after noticing flocks of small white horses in the Prairies, adds the following:

"Many stories are told of a large white horse that has been seen often in the vicinity of the Cross Timbers and near the Red River. He has never been known to gallop, but paces even faster than any horse that has been sent out after him can run; and so game and untiring is the 'White Steed of the Prairies,' for he is well known to trappers and traders by that name, that he has tired down no less than three race-nags sent out expressly to catch him with a Mexican rider. The latter had nothing but a lasso or lariat with him, a long rope made either of horse hair or hemp, and which the Mexicans throw with great dexterity; but although he took a fresh horse after tiring one down, he was never near enough the noble animal to throw a slip-noose over his head, or even to drive him into a canter. He has been known to pace a mile in less than two minutes, and can keep up this rate hour after hour, or until he has tired down whatever may be in chace. Large sums have been offered to any one who would catch him, and the attempt has frequently been made; but he still roams the prairies in freedom, solitary and alone. One of the hunters even went so far as to tell me that he was too proud to be seen in company with the other mustangs, being a beautiful animal of far better action than those of his race; but this part of the story I could not make it convenient to believe."

Mount, mount for the chase! let your lassos be strong,
And forget not sharp spur and tough buffalo thong;
For the quarry ye seek hath oft baffled, I ween,
Steeds swift as your own, backed by hunters as keen.

Fleet barb of the Prairie, in vain they prepare
For thy neck, arched in beauty, the treacherous snare;
Thou wilt toss thy proud head, and with nostril stretched wide,
Defy them again, as thou still hast defied.

Trained nags of the course, urged by rowel and rein,
Have cracked their strong thews in the pursuit in vain:
While a bow-shot in front, without straining a limb,
The wild courser careered as 'twere pastime to him.

Ye may know him at once, though a herd be in sight,
As he moves o'er the plain like a creature of light—
His mane streaming forth from his beautiful form
Like the drift from a wave that has burst in the storm.

Not the team of the Sun, as in fable portrayed,
Through the firmament rushing in glory arrayed,
Could match, in wild majesty, beauty and speed,
That tireless, magnificent, snowy-white steed.

Much gold for his guerdon, promotion and fame,
Wait the hunter who captures that fleet-footed game;
Let them bid for his freedom,—unbridled, unshod,
He will roam till he dies through these pastures of God.

And ye think on his head your base halters to fling!
So ye shall—when yon Eagle has lent you his wing;
But no slave of the lash that your stables contain
Can e'er force to a gallop the steed of the Plain!

His fields have no fence save the mountain and sky;
His drink the snow-capped Cordilleras supply;
'Mid the grandeur of nature sole monarch is he,
And his gallant heart swells with the pride of the free.

J. Barber.

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SIR ASTLEY COOPER.*

The publication of this work we deem to have been as much an ordinary affair of trade, without any regard to the higher purposes of literature, as any every-day business transaction in "the city." The life of Sir Astley Cooper, a prominent man in the eye of the world, the first surgeon of his day, was of course to be written; it was certain a demand would exist for the work, whatever might be the value or interest of the facts it should possess, or the skill with which they might be presented. And little do we question that the extent of that demand was anticipated in the "Row," to the copy. The fact of its publication is no earnest of its being a work of peculiar interest. It will be sought for as the life of a prominent character, not as the biography of Sir Astley Cooper. He was known to the public as the great surgeon of London; surgeon to kings and princes, prime ministers and peers. He was surrounded by no individual interest independent of his position. He had none of the eccentricities of an Abernethy to render his name a byeword to the lovers of humor, no accomplishments beyond the limits of his professional acquirements to gain for him a general interest. He was purely and exclusively the surgeon. Biography has a two-fold interest,—that which regards the personal of the individual, and that which belongs to the circumstances and characters by which he may be surrounded. It is in reference to this latter only that the life of Sir Astley Cooper will recommend itself to the general reader; for public sentiment, if we mistake not, views the surgeon very much in the light of the public hangman, as associated with deeds of blood, and shrinks from all sympathy with him. To the professional reader, endowed with the ordinary *esprit de corps*, this work will be acceptable as the life of the heroic operator, the skilful anatomist, the indefatigable teacher, and the contributor of highly valued surgical and physiological information, the result of experience, observation, and experiment. We propose, with the purpose of interesting our readers—not forgetting their non-professional character—to extract from the book before us what we esteem of sufficient general interest to come within the scope of this magazine.

These volumes are not as rich in contemporary history as might have been anticipated. It is natural, in the biography of a celebrated surgeon, to seek for full details of the life and character of the men of "mark and likelihood" with whom he is necessarily in habits of association. The very nature of the office of a medical man supposes the closest intimacy with his patient, the fullest knowledge of his character and disposition. Sickness is your great leveller. The surgeon is brought into relation with man as he is; "proud majesty is to him a subject;" and the wily statesman, a Machiavelli to the world, is but a sick man to his physician. The surgeon is the least likely to be diverted by the glitter of the star and the imposing dignity of the baton, from a consideration of the real character.

Sir Astley Cooper's career was one smooth ascent to fame and fortune. He had none of the obstacles to overcome, nor difficulties to struggle with, which mark ordinarily the course of the metropolitan surgeon. He early evinced a natural bias for his art, having saved the life of a servant by skilfully stopping a bleeding by compressing an artery with all the skill that science could prompt. In the amusements of his boyhood, he surpassed his fellows in daring; and some of his early pranks evinced not only an intrepidity beyond his age, but a want of feeling unusual for the innocence of childhood. He passed through the usual course of study in London under the eye of his master, the celebrated surneon, Mr. Cline, at whose table he met frequently Horne Tooke, and others of a republican bias, from whom he imbibed a liberality of political sen-

* The Life of Sir Astley Cooper, Bart., interspersed with sketches from his notebooks of distinguished contemporary characters. By Bransby Blake Cooper, Esq., F.R.S.; 2 vols., 8vo., London: John W. Parker, 1843.

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timent, much to the discomfort of the Tory vicar, his father. He rapidly progressed through the successive stages of advancement, as Demonstrator of Anatomy, Lecturer, Surgeon to the Hospital, the first surgeon in the city, Surgeon in the West End, Surgeon to the Duke of York, and finally to a Baronetcy and the position of Surgeon Extraordinary to the King. Sir Astley Cooper was by nature cool and intrepid, of a phlegmatic temperament, and acknowledged by his biographer to have been incapable of very warm attachments. He was purely practical, averse to theory and imaginative speculation. We trace here the elements of his distinction as a surgeon. Surgery, unlike Medicine, is a certain science, and deals with the practical, appealing to the eye for its knowledge, and to the skill and nerve of the hand for its application. Sir Astley Cooper was a great surgeon but a poor physician. He was sensibly alive to his own interest, and left no opportunity unimproved to advance his position. His first impulse, on recovering from an attack of giddiness which had laid him prostrate at the feet of an influential patient, was an injunction of silence. And we read, that, upon discovering that his political opinions were inimical to his worldly progress, he abandoned them and the intimacy of his democratical friends, without a passing regret. Such was the worldliness of an essentially worldly character—an appropriate step to his future elevation as the Surgeon of the Court.

Sir Astley Cooper's fame as a surgeon brought with it the more substantial satisfaction of a large income. His average annual receipts, for many years, amounted to seventy-five thousand dollars; and for one year his income reached the enormous sum of a hundred thousand. Nowhere but in London does professional merit meet with so high a reward; in Paris, no surgeon derives from his practice an income beyond twenty thousand dollars; and twelve thousand is near the limit of that of the most successful in New York. In accordance with our truly commercial spirit, the relation of patient and physician is very similar to that of debtor and creditor, an affair of trade, accompanied with the usual business details, of bills rendered, receipts given, and the other et-cetera of a trading transaction, while in London, the reward of the surgeon is left to the generous impulse of his patient. The following extract will illustrate the generosity of the princely merchants of London:

"In the year 1813, my uncle [says the biographer] performed the operation for stone upon Mr. Hyatt, a West Indian merchant, who presented him with a fee of a thousand guineas. Mr. Hyatt had recovered from the effects of the operation and necessary confinement to the house, when a day was appointed by him, for the last formal visit of the medical men. My uncle arrived rather late, and the physicians, Dr. Lettsom and Dr. Nelson, had already seen the patient, and were talking upon the liberality of his remuneration for their services, he having presented them each with £300. Mr. Cooper therefore went up alone, talked to Mr. Hyatt, congratulated him on his recovery, and listened with emotion to the grateful expressions which he poured forth towards him as his benefactor. At last, he rose to leave the room, and had reached the door, when his patient, who was sitting by the fire, took off his nightcap and threw it at him, saying, at the same time, 'There, young man, put that in your pocket.' My uncle, however, guessing the contents of the missile, inserted his hand, and took out from it a piece of paper; chucking the cap to his patient, and at the same time saying, that he would not rob him of so useful an article, he put the paper into his pocket, and took his departure. On subsequently examining it, he found it to be a check for one thousand guineas. The liberality of Mr. Hyatt was no less remarkable to his apothecary. One day, on running in haste to his patient, he fell and hurt his knee, so that he walked lame on entering. Mr. Hyatt, observing this, immediately asked, 'Dobson, old fellow, what's the matter?' and on hearing the nature of the accident, remarked, as he opened a box, 'I have here the best plaister in the world for a bruised knee.' He then, drawing out a £100 bank note, applied it over the injured joint, and desired him to keep it there.*

* The most liberal fee of modern times was that received by Dr. Dimsdale, of Hertford. His celebrity as an inoculator in the small pox, recommended him to the Empress Catharine, at whose invitation he visited Russia. His successful inoculation of the Empress and her son was rewarded with the rank of Baron of the Empire, besides a pension of £500 per annum, and a present of £12,000.

The position of Sir Astley Cooper as a lecturer brought him into relation with the Resurrectionists, to whom, previous to the passage of the Anatomy Act, the anatomist was indebted for his supply of subjects. These men were a bold, adventurous class, hardened by their loathsome and illegal occupation, who allowed no scruple to oppose the success of their trade. They were continually skulking about graveyards, concealed themselves in the vaults and charnel houses, and resorted to every device to supply themselves with the material of their disgusting commerce. An extensive trade was carried on by some of the most expert, who contrived not only to supply the home demand in London, but to ship, packed in crates and hogsheads, quantities of dead bodies to the provinces, to Dublin and Edinburgh. A few of these adventurers amassed large sums of money, while the most of them terminated their lives less fortunately, after a career of horse-stealing, burglary, murder, upon the gallows, or in the penal colonies. The following is a specimen of the extraordinary methods resorted to by the body-snatchers, for a supply of dead bodies:

"An intimate friend of Patrick's (a famous resurrectionist) was employed in the service of a gentleman. One day this man called on Patrick, and informed him that his master was dead, and that he thought something in the way of business might be done with the body, as it was lying in the back parlor, the windows of which opened on a large lawn. Patrick made several inquiries, and having ascertained that the funeral was to take place on the following Sunday, said in conclusion, 'The coffin, then, will, most probably, be screwed down on Saturday; if it is, let me know; I will have nothing to do with it till that part of the work is done.' Things fell out as Patrick anticipated; and accordingly on the night of Saturday, he entered at the back of the premises, and, being admitted to the parlor by the servant, commenced his operations. Unassisted by any light, he drew out all the screws, took off the lid, and, having formed an estimate, as accurately as the circumstances would allow, of the weight of the body, removed it into a box which he had brought with him for the purpose of containing it. He next placed in the coffin a quantity of earth, which the servant had procured from the garden, corresponding to the weight of the corpse. The lid was then replaced, carefully screwed down, the pall thrown over it, and the box containing the body passed out of the window to Patrick, who hid it in a tool house at some distance from the dwelling-place."

We are presented in these volumes with some records left by Sir Astley Cooper, of his impressions and opinions of his royal patient, George the Fourth. These are but shadowy and imperfect sketches, seemingly memoranda dotted down for his own behoof. Our surgeon had removed a tumor from the royal scalp;

"The King bore the operation well, requested that there might be no hurry, and when it was finished, said, 'What do you call the tumor?' I said, 'A steatome, Sire.' 'Then,' said he, 'I hope it will *stay at home*, and not annoy me any more.'"

Truly a royal pleasantry!—only fit to raise a smile upon a courtier's lip. We continue these extracts:

"When he returned from Scotland and Ireland, he said, 'The Scotch were a worldly, respectable people, but,' said he, 'the Irish are all heart. You would have been delighted to have seen their enthusiasm.' The impression the Irish had made upon him was of the most affectionate character, and, *but that he soon forgot*, [the italics are ours] he would have done something for that fine country and people."

But that he soon forgot; how clearly these words illustrate the heartlessness of princes, and that of George the Fourth, the most heartless of them all. Sir Astley seems to have entertained the most exalted notion of the mental capabilities of his royal patient.

"The abilities of George the Fourth were of the first order. He would have made the first physician or surgeon of his time, the first lawyer, the first speaker in the House of Commons or Lords, though perhaps not the best divine. As a king he was prosperous, for he had the good sense to be led by good ministers, although, however, he did not like them all. The king was indolent, and therefore disposed to yield to avoid trouble; nervous, and therefore anxious to throw every onus from his own shoulders. He was the most perfect gentleman in his manners and address; possessing the finest person, with the most dignified and gracious condescension, yet excessively proud; familiar himself, but shocked at it in

others; violent in his temper, yet naturally kind in his disposition. I have seen him spurn ——— from him, yet in ten minutes say, that he liked nobody so much about him, and that no one but he should do anything for him. George the Fourth had an extraordinary memory,—he recollected all that he had read or seen,—and had the faculty of quickly comprehending everything. If he saw an engine, he would describe not only its principles of action, but enter minutely into its construction. He could recount anecdotes of everybody, and could quote the beauties of almost all the works, in prose or verse, in English literature. He also prided himself on his knowledge of Latin, being, in fact, an excellent classic, and frequently quoted Horace. He was a good historian, being fully conversant with the history not only of his own country, but of all Europe. I once said, 'Sire, are you familiar with the fate of Henrietta Maria, after the death of Charles the First? It is to be found, I believe, in Pennant.' 'Oh,' he said, 'read De Grammont; there you will find all about her, together with the history of those times, well described and minutely given.' Dates also in history he could well recollect, and it was dangerous to differ with him concerning them, as he was sure to be right. The connexions and families of the nobility he was quite familiar with. He spoke German and French as well as his own language, and knew a little of others. With respect to Greek, his father, he said, would not let him go on with it, and so accounted for his deficiency in that language. He spoke remarkably well, but did not write so well, because he would not give himself the trouble, and therefore always sought assistance from others. His life had been, since the age of sixteen, conversational, from which time he had given very little attention to writing or composition. He often awoke early, and read from five or six o'clock in the morning until nine or ten, and thus he became acquainted with all the new books, which he read of every description, novels, pamphlets, voyages, travels, plays; and he liked to talk of them."

Verily, a most imposing array of princely accomplishments! All this glowing description must be taken *cum grano salis*. Sir Astley's own accomplishments were not sufficiently extensive to render him a very capable judge of mental endowments in others, nor was his abandonment of his liberal principles calculated to make him a less partial judge of kingly attainment. We have not much faith in the opinion that George the Fourth was a prodigy of learning and wisdom, though he quoted Horace, and had read De Grammont. The licentious poet and lascivious historian appeal to other than intellectual tastes. We believe his majesty to have possessed a ready conversational talent, much miscellaneous and gossiping information, and a memory tenacious of personal anecdote and scandal. We do not suppose that his attainments were other than of the most superficial character, that he knew much more of Latin than of Greek, or that he was capable of high intellectual effort. Sir Astley seems to confirm, in his statement of the king's inability to write, the well-founded opinion (we believe) that he could not spell. He may have been every inch a king, but he had none of the nature of the higher man. George the Fourth was endowed by nature with a fine person, was of a lofty and imposing stature, and well-developed figure. He possessed the grace and ease of the finished man of the world. How far he was entitled to the character of the high-minded gentleman, the man of truth, of courteous bearing, of pure and lofty converse, of kind sympathies, and chastened tastes, we leave our readers to judge by our closing extracts:

"The king used to say, as soon as Lord Liverpool went out of the room, 'What an awkward creature that is!' and then he mimicked all his peculiarities, so as to produce a laugh against him. The king would sometimes be coarse in his conversation and anecdotes, but, again, nobody could be more refined and polished when he chose.—He chatted with me for half an hour or an hour, and was generally very agreeable, although now and then irritable. He was not strictly attentive to facts, but embellished all his stories, to render them more amusing, so that it would not answer always to repeat his sayings of others. When ill, the king would never allow that it was caused by his own imprudence. One morning his tongue was white, and he was much heated. 'By G—d,' said he, 'it is very extraordinary that I should be thus heated, for I lived very abstemiously, and went to bed in good time. I must have some *beaume de vie*, sir.' When we went out of the room, W—— said, 'You must not professionally act upon what his majesty has said; he was drinking maraschino at two o'clock this morning.' The king was irregular in his times for eating and drinking. 'Bring

me cold chicken,' he would say at eleven, before he rose. 'Yes, sire.' 'Bring it, and give me a goblet of soda-water.' Soon after he ate again, and at dinner largely; but he did not in general drink much at dinner, unless tempted by the society of men he liked.

"Lord ——— said, that George the Fourth and the Duke of York, although generally lavish, were fond of having money in their bureau, which they did not like to expend, and related the following anecdote in illustration. Mrs. Fitzherbert told the king that one of his horses was likely to win at Newmarket, but the stakes were not paid. George Lee came and told him the same thing. 'Yes,' said the king, 'I told Lake to pay them.' 'But,' replied Lee, 'he has no money.' 'Do you pay them, then, my dear fellow. Oh! yes, you pay them.' He could not pay them either, and half an hour only remained; when he was told that his horse could not win, as the stakes were not paid. 'Yes, but I have told Lake to pay them, and I told Lee to pay them.' 'But they have no money, your majesty.' And then, very unwillingly, he went to his drawer to take out the sum."

He ill deserves the reputation of "the first gentleman of Europe," who lived the life of a glutton, and clung to his gold with the avarice of a miser.

These volumes are singularly deficient in interest. We have "a pennyworth of bread to an intolerable deal of sack." The material for a biographical column in Mr. Urban's Magazine, has been, by the aid of uninteresting detail, a diffuse style, a large type, and broad margin, extended over two large octavos. This work might have been a valuable acquisition to the medical profession, had not the biographer been diverted from the view of his subject as a surgeon, his real claim to interest, by his fancied importance as a man. We have succeeded in selecting a few points of interest; beyond these, the general reader can have no concern. To the medical world the work is of no solid value.

TO THE NOBLE GERMAN POET,

GEORGE HERWEGH.

He yield to Prussia's monarch? No!
  Though tyrant force suppress his voice,
The spirit of his song shall flow,
  And make those Prussian slaves rejoice.

What! interdict the Poet's speech,
  To freedom and his country given?
As well let monarchy upreach
  And strive to stop the light of Heaven!

Aye! though it jar and loose those chains
  Grown heavy from the touch of time,
No king may quench the minstrel's strains
  Nor stay their onward march sublime.

The Körner voice becomes a sword,
  And fires the Peasant with its flame:
Then strive not, King, with Herwegh's word,
  For Freedom's speech thou can'st not tame.

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And thou, brave Poet, battle on!
A throng of hearts shall beat with thine,
And be thy guard, 'till freedom's dawn
O'er every Prussian vale shall shine!

The task-man may thy muscles bind—
He cannot keep the spirit still;
Though fettered else, the free-born mind
Shall mock the powerless tyrant's will!

New York, March, 1843. IXION.

THE RIVER OF KNOWLEDGE.

BY WILLIAM J. PABODIE.

THE stream of knowledge softly flows,
For broad and deep its waters are;
Nor rapids break its calm repose,
Nor storms its azure beauty mar.

And mirrored in soft splendor there,
All earth and heaven are sweetly shown—
Art's wondrous temples proud and fair,
And shadowy forests dark and lone.

Come, then, and tread its silent shore,
And cull its lilies pure and white;
Or deeply quaff, and evermore
Partake of its serene delight.

For those who often wander here,
Or float along its tranquil breast,
Their eyes are prophet-calm and clear;
Each low desire is lulled to rest.

Oh, when the angry stir of men
Hath flushed thy brain and fired thy blood,
Turn to its cooling waters then,
Go bathe within its crystal flood!

And through thy fevered frame shall steal
A bland refreshment, heavenly sweet;
Thy strengthened soul new vigor feel
The varied cares of life to meet.

Providence, R. I.

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DEMOCRACY AND LIBERTY.

BY O. A. BROWNSON.

Our democratic brethren are upon the whole a fine set of fellows, and rarely fail to take whatever turns up with great good humor; otherwise we should expect to lose our ears, if not our head, for the many severe things we intend in the course of our essay to say to them and about them. We shall try them severely; for we intend to run athwart many of their fondly cherished prejudices, and to controvert not a few of their favorite axioms; but we trust they will be able to survive the trial, and to come forth as pure and as bright as they have from that which the Whigs gave them in 1840.

Mentioning this 1840, we must say that it marks an epoch in *our*—we speak personally, not for the Democratic Review—political and social doctrines. The famous election of that year wrought a much greater revolution in us than in the Government; and we confess, here on the threshold, that since then we—that is the writer of this—have pretty much ceased to speak of, or to confide in, the "intelligence of the people." The people, the sovereign people, the *sovereigns*, as our friend Governor Hubbard calls them, during that campaign presented but a sorry sight. Truth had no beauty, sound argument no weight, patriotism no influence. They who had devoted their lives to the cause of their country, of truth, justice, liberty, humanity, were looked upon as enemies of the people, and were unable to make themselves heard amid the maddened and maddening hurrahs of the drunken mob that went for "Tippecanoe, and Tyler too." It was a sorry sight, to see the poor fellows rolling huge balls, and dragging log cabins at the bidding of the demagogues, who were surprised to find how easily the enthusiasm of the people could be excited by hard cider and doggerel rhymes. And we confess that we could hardly forbear exclaiming, in vexation and contempt, "Well, after all, nature will out; the poor devils, if we but let them alone, will make cattle of themselves, and why should we waste our time and substance in trying to hinder them from making themselves cattle?"

An instructive year, that 1840, to all who have sense enough to read it aright. What happened then may happen again, if not in the same form, in some other form equally foolish, and equally pernicious; and, therefore, if we wish to secure to ourselves and our posterity the blessings of freedom and good government, we must procure stronger guaranties than popular suffrage and popular virtue and intelligence. We for one frankly confess,—and we care not who knows it,—that what we saw during the presidential election of 1840, shook, nay, gave to the winds, all our remaining confidence in the popular democratic doctrines—not *measures*—of the day; and we confess, furthermore, that we have seen nothing in the conduct of either party since, that has tended to restore it. During the extra session of Congress in the summer of 1841, the Democratic delegations in both Houses behaved nobly, and acquitted themselves like men; they won the victory for their country, as well as lasting honor and gratitude for themselves from the wise and good everywhere; but our friends seem to have been more successful in gaining the victory than in securing its fruits. The rapid and overwhelming successes which have followed in the State elections, seem to have intoxicated the whole Democratic party, and unless God sends us some sudden and severe rebuke, there is great danger that we shall go into power again in 1845, without having been in the least instructed by defeat, or purified by adversity. Adversity is easy to bear; it is prosperity that tries the man. But enough of this.

From the fact that popular suffrage, and popular virtue and intelligence, have proved, and are likely to prove, insufficient to secure the blessings of

freedom and good government, it must not be inferred that popular suffrage is an evil, and should therefore be abandoned; much less that popular forms of government have proved a failure, and that we should therefore go back to aristocracy or to monarchy. We draw for ourselves no such inference. We have lost no confidence in nor love for popular institutions. The struggle for democratic forms of government, has, moreover, been too long and too severe, has enlisted too many of the wise and the good, and been consecrated by too many prayers, sufferings, and sacrifices, to permit us, even if our confidence of ultimate success were altogether less than it really is, to think even for one moment of ceasing to continue it. Humanity never does, and never should, retrace her steps. Her course is onward through the ages. In this career, we have left aristocracy and monarchy behind us; and there let them remain, now and for ever. We may encounter both hunger and thirst in the wilderness; let us trust that the God of our fathers will rain manna upon us, and make water gush from the rock, if need be, rather than like the foolish Israelites sigh to return to the "flesh pots of Egypt," for we can return to them only by returning to the slavery from which we have just escaped. No: our faces are forward; the promised land is before us; and let the command run along our ranks, Forward, march!

We assure our democratic brethren, then, in the old world as well as in the new, that if we have words of rebuke for them, we have no words of consolation or of hope for their enemies. Thank God, we are neither traitors nor deserters; we stand by our colors, and will live or die, fighting for the good old cause, the CAUSE OF THE PEOPLE. But if our General made an unsuccessful attack yesterday, and was repulsed with heavy loss, and all in consequence of not choosing the best position, or of not taking the necessary precautions for covering his troops from the enemies' battery, we hope we may in the council held to-day, without any dereliction from duty, advise that the attack be renewed under an officer better skilled to conduct it, or at least that it be renewed from a more advantageous position. We see in the fact that Democracy has hitherto failed, no reason for deserting its standard, but of seeking to recruit its forces; or, without a figure, we see in our ill success hitherto, simply the necessity of obtaining new and stronger guaranties than popular suffrage can offer, even though coupled with popular intelligence. We would not, we cannot dispense with popular suffrage and intelligence, and we pray our readers to remember this; but they are not alone sufficient, and we must have something else in *addition* to them, or we shall fail to secure those results from the practical working of the Government, which every true-hearted democrat is laboring with all his might to secure.

We have not erred in laboring to extend popular suffrage,—though thus far its extension has operated almost exclusively in favor of the business classes, or rather of the money power,—but in relying on it as alone sufficient. There is not a tithe of that virtue in the ballot-box which we, in our Fourth of July orations and caucus speeches, are in the habit of ascribing to it. The virtue we have been accustomed to ascribe to it, we have claimed for it on the ground that the people always know what is right, and will always act up to their knowledge. That is to say, suffrage rests for its basis, as a guaranty of freedom and good government, on the assumed intelligence and virtue of the people. Its grand maxim is, "The people can do no wrong." Now, this may be very beautiful in theory, but when we come to practice, this virtue and intelligence of the people is all a humbug. We beg pardon of the sovereign people for the treasonable speech; but it is true, true as Holy Writ, and there is neither wisdom nor virtue in pretending to the contrary. Perhaps, however, our remark is not quite true, *in the sense in which it will be taken*, without a word or two by way of explanation.

To the explanation, then. We are in this country, we democrats and all, most incorrigible aristocrats. We are always using the word *people* in its European sense, as designating the unprivileged many, in distinction from the privileged few. But this sense of the word is with us really inadmissible. We, *we* the literary, the refined,

the wealthy, the fashionable, we are people as well as our poorer and more coarsely mannered and clad neighbors. We are all *people* in this country, the merchant, the banker, the broker, the manufacturer, the lawyer, the doctor, the office-holder, the office-seeker, the scholar, and the gentleman, no less than the farmer, the mechanic, and the factory operative. We do not well to forget this. For ourselves, we always remember it, and therefore when we speak slightingly of the intelligence and virtue of the people, it is of the whole people, not of any particular class; in a sense which includes necessarily us who speak as well as those to whom we speak. When, then, we call what is usually said about the virtue and intelligence of the people all a humbug, we do not use the word in its European sense, and mean to speak disparagingly of the intelligence of plebeians as distinguished from patricians, of the "base-born" as distinguished from the "well-born;" for the distinctions here implied do not exist in this country, and should not be recognized even in our speech. When it comes to classes, we confess that we rely as much on the intelligence of proletaries as on the virtue and intelligence of capitalists, and would trust our mechanics as quick and as far as we would our merchants and manufacturers.

There is, if we did but know it, arrant aristocracy in this talk which we hear, and quite too frequently in our own ranks, about the virtue and intelligence of the people. Who are *we* who praise, in this way, the people? Are we ourselves people? And when we so praise them, do we feel ourselves below them, and looking up to them with reverence? Or do we feel that we are above them, and with great self-complacency, condescending to pat them on the shoulder, and say, "after all, my fine fellows, you are by no means such fools as your betters sometimes think." If we were in England, where there is a recognized, hereditary aristocracy, and where the word *people* is used to designate all who do not belong to the nobility or privileged class, we could understand and even accept what is said about the virtue, intelligence, and capacity of the people; for there it would be appropriate and true. There it would simply mean that the unprivileged classes —the commons—are as able to manage the affairs of the government, and as worthy of confidence, as are the nobility, they who are born legislators; which we hold to be a great and glorious truth, worthy and needing to be preached, even to martyrdom, in every country in which the law recognizes a privileged class. But here it has no meaning, or one altogether inappropriate; and, because inappropriate, false and pernicious. To praise the people here for their virtue and intelligence is either to show that we feel ourselves above them, and praise them solely because we wish to use them; or it is simply praising ourselves, boasting of our own virtue, intelligence, and capacity. The people should beware of the honeyed voices perpetually sounding their praise. He who in a monarchy will flatter the monarch, or in an aristocracy will fawn round the great, will in a democracy flatter the people; and he who will flatter the people in a democracy, would in an aristocracy fawn round the great, and in a monarchy, flatter the monarch. The demagogue is the courtier adapting himself to circumstances. And yet, flattery is so sweet, that he who can scream loudest in praise of the sovereign people, and whose conscience does not stick even at the blasphemy of "*Vox populi est vox Dei*," will be pretty sure of receiving the largest share of their confidence and favor,—another proof of their virtue, intelligence, and capacity!

One thing, by the way, we must own,—the people will bear with more equanimity to be told of their faults than will other sovereigns, or we ourselves should be drawn and quartered for our reiterated treason. But, if they would only lay our treason to heart, and profit by it, we would willingly consent to be drawn and quartered. But alas! we may speak, and our good-natured sovereign will merely smile, call for his coffee and pantoufles, sip the beverage, throw himself back in his easy-chair, and—doze. It is a virtue to commend him, and whoso does not, he disregards. Whoever among us expresses any want of confidence in the people, notwithstanding their apparent forbearance, is supposed

to be their enemy, and is sure to be read out of the Democratic Party; or to be laid up on the shelf, till some difficulty occurs in which his strong sense and stern integrity become indispensable. But after all, what is the ground of this confidence in the people? A strong party is springing up among us, which builds entirely upon this confidence, and says that if the people were only left to themselves they would always do right; and that all the mischief arises from our attempting to govern the people, and to prevent them from having their own way. Hence, say they, let us have as little government as possible, or rather let us have no government. "All we want government for," said Dr. Channing one day to the writer, "is simply to undo what government has done." If the people are worthy of all the confidence demanded, why not yield it? Why not rely on the people? Why seek to bind them by constitutions, and to control them by laws, which in the last resort the military may be called in to enforce? If the people always know the right, and always act up to their intelligence, government is a great absurdity. But we do not find our friends generally confiding in the people to this extent, though the doctrine they preach goes thus far. As much as they confide in the people, they do not feel willing to leave them to vote in their own way. We have our caucuses, and various and complicated machinery, without which we feel very sure that the people would not vote at all, or if voting, not on our side. In a majority of cases, we are so afraid that the people will not vote, or not vote aright, that we, through committees, caucuses, conventions, nominations, party usages, &c., so do up all the work, that the voting becomes a mere form, almost a farce,—yet we preach confidence in the people!

But once more. What is the ground of this confidence in the virtue, intelligence, and capacity of the people? Do we really mean to say that the people acting individually or collectively never do, and never can do any wrong? Whence, then, comes all this wrong of which everybody is complaining? The people are virtuous,—whence, then, the vice, the crime, the immorality, the irreligion which threaten to deluge the land? What need of swords, pistols, bowie knives, jails, penitentiaries, pains, penalties, laws, judges, and executioners? What need of schools, churches, teachers, preachers, prophets, and rulers? Nobody is so mad as really to pretend that nothing among us is wrong. Let alone private life, go merely into public life, enter the halls of justice and legislation—is all right here? No: everybody complains; everybody finds somewhat to condemn; some one thing, some another. And yet who has done this of which everybody is complaining? The people. What hear we from every quarter, but denunciations of this or that measure of public policy; of the profligacy of the Government, or of its administration? And after all who is in fault? Whose is the government? The people's. The people are sovereign, and of course the government and its administration, the laws and their execution, are just what the people will they should be. Is it not strange, if the people always perceive the right, and perceiving, always do it, that nevertheless where they are supreme, and whatever is done, is done by them, there yet should be so much wrong done?

But touching the intelligence of our American people, we would ask with still more emphasis, Where have they shown it? Was it in the presidential campaign of 1840? Have they shown it in the several States in contracting abroad some two hundred millions of dollars or more of State and corporation debts? Have they shown it in introducing, extending and sustaining almost from their infancy the ruinous system of paper money? Do they show it by advocating the falsely-so-called American system—the "protective policy," thereby crippling commerce, and enslaving the operative, for the very questionable benefit of a few manufacturing capitalists? Do they show it in their insane support of the immense system of corporations which spread over the country like a vast net-work, and which, flooding the market with stock, gives to a few individuals who have contrived to maintain their credit, the means of controlling and laying under contribution the whole industrial activity of the country? Have they shown it, in their very ge-

neral condemnation of the only measure which would separate the revenues of the government from the general business operations of individuals, and secure to the government that financial independence, without which it ceases to be government, and becomes merely an instrument in the hands of one portion of the community for plundering the other? We demand of the statesmen who publicly boast, that during their whole continuance in office, "they have made it their duty to ascertain and bow to the will of the people;"—we demand of them, wherein they find this infallible popular intelligence on which they bid us rely? The people, we shall be told, rejected the elder Adams, elected and sustained Mr. Jefferson. Be it so, and yet, will any one tell us, wherein the policy of Mr. Jefferson, so far as it bore on the practical relations of the people, and their everyday business interests, differed essentially from that of Mr. Adams? They rejected the old Federal theory of government, it is true, and adopted the Democratic; but it may be a very serious question, whether the latter theory, *as the people understand it*, is so much in advance of the former as we sometimes imagine. We shall be told that the people sustained General Jackson in his anti-bank policy; but it was General Jackson and not his policy; for they refused to sustain his successor who pursued with singular consistency and firmness the same policy; and they would have sustained a new bank, had not Mr. Biddle's bank failed at the very moment it did, spreading alarm and distress through the land. Nine tenths of our business men even now fancy that we can add to the wealth of the country by increasing the paper circulation, and attribute the present embarrassments of the country to the want of confidence, when in fact these embarrassments have resulted almost solely from an excess of confidence: and can be relieved, not by any increase of confidence, but of that which gives to confidence a solid basis—solid capital.

In fact, no measure of public policy can be proposed, so absurd or so wicked but it shall find popular support. What could be a more bare-faced violation of the Constitution, more profligate, or more absurd as a measure of public policy, than the act of Congress distributing the proceeds of the sales of the public lands among the several States? And yet where has it aroused any popular indignation? How many of even the Democratic States have had the virtue to fling back the bribe that was offered them? Has New York? Pennsylvania? Ohio? Illinois? Missouri? Mississippi? Georgia? Virginia? Maine? We recollect now, out of all the Democratic States, only three—South Carolina, Alabama, and New Hampshire—that have had the virtue to refuse to receive their portion of the spoils. A good democrat introduced resolutions into the Massachusetts Legislature declaring the act unconstitutional, and that the State ought not to accept its portion of the money; but he was induced by his own party, while agreeing with him in the unconstitutionality of the act, to amend his resolutions so as to leave out the clause which required the State to refuse to receive money unconstitutionally distributed. And what is remarkable, the amendment was proposed and urged by one of the most influential members of the party in the Legislature, and who has been regarded for years as the leader of the ultra or radical portion of the Democratic party in the State. So little popular opposition has this measure encountered, a measure which would have been, we make no doubt, cheerfully acquiesced in by a large majority of the people, as the settled policy of the country, had it not been defeated by the presidential veto.

We might go even further, and venture to predict that the assumption of the State Debts by the Federal Government, all unconstitutional and wicked as such assumption would be, will yet be adopted. There are so many stockholders both at home and abroad, interested in its adoption, that it must come at last, unless Providence interpose in our behalf. The people,—we mean the mass of the people, of the constituencies,—are now, we fear, prepared for it, and nothing but the virtue of a few public men now delays it. If it be ultimately defeated, it will be through the influence of these few patriotic individuals; perhaps, nay, most likely, by the executive veto. The merchants to a considerable extent will sustain the measure, because it is one

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which will help to sustain or facilitate their credit abroad; the manufacturers will sustain it, because it will afford a pretext for the imposition of high duties on foreign imports; the operative and the farmer must sustain it, because the first depends on the manufacturer and trader for employment, and the last for the sale of his produce; against these the planters will hardly be able to sustain themselves, especially when several of the planting States are themselves to be directly relieved by assumption from the embarrassments which now cripple their energies. Where, then, is the power to defeat the measure? Yet we go on lauding the virtue and intelligence of the people!

Let us return for a moment to what is called "the protective policy." The Lynn shoemaker clamors for protection, for high duties to diminish foreign imports and to secure to him the monopoly of the home market. If he can only exclude French shoes, he shall then have this monopoly. Very well. Where does he, and where must he find the principal market for his shoes? South and West. The value of that market to him, then, will depend on the ability of the South and West to buy shoes. Whence this ability? It depends, of course, on the ability of the South and West to sell their own productions. The principal market for western produce is at the South. The ability of the West to buy Lynn shoes depends, then, on its ability to sell its productions to the South. Whence, then, we must ask again, the ability of the South to buy western produce and Lynn shoes? In its ability to sell its rice, cotton, and tobacco to the foreigner. Whence the ability of the foreigner to buy the rice, cotton, and tobacco of the South? In his ability to sell his own productions or manufactures to us. If we will not buy of him, he cannot buy of us. Consequently, just in proportion as the Lynn shoemaker places an impediment in the way of the foreigner selling to us, does he place an impediment in the way of his selling his shoes to the South and West. In proportion as he secures, by prohibitory duties, the monopoly of the home market, he diminishes its value, by diminishing the ability of the people to consume. Here, at best, he loses on the one hand all he gains on the other. Yet we boast of the intelligence of the Lynn shoemaker, and his intelligence, by the by, is above the average intelligence of the country.

But, absurd as the protective policy would be under any state of things, —implying that industry can be more energetic and efficient if bound than when left to the free use of its limbs,—it is doubly so when coupled, as we have coupled it, with the paper money system—a system which, though somewhat shaken, the mass of the people are still attached to, and the abolition of which scarcely a public man who values his reputation dare even propose. Very few of the people have ever thought of inquiring into the operations of the two systems when combined. In the first place, the paper money system, by depreciating our currency below that of foreign nations, operates as a direct premium, to the percentage of the depreciation, in favor of the foreign manufacturer; because the foreigner sells to us at the high prices produced by our depreciated currency, but buys of us always, according to his own appreciated currency. This, for years in our trade with England, very nearly neutralized the tariff intended to protect our own manufactures.

In the next place, the tariff operating with the banking system tends to increase instead of diminishing the advantage of the foreign manufacturer. The first effect of a protective tariff, if it have any effect at all, is no doubt to diminish the imports, and to bring them, in fact, below the exports; which throws the balance of trade in our own favor. This cuts off all foreign demand for specie, and sends specie into the country, if needed. This, freeing the banks from all fear of a demand for specie to settle up foreign balances, and rendering it easy for them to obtain specie from abroad, if necessary, enables them to employ their capital in discounting freely to business men, even to speculators, and to throw out their paper to an almost unlimited extent. This expands, that is, depreciates the currency; prices rise; and the foreign manufacturer is able to come in over our own tariff, sell his goods at our

enhanced prices, pay the duties, and pocket a profit. This, in turn, swells the revenue, which, if deposited in the banks, becomes the basis of additional discounts, which expand still more the currency, enhance prices still more, till the whole land is flooded with foreign imports, which shall, as we have seen in our own case, notwithstanding our agricultural resources, extend even to corn, barley, oats, and potatoes; thus crushing not only our home manufactures, but the interests of every branch of industry but that of trade; and at length even that by destroying its very basis. This is no theory, it is fact; it is our own bitter experience as a people, from the terrible effects of which we are not yet recovered; and still we hold on to the policy, and the majority of the American people, even to-day, after all their experience, believe in the wisdom of continuing both systems!

But enough of this. We have heard so much said about the wisdom and intelligence of the people, that we perhaps are a little sore on the subject, and may therefore be disposed to exaggerate their folly and wickedness. But we have seen enough to satisfy us, that if we mean by Democracy the form of government that rests for its wisdom and justice on the intelligence and virtue of the people alone, it is a great humbug. The facts we have brought forward prove it so; nay more, that in destroying all guaranties, and in relying solely on the wisdom and virtue of the people, we are destroying the very condition of good government.

We may be told, as we doubtless shall be, by our democratic friends, that the errors we have pointed out, were not, and are not the errors of the people. Of whom then? "Of the people's masters; of bankers, stockjobbers, corporators, selfish politicians, &c." And who are these? Are they not people? And how came they to be the people's masters? And why do the people, if they are so wise and virtuous, submit to be controlled by them? We shall be told, and truly, that the principal measures or acts we have condemned, have been supported, not by the Democratic party, but by the Federalists and Whigs. But who pray are Federalists and Whigs? Are they not people just as much as are the Democrats? Is not what is done by them as much done by the people, as what is done by us? In speaking of the people we must include all parties, for we are, as we have seen, in this country, all people, and the most numerous party is always the most popular. The American people are as responsible for what the Whigs do, as they are for what the Democrats do. So we cannot throw off from the people the responsibility of any of the systems of policy the government adopts, by saying it was adopted by this or that party.

We of course shall not be understood in these remarks to intend anything against the general wisdom and justice of the aims and measures of the Democratic party. As we understand its aims and measures, they are wise and patriotic, just and philanthropic. The Democratic party, at heart, is opposed to paper money, to a high protective tariff, to the growing system of corporate or associated wealth, and to a consolidated republic; and is in favor of the constitutional currency, free trade, State Rights, strict construction of the Constitution, low taxes, an economical administration of the government, and the general melioration in the speediest manner possible of the moral, intellectual, and physical condition of the poorest and most numerous class. Taking this view of its aims and its measures, we must needs hold it to be the Party of the Country and of Humanity. As such we are with it and of it, and no earthly power shall prevent us from laboring to advance it. But the doctrines which some of its members put forth on the foundation and authority of government, and which threaten to become popular in the party, nay, its leading doctrines, we own we do not embrace, and cannot contemplate without lively apprehensions for the fate of liberty, civil and personal.

The great end with all men in their religious, their political, and their individual actions, is FREEDOM. The perfection of our nature is in being able "to look into the perfect law of Liberty," for Liberty is only another name for power. The measure of my ability is always the exact measure of my

freedom. The glory of humanity is in proportion to its freedom. Hence, humanity always applauds him who labors in right down earnest to advance the cause of freedom. There is something intoxicating to every young and enthusiastic heart in this applause—always something intoxicating, too, in standing up for freedom, in opposing authority, in warring against fixed order, in throwing off the restraints of old and rigid customs, and enabling the soul and the body to develope themselves freely and in the natural proportions. Liberty is a soul-stirring word. It kindles all that is noble, generous and heroic within us. Whoso speaks out for it can always be eloquent, and always sure of his audience. One loves so to speak if he be of a warm and generous temper, and we all love him who dares so to speak.

In consequence of this, we find our young men—brave spirits they are too—full of a deep, ardent love of Liberty, and ready to do battle for her at all times, and against any odds. They, in this, address themselves to what is strongest in our nature, and to what is noblest; and so doing become our masters, and carry us away with them. Here is the danger we apprehend. We fear no attacks on Liberty but those made in the name of Liberty; we fear no measures but such as shall be put forth and supported by those whose love of freedom, and whose impatience of restraint, are altogether superior to their practical wisdom. These substitute passion for judgment, enthusiasm for wisdom, and carry us away in a sort of divine madness whither we know not, and whither, in our cooler moments, we would not. It is in the name of Liberty that Satan wars successfully against Liberty.

We mean not here to say that we can have too much Liberty, or that there is danger that any portion of our fellow citizens will become too much in earnest for the advancement and security of Liberty. What we fear is, on the one hand, the misinterpretation of Liberty; and, on the other, the adoption of wrong or inadequate measures to establish or guaranty it. We fear that a large portion of the younger members of the Democratic party do misinterpret Liberty. If they analyse their own minds, they will find that they are yet virtually understanding Liberty as we did when the great work to be done was to free the mass of the people from the dominion of kings and nobilities. They will find, we fear, that they have not thought, that in order to secure freedom anything more was necessary, than to establish universal suffrage and eligibility, and to leave the people free to follow their own will, uncontrolled, unchecked. Hence, Liberty with them is merely *political*. Where all are free to vote and to be voted for, there is all the freedom they contemplate.

Perhaps this is stated too positively. Perhaps it would be truer to say, that they do not see that anything more is necessary, in order to render every man practically free, than the establishment of a perfectly democratic government. Where all the people take part in the government, are equally possessed of the right of suffrage and that of eligibility, and where the people are free to take any direction, at any time, that the majority may determine, they suppose that there perfect freedom is as a matter of course. But this we have seen is not the fact, and cannot be the fact till the virtue and intelligence of the people are perfect, instead of being, as they now are, altogether imperfect, and, in reference to what they should be, in order to render certain the end contemplated, as good as no virtue and intelligence at all. But ignorant of this fact, confiding in the virtue and intelligence of the people, feeling that all the obstacles Liberty encounters are owing to the fact that the will of the people is not clearly and distinctly expressed, they labor to remove whatever tends in their judgment to restrain the action of the people, or the authoritative expression of the will of the majority. But when they have removed all these restraints, broken down all barriers, and obtained an open field and fair play for the will of the people, what is there to guaranty us the enjoyment of Liberty?

This question leads us to the point to which all that we have thus far said has been directed. We solemnly protest against construing one word we have said into hostility to the largest freedom for all men; but we put it to our young friends, in sober earnest too,

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whether with them freedom is something positive; or whether they are in the habit of regarding it as merely negative? Do they not look upon liberty merely as freedom from certain restraints or obstacles, rather than as positive ability possessed by those who are free? They assume that we have the ability, the power, both individually and collectively,—when once the external restraints are taken off,—to be and to do all that is requisite for our highest individual and social weal. Is this assumption warrantable? Is man individually or socially sufficient for himself? Should not our politics, as well as our religion, teach us that it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps, and that he can work out his own salvation, only as a higher power, through grace, works in him to will and to do?

This brings us back to the old question, Are the people competent to govern themselves? What we have said concerning the virtue and intelligence of the people, has been said for the express purpose of proving that they are *not* competent to govern themselves. We confess here to what we know in the eyes of our countrymen is a "damnable" political heresy; but, an' they should burn us at the stake, we must tell them this notion of theirs about self-government is all moonshine; nay, a very Jack o' Lantern, and can serve no better purpose, if followed, than to lead them from the high road, and plunge them in the mire or the swamp from which to extricate themselves will be no easy matter. The very word itself implies a contradiction. There is government only where there is that which *governs*, and that which is *governed*. In what is called self-government, the governor and the governed are one and the same, and therefore no government. That which governs is that which is governed; but how can the governor be the governed, or the governed the governor? We assure our readers, we are not playing on terms, nor quibbling about words. In this doctrine of self-government, the people as the governed, are absolutely indistinguishable from the people as governors. Tell us, then, in what consists the government? Tell us wherein this doctrine of *self*-government differs from *no*-government? But do we not need government?

"But, you mistake the question. The question is not, Are the people competent to govern themselves? but, are they able, of themselves, to institute and maintain wise and just civil government?" They who put the question in this form, admit that government is necessary; but they contend that the people, seeing this, will institute government, and voluntarily put a restraint on their own power. This is what we have done in this country. The people here are sovereign, but they have drawn up and ordained certain constitutions or fundamental laws, which limit their sovereignty and prescribe the mode in which it shall be exercised.

But who or what guaranties the constitution? In other words, assuming the constitution to be adopted, what is there back of the constitution that compels its observance, or prevents its violation? In short, what is the basis, the support of the constitution? A constitution, which is merely a *written* constitution, is only so much waste paper. There is always needed a power that shall make the written constitution the real, the living constitution of the people. Where in your Democracy is this power? In the people unquestionably. "The people *make* the constitution, and they will have respect unto the work of their hands, and will therefore protect the constitution." Admirable! The people voluntarily adopt a constitution, which constitution when adopted has no power to govern them, but what they voluntarily concede to it! Pray, wherein does this differ from no constitution at all? If the people are competent to frame the constitution and to maintain it, they are competent to govern themselves without the constitution, which we have already seen is not the fact. The constitution, if entrusted to the voluntary support of the people themselves, is worth nothing; for if the people will voluntarily abstain from doing what the constitution forbids, they would voluntarily abstain from doing it even were there no constitution. The constitution in this case can give no additional security, for it

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gives nothing that we should not have without it.

What we insist on here is, that the constitution, if it emanate from the people, and rest for its support on their will, is absolutely indistinguishable from no constitution at all. What we want is something which shall govern. This, we are told, is the constitution. But the constitution, if it emanate from the people, and have no support but their will, *is* the people; and whatever power it may have, is after all only the power of the people. But it was the people, and not the people as individuals, but the people as the State or body politic, that needed to be governed; and we have, even with the constitution, only the people with which to govern the people. They who tell us that the people will *voluntarily* impose and maintain the necessary restraints on their own will, do then by no means relieve us of our difficulties; for the will imposing the restraints, is identically the will to be restrained; and, therefore, they give us in the State but one will, and that will, since it imposes all restraints that are imposed, is really itself unrestrained. If the people are to be governed at all, there must be a power distinct from them and above them, sufficient to govern them. Now, can the people create this power? Will they *voluntarily* place a power above them, which *can* govern them; and therefore to which they *must* submit, whether they choose to submit or not? If so, we must cease, when they have so done, to talk of *self*-government, or of government by consent of the governed; for this power, whatever it be, wherever lodged, must be, when constituted, distinct from the people, and their sovereign. If the people have a sovereign, they cannot be themselves sovereign.

In all their speculations, they who differ from us, overlook the important fact that *government is needed for the people as the State, as well as for the people as individuals.* They assume, consciously or unconsciously, that the people, as the body politic, need no governing, and that, so viewed, they have in themselves a sort of inherent wisdom and virtue, which will lead hem always to will and ordain what is wise and just, and only what is wise and just. They therefore seek government, not for the people as the body politic, but for the people as individuals. That is to say, they seek not to restrain the power of the sovereign, but are willing to leave it absolute. Hence they proclaim the absolute sovereignty of the people, never ceasing to repeat, in season and out of season, that all legitimate power emanates from the people, and that the chief glory of the statesman is to find out and conform to the will of the people. We do not err in declaring that this is that theory of Democracy which is becoming the dominant theory of all parties in the country. But, when we have reduced this theory to practice, when we have made the people supreme in the sense, and to the extent, here implied, where is the practical guaranty for freedom? On what can we rely to protect our rights as men? Nay, what are we all in this case, as individuals, but the veriest slaves of the body politic? We have talked of certain inalienable rights, that is, rights which we possess by virtue of the fact that we are men, which we cannot ourselves surrender up, and which cannot be taken from us; but what is the use of talking about rights when we have no *power* to maintain them? My rights are worth nothing beyond my might to assert and maintain them against whosoever or whatsoever would usurp them.

Democracy is construed with us to mean the sovereignty of the people as the body politic; and the sovereignty of the people again is so construed that it becomes almost impossible to draw any line of distinction between the action of the people legally organized as the State, and the action of the people as a mob. The *people* in a legal or political sense, properly speaking, have no existence, no entity, therefore no rights, no sovereignty, save when organized into the body politic; and then their action is legitimate only when done through the forms which the body itself has prescribed. Yet we have seen it contended, and to an alarming extent, that the people, even outside and independent of the organism, exist as much as in it, and are as sovereign; and that a majority—aye, a bare majority counted by themselves—

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of the inhabitants of any given territory, have the right, if dissatisfied with the existing organism, to come together, informally, without any reference to existing authorities, and institute a new form of government, which shall *legitimately* supersede the old, and to which all the inhabitants of the territory shall owe allegiance! Admit this doctrine, and we ask our friends who have, we must believe, hastily and without reflection adopted it, what distinction they would make between the people and the mob?

Let us look at this doctrine of popular sovereignty for a moment. We say, for instance, if the people of Massachusetts do not like their present form of government, they may make such alterations, acting through the existing forms, as they choose. These alterations, wise or unwise, would be legal, and binding upon the citizen. But, suppose a number of individuals, dissatisfied with the existing provisions of the Constitution, should call a meeting of individuals, who should frame a new Constitution, send it out, and indeed obtain for it a majority of the votes in what is now the State of Massachusetts; this new Constitution, according to the doctrine we are considering, would be the supreme law of the land. Be it so. But why restrict this to a majority of the inhabitants of the State? The men who are forming the new Constitution must of course assume the nullity of the old, at least so far as their action is concerned, and also so far as it concerns the adoption of the new Constitution. Assume the nullity of the Constitution, and where would be Massachusetts? There would be, in a political sense, no Massachusetts at all. Why, then, cannot the new doctrine be applied to a section as well as to the whole territory? Why may not the majority of the inhabitants of what is now a county, a town, or a school district, if they choose, set up the same theory, and form and enforce a Constitution for themselves? Outside of the existing organism there is no State, county, town, or school district, for these are all creations of the existing organism. Then we see not what there is to prevent the application of the doctrine to themselves by any number of individuals who choose. Nay, what is there to prevent its adoption by single individuals, and to make it not absurd for an individual to say to the State, "I disown you; I am my own State; I ask nothing of you, and I will concede you nothing. I am a man; I am my own sovereign, and you have no authority over me but by my consent. That consent I have never given; or if I have heretofore given it, I now withdraw it. You have, then, no right over me, and if you attempt to control me you are a tyrant." This is no fancy sketch. This language we have actually heard used in sober earnest, by one who knew very well what he was saying, and who so strongly believed in what he was saying, that he has chosen to suffer himself to be put in gaol rather than to acknowledge the authority of the State by paying a tax. Once proclaim the absolute sovereignty of the people, acting without reference to political organisms, that is as a mass of individuals, or once proclaim, as the Governor of New Hampshire does in his letter to the Governor, or *acting* Governor of Rhode Island, that the people are "sovereigns," that is, making each individual a sovereign, and you can exercise through the State no authority over any man, not even to punish him for the greatest social offences, without his consent. Your collector goes with his tax bill, the individual rightly exclaims, "Away, I know you not." A family is living in open violation of the laws of God, you send your police to arrest them; they have a right to answer, "We are sovereign; we do not acknowledge our obligation to obey your sovereign; we are not accountable to your laws; we have formed our own constitution, and make our own laws; we hold to *self*-government." The good sense of all parties, of course, would arrest the application of the doctrine long before it could come to this extent; but to this extent the doctrine we combat may be legitimately carried; and in this fact we may and ought to see its radical unsoundness.

For ourselves, we object to the definition of Democracy which makes it consist in the sovereignty of the people. The sovereignty of the people, in the sense commonly contended for, we own we do not admit. The people, as an aggregate of individuals, are not

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sovereign, and the only sense in which they are sovereign at all, is when organized into a state, or body politic, and acting through its forms. No action of the inhabitants of a given territory, even if it include ninety-nine out of a hundred of all the individuals, is done by the PEOPLE, unless done in and through the forms prescribed by the political organism; and all action done in opposition to that organism, no matter how many are engaged in it, is the action of the mob, disorderly, illegal, and to a greater or less degree criminal, treasonable in fact, and as such legitimately punishable.

We do not wish to be too severe on the advocates of the doctrine we oppose. It has been with most of them only a momentary error, and which, though pelting us unmercifully for exposing it, they will quietly abandon, and without confessing it, feel shame for ever having advocated. Confident of this, we give them leave to say all the hard things of us they please; for we acknowledge that for a moment we too fell into the same error. Our sympathy with the end which we saw a portion of our friends struggling to gain, and by means which were justifiable only on the doctrine in question, blinded us for a time, as we presume it has others, to the real character of the doctrine itself. Let this confession suffice for us and for our brethren. They of course will not accede to it, but we venture to predict, that, as the excitement of the struggle to which we have alluded subsides, and matters reassume their orderly and peaceful course, there will be found few so bold as to reiterate the doctrine.

But the fact that this doctrine has been put forth, in sober earnest, by men in high places as well as by men in low places, is itself an argument in our favor, and goes to prove that the people are not to be relied on so implicitly as some of our democratic friends pretend. The case we have had in mind, strikingly illustrates the sort of danger to which, under a democracy, interpreted to mean the absolute sovereignty of the people, we are peculiarly and at all times exposed. The ends the people seek to gain, are, we willingly admit, for the most part just and desirable; but the justice and desirableness of the end, almost always blind them to the true character and tendency of the means by which they seek to gain it. They become intent on the end, so intent as to be worked up to a passion for it,—for the people never act but in a passion,—and then in going to it, they break down everything which obstructs or hinders their progress. Now, what they break down, though in the way of gaining that particular end, may after all be our only guaranty of other ends altogether more valuable. Here is the danger. What more desirable than personal freedom? What more noble than to strike off the fetters of the slave? Aye, but if, in striking off his fetters, you trample on the constitution and laws, which are your only guaranty of freedom for those who are now free, and also for those you propose to make free, what do you gain to freedom? Great wrong may be done in seeking even a good end, if we look not well to the means we adopt. Philanthropy itself not unfrequently is so intent on the end, that in going to it, it tramples down more rights than it vindicates by success. We own, therefore, that the older we grow, and the longer we study in that school, the only one in which fools will learn, the more danger do we see in popular passions, and the less is our confidence in the wisdom and virtue of the people.

"But what is our resource against all these evils? What remedy do you propose?" These are fair questions, but we do not propose to answer them now. We may hereafter undertake to do it, and what we shall have to say will be arranged under the heads of the Constitution, the Church, and Individual Statesmen. Without an efficient Constitution, which is not only an instrument through which the people govern, but which is a power that governs them, by effectually confining their action to certain specific subjects, there is and can be no good government, no individual liberty. Without the influence of wise and patriotic statesmen, whose importance, in our adulation of the people as a mass, we have underrated, and without the Christian Church exerting the hallowed and hallowing influences of Christianity upon the people both as individuals and as the body politic, we see

little hope, even with the best constitution, of securing the blessings of freedom and good government. But these are matters into the discussion of which we cannot now enter. Our purpose in this Article has been to draw the attention of our political friends to certain heresies of doctrine which are springing up amongst us, and enlisting quite too much sympathy, and which we believe pregnant with mischief.

Democracy, in our judgment, has been wrongly defined to be a *form* of government; it should be understood of the *end*, rather than of the *means*, and be regarded as a principle rather than a form. The end we are to aim at, is the Freedom and progress of all men, especially of the poorest and most numerous class. He is a democrat who goes for the highest moral, intellectual, and physical elevation of the great mass of the people, especially of the laboring population, in distinction from a special devotion to the interests and pleasures of the wealthier, more refined, or more distinguished few. But the means by which this elevation is to be obtained, are not necessarily the institution of the purely democratic form of government. Here has been our mistake. We have been quite too ready to conclude that if we only once succeed in establishing Democracy,—universal suffrage and eligibility, without constitutional restraints on the power of the people,—as a form of government, the end will follow as a matter of course. The considerations we have adduced, we think prove to the contrary.

In coming to this conclusion, it will be seen that we differ from our friends not in regard to the end, but in regard to the means. We believe, and this is the point on which we insist, that the end, freedom and progress, will not be secured by this loose radicalism with regard to popular sovereignty, and these demagogical boasts of the virtue and intelligence of the people, which have begun to be so fashionable. They who are seeking to advance the cause of humanity by warring against all existing institutions, religious, civil, or political, do seem to us to be warring against the very end they wish to gain.

It has been said, that mankind are always divided into two parties, one of which may be called the Stationary Party, the other the Movement Party, or Party of Progress. Perhaps it is so; if so, all of us who have any just conceptions of our manhood, and of our duty to our fellow-men, must arrange ourselves on the side of the Movement. But the Movement itself is divided into two sections,—one the radical section, seeking progress by destruction; the other the conservative section, seeking progress through and in obedience to existing institutions. Without asking whether the rule applies beyond our own country, we contend that the conservative section is the only one that a wise man can call his own. In youth we feel differently. We find evil around us; we are in a dungeon; loaded all over with chains; we cannot make a single free movement; and we utter one long, loud, indignant protest against whatever is. We feel then that we can advance religion only by destroying the Church; learning only by breaking down the universities; and freedom only by abolishing the State. Well, this is one method of progress; but we ask, has it ever been known to be successful? Suppose that we succeed in demolishing the old edifice, in sweeping away all that the human race has been accumulating for the last six thousand years, what have we gained? Why, we are back where we were six thousand years ago; and without any assurance that the human race will not re-assume its old course and rebuild what we have destroyed.

As we grow older, sadder, and wiser, and pass from Idealists to Realists, we change all this, and learn that the only true way of carrying the race forward is through its existing institutions. We plant ourselves, if on the sad, still on the firm reality of things, and content ourselves with gaining what can be gained with the means existing institutions furnish. We seek to advance religion through and in obedience to the Church; law and social well-being through and in obedience to the State. Let it not be said that in adopting this last course, we change sides, leave the Movement, and go over to the Stationary Party. No such thing. We do not thus in age forget the dreams of our youth. It is because we remember those dreams, because young en-

thusiasm has become firm and settled principle, and youthful hopes positive convictions, and because we would realize what we dared dream, when we first looked forth on the face of humanity, that we cease to exclaim "Liberty *against* Order," and substitute the practical formula, "LIBERTY ONLY IN AND THROUGH ORDER." The love of liberty loses none of its intensity. In the true manly heart it burns deeper and clearer with age, but it burns to enlighten and to warm, not to consume.

Here is the practical lesson we have sought to unfold. While we accept the end our democratic friends seek, while we feel our lot is bound up with theirs, we have wished to impress upon their minds, that we are to gain that end only through fixed and established order; not against authority, but by and in obedience to authority, and an authority competent to ordain and to guaranty it. Liberty without the guaranties of Authority, would be the worst of tyrannies.

NOTE.

VERILY, verily, we must confess, that the preceding paper has somewhat severely tested our firmness and good faith in adhering to the special agreement by which, when the Boston Quarterly became merged into the capacious depth of the Democratic, its distinguished editor, as a correspondent to the latter, was to retain a full and free "liberty of speech and of the press," in the articles to proceed from his powerful pen—on his individual responsibility—unrestrained by the usual editorial censorship necessary to secure that general harmony and consistency proper to a work of this character.

We are sorry to perceive that in the general disaster of 1840, Mr. Brownson lost so much more than we did—that is to say, not only the election, with all his hopes for the ascendency of the men and measures of his preference, but also his good humor with his party, and his confidence in the principle of popular self-government. He was twice, nay tenfold, more unfortunate than we were. In the very hour of overthrow, up from what seemed then the very bottomless pit of defeat, we were able to raise an undismayed, an undisheartened voice—*de profundis clamavi*—which neither the groans of vanquished friends nor the shouts of exultant foes could drown, of contented acquiescence in the wise chastening of Providence, and unshaken confidence in all the principles we had brought into the contest. We at least bore off our flag from the field, undisgraced by surrender or abandonment, and with all its fair blazonry untarnished save by honorable dust, and as ready as ever to guide to atoning victory on some early and more auspicious day. Mr. Brownson, if he did not strike it to the enemy, seems at least to have impatiently torn off and cast away, in disgust and angry recantation, one of the best and brightest of the mottoes inscribed on its broad and beautiful field. Against this desecration of our glorious old *oriflamme*, we hold ourselves bound, in love to it and loyalty to all it represents, to enter our most emphatic protest.

What if the People did make a blunder in 1840—who claims, either for them or for any intelligence below the highest, the attribute of infallibility? To err is human—will not Mr. Brownson remember the rest of the noble line, and divinely forgive it?—after all the atonement which time has not been tardy to bring, for the unhappy mistake which has thus stirred his wrath against Democracy and the People. Nations like individuals are liable to their occasional *moments de vertige*. Even the good Homer can sometimes nod. There is a great deal of apology to be made for the People for their conduct in 1840,—and we will not stand by and hear them thus abused. Tell it not in Gath—proclaim it not in the streets of Ascalon—let no inkling of our present confidential whisper get out beyond the inner sanctums of our own private party caucuses—let every Democratic reader of the present page, on the approach of any suspicious looking character bearing the faintest resemblance to a possible Whig, incontinently thrust it out of sight, as in by-gone times he would

precipitate the "Scottish Chiefs," or the "Children of the Abbey," under his desk at school, on the approach of the master,—and now, when thus secure against the vicinity of any eavesdropping ear from the enemy's camp, the spirit moves us mightily to confess,—yea, even us, the Democratic Review—that, instead of meriting for the act the phials of indignation and disgust which Mr. Brownson pours on their devoted heads, the People, in turning us out neck and heels as they did so very unceremoniously in 1840, acted *just about right.* It was all for the best, as runs the old saying under all such afflicting dispensations. The deep and far-reaching instinct of the popular sagacity which willed and did it, was far wiser than were we who then struggled against it, than Mr. Brownson is who now deplores it. By that very act, they have done the best thing possible at the time to vindicate their claim to competency for that very self-government against which it has led him thus to protest.

In all the previous campaigns of the long protracted struggle of the Money Power against the Government, beginning with Jackson's reëlection on the Veto question, and extending in four biennial periods to 1838, or the election of the Independent Treasury Congress, we had prevailed through all the disadvantages which at times oppressed us, and through all the temporary fluctuations of the popular mind. These campaigns or elections had all turned on distinct issues of measures and principles, though all indeed connected with the great question lying at the bottom of the whole, the re-charter of a National Bank; and in all of them the People well justified in the end—even when, as in 1837, they had at first wavered—that steady confidence on which we always relied, in their honest sagacity of judgment. In the fifth and last, the contest of 1840, the fortune of the war was indeed reversed; but it was mainly because, while the election was not allowed by the Whigs to turn upon any distinct issues of principle, there were really some very good and proper reasons, underlying the whole surface of the apparent relations of parties, why the change of hands which it effected should be made and ought to be made.

The truth is, that we had held the possession of the Federal Government long enough. It was time for a change of men at least—and that election was not made to hinge on any proposed and discussed change of measures. (We are fain to confess indeed that we did not see this truth at the time in *quite* the same aspect of luminous distinctness which it now wears). The atmosphere had necessarily become a little close—a very, very little—and it was time perhaps to open the doors and windows of the palace of power, for a short time, for the sake of ventilation. It was time for a Reform party, fresh from the pure professions and promises of an Opposition, to go in, simply for the sake of a change,—and this was the capacity in which, *par excellence,* the Whigs offered themselves to the People in that canvass, under the lead of an old patriot soldier, whose personal honesty and goodness of purpose at least were unquestionable. The great Bank and Currency question which had for the previous ten years, in one form or another, constituted the dividing line of parties, was now generally considered as pretty well settled. The Independent Treasury was established; and such deep and wide diversities of opinion respecting any substitute were seen to exist among the various sections of the Whigs, that there appeared little likelihood of success to any attempt that might be made to overthrow it for the adoption of any other fiscal system. The number thus reasoning was by no means inconsiderable among those who contributed by their votes to the change of administration which it was decreed should take place. Nor was it in a mere spirit of fickleness that that simple *change* was desired by so many. The jealousy of too protracted a tenure of office and power is a wholesome democratic sentiment. Nor did it seem quite fair, in the providential distribution of the good things of life, that the one half of the nation, as the party of dominant majority, should for the life of its public men, to the hopeless exclusion of the other, monopolize the enjoyment of the Government, and all and sundry the incidents and appurtenances thereto. Fair play and turn about!—give them a chance, poor devils, once at least in a dozen years!—there is a broad and strong idea shadowed forth in these phrases, coarse and common as they may be, which did no small share of the work of 1840. And

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we are free to own, that it is one we have no right to complain of; if it is not absolutely just and right, it is something not very far from it.

Nor can we lay our hands on our hearts and say, on honor bright, that it was entirely undeserved on our own part, after all. We had not been—no party could have been—so long in power, especially under all the existing circumstances, without having contracted sundry sins of both omission and commission; and with the same certainty that drags the shadow after the substance, does an inevitable retribution, to parties as to men, follow every fault and every folly they are ever guilty of. Our great blunder, indeed, of the Pet Bank experiment, entailed a long series of consequences which made it eventually one of the heaviest of the weights that bore us down—a measure adopted at the express rejection of that very one which at a later day we so justly hailed with delight, when brought forward under different party auspices. We meant well, to be sure, in that most ill-starred of experiments—and it was at any rate better than the alternative of the other side, the Recharter of Mr. Biddle,—but good intent is no excuse, to the inexorable justice of the providence of events, for great political errors. And when we remember all the practical mischief we did by stimulating the expansion of the currency through the distribution of the vast accumulated deposits among the banks—with even a charge of interest to them, and at one time an official encouragement to them to apply them liberally to the "relief" of the community—when we remember the prophetic warnings from the Opposition of the very consequences which indeed were not slow to develope themselves—what right have we to complain if we had ourselves to swallow a very bitter dose of retribution for our fatal error? The punishment came at first in 1837, but was arrested for a season by the god-send of the Sub-Treasury—(the stone the builders had rejected becoming the key of the corner)—and by the splendid conduct of our leader, in the Presidency, and of our numerous other powerful champions and advocates, in the debates of the tongue and the pen, both in Congress and the country at large. But the blow was only parried—the weapon was not broken. The foe was only repulsed—to return in a still more sweeping cloud of attack. And in 1840, when the strength of the merits and popularity of the Independent Treasury, as a measure of party contest, (which had alone rallied and saved us in 1838–9), was somewhat spent, by the fact of its establishment as law, and its passage out of the immediate range of the discussions of the day, then came our hour of retribution, which the accident of events, and the gallant genius of a man, had postponed but could not avert.

We cannot afford to dwell upon the other principal elements of the revolution, or rather the revulsion, of 1840—such as the low agricultural prices and the protracted commercial pressure, to all which Whiggism offered remedy and relief—the continued derangement of the banking system, and the active power of the great interest of insolvency, ready to move heaven, earth and hell for a Bankrupt Act—the unparalleled system of party organization and effort by which the most efficient electioneering influence was brought home to every door where dwelt a possibly doubtful vote—together with those more than suspected election frauds which the Census returns so soon revealed, when in some States they showed in so many counties of strong Whig majorities the number of votes returned to have far exceeded the entire number of males above the age of twenty-one. All these and other topics that naturally connect themselves with the subject, we can do no more than thus allude to. But there are two things which ought not to be lost sight of in judging the period to which we refer, and the conduct of the people in it. The first is that it was not by means of, but *in spite of*, their miserable Log Cabin mummeries that the Whigs succeeded as they did. And the second is, that if they did succeed, with all the disadvantages oppressing our position, it was only by pursuing such a course in relation to the real principles at issue between the parties, as to paralyze their own future power to do harm, by those very means of dissimulation, and conflicting profession in different sections, to which in so large a degree that success was due.

Thus much in apology for the People for the events, scenes and results of

1840; and in deprecation of Mr. Brownson's inference from the experience of that year, that our long-cherished confidence in their capacity for self-government is all a fond folly. They did, we repeat, just about right, and with all our fine theories, patriotic purposes, and lofty statesmen and statesmanship, served us just about right.

Democracy lays no claim to infallibility for the People. The phrase *Vox populi Vox Dei* does not mean that the vote of a majority is the perfection of reason,—nor in its proper sense is there any "blasphemy" in it. Mr. Brownson asks whether those who talk of their "confidence in the virtue, intelligence and capacity of the people," really mean to say "that the people acting individually or collectively never do, and never can do any wrong?" Why ask a question to which no answer was seriously expected? Collectively, as individually, the People of course both can do and often have done, and will often continue to do, very wrong—very foolishly, aye, and sometimes very wickedly, wrong. And yet after all, in the long run, Democracy, with its Liberty and Equality of Rights and Chances, is a something far better than any of the other forms of government by which the Few have in all ages and countries plundered and defrauded the Many—be they monarchies, aristocracies, or (last and worst) theocracies. All these expressions of "confidence" in the People are merely comparative and relative. Far better they should govern themselves, than be even for a while better governed by any force extraneous to themselves. Far better that the child should rough it through its first necessary stumbles and bumps on its own natural legs, than be for ever borne in the arms of the skilfullest nurse or the tenderest mother. Give us, we say, rather Self-Government—Self-Reliance—Self-Development—Freedom—yes, freedom to make mistakes, if you please, but then also to mend them; to reach the "kingdom of heaven" in our own way, even though it must be "through much tribulation"—than the best and wisest extraneous government that ever remained pure for twenty-four hours. Give us, we say, such a state—with Free-Will, Conscience, Reason, and the Bible—to let us grow, from inward outward, through vice into virtue, through folly into wisdom, in the sole way in which humanity can grow up to its full and perfect stature—rather than the external and superincumbent pressure of any possible, any conceivable *government*, though its Grand Turk be the Angel Gabriel.

Mr. Brownson enumerates various practical measures on which the people have not acted up to his and our lights of truth. Well—many of these propositions appear plain enough to us who have made ourselves familiar with them, but have we therefore a right to charge stupidity and folly upon the People for not taking equally clear views of them? On the contrary, may there not be a higher wisdom manifesting itself through this instinctive action of great masses, which would rebuke our short-sighted speculations, our partial views of truth and policy? Though abstractly right and logical "*per se*," yet does not the very fact that our ideas are not yet fully imbibed and absorbed by the People, go to show that they are not yet quite ready for their practical application? And as it is an essential part of the true wisdom of reform, to pay its full due regard to the existing state of preparation, moral and physical, for the wholesome reception and digestion of its proposed changes, is there not perhaps a most precious conservative wisdom in this very slowness and difficulty exhibited by the popular mind to admit even the clearest abstract demonstrations that may be offered them?—however it may fret the impatience of the eager reformer and stir his angry bile. We do not think he will mend the matter much—(even if it need mending or ought to be mended)—by flying into a passion with the people, and chiming in with their immemorial enemies and slanderers to abuse them as fools or denounce them as knaves. Their very conduct, whether in doing what Mr. Brownson thinks they ought not to have done, or leaving undone what he thinks they ought to have done, could he but look far, wide, and deep, into *all* the elements and over *all* the ultimate bearings of the question, may peradventure have been—nay, we doubt not, *was*—the very best they could have adopted; that is to say, then, there, and for them.

We sincerely trust that we do not exaggerate the extent to which Mr. Brownson means to state the sentiment

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we thus combat,—but we must confess that the general current and direction of his Article look very suspiciously like the usual process by which, after passing the grand climacteric of life, the young Liberal so often becomes metamorphosed into the old Conservative; and we are generally prone to listen with distrust to this kind of discouraging and disheartening preaching which the latter is so often apt to address to the former, in a manner whose very patronizing and pitying kindness is far more fatal to all his generous aspirations and efforts, than all the scornful sneers, or the honestly contemptuous denunciations, of ancient and avowed aristocracy. The day may yet await us when we ourselves shall similarly (similarly, we say, to the general process alluded to, without imputing it as yet certainly to our highly valued and respected correspondent), *slough off* into a cold, doubting, distrusting conservatism, as flake after flake of the snow of years shall begin to streak our head with its whiteness, and to strike down to the blood of our heart with its wintry chill. Till the arrival of that day, we trust that we shall continue to feel and to think the feelings and thoughts which prompt the Protest of our present remarks;—and when it comes, we shall hold ourselves bound, on the appearance of our first grey hair, to surrender into younger and fitter hands the place we now regard as one of the highest honor and satisfaction, the Editorship of the Democratic Review.

But scant space remains for a single remark on the tangent course in which Mr. Brownson seems to have struck out into a far extreme of daring heresy respecting the "Sovereignty of the People." Is he not refining with too much of a scholastic subtlety on the word on which he returns so often to harp, "government?" He argues that it is no *government*, if beneath all its forms and machinery there underlies the right of the popular will to change them all, in its own sovereignly supreme and irresponsible way. But this is exactly what we best like, *self*-government, not only in the practical organization of its modes, but in the primary principle of that very organization. Nations must be laws unto themselves; just as individuals are, and must necessarily be, on all the sides of life and action, not immediately pressed upon by any external force of governing power—(and these comprise far the greater part of existence). There is indeed, to both, a government governing even this very absence of other and lower forms of government,—that, namely, which issues from the inner throne of the Reason, with thought for its legislative, free-will its executive, and conscience its judiciary; but this is only another mode of stating that freedom, for the "Sovereignty of the People," from all human authority paramount to itself, for which we contend. A constitution is indeed its self-adopted rule of action—changeable, like a resolution or self-pledge, by the same power which adopted or has chosen to tolerate it. The general good sense, the social *vis inertiæ*, the universal spirit of a true and good conservatism prevailing in any community enlightened enough to have achieved the possession of a free constitution, will be sufficient guaranties against abuse of this rightful power of change of constitution; and when good and fair methods have been agreed upon and established for such practical changes, there is no danger of ever finding any large number of persons attempting revolutionary methods of doing the same thing. However, we must content ourselves with these slight suggestive hints on this point,—nor need we be unwilling to leave it for the present to the reflections of the intelligent reader.

Upon the points of the preceding paper in which we agree with our esteemed friend and correspondent, we have not thought it necessary to remark. We are not so centrifugal in our radicalism as to be insensible to the importance of the co-ordinate centripetal principle of conservatism, for all harmonious order and movement. Perhaps we differ less widely, after we get below the surface of names and phrases, than some readers of this blast and counterblast, this bane and antidote, may be apt to imagine. We most sincerely hope so—for the loss of Brownson would indeed be the loss of a more than Ajax Telamon to the camp of Democracy. Long distant be the day when we shall have to record and lament that so great a man has fallen in Israel.

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ROYAL AUTHORS.

There is but one genuine form of aristocracy—not pertaining to government, however, not founded upon any conventional refinements of society, unsupported by any pretensions to wealth or communicable dignities, but presupposing an inherent right to command and take the lead, existing in all its purity in an order of nobility which we do not read of in books of heraldry—in the sacred caste, whose title of honor is preconfirmed by Heaven and ordained by the Founder of the Universe and the Father of Man,—the Nobility of Nature, or rather of genius; as a great writer familiarly styles it, God Almighty's Nobility. By this term, we do not mean the rule of the doctrinaires, or government of the wisest, but the joint rule of the wisest *and best.* To enter this exalted class, is rarely the reward of exertion. It is the natural birthright of the choicest spirits, a privilege, and the gift of heaven. Though the possessor of this be by the world despised, honored still by the few whose eulogium is fame, yet is his claim indirectly respected—his name secretly reverenced—even by the rich and mighty, who seek admission within the portals of the Temple of Fame.

Democratic as we are, we yet contend, right loyally and reverently, for the sovereignty of mind, the aristocracy of genius, the high rank and precedence of talent. There are kings in intellect, if not of the state, even *here.* There is the Magician of Poesy, if not of occult science. Poetry itself is that long sought philosopher's stone, the last effect of the true art of alchemy. The Republic of Letters has been singularly so named. It is to be feared that, like a Patriot King, it is a mere chimera. Hood's witty pun explains a part of the mystery. He said that the commonwealth of letters was called a republic, because the members composing it could not muster a *sovereign* among them. But this is true of only a portion of the literary world. Literature, no less than commerce, has her Rothschilds and Barings. Some men have amassed fortunes by authorship as well as by trade, and have lost them as unfortunately. Not a few authors have been "born with a silver spoon in their mouths;" yet, as a general truth, it may be justly stated, that literature includes within its pale authors and scholars of every condition, both as to birth and fortune. From royalty down to beggary; through the ranks of wealth, and competence, down to grinding want.

If such difference in point of property and worldly possessions be allowed, and we conceive it cannot be fairly questioned, in the case of men of letters, how much greater and more inherent must be admitted, the distinctions of intellectual acquisitions and original mental gifts. Who would place Shakspeare and Foote in the same category, though both wrote for the stage? And between Plato and Tom Paine exists the very widest discrepancy. As the disproportionate allotment of original power is so various, then, it must of necessity be conceded that there must arise natural leaders, instinctive philosophers, "heaven-born" and directed statesmen; authors of the first stamp, by the divine right of Nature.

This aristocracy once admitted, we yet allow the claims of no other aristocracy. The mere rich man may not be of it, nor the haughty noble; and, least of all, the royal claimant, as the exhibition of power is too apt to diminish as you exceed the scale of fictitious rank. Yet each and all adventure a whole fortune of hope, at least oftimes, if not a treasury of merits, in the game of literary skill. It appears to be one of the usual disadvantages of royalty and hereditary titles in general, that the holders of them rarely equal their names. The incumbent holds his position in society, and is apt to be rated purely from that fact. With the public at large, a literary nobleman, or a philosophic monarch, appears to be considered an anomaly, though some of the most popular of English writers have either come out

from the ranks of the nobility or from commoners, have been ennobled for their works; and in spite of the names among kings of quite late date, James I., Charles I., of the house of Stuart; Frederick the Great, and Joseph II. The crown is supposed to atone for the lack of brains under it; and the Star and Garter, and the Golden Fleece, to represent and conceal a deficiency of all the qualities and resources that render famous the scholar, the thinker, and the true author. We are apt to think a king should rest satisfied with his throne and the brilliant appendages to it. Prejudice, perhaps, has inclined us to suspect, that his eyes would naturally become dimmed by gazing intently on the dazzling splendor of a court and the magnificence of national treasure, and become incapable of viewing steadily and coolly, the great problems of life and society. The education of princes is not that best fitted for the vigorous exercise of their understanding, or the refinement of the affections. Their will is pampered to such an excess, their judgments are so deferred to by the wise and great, that it is almost a miracle that they are not all tyrants and bigoted. If, however, smitten with the love of song, or impressed with the maxims of philosophy, the heir of a throne seeks to reach more permanent glories in another path, and relies on individual and intrinsic merits to obtain that lasting renown, which, all his life-long glory, accorded merely to his rank and office, cannot secure to him, we are obliged in candor to admit his abilities, however small, and to applaud the employment of them, however inefficient that may prove. Should the prince, at the same time, show himself a poet or genuine philosopher, or even an ingenious critic and expert logician, we should be ready to estimate him accordingly. But of this high standard of regal genius we know not of one striking example. There have been lively wits, multifarious scholars, "pretty" poets, elaborate historians among kings, but not one author truly great in any department of literature or philosophy. Yet pretenders to literature and philosophy have not been unfrequent among crowned heads. There have been kings great men, great legislators, warriors, pedants, theologians, controversialists, fine gentlemen; but none poets, philosophers, or original thinkers. The latter might befit a reformation of abuses, and this is in no wise considered the duty of a king. Many sovereigns have been accomplished in all the graces of a complete education, but the essentials, imparted to the sons of private gentlemen, have been left out of consideration. In speaking of kings, we refer not to monarchs inspired directly and uniting with divine authority. We include not in this list the Hebrew psalmist and the royal philosopher, the master of life, his son. Nor do we forget the philosophy and pure life of Antoninus, nor the bold independence (however extravagant or erroneous) of Julian. Certain eminent characters, especially in the ancient world, have in fact really exercised the influence of sovereigns, under some other name than that of king, as Moses the legislator and Pericles the prime minister; Cæsar the dictator, and of late years Napoleon the first consul. The all-accomplished, the admirable Alfred, is a glorious exception to our sweeping generalization. But of the vast herd of kings our remark holds good. The office is more than the man, and the man more than the scholar or writer. First, the regal; then, the personal; last of all, the literary character. In this enumeration, we find letters are but indifferently honored after all; holding the lowest place as it were, and a merely incidental regard; viewed somewhat as an elegant accomplishment like dancing or horsemanship, "the Corinthian capital of the social order."

In the present paper, we shall aim to determine two points: 1st, the proper position of a sovereign with regard to the claims of letters upon him, personally; and 2d, we shall attempt an historical sketch of the monarchs popularly known as writers, confining ourselves, after a brief review, chiefly to the first two Stuarts, James and Charles.

Should a king, merely from inclination, without a strong native genius, pursue the path of literary exertion? As a general answer, we should say, not. A king is the head of his government, and strictly the highest executive officer in it. The writer legislates, teaches, entertains; but carries out nothing into action. The monarch should be the greatest active man in

his dominions: as the chief author, the greatest thinker and teacher of his fellows. In truth, the great man is "King o' men for a' that." He wears no crown, has none of the insignia of royalty, none of the silly appendages of a court; but he has vast power over the minds of men, moulds their thoughts and passions to his will, is loved and idolized as the apple of their eye; his eye begets affectionate admiration wherever it turns, and the words of his pen, or the manly eloquence of his tongue, "stir the very stones to mutiny." This is a kingdom worth striving for. The ablest monarchs have, with the exception of Frederick II. of Prussia, who was much greater in government and war than in literature, though he affected the honors of authorship, confined themselves to their appropriate sphere of legislation, executive enforcement of law, and military command. Such were the labors, for such is their great fame due, to Alexander and Constantine, Charlemagne, the ablest of the Popes, Charles V., Henry IV. of France, Louis XIV., William III. of England, Czar Peter, and his cruel but vigorous successor, "the Clytemnestra of the North,"—Catharine II., and the great Frederick. Such were (though not all of them kings) the glorious Romans, Fabius and Cato and Trajan; the noble Prince of Orange, the renowned Gustavus Adolphus, Prince Eugene, and a compeer of that illustrious company, Washington himself. As we advance, we meet here and there a deviation from our rule; among the Romans, there is that preëminently accomplished and universal genius, Julius Cæsar, who was the ancient counterpart of the modern Saxon king.

The quiet, contemplative life of letters seems to be incompatible with the noisy grandeur of a court life. In the midst of pomps and shows a man cannot think calmly of the inner secrets of his being. It was no unwise proceeding, for the rival of Francis to retire to a convent, and after a life of stirring and generous activity, to prepare for the hour that comes to all, in the privacy of a hermit's cell. Retirement is especially necessary for great actors on the stage of the world. In solitude the soul becomes invigorated and freshened, as Milton has beautifully expressed it:

"And wisdom's self
Oft seeks to meet retired solitude,
Where with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort,
Were all too ruffled and sometimes impaired." COMUS

Composition is an art requiring more of pains and thought, than are likely to be bestowed on it in the intervals of leisure of an existence passed in public pageants or the dull ceremonial of courtly etiquette. And then, the art of thinking—a greater art than that of composition—demands the whole man. We find generally the rule of a literary sovereign prejudicial even to literature, which he appears to favor. For he may set bad fashions, to which the greatest must bend; he may pervert truth, embroil his country in strife, to gratify a childish love of controversy. With partial views of right, he may commit a great wrong. His learning may make him, as it generally has done, a bigot and a pedant. He is then a worse author for being a king (being above criticism), and a worse king for being an author (being above all appeal). If by the rarest chance he happen to succeed both as king and writer, he is in danger of being misunderstood by those who can appreciate but one kind of excellence in a single individual. But this is very rarely the case. There are books a wise and experienced king may write; but a very few of their class, only, are needed. Memoirs of his times, a political testament to his heirs and children, wise counsels, just maxims; he may illustrate and expound sound views of government and policy. He may compile statistics, arrange plans for internal and external legislation, point out defects in portions of the social system, and urge the claims of duty, of patriotism, and of religion. The greatest art for him to learn and practise—the art of government—should occupy the largest portion of his thoughts. "Princely counsel" should shine in his face and be illustrated in his life. But dabbling in philosophy, inking his fingers with scribbling *vers de société*, plodding in theology, or constructing stupid epics (such only in name), these are not the suitable occupations for the great king,

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either in his hours that should be otherwise devoted to public business, or in the moments of leisure and recreation. A king who attends to his duties can employ himself sufficiently with public business, and the exercise of private virtues, without calling in any additional requisites *pour passer le temps*. In arbitrations and giving assent to laws, there is abundance of room for nice discrimination and speculative reasoning. He has occasions for oratorical display. The study of practical politics, the history of contemporary politics, should be his chief pursuit. That such is not the case is to be lamented, but it is no less true on that account. As if to confirm our suggestions we cannot—beyond the very few illustrious names already mentioned—remember a single monarch renowned in letters, science or philosophy. Of the great men alluded to, they were remarkable rather for vigor of intellect and rich acquired resources, than for original genius. A native genius we look for in vain among kings. To go no farther than the commencement of modern history, for our instances; there is not a great poet among the sitters upon thrones. Kings have succeeded best in the character of patrons: as, Elizabeth of England, Rene of Provence, Francis I. of France, Louis XIV., Christina of Sweden, and latest the royal friend of Goethe.

The only writer of epics we can recollect among kings, was Lucien, the brother of Napoleon Bonaparte: and we have heard of but one reader of his poems. Frederick II. wrote reams of dull verses, and Charles II. threw off an epigram in his talk, as he would do the most indifferent action. The truest royal poet is he of whom Irving has written an elaborate paper in the Sketch Book; James V. of Scotland. He is the author of a mixed satirical and pastoral poem, "Christis Kirk of the Green;" and a lively ballad passes under his name, rather free-spoken but spirited, the "Gaberlunzie Man." Queen Elizabeth wrote some clever lines.

Mere learned sovereigns have not been so rare, and the early English queens, in particular, were distinguished for scholarship. But the contrast between an energetic governor of his state, and a merely theoretical politician, is in no way more strikingly illustrated than in the persons of Joseph II. of Austria, and Catharine II. of Russia. The first, a pedantic philosopher of the French school, the second a sovereign hardly less remarkable for her vices than for her energy of character.

Among English sovereigns addicted to literature, Walpole enumerates several in his list, who have never before found their way into any literary catalogue. Bishop Tanner, of whom this fleering wit speaks scoutingly, as so loyal (or rather servile) a critic, as to include even one of the early Edwards in his catalogue of royal authors, (who is not known as the author of any productions save precepts to his sheriffs, and other ordinary formularies), has swelled out his list to a much greater extent. But though a few sovereigns, as Alfred and Henry Beauclerc, and the sixth Edward and Elizabeth, could make no small pretensions to scholarship, and though we may reckon among accomplished knights, the Black Prince and Henry V.; and one Justinian, Edward I.; one wit, Charles II.: yet only two writers worthy of consideration as such; perhaps, a single one. James was a true author-king, though by no means a king-author. The fame of Charles I. is more doubtful. The authenticity of ΕΙΚΩΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΗ is still an undecided question. The later English sovereigns had no pretensions to literature. William is said to have had so slight a conception of the nature of literary rewards, as to have offered a captaincy of horse to Swift, who had made himself agreeable to him. Anne is reported never to have read the polished verses of Pope, the popular poet of her reign. The Georges were dull Dutchmen, with the exception of the last of that name, who revived to a certain extent the companionable qualities of Charles the Second.

All literary history teaches us that there is no royal road to successful authorship; that the scholar's toils and delights are of a similar character, whether the learner and teacher wear a crown or a wig, live in a palace or garret. To composition, as to science, the path lies through thorns as well as amid walks begirt by roses. The rose of letters is not without its thorns.

It is somewhat singular that most royal scholars and writers have taken up the dullest parts of learning, on

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which to exercise their wits—church controversy, biblical and philological learning, language, and similar pursuits.

James, who is commonly styled the "pedant king," was more versatile; he wrote on government, on theology, on demonology, and on tobacco. It appears to us, that the true character of this sovereign is not yet brought to light. He has had abundance of censurers, and but one zealous defender, that we know of, among modern historians of his reign; even Hume admits weaknesses which D'Israeli, the great admirer of James, wholly repudiates. Walpole is as scornful as the bitterest of his enemies. Scott has by no means exaggerated his positive merits; but though a lover of kings himself, by nature, he has done little to elevate the character of James in the eye of the world. D'Israeli is a hearty admirer of this British Solomon, a Janus-faced title, of either irony or eulogium. By way of novelty, rather than to attempt an historical adjudication of merit, we shall follow his views. The venerable antiquary introduces his work by stating it to have arisen, as a matter of conscience, out of a conviction of the injustice done to James. He has made diligent research into the literary as well as the political character of that monarch, and comes to the settled conclusion, that he was a man of real learning, and no pedant; an author of sense, acuteness, and no little vigor; the master of an efficient English style; the possessor of a vein of stately eloquence on proper occasions, and of wit and humor in his familiar talk; with high but just notions of prerogative and kingly power and the office of a sovereign, a boon companion, a zealous sportsman, and a man of true domestic affections and sympathizing in all the delightful charities of life.

James is the favorite of our critic, in every light; and he hesitates not to remark, that "more wit and wisdom have been recorded of James the First, than of any one of our sovereigns." Even his polemics, and the share he took in the famous Hampton Court conference, find their excuses in the apologist, and valid excuses too, as one must confess, who reads D'Israeli's account of the discussion, which includes several witty bon-mots of the monarch, with a good deal of earnestness and sound understanding. For the character of the studies, and the nature of the writings of this author-sovereign, (an epithet of Lord Shaftesbury's), we must look to their popularity in his age, and in their importance as affecting the affairs of the time. In an age just preceding the great civil war, and not so far removed from the effects of the Reformation as to leave no impressions of its spirit; in an age of vigorous inquiry both in questions of religion and government, it is by no means singular, that a writer composing works with the least possible bearing on contemporary events, should, amid circumstances like these, discover a tendency towards investigating the stirring questions of his time. Much less strange must it be allowed, that an author ardently occupied in those very discussions, should be, in part, tainted with a few of the extravagances into which his brethren were so apt to fall. James wrote a treatise on demoniacs and witches, in which a greater man far than he, Bacon himself, is said to have believed; and into which belief even the incomparable Chief Justice Hale was, some time after, miraculously deluded. Newton, some great man has asserted, wrote *nonsense* on the Revelations; James I., therefore, may be excused for not surpassing the famous philosopher. Smoking found no favor at the hands of James; but perhaps as an economist, if not as a writer, the king deserved praise for writing odium on a practice, to indulge themselves in which, many sold house and land, as the Dutch exchanged every species of property for bulbs, during the tulip mania.

"Basilicon Doron, or His Majesty's Instruction to his Dearest Son, Prince Henry," (a ripe youth, early lost), is a species of political text-book, on the duties of a king. We extract a few paragraphs:

"Be not moved with importunities; for the which cause, as also for augmenting your majesty, be not so *facile* of access-gaining, at all times, as *I have been*. . . Chuse you your own servants for your own use, and not for the use of others; and since ye must be communis parens to all your people, chuse indifferently out of all quarters; not respecting other men's appetites, but their own qualities. For as you must command all, so reason would ye should be some of all. Consider that

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virtue followeth oftest noble blood, the more frequently that your court can be garnished with them, as peers and fathers of your land, think it the more your honor. A king is set as one on a stage, whose smallest actions and gestures all the people gazingly do behold; and, however just in the discharge of his office, yet if his behavior be light or dissolute, in indifferent actions, the people, who see but the outward part, conceive pre-occupied conceits of the king's inward intention, which, although with time, the trier of all truth, will vanish by the residence of the contrary effect, yet, *interim patitur justus*, and prejudged conceits will, in the meantime, breed contempt, the mother of rebellion and disorder."

Of style in writing, he advises; "Let it be plain, natural, comely, clean, short, and sententious." Again, he urges, "And remember (I say, again), to be plain and sensible in your language; for besides, it is the tongue's office to be the messenger of the mind; *it may be thought a point of imbecility of spirit in a king to speak obscurely, much more untrewly, as if he stood in awe of any in uttering his thoughts.*" Without being aware of the fact, we find we have happened upon the same idea with regard to royal authorship, which occurs in the following passage of James: "Should your engine, (genius), spur you to write any workes, either in prose or verse, I cannot but allow you to practise it; *but take no longsome works in hand for distracting you from your calling.*"

As a monarch, we pretend not to settle the contending debates relative to the character of James; but we incline to regard him as a mild pacificator, rather than a timid despot; as a real lover of his people, rather than the mere dupe of court favorites. His facility of temper appears to have been the cardinal defect of this sovereign; springing from the very kindest affections, and only not firm enough in the dark hour of trial. James was acquainted with the resources of his kingdom, and the character of his people; but as he was more bent on making conquests of the vast terra incognita of learning, rather than tracts of disputed territory, he is commonly represented as irresolute and cowardly; of war he wrote wisely, "No man gains by war, but he that hath not wherewith to live in peace." He was a generous admirer of greatness, and if fond of flattery, (as better men have been), was ready and willing to pay liberally for it. It was said, "the king was wont to give like a king, and, for the most part, to keep one act of liberality warm with another." The personal manner of James, his carelessness of dress, his slovenly habits, have caused his literary and political character to be undervalued. No soldier, he deserved a higher character than that of conqueror; he merited, for he perfected the fame of a humane pacificator. But he was essentially a student in all his habits and modes of thinking. Inducted into letters by a man of genius, for the elegant and classic Buchanan was his tutor, he never lost his sincere relish for literary occupations; nothing but field sports and familiar talk did he love so much. He "dedicated rainy weather to his standish, and fair to his hounds." "His table was a trial of wits." At the Bodleian, he exclaimed, "*Were I not a king, I would be an university man; and if it were so, that I must be a prisoner, I would have no other prison than this library, and be chained together with all these goodly authors.*" Indeed, with James, study was one of the chief concerns of life. The facility of his composition was extreme; in one week, he is said to have written an address of one hundred folio pages. Perhaps one reason of his being undervalued as a king, was his readiness as an author. A gentleman loses caste often, by turning author. Probably, through envy, the kings of Europe united to decry their intellectual superior. The eloquence of James is misunderstood, by many who confound it with the designed obscurity of Cromwell's polite discourse; yet it has obtained high praise from Hume, whose sentence can easily be referred to. Wit and humor, James had in possession in his conversation, not only puns, scholastic quibbles, and pedantic conceits, but smart, shrewd hits on life and character, strong practical satire, acute detection of popular fallacies and fashionable pretensions. His political sagacity was considerable, and much above the ordinary standard. D'Israeli has collected not a few eminent instances, both of his wit and wisdom. But we have much fuller extracts to give of the work of Charles I., and must conclude

our slight sketch of James, with noticing what fruits he produced from his labors. His son, Prince Henry, was an admirable character, who died young, and of whom the world was not worthy. Charles, with all his faults, was a man of cultivated taste and refinement of manners, a scholar, and not unequal to his sad reverses.

The age of James was the age of England's literary glory. The greatest poets, from Shakspeare to Drummond; the fathers of pulpit eloquence and controversial theology, great philosophers, from Bacon to Hobbes; and a host of clever writers in the minor forms of writing. Herbert, the first autobiographer, and Howell, the first letter-writer in English, the simple Walton, and the witty Fuller. "To speak of it in a word," says Sir Richard Baker, in his Chronicle, "the Trojan horse was not fuller of heroic Grecians, than King James' reign was full of men, excellent in all kinds of learning." Not a little of the encouragement of this fruitful growth of genius is to be attributed to the king himself, whose praises were sung by the greatest poets from gratitude, as well as from decorous reverence. The ablest divines were advanced by him to the highest stations in the church. Scholars were his intimate acquaintances; as he might have called them, *sodales*, table companions.

Charles I., with more prudence, more delicacy, a greater reserve, inherited much of the literary taste of his father, especially for theological discussion. He was the strong friend of the clergy, by whom he was supported with ardor and zeal. He loved pictures, and elegant amusements, and, if he did write Eikon Basilike, he was a pure writer of vigorous English, though we cannot go so far as a critic whose name we have forgotten, who declares it the best specimen of English in the age when it appeared, for such a judgment would be most unjust to the early admirable writers, the great old masters of our tongue. It has been surmised, with no little show of probability, to have been written by proxy, by the pen of a court chaplain; and that, for two strong reasons, as they appear to us. In the first place, in as much as possible, the character of the king himself is placed in the fairest light, and his errors are deplored as misfortunes; and secondly, the eulogy of the clerical order, and of the Episcopal form and polity, is frequent and sincere, sustained with much force, and almost eloquence. It is known that the king had not only servile courtiers, but really excellent writers, among his clergy. His court chaplains were strongly attached to his person. The youthful Taylor, then chaplain of Laud, (if we are not mistaken), could have written thus, and with a magnificence of rhetoric to which the pure style of the Eikon makes no pretension. And Hammond, or Bishop Fell, might either of them have lent a helping hand, at least, towards smoothing roughnesses of style, and making obscure matters plain. The idea of the authorship of the book not resting on the king, is, with a shadow of probability, to be inferred from the title, "The Portraiture of his Sacred Majesty in his Solitude and Sufferings;" reading as the compilation of another hand. We think Walpole, (we have not his volumes at hand), discredits the notion of the royal authorship; but the authority of the satirist of Sidney and the Duchess of Newcastle, and the caviller at the fame of James I., is not to be taken without allowance. Yet Charles was a warm churchman, and naturally advocated the cause of the clergy, as nearly allied to his own, and hence he ever regarded them as the strongest bulwark of the throne, and of the doctrine of the divine right of kings. The divine origin of episcopacy and royalty were, with him, descended from a common source, and environed by the same proofs. Apart from this opinion, he entertained personal feelings of esteem for his bishops and chaplains, and the superior clergy. And farther, it was natural for him, in his situation, to present the strongest defence of himself he could, and which was, in all probability, sincere. On turning to Hume, we find this frank statement, that it is almost impossible to ascertain the authorship of the work, beyond dispute. He admits that the proofs and arguments on either side are sufficient to convince any one who reads the arguments of only that side. Whoever compares both, must remain undecided. Yet, for his own part, he leans towards the belief that the king was the author, from the internal evidence of style and sentiment, and from the fact of the incompetency of the writer, (Dr. Gordon), who has some-

times borne away the palm of being the true author.

Assuming this as the probable fact, we shall, after giving a general notion of the work, transcribe certain passages that struck us in the reading. Icon Basilike was published a few days after the king's death, and was received with "general compassion, excited towards the king by the publishing, at so critical a juncture, a work so full of piety, meekness, and humanity." So writes a distinguished admirer of the royal author. It is contained in twenty-eight sections—historical, political, personal, and religious. It contains materials for party history and biographical criticism. It is the sketch of an historical painting, afterwards filled in and colored by a master.—(Clarendon.) It is elegantly written throughout, with occasional passages of classic eloquence and refined sentiment. It is devout; a confession of faith. It passed through *fifty* editions in a twelvemonth, owing to very apparent reasons. It was thought, long afterwards, to have been the remote cause of the restoration of the house of Stuart. Milton compares its effects upon the nation, as Hume asserts, (we cannot turn to the passage itself,) to those which were wrought on the tumultuous Romans by Antony's reading to them the will of Cæsar;—the allusion of a scholar, and the prescient sagacity of a statesman combined. Let the following passages, if not altogether verifying these high encomiums, stand for what they deserve; at least, as evidences of purity of style, and elevation with refinement of thought. These sentences have a point worthy of Selden, in his Table Talk:

"Some kind of zeal counts all merciful moderation, lukewarmness; and had rather be *cruel than counted cold, and is not seldom more greedy to kill the bear for his skin than for any harm he hath done.*"

"I ever thought that the proud ostentation of men's abilities for invention, and the vain affectations of variety for expressions, in public prayers or any sacred administrations, merits a greater brand of sin, than that which they call coldness and barrenness; nor are men in these matters less subject to formal and superficial tempers (as to their hearts) than in the use of constant forms, when *not the words but men's hearts are to blame.*"

"In devotions I love neither profane boldness, nor pious nonsense; but such an humble and judicious gravity, as shows the speaker both at once considerate of God's majesty, the Church's honor, and his own vileness; both knowing what things God allows him to ask, and in what manner it becomes a sinner to supplicate the Divine Mercy for himself and others. I confess I am better pleased, as with studied and premeditated sermons as with such public forms of prayer, as are fitted to the churches and every Christian's daily and common necessities. . . Though the light of the understanding, and the fervency of affection, I hold the main and most necessary requisites both in constant and occasional, solitary and social devotions."

The religion of the dissenters:—

"A great part of whose piety hung upon that popular pin of railing against, and contemning the government of this church. But I had rather be condemned to the wo of *Væ soli*, than to that of *Væ vobis, hypocritæ*, by seeming to pray what I do not approve."

Of Royalty and Episcopacy:—

"Indeed, I think both offices, regal and sacerdotal, might well become the same person; as ancient, they were under one name, and the united rights of primogeniture: nor could I follow better precedents, if I were able, than those two eminent kings, David and Solomon; not more famous for their sceptres and crowns, than one was for devout psalms and prayers; the other for his divine parables and preaching: whence the one merited and assumed the name of a prophet, the other of a preacher;—titles, indeed, of greater honor, where rightly placed, than any of those the Roman Emperors affected from the nations they subdued; it being infinitely more glorious to convert souls to God's church by the word, than to conquer men to a subjection by the sword."

From nearly twenty pages of Meditations upon Death, after the notes of non-addresses, and his Majesty's closer confinement in Carisbroke castle, we select a few sentences. We would like to transcribe the whole section, but it is too long. It is full of dignity and nobleness, realizing the fine lines of Marvell, quoted in a back number:—

"As I have leisure enough, so I have cause more than enough to meditate upon, and prepare for my death; for I know *there are but few steps between the prisons*

and graves of princes. It is God's indulgence which gives me the space, but man's cruelty that gives me the sad occasion for these thoughts. For, besides the common burthen of mortality which lies upon me as a man, I now bear the heavy load of other men's ambitious fears, jealousies, and cruel passions, whose envy or enmity against me makes their own lives seem deadly to them, while I enjoy every part of mine. I thank God my prosperity made me not wholly a stranger to the contemplation of mortality. Those are now unseasonable, since this is always uncertain: *death being an eclipse, which oft happeneth as well in clear as cloudy days. Indeed, I did never find so much the life of religion, the feast of a good conscience, and the brazen wall of a judicious integrity and constancy, as since I came to these closer conflicts with the thoughts of death.* They have left me but little of life, and only the husk and shell, as it were, which their further malice and cruelty can take from me. The assaults of affliction may be terrible, *like Samson's lion*, but they yield much sweetness to those that dare encounter and overcome them; who know how to overlive the witherings of their own gourds without discontent or peevishness, while they may get converse with God. I confess it is not easy for me to contend with those many horrors of death, wherewith God suffers me to be tempted; which are equally horrid, either in the suddenness of a barbarous assassination, or in those greater formalities whereby my enemies (being more *solemnly* cruel) will, it may be, seek to add (as those did who crucified Christ) the mockery of justice to the cruelty of malice; that I may be destroyed, as with greater pomp and artifice, so with less pity, it will be but a necessary policy to make my death appear as an act of justice, done by subjects upon their sovereign; who knows that no law of God or man invests them with any power of judicature without me, much less against me: and who, being sworn and bound by all that is sacred before God and man, to endeavor my preservation, must pretend justice to cover their perjury. At present, the will of my enemies seems to be their only rule, their power the measure, and their success the exactor of what they are pleased to call justice; while they flatter themselves with the fancy of their own safety by my danger, and the security of their lives and designs by my death; forgetting that as the greatest temptations to sin are wrapped up in seeming prosperities, so the severest vengeances of God are then most accomplished, when men are suffered to complete their wicked purposes."

The larger half of the Eikon is well worthy of perusal, as a mere study of style; it has a higher value as a historical record, and it is most of all valuable for the personal character impressed upon it. With Charles I. we stop for the present; and in our next paper, a corollary to this, as it were, we shall aim to depict the union of *rank* and title, in general, with authorship and literature. From Royal we shall descend to Noble authors; and, coming down at last to commoners of genius, finally reach the reign of pure Democracy, the only atmosphere in which the plant of genius may expand and grow.

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INDIAN BIOGRAPHY.*

The Egyptians embalmed their dead in myrrh and spices, but the blessed art of printing has given us a surer and less revolting method of preserving and transmitting to posterity, all that is truly valuable in the plaudits of virtue, worth, and honor. Books thus become a more permanent memorial than marble, and by their diffusion scatter those lessons among all mankind, which the age of mounds and hieroglyphics, stone and papyrus, had confined to the tablet of a shaft, or the dark recesses of a tomb or a pyramid. It is never to be forgotten, that in the development of this new phasis in the history of the human race, it was printing that first lit the lamp of truth, and has driven on the experiment, till the boundaries of letters have well-nigh become co-extensive with the world. If we do not widely err, there is no part of the globe, where books of all descriptions have become so cheap and abundant as they are at this time in the United States, and, laying aside all other considerations, we may find a proof of the position stated in the fact, that our vernacular literature is no longer confined to the production of school books, the annals of law and divinity, the age of muddy pamphlets, or the motley pages of the newspaper. We have no design to follow up these suggestions by showing how far the study of the natural sciences, the discussion of political economy, or the advances of belles-lettres, have operated to produce this result; far less to identify those causes, in the progress of western arts and commerce, which have concurred to bring down the price of books, and scatter the blessings of an untrammelled press, among all classes. It is sufficient for our purpose to say that even the lives of our distinguished native chieftains have come in for a share of modern notice, and, we feel proud to add, of a notice which, so far as it reaches, is worthy of the subject. And should our contributions on this head, for the last few years, be equally well followed up for a few years to come, even the desponding strains of one of their own impersonated heroes can no longer be repeated with perfect truth:

"They sink, they pass, they fly, they go,
Like a vapor at morning's dawn.
Or a flash of light, whose sudden glow
Is seen, admired, and gone.

"They died; but if a brave man bleeds,
And fills the dreamless grave,
Shall none repeat his name, his deeds,
Nor tell that he was brave?"

To no one in our literary annals is the public so much indebted for rescuing from oblivion the traits and character of the four celebrated chiefs whose names stand at the head of this article, as to the able author of these biographies, William L. Stone. Gifted with a keen perception of the questions of right and wrong, which turn upon the planting of the colonies among barbarians, who more than idled away their days upon a soil which they did not cultivate—with a deep sympathy in their fate and fortunes, on the one hand, and the paramount claims of letters and Christianity on the other, he has set himself to the task of rendering justice to whom justice belongs, with the ardor of a philanthropist, and the research of a historian. He appears to have planned a series of biographies which, if completed, will give a connected view of the leading tribes who occupied New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts, with a range in the examination of contem-

* Life of Joseph Brant—Thayendanegea, including the Border Wars of the American Revolution, and Sketches of the Indian Campaigns of Generals Harmer, St. Clair, and Wayne, &c. By William L. Stone. New York: 1838. 2 vols. 8vo.

Life and Times of Red Jacket, &c., &c. By William L. Stone, &c., New York: 1840. 1 vol. 8vo.

Uncas and Miantonimoh; a Historical Discourse delivered at Norwich, Conn., on the fourth day of July, 1842, on the occasion of the erection of a monument to the memory of Uncas, the white man's friend, and first chief of the Mohegans. By William L. Stone, author of the "Life of Brant," &c. New York, Dayton & Newman, 1842. 1 vol., 12mo.

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porary men and collateral topics, which embraces a wide circle. And he has filled up the outlines of his plan, thus far, in a manner which leaves but little to glean in the path which he has trod. If the extension of this circle, and the large amount of contemporaneous matter brought in, has, in the minds of some, abstracted too large a share of attention, and left the biographies with less unity and compactness than they would otherwise have assumed, this is exclusively the fault of their plan, so far as it is acknowledged, and not of the execution. And for this course of extension there is a plea to be found in the nature of the subject, in the treatment of which, scantiness of material was often sought to be supplied by the introduction of collateral and sometimes extraneous matter.

We propose briefly to notice the series of these biographies in their order of publication. In his first work on Brant, he has presented, in living colors, the great Mohawk of 1776, who rose up to crush that confederacy which Washington and his compeers had pledged their lives to maintain. Brant was a man of power and capacities, mental and physical, beyond his tribe; and was so situated, in the actual contest, as to throw a greater weight into the scale against us, than any other, or all of the hostile chiefs of the Red Race put together. If he could not, like Ariel, call up the "spirits of the vasty deep," he could, at his bidding, summon together the no less malignant spirits of the woods, who fell upon our sleeping hamlets with the fury of demons. And whether at Johnson Hall or Niagara, at Cherry Valley or Schoharie, on the waters of the Oriskany or the Chemung, he was the ruling and informing spirit of the contest. Such was the power he wielded as commander of a most effective body of light troops (for such are all Indian warriors), who were supported by large and well-appointed armies, that, like the electric flashes of the boding storm, he preceded the heavier outbreak by sounding aloud the wild notes of terror and dismay. It was in this manner that his name became a talisman on the frontiers, to conjure up deeds of evil, and in this way also, doubtless, it became loaded with reproaches, some of which, as the author has denoted, were due to other actors in the contest. It is difficult, however, to disturb the judgments of a preceding age, on the character of individuals who have long passed off the stage of action, whether those judgments be favorable or unfavorable; and it is, in fact, impossible to reverse them. It is only necessary to glance backward a short way, on the track of biography, to perceive that posterity never revises the opinions once put on individual character, heroic or literary. It tries to forget all it can, and everybody it can, and never remembers a long time any name which it is possible to forget. It is willing, we should infer, to concede something to the great men among barbarian nations, whose names have often burst upon civilized society with the fearful attractions of the meteor, or the comet, producing admiration in the beholders, without stopping to inquire the true cause. Such were the Tamerlanes and the Tippoo Saibs of the eastern world, of a prior age, as well as the Mehemet Alis and Abdel Kaders of the present. And such were, also, with reduced means of action, numbers of the American aboriginal chiefs, who, between the days of Manco Capac and Micanopy have figured in the history of the western world. Most of these men owe their celebrity to the mere fact of their having dazzled or astounded, or like Brant himself, excited the terror of those who opposed them. In the case of the latter, a change of opinion in those particular traits which affect his humanity, is less readily made, from the fact, yet generally remembered, that he had received a Christian education; that he was, while a mere boy, received into the best society, acquired the English language, and had been instructed, first at a New England academy, and afterwards at one of its most practically efficient colleges. Posterity holds the Mohawk chief responsible to have carried the precepts thus obtained into the forest, and to have diffused their blessings among those who had perhaps his bravery, without his talents or his knowledge. Those who fought against him were ill qualified, we confess, to be his judges. He had not only espoused the wrong cause, wrong because it was adverse to the progress of national freedom and those very principles his people contended for; but he battled for it with a master's hand, and made the force of his energy felt,

as the author has more fully indicated than was before known, from the banks of the Mohawk and the Niagara, to the Ohio, the Miami, and the Wabash. Yet, if there was error in the extent to which he carried the precepts of civilisation and Christianity, it was meet it should be pointed out, although it will also be admitted, the public have a right to look for the strongest of these proofs of a kind and benevolent feeling towards his open enemies, out of the range of his domestic circle. His family had carried the incipient principles of civilisation, which he gave them, too high—they had exhibited to the next age, a too prominent example of cultivation and refinement in every sense—not to feel deeply the obloquy cast upon his name, by the poetic spirit of the times; and not to wish that one who had, in verity, so many high and noble qualities, both in the council and the field, should also be without a spot on his humanity. We deem the feeling as honorable to all who have the blood of the chieftain in their veins as it is praiseworthy in his biographer. We cannot, however, consent to forget, that historical truth is very severe in its requisitions, and is not to be put off, by friend or foe, with hearsay testimony, or plausible surmises.

Brant cannot, like Xicotencal, be accused of having joined the invaders of his country, who were recklessly resolved upon its subjugation; but he overlooked the fact, that both the *invader* and the *invaded*, in the long and bloody border warfare of the revolution, were, in all that constitutes character, the same people. They were of the same blood and lineage, spoke the same language, had the same laws and customs, and the same literature and religion, and he failed to see that the only real point of difference between them was, who should wield the sceptre. Whichever party gained the day in such a contest, letters and Christianity must triumph, and as the inevitable result, barbarism must decline, and the power of the Indian nation fall.

In Brant, barbarism and civilisation evinced a strong and singular contest. He was at one moment a savage, and at another a civilian, at one moment cruel, and at another humane; and he exhibited, throughout all the heroic period of his career, a constant vacillation and struggle between good and bad, noble and ignoble feelings, and, as one or the other got the mastery, he was an angel of mercy, or a demon of destruction. In this respect, his character does not essentially vary from that which has been found to mark the other leading red men who, from Philip to Osceola, have appeared on the stage of action. Like them, his reasoning faculties were far less developed than his physical perceptions. And to attempt to follow or find anything like a fixed principle of humanity, basing itself on the higher obligations that sway the human breast, would, we fear, become a search after that which had no existence in his mind; or if the germ was there, it was too feeble to become predominant. We do not think it necessary, in commenting on his life, to enter into any nice train of reasoning or motives to account for this characteristic, or to reconcile cruelties of the most shocking kind, when contrasted with traits of mildness and urbanity. They were different moods of the man, and, in running back over the eventful years of his life, it becomes clear, that civilisation had never so completely gained the mastery over his mind and heart, as not to desert him, without notice, the moment he heard the sound of the war-whoop. The fact that he could use the pen, supplied no insuperable motives against his wielding the war club. His tomahawk and his Testament lay on the same shelf. The worst trait in his character is revealed in his tardiness to execute acts of purposed mercy. There was too often some impediment, which served as an excuse, as when he had a ploughed field to cross to save Wells and his family, or a lame heel, or gave up the design altogether, as in the case of Wisner, whom he construed it into an act of mercy to tomahawk.

That he was, however, a man of an extraordinary firmness, courage and decision of character, is without doubt. But his fate and fortunes have not been such as to give much encouragement to chiefs of the native race in lending their influence to European, or Anglo-European powers, who may be engaged in hostilities against each other on this continent. Pontiac had realized this before him, and Tecumtha realized it after him. Neither attained the object he sought. One of these chiefs was assassinated, the other fell in battle, and Brant himself only survived the defeat of his cause, to fret out his

latter days in vain attempts to obtain justice from the power which he had most loyally served, and greatly benefited. Had he been knighted at the close of the contest, instead of being shuffled from one great man to another, at home and abroad, it would have been an instance of a noble exercise of that power. But George III. seemed to have been fated, at all points, neither to do justice to his friends nor his enemies.

Such was Brant, or Thayendanegea, symbolically the Band of his tribe,* to whose lot it has fallen to act a more distinguished part, in the history of the Colonies, as a consummate warrior, than any other aboriginal chieftain who has arisen. And his memory was well worthy of the elaborate work in which his biographer has presented him, in the most favorable points of view, amidst a comprehensive history of the border wars of the revolution, without, however, concealing atrocities of which he was, perhaps sometimes unwillingly, the agent.

A word, and but a word, will be added, as to some points connected with this chief's character, which are not in coincidence with the generally received opinion, or are now first introduced by way of palliation, or vindication. We confess, that so far as the presence or absence of the Great Mohawk in the massacre of Wyoming, is concerned, the statements are either inconclusive, or less satisfactory than could be wished. There was quite too much feeling sometimes evinced by his family, and particularly his son John, to permit us to receive the new version of the statement without some grains of allowance. An investigation is instituted by Col. Stone as to the immediate ancestry of Brant, and much importance is attached to the inquiry, whether he was descended from a line of hereditary chiefs. We think the testimony adverse to such a supposition, and it affords no unequivocal proof of talents, that without such an adventitious circumstance, certainly without being of the line of *ruling* chiefs, he elevated himself to be, not only the head chief and leader of his tribe, but of the Six Nations. Courtesy and popular will attach the title of chief or sachem to men of talents, courage or eloquence among our tribes generally; and while mere descent would devolve it upon a chief's son, whatever might be his character, yet this fact alone would be of little import, and give him little influence, without abilities: whereas abilities alone are found to raise men of note to the chieftainship, among all the North American tribes, whose customs and character are known.

It has constituted no part of our object, in these general outlines, to examine minor points of the biography or history, upon which the information or the conclusions are not so satisfactory as could be wished, or may, indeed, be at variance with our opinions. One fact, however, connected with this name, it is not deemed proper to pass *sub silentio*. Brant is made to take a part in the Pontiac war, a contest arising on the fall of the French power in Canada in 1759, and which closed in 1763. Brant was at its close but twenty-one years of age, and had not, it is probable, finally returned from his New England tutors. At any rate, there is no reason to suppose, that, at that early period of his life and his influence, he could have had any participation in the events of that war.

In the life of Red Jacket, or Sagóyewata, we have a different order of Indian intellect brought to view. He was an orator and a diplomatist, and was at no period of his life noted for his skill as a warrior. Nay, there are indubitable proofs that his personal courage could not always be "screwed up to the sticking point." But in native intellect, he was even superior to Brant. He was, indeed, the Brant of the council, and often came down upon his opponents with bursts of eloquence, trains of argument, or rhapsodies of thought, which were irresistible. And of him, it may be symbolically said, that his tongue was his tomahawk, and the grandiloquent vocabulary of the Seneca language, his warclub. Nor has any native chieftain wielded the weapon to more purpose, or with a longer continued effect than the great Seneca orator. The specimens of his eloquence which have appeared in our newspapers for forty years or more, are still fresh in the memory, and it was due and meet that these should be collected and preserved in a permanent shape, together with such particulars of his life and career

* The name is usually translated, two-sticks tied, or united.

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as could be obtained. This task has been performed by Col. Stone, in a manner which leaves nothing more to be attempted on the subject. Much zeal and industry have been evinced in eliciting facts from every quarter where it was probable information could be had. And he has brought together a body of contemporaneous proofs and reminiscences, touching this chief, which a few years would have put beyond the power of recovery, and which a position less prominent than he occupied as a public journalist, might have rendered it difficult for another to collect. We need only refer to the names of Gen. P. B. Porter, Rev. J. Breckenridge, Mr. Parish, and Mr. Hosmer, to show the character of this part of his materials.

Other chiefs of the native stock, have produced occasional pieces of eloquence, or admired oratory, but Red-Jacket is the only prominent individual who has devoted his whole career to it. That he did, indeed, excel, producing effects which no reported speech of his ever equalled or did justice to, there are still many living to attest. In the question of land sales, which arose between the white and red races, there were frequent occasions to bring him out. And these, in the end, assumed a complicated shape, from either the vague nature, or ill understood conditions of prior grants. In all these discussions, he preserved a unity and consistency in the set of opinions he had adopted. He was opposed to further sales, to removal, to civilisation, and to the introduction of Christianity among his people. What Brant had done in *politics*, Red-Jacket repeated in *morals*. Both took the wrong side, and both failed. But it is to be said of the Seneca orator, that he did not live to see the final defeat of that course of policy which he had so long and so ably advocated.

It was remarked by Mr. Clinton, and the fact had impressed others, that the Iroquois, or Six Nations, excelled the other natives in eloquence. Of this, their history, during the supremacy of Holland and England in New York, as given by Colden, furnishes ample proofs. The speech of Garangula, against the Governor General of Canada and his wily policy, is unexcelled, as a whole, by anything which even Red-Jacket has left in print, though much of the effect of it is due to the superior and heroic position occupied by the tribes for whom he spoke. Logan, unexcelled by all others for his pathos and simplicity, it must be remembered, was also of this stock,—Mingo, or *Mengwe*, as the Delawares pronounced it, being but a generic term for Iroquois; so that the transmission of this trait, from the proud era of the Iroquois confederacy down to modern days, is quite in keeping with the opinion quoted.

It is to be wished that Col. Stone would supply another link in the chain of Iroquois history, by favoring the public with the life of the noted Oneida chief, Shenandoah, for which materials must exist in the Kirkland family.

The lives of the two men, Uncas and Miontonimo, whose leading acts are described in one of the volumes named in our caption, belong to an earlier period of history, and a different theatre of action. The scene changes from western New York to the seaboard of Connecticut, Rhode Island, and, to some extent, Massachusetts Uncas was the good genius, the tutelary spirit, if we may so say, of the colony of Connecticut; and the best monument which that State could erect to his memory, would be to change the unmeaning and worn out name of one of her counties, New London, for that of the noble and friendly chief, of whose forest kingdom it once formed a part. From the first day that the English colonists set foot within it, to the hour of his death, Uncas was the unwavering "friend of the white man," as his biographer justly calls him. He was of that race, whom history has, without making a particle of allowance for savage ignorance and hereditary prejudice, branded under the name of Pequods. They were of that type of languages and lineage, which was very well characterized generically, at least as far south as the original country of the Delawares; but which assumed a sub-type after crossing the Hudson, and was known east of that point under one of its superinduced forms, as the Mohegan. This term had been dropped by the Pequods, if it was ever their specific cognomen, but it is a proof, and we think a very conclusive proof, of the yet freshly remembered affiliation with Taminund* and the

* The name of this chief is Anglicised in the word Tammany.

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Manhattans, that Uncas, the moment he revolted from King Sassacus, assumed the name of a Mohegan, and put himself at the head of that tribe, as it then existed within the boundaries of Connecticut. Or rather, he constituted the revolted Pequods a new tribe, under an old and respected name, and he thus laid the foundation of the Uncas dynasty. Placed thus by circumstances in a position in which he sought an alliance with the early colonists, and finding his security in theirs, he was in fact the only leading chief of the times who, really, heartily, and faithfully sought their prosperity and growth to the end. The rise of Uncas and Connecticut thus began at one era; and as the alliance was founded on mutual interest and safety, it only grew stronger with time. A man of less force of character or natural sagacity than Uncas, would have vacillated when he saw the colonists becoming more powerful and himself more weak as years rolled on, and would have been seduced to enter into alliances for arresting the white man's power, as other native chiefs had done. But all history concurs in showing that, under every circumstance, and there were many of the most trying kind, he carried himself well, and avoided even a suspicion of his fidelity.

Uncas was well qualified for a ruler both in mind and person. He possessed a fine figure, over six feet in height, a commanding voice, and a noble bearing. He was mild yet dignified in his manners. He was not only wise in council, but brave* in war, as he evinced in many instances, but particularly in the battle of Sachem's Plain, in which he proved himself the bravest and most chivalrous of the brave. Yet his wisdom and moderation in governing his people, and the well balanced justice and consistency of his character, give him a still higher reputation, and establish his best claim to remembrance. In all the trials in which he was placed, in all the temptations he had to fly into a rage, and act out the savage, he sustained this character for wise deliberation; and by adhering to his first covenant with the English, and laying all his plans and grievances before the colonial courts, he raised himself in strength and reputation, and finally triumphed, first over Sassacus, and then over Miontonimo, the two greatest and most powerful of his immediate contemporaries.

If Uncas was the patron of Connecticut, Miontonimo, with his family of the Narragansett chiefdom, was equally so of Rhode Island. And it is from this obvious fact, probably, in part, that we find the historical notices of him, from the last quarter, decidedly more favorable to his general character than those emanating from the land of his enemy and his conqueror, Uncas. While there is no disagreement as to any historical fact of note, it is natural that some little shade of feeling of this nature should remain. We have noticed a similar feeling with respect to existing tribes and chiefs, in the western world, where the inhabitants never fail to be imbued with those peculiar notions and traditions of the particular tribe about them, which represent the latter as the principal nation, and invest them with tribal traits of superiority. It is a feeling which leans to the better side of one's nature, and does honor to men's hearts; but the historian is obliged to look at such questions with a colder eye, and can never abate a tittle of the truth, although he may run counter to this local sympathy and bias. We could name some remarkable instances of this prejudice, if we were willing to digress.

If Miontonimo be compared to Uncas, it will at once be seen that he lacked the latter's sagacity and firmness of character. Had the Narragansett listened to Sassacus, and formed a league with him, he would have crushed, for a time, the infant colony of Connecticut. This he declined, apparently, because it had the specific character of enabling Sassacus to put down Uncas. After the Pequod king had been defeated and fled to the Mo-

* The terms "brave" and "braves" used in a substantive sense, in this work, are neither English nor Indian. The Indian term should be translated strong-heart, its literal import; for it is one of the general rules of these languages, that the operation of the adjective, as well as action of the verb, is uniformly marked upon the substantive—there being, indeed, different inflections of each substantive, to denote whether this operation or action be caused by a noble or ignoble, or an animate or inanimate object. Besides, as a mere matter of taste, we think the French term *brave* is one having but little claim to introduction into our language, burthened as it already is with Americanisms.

hawks, Miontonimo was left in a position to assume the Pequod's policy, and then tried to bring Uncas into just such a combination to fall on the colonists, as he had himself refused, when the proposition came from Sassacus. As Uncas not only refused, but laid the scheme before his allies, Miontonimo went to war against him, with a large army. Uncas hastily prepared to meet him, with a smaller force. They met on Sachem's Plain, on the banks of the Shawtucket. Uncas, unwilling to see so many of his people slain in battle, nobly stepped forward and proposed a personal combat, to decide the question of who should rule, and who obey. It was declined, but the moment the reply was made, he threw himself on the plain, a signal, it seems, for his men to advance, and they came on with such an impulse, that he won the day and took Miontonimo prisoner. This capture was the act of one of his minor chiefs; but when his enemy was brought before him, he declined exercising his right of putting him to death, but determined to refer the matter to the authorities at Hartford. There it was found to be a knotty question, and finally referred to the General Court at Boston. The Court strengthened itself with the opinions of six distinguished clergymen and several eminent civilians; and then decided, that the Narragansett chief had justly forfeited his life, by violating his political covenants with the colonies, but it might not be taken away *by them*. He must be remanded to Uncas, within his jurisdiction, and by him be executed; but it was enjoined, with a very poor compliment to the known mildness of the character of Uncas, that no needless cruelty should be practised. Here, then, the white man evinced less mercy than the red had done. Miontonimo was now released from his confinement, and conducted back to the very spot where he had first been taken prisoner, as he approached which, one of the Mohegans who accompanied him, keeping him in entire ignorance of his fate, raised his tomahawk as he walked behind him, and laid him dead at a blow.

Whether the moral responsibility of this execution rests with the court, or the executioner, we do not propose particularly to inquire, nor to ascertain to what degree it was shuffled off, by directing an Indian to commit an act which it was unlawful for a white man and a Christian to perform. Had Uncas slain his adversary in cold blood, after the action, the thing would have been in perfect accordance with Indian law. Had Miontonimo been a subject of either of the colonies of Connecticut, Rhode Island, or Massachusetts, and levied war, or committed any overt act of treason, his execution would have been in accordance with the laws of civilized nations. Neither condition happened. It was, however, felt, that the great disturber of the colonies, after Sassacus, had now been caught. He had violated his covenant by going to war without apprizing them. They did not believe he would keep any future covenants. The moral sense of the community would not be shocked, but rather gratified by his execution. This point was strongly signified to the court. But they could not legally compass it. English law opposed it. The customs of civilized nations, in warring with *each other*, opposed it. Should a different rule be observed towards the aborigines? Did the dictates of sound judgment and common sense, did the precepts of Christianity,—aye, "there was the rub,"—did the precepts of Christianity sanction it? On full deliberation,—for the question was not decided in haste,—neither of these points could be affirmatively answered. But while policy—the policy of *expediency*, the lust of power, and the offended moral sense of an exposed and suffering community demanded, as it was thought, the death of the sachem, still it was not found that one whom they had ever treated, and then viewed, as a foreign prince, legally considered, could be thus deprived of his life. Imprisonment was not, as a permanent policy, resolved on. There was one course left to escape both dilemmas, and to avoid all censure. It was to restore things to the precise footing they had before his surrender. It was to hand him back to Uncas, without the expression of any decision, leaving that chieftain to act as he deemed fit. They remanded him indeed, but went one step too far, by first deciding in a formal court, after months of deliberation, in the course of which the clergy and gentry (this is a term that would be proper to the times) had been formally consulted, and directed his

death, stipulating only that he should not be killed with cruelty. If there was not something that smacks of the want of true and noble dealing in this—if it accorded with the bland precepts of Christianity, to do unto others as you would that others should do unto you—if the act did not, in fine, partake of the very spirit of Jesuitism in the worst sense in which the word has been adopted into the language, we have, we confess, formed a totally wrong idea of its meaning.

A case, in some respects similar to this, happened in modern times, which may be thought to contrast rather strongly with the above example of Puritan mercy. The reasons for a capital punishment, were, indeed, far more cogent, and the community called out strongly for it, and would have sustained it. It was the capture of Black Hawk, which, it will be recollected, took place during the first Presidential term of General Jackson. Black Hawk had levied war within the boundaries of one of the States, on lands ceded by treaty, and organized a confederacy of Indian tribes, which, though broken up in part, chiefly through the failure of the other tribes to fulfil their engagements with him, yet required for its suppression the entire disposable force of the Union. The Sac chief was finally captured on Indian territory, in the act of fleeing west of the Mississippi. He was imprisoned, and the case referred to the Government for decision. He had broken his treaty covenants. He had not only made war, but in its outbreak and its continuance, had been guilty of countenancing, at least, the most shocking barbarities. He had, indeed, opened the scene by cruelly murdering the agent of the Government, the representative of the President, in the person of Mr. St. Vrain. The community, the western States particularly, called loudly for his execution. There could be no security, it was said, if such a bloody fellow was allowed to roam at large. He had forfeited his life a thousand times. There was, indeed, the same popular feeling against him, which had existed in New England, one hundred and ninety years before, against Miontonimo. But could he have been *legally* executed? And if so, was it, indeed, the true policy? Was it noble—was it high-minded? Was it meting out exact and regular justice to men with red skins, as well as white? It was thought that all these questions must be negatively answered; and the bold Sac insurgent was sent home, accompanied by an officer of the army, to secure his comfort and safety, and thus to see that a wise and merciful decision should be faithfully carried out, and popular indignation be prevented from wreaking itself, in the assassination of the chief.

In closing these remarks, it may appear selfish to express the hope, that Mr. Stone, to whom we are already indebted for these spirited, comprehensive, and well written volumes, should still further employ his pen in adding to the sum of these obligations. But he has so well studied the field in its historical bearing, so far at least as relates to the eastern department of the Union, that we know of no one to whom the labor would present less of the character of a task. We are in want of a good account of Philip, or Metacom, the energetic sachem of the Pokenokets, who impersonated so fully the wild Indian character and views, and battled so stoutly against the occupancy of New England by the Saxon race. In showing up to modern times such a man, we think a biography would derive very deep interest, and it would certainly be a new experiment, to take up the aboriginal views and opinions of the invading race, and thus write, as it were, from *within*, instead of *without* the circle of warlike action. In this way, their combinations, efforts and power, would better appear, and redound more to the credit of the aboriginal actors, as warriors and heroes. As it is, history only alludes to them as conspirators, rebels, traitors, or culprits; as if the fact of their opposing the egress of civilized nations, who were in all respects wiser and better, were sufficient to blot out all their right and claim to the soil and sovereignty of the land of their forefathers, and they were in fact bound to stand back, and give it up, *nolens volens*.

We had designed to subjoin a few remarks on the biographical labors of other writers in this department, particularly those of Thatcher and Drake, but our limits are already exhausted, and we must abandon, or at least, defer it.

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CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.*

Before proceeding to the main purpose of this Article, a few words may be spared to the task of noticing the manner in which the one in our last Number entitled "The Gallows and the Gospel," has been received by several of those religious papers which have interested themselves particularly, on "religious" grounds, in favor of capital punishment. They are, forsooth, excessively indignant at such an alliterative connection of words and ideas; and for the terms in which the action of a *portion* of the Clergy on this subject was spoken of, hot and bitter have been the phials of even personal wrath poured out upon our devoted head. The injustice of all this is as gross as its abusiveness. It was perfectly within the scope of fair controversy thus to shadow forth the true character of this movement, as we regard it, in terms of strength calculated to arrest strongly the thought and conscience of the Class addressed, even though they seemed at first to plant rather a rough and painful wound. There was no personal disrespect or unkind feeling either meant or felt towards any persons or person. It was distinctly stated that all those to whom it could apply were "sustained undoubtedly by a full sense of right in both its moral and religious aspects," and that our language implied "rather an emphatic tribute to their zeal and prowess in a cause *which to them is a good one because they regard it so.*" The whole article was closely argumentative and critical, defying and inviting refutation, and offering our own pages to its reception; with a frank liberality and fearlessness, of which we regret not to have seen more on the other side of this controversy. The feeling which it has caused to start forth, proves only the depth to which the sharp probe of the truth involved in that very roughness and strength of phrase, struck home according to its exact aim. We can readily forgive the personal abuse thus elicited, nor have we allowed the kindly calmness of our own mind, on this subject, to be at all ruffled by it all. We are only glad to see such involuntary tribute to the truth for which we contend,—for why, *why*, should it be felt to be so insulting, the imputation to a portion of the Clergy of the special championship of the Gallows and the Hangman, if the former be indeed so high and sacred an institution of God, and the latter its necessary and heaven-ordained minister?

But enough of this; and we turn to the proper duty and design of the present Article. There are some circumstances attendant on the publication of the first named of the two works referred to at the foot of the page, which lead us to depart from the course we should otherwise have deemed proper, in taking editorial notice of a matter with which we happened to have had a personal connection. This volume is a reprint from the columns of a religious paper published in the city of New York, (the "Evangelist"), of the three Discourses delivered by their author on the occasions stated in its title—a reprint with some additions. While it was passing through the press, on the fact of its forthcoming appearance coming to our knowledge, we immediately proposed to its author, that some statement of the adverse argument on the same occasions should accompany it, as an appendix—and offered to prepare it within the few days necessary to be in season for the purpose. It was expressly offered that that statement

* Capital Punishment. The Argument of the Rev. George B. Cheever, in reply to J. L. O'Sullivan, Esq., in the Broadway Tabernacle, on the evenings of January 27th, and February 3d and 17th. New York: Published by Saxton & Miles, 205 Broadway. Boston: Saxton, Pierce & Co. 1843. 12mo. pp. 108.

Black Jacob, a Monument of Grace. The Life of Jacob Hodges, an African Negro who died in Canandaigua, N. Y., February, 1842. By A. D. Eddy, Newark, N. J. Revised by the Committee of Publication. American Sunday School Union. Philadelphia: 146 Chestnut street. 18mo. pp. 94.

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should be confined to the arguments and evidences actually adduced, not going beyond that limit to include any new matter, nor being at all in the nature of a review or criticism of the written discourses as they were already in print before the public eye—or at least the eyes of the readers of the "Evangelist." It was to be simply a summary statement of a part, at least, of the arguments used at the Tabernacle —a *part*, because the circumstances denied the privilege of such space as would be necessary to go over the whole ground traversed by three oral speeches of upwards of an hour each. An actual detailed report of them was of course out of the question,—as well from the difficulties of time and space, as because, having been extemporaneous, and without the presence of reporters, no record remained from which such could be prepared. On one of the evenings, also, the unexpected course pursued on the other side had forced the advocate of the reform in question to speak at a moment's notice, unprovided with the benefit of even any mental preparation or outline notes, when he had come on the understanding that he was to speak *last*, instead of *first*,—to answer his opponent, and of course to derive from his speech the suggestive materials of reply. It was offered, however, to throw into the form of a Letter to the Editors of the Evangelist, such a briefer statement of the substance of the argument as has been above mentioned; and it was earnestly urged that (independently of its obvious benefit to the circulation and sale of the book by widening its market), it was due in fairness to the cause of truth,—especially as the volume purported to give the three Discourses constituting one side of what was called a "*debate*," and necessarily full of allusions to the adverse side of the argument. The force of these considerations appeared at first to be yielded to, and consent given, with seeming acquiescence in its propriety, to the insertion of the addition proposed. It was, however, afterwards withdrawn by Mr. Cheever—for the reason substantially avowed, that he preferred, for the sake of the cause involved, that his side of the case should alone go to the readers of the volume—unweakened by accompanying counteracting argument which might affect injuriously some of the weaker minds among them; nor could any of the obvious grounds of remonstrance, whether in the form of request, argument or challenge, against the timid unfairness of such a one-sided course, avail to shake it. The publishers, who had at first consented to the addition (though certainly with no very cheerful heart)—and who again, at a later period, when directly pushed on the point, declared their willingness to admit it, if Mr. Cheever was willing—were finally led by their sympathies with his views and wishes to refuse, *after* the manuscript was placed in their hands, and there being sufficient time for the typographical work.

When to this course thus pursued in the publication of the book, we add the mode in which a very unequal, if we may not say unfair, advantage was taken at the meeting in the Tabernacle itself, so as to operate both against the side of the proposed reform and personally against its advocate, we cannot shut our eyes to the extreme reluctance exhibited on the other side, to trust it to the ordeal of a fair, frank, equal and distinct *discussion;* a reluctance the more remarkable, and the less justifiable, as the opponent of the reform in the present case was so eminently qualified, not only to do full justice, but, by his eloquent rhetoric and ingenious dialectic, far more than justice, to his side of the argument; and also as the three Discourses to which was to be opposed a brief statement of argument, the hasty and rapid task of two or three days divided among other pressing duties and labors, were the fruit of the elaborate preparation of weeks. The only remark we choose to make on the facts we have thus deemed it right and just to state, is, that we rejoice to recognize such an unconscious tribute, from its bitterest opponents, to the merits and strength of a cause which it can be felt necessary thus to oppose—such an instinctive testimony to the weakness of that which needs such means to screen it from the sifting scrutiny of fair *reply*, whether by pen or tongue.

Thus much as to the circumstances of the publication of this volume, which ought not to go unnoted, and respecting which, content with the statement of facts, we abstain from pointing the inferences others may draw for themselves. We do not intend to *review* it—respecting too highly the ju-

dicial ermine of the Court of Criticism, to sit in a case coming so near home to a personal interest. But there are some points on which we feel called upon to answer and expose it,—to the proper understanding of which the above explanations were necessary.

But a few words, first, to the other modest little volume which is conjoined with Mr. Cheever's, at the head of the present Article. And who is "Black Jacob," that he should be admitted into such honorable companionship? Black Jacob was a negro for whom it was well that the Rev. Mr. Cheever was not the "keeper of the conscience" to the government of the State of New York in the year of our Lord, 1820. In that case he must have been exhibited as a "Monument of Grace" upon the gallows, according to Mr. Cheever's views of imperative obligation of duty to an assumed command of God, and to his peculiar theory of the law of Christian benevolence and mercifulness, characterizing that cherished and time-honored institution; instead of being, through a subsequent life of religious goodness and social well-doing, an object of general respect and regard; and, after an exemplary death (in another sense from that which consistency would require Mr. Cheever to have preferred to witness in his case), of posthumous commemoration and eulogy.

Black Jacob, after first seeing the light somewhere in Pennsylvania, had knocked about the world as an ignorant and worthless though remarkably clever negro, till the age of fifty-six, when he found himself settled in Orange County, New York. His biography thus briefly describes him at this period: "Having cast aside all the restraints of moral influence, he had become confirmed on land in all the habits of vice contracted upon the sea." He was here employed to do one of the foullest murders ever planned. It was upon an old man of seventy, named Jennings,—being a murder of revenge on the part of a family which had been long engaged in the hostilities of law with Jennings, resulting in the great disappointment and impoverishment of the former. Jacob was a laborer in their employment. For a year they were engaged in preparing it, and inducing Jacob to their service for its execution. His objections, though he resisted for a long time, at last yielded to persuasion, intemperance, and promise of pecuniary reward; and, undertaking it, he carried it into effect with the utmost deliberation, shooting him early one morning in the head, and one of his white accomplices completing the murder with the butt-end of the gun. Of the latter there were four—three men and the wife of one of them. Of the three men, two were hung, one imprisoned for life, while the woman was let off with a nominal punishment (as is usually the case in this country in murders by females). Jacob was found guilty, but received a commutation to imprisonment for life from the Legislature then in session; the Executive, before the adoption of the new constitution in 1821, not having the power of *commutation*, though possessing that of pardon. He had made a very favorable impression on the court and audience by his meritorious deportment on his own trial and that of the others, against whom he had been used as the chief witness of the State. His testimony against his accomplices had been given voluntarily, without inducement of hope held out to himself. A striking proof of his intellectual superiority—(removing him so much the further from excuse for his crime)—was contained in a wonderful cross-examination conducted with great power on the part of the defending counsel, which he endured for upwards of seven hours at one time uninterruptedly, without ever faltering or stumbling in any of the details of his testimony. Mr. Van Buren, at that time Attorney General of the State, was engaged in the case to assist the District Attorney of the county; and it has since been a frequent subject of mention by him, that he had never seen such a witness as Black Jacob, for clearness of mind and memory, and steadiness under the hottest ordeal. And even in the midst of his ignorance and degradation, the most casual observer was struck, we are told, with the superior manliness and dignity of his deportment. Judge Van Ness, when pronouncing his sentence of death, said to him: "You possess a more than ordinary strength of mind. Providence has blessed you with a memory without a parallel in all my experience." However, the "command

of God" was violated—"the authority of the Bible" trampled on—and even Mr. Cheever's newly discovered principle, in the very "Law of Love" of the Christian Gospel, requiring the atonement of "blood for blood," was impiously disregarded—(for Heaven's sake, reader, impute not all this to us!)—and Black Jacob was *not* hung, atrocious and deliberate as had been his hired assassination; his soul was *not* hurled down the fatal plunge into the darkness of eternity; and his body was *not* "delivered to the President of the County Medical Society, for dissection." This was doubtless highly criminal on the part of the public authorities, but such was the fact. Black Jacob was first committed to a cell in the penitentiary on Manhattan Island, where he was at first treated with a neglect and harshness which produced only a bad effect on his character, until he was afterwards removed to the famous state prison at Auburn.

A very interesting view is presented in the Rev. Mr. Eddy's narrative, of the influence of a wisely kind and liberal spirit of prison discipline, in softening the most rugged natures, in reclaiming the most inveterate habits of viciousness—even though that very last degree of red guilt may have been incurred of which Mr. Cheever tells us, that "it is right, it is benevolent, it is necessary, that such a crime should invariably, without any exception, in any case whatever, be punished with the extremest penalty of which heaven has annexed the authority to human law."

Notwithstanding his advanced age, he was taught to read, and eventually, under the influence of this *truly* Christian method of dealing with crime and the criminal, became a genuine, humble, and devout penitent, and truly exemplary Disciple of the Cross. He in the end received a pardon—the exact time of which we do not find stated; though we believe it was in 1831, about eleven years after the date of his sentence. After living a year in the village of Auburn, in the house of a gentleman of that place, he removed to the neighboring village of Canandaigua, to that of a highly respectable and estimable lady, in whose service he continued till his death in February of last year; having the general stewardship and charge of her house and establishment, and fully meriting by his conduct the unbounded confidence reposed in him, during both the absence and presence of the family, which consisted entirely of ladies. The modesty, consistency, and deep and strong religious fervor which characterized this poor old *mercifully treated murderer*—the practical excellence and beneficence of his life—the trusting tranquillity of his death—the high regard and admiration which he appeared to awaken on the part of all around him—all combine to prove that society was at least no sufferer by this instance of a wisely benign mercy, extended even to one who seemed one of the most abject in ignorance, most inveterate in vice, and most atrocious in the immediate hireling assassination which he had perpetrated with so much deliberation. It may have been an act meriting, for its plain disobedience to the alleged authority of God, His high displeasure—but that displeasure was certainly manifested in a very singular mode. We will conclude this account of *one* recent recorded case which thus escaped the application of Mr. Cheever's "Law of Love," with the following:

"Jacob was not only a constant attendant upon the appointments of the church of which he was a member, but he often led in devotional exercises when requested to do so. In those services he engaged without the slightest appearance of pride. On the contrary, his public exercises as well as his whole deportment were characterized uniformly with the most humble spirit. At the same time, there was a propriety, a richness and a glow of devotion in his services, that showed alike the superior order of his mind and the deep piety of his heart. I shall never forget one prayer-meeting in particular. It was held at the house where he lived. After several others had led in the devotional exercises of the evening, all of whom had received the advantages of education, and exhibited nothing inappropriate or defective in the character of their petitions, Jacob was asked to pray. Kneeling before us, he led our devotions in a manner so appropriate, so solemn, so tender, subdued and scriptural, that all which preceded seemed cold, formal, and heartless. There was such apparent nearness to God, such great familiarity with the service of prayer, such breathing of a heavenly spirit, that in following him myself, I felt like treading on hallowed ground. In this exercise beyond all others he was most at home and happy. Indeed,

here was often a majesty of thought in his prayers that gave a magnificent richness to the drapery that clothed them, till n listening to the glowing language of his supplications, I have often been reminded of the power of piety and the Spirit of God as illustrated in the inspiration of truth, where the clearness and sacredness of the subject forbid the use of any other than the most appropriate and impressive language. He had learned the necessity and value of prayer from the Bible, and hence, too, he had at first drawn the finest thoughts and language with which to approach the mercy-seat."

. . . . . .

"*Jacob was a useful Christian.* Such a one could hardly be otherwise. It may be said of him, 'He hath done what he could.' There are not a few in this village who owe their conversion, under God, to his faithfulness, and I doubt not there are many who are ready to rise up and call him blessed."

After all, may not the question be suggested to some of these ministers of the Christian Gospel,—was not this rather better than hanging him by the neck from a gallows till he was dead, and delivering his body to "the President of the Orange County Medical Society, for dissection?"

So much for "Black Jacob,"—we return to the Rev. Mr. Cheever; as before stated, not to *review* his book, but to remark on a few points which claim it at our hand. We must beg the reader, interested in the subject, to recur to the Article on the Scriptural branch of this question in our last Number—which contained the substance of that part of the argument orally adduced on the occasions referred to. Mr. Cheever has added to his present publication an attempt to meet the critical analysis of the verse in Genesis, which he did *not* adduce in the Tabernacle, notwithstanding that he possessed, and he alone, the opportunity of all the Reply on those occasions, and that his attention was expressly challenged to it. He has, however, done it on "sober second-thought," with the pen—though it would have been quite as consistent with candor and the fact, to have clothed them in a corresponding form as a supplementary note, and not to have given them that as of actual delivery at the time, such as "my opponent has asserted with astonishing hardihood, &c."—especially when imputing to his opponent an assertion never asserted by him at all. It is really too bad, that after being cut off from all chance of replication on the actual occasion—and then refused the right of appearing in the same book with even a brief and rapid statement of the argument advanced—we should now find, on the publication of the book, not only new matter introduced, as the lawyers say *nunc pro tunc*, but in doing so in essential particulars a flat misstatement of our arguments. It is hard, not only not to be allowed to speak for yourself, but to have your adversary undertake to speak for you, and impute to you, not your own either words or thoughts, but that of which he can best make a show of pretended refutation. We do not mean to charge these misstatements as intentional, but their effect is just as bad; and there they stand bound up in a book, and of course beyond the reach of contradiction. They at least illustrate the consequence of the one-sided mode of proceeding above explained.

However, we do not regret that we have here the last and best word of the leading advocate of Capital Punishment in the country, on this question of Biblical criticism,—especially as it is not put forth till a fortnight subsequent to the publication of the Article above referred to in our last Number. On the point of the imperative shape gratuitously given in English to the future tense in the original, (the future which we render as either declaratory or permissive), he adds nothing to the statement of the adverse argument given by ourselves in the act of refuting it.* He coolly goes on using the

* It may well be worth a passing notice in a note, though not otherwise, to allude to the remark thus gravely set forth: "My antagonist is greatly mistaken in supposing there is no imperative mood in the Hebrew language; there is an imperative mood, but no third person; and instead of its third person, the future is always used with an imperative sense." This happens to be precisely what we had stated; it is Mr. Cheever who is "greatly mistaken" in imputing to us the supposition that there was "no imperative mood in the Hebrew language." It was on this very case of the third person that the remark had been made, and it was the absence of an imperative mood *for that person* that was spoken of. Such things as this are one consequence of this one-sided mode of proceeding.

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word *shall* on all occasions, as if it were a matter of universal acquiescence. The omission of any further attempt to meet our reasoning on this point, we receive and note as a virtual admission that there is nothing more to oppose to it. We are content to abide the judgment of every candid intelligence.

Next, respecting the preposition *beth*, which our opponents render "by"—("*by* man *shall* his blood be shed")—but which was shown to be at least equally susceptible of various other significations; whereas the "by" was not only essential to constitute the command upon human responsibility or agency, but almost indispensable to our opponents to fortify their imperative application of the future. We expressed a preference for *among*, as its intended sense, with Le Clerc; though the point of our argument was simply to overthrow the translation "by" as necessary in the text. He says that "among" would not diminish the force of the statute as an injunction, because, "in all probability the magistracy itself is referred to"—in the court of justice, among or in the presence of witnesses, judges, &c.—or as a public spectacle. "In all probability," it means rather, as was fully stated, *among men*, in human society, under the operation of the general principles of human nature, in the course of God's providence acting through human events; and harmonizes perfectly with that general declaratory or denunciatory sense in which, in common with many eminent authorities, we read the passage. Sometimes through the hands of men, at others through all the countless modes of violence, the general denunciation will execute itself, as a general principle of the divine government of the world, (ὡς ἐπὶ τὸ πολύ, in the words of Le Clerc), though not always practically carried into effect,—precisely as it is said in the Psalms, that "Bloody and deceitful men *shall not* live out half their days."

Mr. Cheever then goes on to say, (*nunc pro tunc*, as before remarked): "My opponent has asserted with astonishing hardihood, that the Septuagint translation is in favor of this rendering." We had simply referred to the Septuagint (as in the Article of our last Number), negatively as decisive against the "by"; but were so far from imputing to it the rendering of "among," that we expressly stated that given by it, ἀντὶ, or *for*—having before us the entire Greek passage, which it is unnecessary again to quote. And in the ἀντὶ of the Septuagint, he chooses to see a support to his imperative injunction (with the aid of the "*shall*" which, begging the whole question, he continues coolly to assume), while it evidently has no force beyond the idea of the divine retribution, involved in that principle of the providential government of the human race, which we contend for as being at least a perfectly natural and proper signification of the passage. It thus harmonizes with the preceding declaration of God, that *He* will require the blood that has been shed at the hand of both the beast and the man that may have shed it. The sole extent and object of the argument on one side is to negative the assumption on the other, that it imposes any imperative duty on men to take into their hands the infliction of that retribution, as a human punishment of "blood for blood." To us it seems a shocking mode of infusing into the sacred text meanings wholly gratuitous, so as to force it into harmony with an opinion or sentiment in the mind of the commentator for which support is needed, when we read such an inferential exposition of this verse as the following—all based upon the word ἀντὶ, which is as innocent of any such meaning as any other imaginable two syllables in the language: "It is not a prediction that in the course of Divine Providence the murderer will die, but it is a statute, that *instead of* the person murdered, the murderer's blood shall be shed, that is, deliberately, designedly, speedily."

Mr. Cheever goes on to remark on an allusion made to Calvin, in a manner which we must pronounce unpardonable in its unfairness and disingenuousness, which certainly would not have been allowed to pass uncontradicted had it in fact been uttered, as it would here seem to the reader to have been. We give it entire:

"My opponent has also gone so far as to assert that Calvin's opinion was against the common interpretation of this passage. Now, so far is this from being the case, that Calvin distinctly says, that in this

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statute God arms the magistracy with the sword for the punishment of murderers. Calvin renders the phrase which in our common translation is rendered '*by man*,' *in homine, in man*, and he does this simply because he thinks this phrase was used *to mark more expressly the atrocity of the crime of murder*. He says that he does not deny that the punishment of murder with death, by the judges, is here meant, but that *more* is meant. God prepares other providential executioners of his law, at the same time that he arms the magistracy with the sword, in order that the blood of man may not be shed with impunity. The opinion of Calvin, in his Commentary, is so clearly and so strongly in favor of this statute as an injunction, that I cannot account for the manner in which my opponent has hazarded his credit in appealing to this distinguished writer."

Our remark upon Calvin was substantially what is repeated on page 231 of our last Number. It was expressly stated, that while he approved of capital punishment, and justified it on this passage, he yet condemned as "forced" the translation "by man,"—giving to the particle which is so rendered the mere force of an emphatic amplification. That he was against the "common interpretation" of "*by* man," Mr. Cheever does not deny. "But all these interpretations are forced," are the words of Calvin, after speaking of the two versions given by some, "*in the presence of witnesses*," and "*by man*." Respecting the general scope of the whole passage, we certainly said nothing going beyond the statement which may be found, (together with the citation of Calvin's own words in the original), on the page above referred to: "And Calvin, expressly, in his commentary on the whole passage, interprets it rather in a denunciatory than in a merely legislative sense." The question was between the sense contended for on the one side as an *express law* for human government, and on the other, the larger and broader sense of a divine denunciation, and declaration by God of a great principle of *His* providential government, involving, of course, a *permission*. Calvin, as we stated, took this larger and broader view, at the same time that he was a good friend to capital punishment, and had little disposition to allow the authority for it which the passage afforded, to sleep idle or unimproved. He was not spoken of as either opposed to capital punishment, or to the application of this passage to its support and justification, but simply as taking our own enlarged and higher view of it (as a question of Biblical interpretation) which justifies us in *not* inflicting it, when we believe it to be no longer either necessary or expedient, though to him, habitually believing in both its necessity and expediency, it afforded full divine authority for its severest infliction. How far we were justified in this remark on the passage—though the readers of Mr. Cheever's page will never know—those of the present one may judge from the following words of Calvin himself:—"As regards the full force of the passage (summam rei), those are in error, in my opinion, who consider this as simply the enactment of a civil law, that homicides should be put to death. I do not indeed deny, that upon this declaration of God (sententia) is founded the punishment which both the laws declare and the judges execute; but I say that the words embrace more. It is written, Men of blood shall not live out half their days. And we see some perish in the streets, others in the haunts of vice, the greatest number in wars," &c. It is a small matter, but, as characteristic of the spirit of ingenuity brought to bear even in minute detail on the task of propping the tottering "institution" now the subject of attack and defence, we will point to the mode in which Calvin is represented as saying "that he does not deny that the punishment of murder with death, by the judges, is here meant," as if he spoke of it as a law and command to men in the sense in which Mr. Cheever and his reader would have in mind; while his words are, as already quoted, "I do not indeed deny that *upon* this declaration of God *is founded* the punishment," &c. (*in hac sententia Dei fundatam esse pœnam, &c.*) This is one of those nice evasions of the exact truth—made to come very near it, and in fact to graze it like an arrow, but still to miss it, and hit another object of ulterior aim—which in some men might be called the perfection of small cunning, but which in the present instance we impute simply to the warping influence of a bias, deepened by feeling and the spirit of controversy almost into a passion. Another somewhat similar instance, by the way,

occurs a few lines further on, imposing successfully on ninety-nine in a hundred readers, where he says: "and Le Clerc, to whom my opponent refers, observes that the Hebrew preposition here used may everywhere (passim) signify *per*, *by* or *through;* though, as in some peculiarities of Hebrew construction, the sense of *inter* or *among* may be admitted, he prefers that sense in this place." How much the force of the facts of a story depends on the telling and the teller! By judiciously strengthening the lights here, and deepening the shadows there —now striking in a bold and salient outline, and now throwing the lines back into vague and ill-defined dimness —a skilful hand in this line of art may transpose and transform the whole truth of every scene out of its just proportions into any effect he desires to produce. The instinctive subtlety of deep prejudice, unconsciously intent, less on candid truth than on the indulgence of itself and the attainment of its own aim, is often seen to act in precisely the same way. Now the word "passim" simply means that it is *constantly* to be found in the sense referred to, not that it "*may everywhere* signify *per*, &c.," because there are abundant cases where it *cannot* have that meaning; and he goes on to say about it here: "Nevertheless, according to the most frequent usage of the Hebrew language, it would have been said, BJAD ADAM, *by the hand of* man. Yet it is always read *baadam*, or *in man*, or *among men;*" in which sense he also says, that it "*often occurs* in the books of Moses."

However, all this is very small game —*le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle;* only we will not let Mr. Cheever escape this point, that the translation "*by* man" is not only unnecessary, but against the weight of the authorities. Le Clerc's reason gives it a fatal blow. It is conceded that BETH has numerous meanings, and that various authorities give it various senses in this passage. Calvin himself expressly condemns it. And the authority of the Septuagint (in view of the time and circumstances of its authorship) crushes it. Mr. Cheever may cling to it, for his whole cause hangs on this text; but though his ingenuity would exhaust possibility for its support—

——"si Pergama dextra
Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent!"—

yet even he cannot save it from before the inexorable eye of a just and searching criticism.

Mr. Cheever makes one more struggle on the point of this preposition—(not so much for his reading "*by*," as against that for which, among the several open to adoption, we expressed a preference) —of which we will give him the full benefit, both for the sake of entire justice to his argument, and as a fair specimen of the coolness with which (we mean in the way of logic and controversy, without personal offensiveness), he deals about his assumptions and epithets, unchecked by the rectifying influence, or the subsequent punishment, of *reply* from the opponent thus cavalierly treated:

"The climax of absurdity to which the proposed reading would reduce the whole statute on a mere prediction, is so great, that it is surprising it should find a single advocate. The Divine Being has just been uttering the solemn declaration that at the *hand of man* he would require the blood of man. Now if the question be asked, *How* will he require it? *How* will this threat be fulfilled? this proposed interpretation gravely replies, Whoso sheddeth man's blood, that man——WILL DIE AMONG MEN! Wonderful conclusion, most wonderful! The murderer will, in God's providence, die; and not only so, but *among men* he will die! And this is the way in which God will require the blood of the murderer *at the hands of man!* And not only so, but the murderer will thus die *among men*, because *in the image of God made he man!* In fact, neglecting the context, and attempting to change the common and natural translation of this statute, so as to make it other than a command, you fall into such absurdities, that it is only necessary to state them in order to strengthen tenfold the assurance of every reader of the Bible in the faithfulness and accuracy of the translation as it stands."

This is amusingly cool, and, doubtless, a very satisfactory mode of argument, when all on one side, to the person employing it, and to those who share his prejudices and feelings on the subject of controversy. What right have we to ask at all, "*How* will He require it? *How* will this threat be fulfilled?" The announcement is equally made that He will require it also of "*every beast* that sheddeth the blood of man." If the question is made, the

answer is obvious in the one case as in the other, that it will be in his own good though inscrutable way—sometimes, doubtless, by moral penalties in this world or the next; though superadded to them is the operation of this general principle, in the providential government of human society ("among men"), of the probable and usual consequence of violence and bloodshedding, provoking retaliatory return from natural human resentment, and creating habits of character and life which will generally lead to a violent end. The reason for the solemn and warning annunciation of this truth is given, being founded on the essential sanctity of the mysterious "image of God" in man. In our former Article, we sufficiently, though briefly, showed the absurd consequences of the mandatory and absolute rendering of the passage maintained by our opponents, and the perfect reasonableness of our own, (i. e., as either *declaratory*, or else *permissive* in case of necessity), and its harmony with various passages and facts of scripture authority and history, with which the other construction is utterly inconsistent.

But again, we say, enough of this—and more than enough! The impatient reader must bear with us awhile, in consideration of the nature of this part of this great controversy—of the profession and course of the opponent whose attitude in it in relation to us has been explained in the opening of this Article—and of the circumstances attending the publication of the present volume.

We have neither space nor design to go here into any general argument in favor of the abolition of Capital Punishment; nor to notice numerous points in the course of the volume before us, on which we should be glad of an opportunity to do justice. We will confine ourselves to the statistical argument, on which Mr. Cheever makes a most ostentatious parade of pretended triumph—on the strength of ingenious evasions, on some points; and on others, of the production of imposing exhibitions of figures from a Belgian report, brought forward at the close of the concluding evening, in that immunity from the sifting process of reply, to the privilege of which throughout he had clung so tenaciously. It was a sagacious instinct which prompted that course—at least so far as regards this branch of the argument.

A single preliminary hint of the three principal *reasons* of the fact established by this evidence. The *first* is found in the increased certainty of punishment when it is changed from death to one which, while certainly formidable enough in prospect and severe in suffering, is neither irremediable in case of error, nor in itself so revolting to human feeling. It is a well settled axiom, that it is less the severity than the certainty of punishment that restrains crime. The *second* is to be found in the general indifference of men to prospective and contingent risks of life, making the threat of the possible penalty of death no more efficacious than that of a long and hard imprisonment—even if as much so. And the *third*, in the demoralizing influence of the present law, hardening and brutalizing the heart, and suggesting the high social example of the death-punishment, to the too ready imitation of private resentments, just or imaginary,—making the practice itself the indirect cause of many of those very imitative acts of vindictive killing, from which it derives a large proportion of its victims.

There were four main masses of historical or statistical evidence, adduced in favor of the proposed reform. These were, (1) the evidence exhibited in the publications of the London Society for the Diffusion of Information on this subjeet, of the effect of the British mitigations of the penal code in 1830 and succeeding years; (2) that of Russia; (3) that of Belgium; and (4) that of Tuscany. We will briefly review these in their order.

1. The following table exhibits the statistics of a number of offences from which the death-penalty was either wholly removed or greatly mitigated at the several times referred to; showing the number of the respective offences committed in each of the two adjacent periods of equal length before and after the change. Those who are accustomed to regard the fear of that penalty as so useful and efficacious to restrain the conduct of men, will of course expect to find, on the removal of that great restraining terror, that the crimes in question had multiplied in frequency. Yet the reverse of this was remarkably the fact:

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ENGLAND AND WALES.—CRIMES AND DOUBLE PERIODS.

	Executions.		Committals.	
FORGERY.—2 *periods.*				
Ten years ending December, 1829,	64		746	
Do. " " 1839,		0		731
HORSE STEALING.—2 *periods.*				
Nine years ending December, 1829,	46		1626	
Do. " " 1838,		0		1565
BURGLARY AND HOUSE-BREAKING.—2 *periods.*				
Six years ending December, 1832,	56		5199	
Do. " " 1838,		3		4621
ROBBERY.—2 *periods.*				
Five years ending December, 1833,	36		1949	
Do. " " 1838,		5		1634
ATTEMPTS TO MURDER, &c.—2 *periods.*				
Four years ending December, 1834,	14		520	
Do. " " 1838,		4		528
CAPITAL ASSAULTS UPON FEMALES.—2 *periods.*				
Four years ending December, 1834,	16		222	
Do. " " 1838,		1		223
ARSON.—2 *periods.*				
Two years ending December, 1836,	9		148	
Do. " " 1838,		0		86
FOR THE SEVEN CRIMES.—*Totals.*				
In the *First* periods,	241		10410	
In the *Second* periods,		13		9388

But, it might be asked, were not *other offences*—was not *crime in general*—in like manner on the decrease in this second period, under the operation of Sunday schools, temperance, and other causes? The answer was, No; so far from decreasing, crime in general underwent a very considerable INCREASE, as was shown by the Home Office Returns, annually laid before Parliament. The fact was thus established upon unequivocal testimony—the evidence of the Government Records—that, in *the same country*—among *the same people*—and at *the same time*—under *circumstances*, therefore, *precisely the same*, while crime in general was *increasing*, there was a *decrease* of those offences for which the punishment of death was partially discontinued or altogether abolished, and another penalty substituted.

In another table the same point was illustrated in a still more striking manner, by the contrast between the *increase* on the one hand, of those offences in the punishment of which no change had taken place, and on the other hand the simultaneous *decrease* of those in which the change now proposed had been made.

ABSTRACT OF THE CRIMINAL COMMITMENTS FOR ENGLAND AND WALES, DIVIDED INTO THREE CLASSES.

FIRST CLASS.

Offences for which the punishment of death was abolished in 1832–3.

	Exec's.	Commit.
Three years, ending with 1829,	96	4,622
Do. " 1832,	23	4,724
Do. " 1835,	2	4,292

SECOND CLASS.

Non-capital Offences.

Three years ending with 1829,	46,833
Do. " 1832,	51,623
Do. " 1835,	51,701

THIRD CLASS.

Offences for which the punishment of death continues to be inflicted.

Three years ending with 1829,	108	1,705
Do. " 1832,	120	2,236
Do. " 1835,	102	2,247

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Thus it appears that in the second and third classes, in which no change of punishment took place, the committals rise, in the one case from 46,833 to 51,701, and in the other from 1,705 to 2,247—showing a considerable general increase of crime; in the case of the third class an increase unrepressed by 330 executions within the nine years. It is in the first class alone (that in which the mitigation took place) that a diminution is observable, the number sinking from 4,622 to 4,292, a decrease of 330. Nor did even this number exhibit by any means the true whole decrease; it being well known that while some of these offences were punished with death, the parties injured would very often abstain from any initial proceedings against the persons committing them, from the unwillingness to bring the stain of blood on their consciences, so that the number of committals must fall considerably short of the actual number of the offences perpetrated; while after the mitigation no such unwillingness would exist, and the number of committals would approach considerably nearer to that of the offences perpetrated.

The Gallows cannot stand long against such facts. It is vain to oppose to them any uncandid evasions of their force, such as that they do not justify an inference to the crime of murder, as being different in nature, and higher in degree, than any of these minor ones. But, on the contrary, we are entitled to urge, the argument from these upward to the case of murder is all the stronger, a clear *à fortiori;* for if it is thus shown that the risk of death is so little effectual to restrain from the comparatively minor motives impelling to the one, as to render them actually more frequent than after the institution of different penalties, (notwithstanding a general increase of other crimes), how can it be supposed more efficacious to stay the sweep of the powerful inducements or violent passions which impel to the other? When it has succeeded so well in the one, clear and strong reasons must be shown why the benign wisdom of the change should not be extended also to the other; at least as an experiment easily to be abandoned, if the hope and expectation so well and fairly founded should, contrary to all apparent probability, be disappointed in practice.

2. But our evidences are not confined to these classes of crimes. We have proof enough in relation to murder also. It would be enough for our argument, if we could show a single country which has been able to dispense with Capital Punishment for even a small number of consecutive years.

In Russia Capital Punishment has been abolished for upwards of a century, as a part of the ordinary penal law—except for *political* offences for which it is very rarely inflicted, to get rid of dangerous subjects. Whatever personal barbarities may have been committed by bad sovereigns, does not affect this question, as a general national one, any more than do their individual delinquencies of character or life. Exile to Siberia is the substitute—a less formidable doom than the perpetual incarceration we propose. The Count de Ségur on his return from his embassy in that country, in 1791, declared in the Moniteur, that Russia, under the operation of this law, was one of the countries in which the least number of murders was committed,—adding that Catharine herself had several times said to him: "We must punish crime without imitating it; the punishment of death is rarely anything but a useless barbarity." The Russian representatives in this country with whom we have conversed, have borne a similar testimony as to the comparative infrequency of murders, in view of the vast multitudes and rude character of the population; and stated that *all the intelligent public opinion there is perfectly settled on this subject, no one thinking of returning to the Death Punishment.* While the present Emperor has given sufficient evidence of the general satisfaction with the law elsewhere, by extending it over to the province of Finland (before under the Swedish laws), on its incorporation with the empire in the early part of his reign. It is made a just subject of reproach by Russians, against those countries which are wont to look down with contempt on their inferiority in the arts of civilisation, that they should have so long set an example so long left unimitated, of the safety and success of this wise and good reform. Mr. Cheever hazards the assertion that "travellers tell us," that the code of Catharine has long since fallen into disuse. So far as this

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feature of it is concerned, the reverse is the fact. The following is from the "Travels in Kamschatka and Siberia, &c., by Peter Dobell, Councillor of the Court of His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of Russia," London, 1830:

"There is every reason to conclude, from the examples which have been furnished by those countries which have adopted this system, that the idea of confinement and hard labor is a more powerful preventive of the commission of crimes than the fear of death. Solitary confinement, hard labor, and bread and water for several years, present more horrors to the imagination, than scaffolds, ropes, axes, fetters, and all the sanguinary insignia of justice. Blush! ye countries of a longer civilisation, that Russia should teach you the celestial principle of reforming depraved morals, not by the sanguinary execution of inexorable justice, but by the mild and divine precepts of heavenly mercy!"

Mr. Cheever commits himself sadly, and his friend, the Rev. Mr. Baird, in his remarks on the causes of the abolition of the Death Punishment (except for political offences) in Russia. He says:

"The infliction of death as a legal penalty was taken away, Dr. Baird believes, not from the opinion that it did not prevent crime, or was not the most effectual penalty, but because by irresponsible noblemen and corrupt courts, there being no trial by jury, the power was so shockingly abused, it was taken away from the legal penalties, and reserved as a power of the throne only. This change it is believed was made because it would not do for the nobles to have the power of life and death over their serfs, with the power of swaying the judges at their pleasure, where there is no trial by jury, and the administration of justice in consequence fearfully corrupt."

Now the fact is, that it was first removed about a century ago by a resolution of the Empress Elizabeth, a woman unprincipled enough but soft-hearted, and the change confirmed by the great Catharine, on the philosophic principles on the subject taught by Beccaria, for the reasons fully set forth under her own authority. "Experience demonstrates," is the language of her 'Grand Instructions for forming a new code of laws for the Russian Empire,' article 240, "that the frequent repetition of Capital Punishments never yet made men better. If therefore I can show that in the ordinary state of society the death of a citizen is neither useful nor necessary, I shall have pleaded the cause of humanity with success. . . . The twenty years' reign of the Empress Elizabeth gave the fathers of the people a more excellent pattern than that of all the pomps of war, victory and devastation, held forth by the most glorious conquerors."

Mr. Cheever speaks of the Capital Punishment as though it were simply removed in Russia from the legal tribunals to the hands of the Emperor. This is utterly at variance with the fact. Even the punishment of the knout (which is but a very severe whipping), is now never inflicted without a judicial sentence, nor to the excesses practised often in former times. Death is never inflicted at all for any civil crimes—and with the extremest rarity for treason. Mr. Cheever indulges in a very small piece of fustian, when he exclaims, in reference to the general inferiority of institutions of Russia: "I say it is a slander upon our admirable institutions, and a contempt of our common sense, to point an American to such an example." It would certainly seem that our "common sense" would be indeed even *below* "contempt" if it would refuse to learn a lesson of practical wisdom from an inferior—and if it would cling to such an "admirable institution" as the Gallows, even when the far less enlightened and civilized population of Russia are able not only to dispense with it, but to bid us blush for the more brutal and cruel practice which now even among us shrinks from the public eye, to skulk within the dark shadows of our prison walls.

3. We come now to the case of Belgium. The present sovereign, Leopold, on his accession to his throne in 1830, made a practical abolition of the Death Punishment by adopting a uniform system of commutation of all capital sentences. In a work published by Mr. Ducpétiaux, Inspector General of Prisons in that country in 1835, "Statistique de la Peine de Mort en Belgique," it was stated that this course had been attended with most satisfactory success. Not having that work at hand at present, we cannot do more than thus refer to it. As Mr. Cheever has introduced, with considerable ostentation of its importance, a Report on the Administration of Criminal

Justice in Belgium within the years 1831-2-3-4, by M. Ernst, the Minister of Justice, made in 1835, we will confine what we would say on this head to the examination of that document. He puts forth the figures which he derived from it, as if they were conclusive against Leopold's experiment. We deny the conclusion, and declare them rather conclusive in its favor, as showing at least no increase of murders justly chargeable to the mitigation.

It should be borne in mind that during the period in question the country was in a very unfavorable state for such an experiment. The antecedent period, before the revolution and separation from Holland, had been one of tranquillity and peace, under the well ordered and disciplined administration of one of the ablest sovereigns of Europe. The succeeding period was one when the surface of society was yet heaving with the waves of the political storm through which it had just passed. A state of war existed during a portion of it, with the adjoining power of Holland, with all the demoralizing influences of the presence of military excitement and movement in a country; with all its sanguinary tone of sentiment, and with all that consequent disturbance of the tranquil pursuits and prosperity of industry which is usually found to be fruitful in crime, especially crimes against the person and those of a more violent character. No one familiar with the study of criminal statistics would expect, under any circumstances, any other effect of the country's passage through such a period, than a large increase of all these classes of offences. If within such a period the Death Punishment should be abolished without a large increase of murder, it alone justifies a strong inference in favor of the change. Now notwithstanding all the parade made of figures relating to the general progress of *other* crime, the only material points which Mr. Cheever adduces are contained in the following facts: First, that the average annual number of persons accused of murder during the five years before the change was 36, and during the four succeeding years 42, an increase of 6; and Second, that while the number of sentences to death in the year 1829 were only 11, and in 1830 only 4, in 1831, when they began to be commuted, they were 9, (of which, by the way, only 3 were for murder), and in 1834 were 28—laying particular stress on the figure of the last named year. Now it was certainly much more ingenious than ingenuous, that *all* the numbers of capital sentences for these respective years were not given, instead of thus picking out two or three, in a manner calculated to give the idea that there had been a progressive decrease one way and rapid progressive increase the other, measured from the turning point of the change. These numbers were, for the five years of the former period, 13, 17, 22, 11, 4; for the four years of the latter, 9, 9, 7, 28. With the exception of the last year (the sudden and large rise of which should have excited suspicion of some peculiar cause, different from that of the penalty, because that had been in operation in 1832 and '33 as well as '34), the number is considerably lower than the average of the former period. The total for the three years of 1826-7-8 is 52; that for the three years of 1831-2-3 is 25. Even including the number 28, the annual average is about the same. But we find the explanation of that number for 1834, in an article by an eminent advocate of this reform, M. Lucas, the Inspector General of Prisons in France, published in the *Revue Etrangère de Législation et d' Economie Politique*, for March, 1835. He there quotes a remark of M. Devaux, in the Belgian Chamber of Deputies, who, speaking of the figure of 24 capital sentences pronounced in 1834 (which M. Ernst raises to 28 by adding four military condemnations), called attention to the fact that in such a country as Belgium "a single crime may change the number of these sentences, if, for instance, the act is committed by *an entire band, as had been the case.*" We remember the circumstance mentioned at the time in the newspapers, of a banditti being broken up, including both men and women, which had long baffled the public justice; and accordingly, in the tables for 1834, we find that among the sentences to death there were for murder 10, robbery 15; and that the former resulted from 31 accusations involving 51 persons accused, and the latter from 154 accusations involving 270 persons accused. Thus, to include the figure of this year, and to make it the basis of the inference drawn from it by Mr. Cheever, is much as if, in the regular

annual estimate of a family's expenses for living, made with a view to judge of the economy of a system, there were included a sudden and extraordinary loss which at one blow should sweep away the aggregate income of several years.

With respect to the annual average of persons accused of murder, stated as having risen from 36 to 42, that increase (even if it were not modified by a just regard to the fact last referred to, as swelling the number of persons), is by no means large enough to warrant any inference from it adverse to the conclusions flowing from the whole tenor of our statistical evidence. Taking into account the unfavorable state of the country for such an experiment, as above mentioned, it exhibits no increase of murders chargeable to the change in the mode of punishment; and this is all we have to show. It should be observed that these include the manslaughters with murders.

Another fact is to be borne in mind, that the whole report, and the figures so largely paraded by Mr. Cheever, exhibit the general penal administration of the country within this second period, as in a very bad way; with either a remarkable deterioration of the people, (not in comparison with the former period, but from the first to the last year of the latter), or a general want of vigilance and energy pervading the whole public justice, or both, to which, and not to the commutation of the small number of capital sentences, it is evident that M. Ernst refers when he says that the action of the criminal justice "is deficient in the energy it ought to possess." This is apparent from the number of 3267, for the four years, as that of undetected offences; and also by the increase from 1831 to 1834 of the police offences and judgments, far beyond the ratio of the increase of population. But, as showing the general pervading state of things, independently of the Death Punishment or those crimes connected with it, these facts manifestly go only to strengthen the argument of our side of the question.

Another remark upon the judicious discrimination made, in the use of this document, between what should be adduced and what withheld. A parade is made of the number of undetected offences within this period, (namely, 6 of poison, 60 of infanticide, and 119 of murder or manslaughter, which, together with 3082 other offences, make up the number above given), *without adding the remark by the Minister himself*, which *follows in the next paragraph:* "However, we must be careful not to exaggerate these results; accurate calculations cannot be based on facts whose criminality might have disappeared or have been modified, if they had been subjected to a judicial investigation; *nor can we, moreover, draw from them any inference regarding the increase of crime*, in the entire absence of any information respecting the undetected offences in the antecedent period to that under consideration." The one, in the absence of any suggestion to the contrary, is fairly to be presumed to balance the other; as under all governments and all systems of punishment the number of such must always bear a large proportion to those upon which detection brings down punishment.

We have thus made it sufficiently clear, even from the report of a Minister of Justice who went into his office an avowed opponent of this reform, that the Belgian experience, as exhibited by it, has been decidedly favorable to it, by showing at least that it may be adopted without danger—without any of those consequences of the increase of crime threatened by the argument of our opponents. Nor should the idea be forgotten that a great part of the moral benefit claimed as incident to the proposed change in the mode of punishment, is lost in Belgium, from these facts that it is the mere act of the mercy of the Executive, and not by the solemn recognition of the great principle of the sanctity of life by the law itself; and also that the crime of murder is thus merely placed on a level with a number of other offences punishable with the same penalty, of labor on the public works for life; whereas we propose to leave a broad and dark line of distinction, by making the imprisonment far more rigorous in its solitude and hopeless perpetuity (the pardoning power being removed) than for other crimes, to no other of which ought to attach a punishment absolutely for the whole life of the criminal.

4. Respecting the case of Tuscany, Mr. Cheever makes no attempt to meet it, though he at the close makes a great pretension of having done so. We draw the following account of it from the Report of the New York Legislature on this subject in 1841.

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In Tuscany the abolition of capital punishment has received perhaps the fairest and most satisfactory experiment anywhere made. The Grand Duke Leopold ascended the throne in 1765, and immediately, under the influence of the enlightened councils of Beccaria, instituted a general reform of the penal code of the country, abolishing the torture and the punishment of death—the latter provisionally and experimentally. An idea of the success which attended the wise humanity of this experiment may be best had from the solemn edict issued by him twenty-one years after, in 1786; in which after referring to his former provisional acts, and expressing his satisfaction at the happy results which had attended the experiment which they made,—as having, "instead of increasing the number of crimes, considerably diminished that of the smaller ones, and rendered those of an atrocious nature very rare,"—he proceeded to decree its total and perpetual abolition.

If other testimony should be desired by any to the success of this experiment, it can be abundantly furnished. "It (the punishment of death) was abolished, during a period of twenty-five years in Tuscany, by the Grand Duke Leopold," says the report of M. Berenger to the French Chamber of Deputies, in 1830, "and the mildness of the penal legislation had so improved the character of the people there, that there was a time when the prisons of the Grand Duchy were found entirely empty. Behold enough to prove sufficiently that the abolition of the punishment of death is capable of producing the most salutary effects."—"Try the efficacy of milder punishments," says Mr. Livingston to the Legislature of Louisiana; "they have succeeded—your own statutes, all those of every State in the Union prove that they have succeeded, in other offences; try the experiment on this also. Be consistent; restore capital punishment in other crimes, or abolish it in this. Do not fear that the murderers from all quarters of the earth, seduced by the mildness of your penal code, will choose this as the theatre of their exploits. On this point we have most persuasive example. In Tuscany, as we have seen, neither murder nor any other crime was punished with death, for more than twenty years, during which time we have not only the official declaration of the sovereign, that 'all crimes had diminished, and those of an atrocious nature had become extremely rare;' but the authority of the venerable Franklin, for these conclusive facts—that in Tuscany, where murder was not punished by death, only five had been committed in twenty years; while in Rome, where that punishment is inflicted with great pomp and parade, *sixty murders* were committed in the short space of three months, in the city and vicinity. 'It is remarkable (he adds to this account) that the manners, principles, and religion of the inhabitants of Tuscany and those of Rome are exactly the same. The abolition of death alone, as a punishment for murder, produced this difference in the moral character of the two nations.' From this it would appear rather that the murderers of Tuscany were invited by the severer punishments into the neighboring territories of Rome, than that those of Rome were attracted into Tuscany by their abolition. We have nothing to fear then, from this measure; and if any ill effects should follow the experiment, it is but too easy to return to the system of extermination." And again: "In Tuscany during twenty years the punishment of death was altogether abolished by the Grand Duke Leopold. Bonaparte afterwards had it restored. On comparing three successive periods of twenty years each—in the first period capital punishment existing—in the second period abolished—and in the third again restored, as above mentioned,—it is found that fewer crimes and fewer murders were perpetrated in the middle twenty years, while no executions took place, than in either the preceding or succeeding twenty years, while the scaffold was in use.

"It is difficult for me," says the Marquis de Pastoret, Vice-President of the French Chamber of Peers, in a letter to the Count de Sellon, of Geneva, in about 1828, in reply to a request for some *official documents* respecting this experiment in Tuscany, "to give you *official documents*, as you call them, of the happy effects produced in Tuscany by the abolition of the punishment of death. It was a fact *so fully recognized* when I wrote (1789), when Leopold was still on the throne, that I could not think of seeking the means of proving what no one thought of disputing.

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Twice proscribed, and having first sought refuge in Switzerland, and afterwards in Italy, I spent in those unhappy days a period of considerable length at Florence, and I often there have heard the praises by its inhabitants of the mildness of their laws, and the efficacious influence it had *in diminishing the number of crimes.*" Upon which M. de Sellon remarks: "This statement of the noble Vice-President of the Chamber of Peers of France corresponds with those of all the travellers who go abroad for the purpose of acquiring knowledge; and is confirmed by Professor Pictet, in his letters from Florence, inserted in the Bibliothèque Universelle." And the following testimony is from the present or late Minister of Tuscany at Paris, M. Berlinghieri, a man of enlightened mind and elevated character: "There is no doubt that the humanity of the penal legislation of Leopold, and particularly the abolition of torture and capital punishment, was attended in Tuscany with the most satisfactory results. . . . Crimes of all kinds were *much more rare* during that period than *either before or after.*" And not further to multiply these evidences, the testimony of M. Carmignani, a distinguished professor of criminal law in the University of Pisa, demonstrates the happy effects of the great measure here in question; and that the re-establishment of the punishment, chiefly through the power of the absolute will of Bonaparte, in 1795, and its re-enactment by Napoleon's penal code for Italy in 1806, were the result of an intrigue of a bigoted and prejudiced clique, in opposition to the wishes of all the magistrates, to the views of all the enlightened jurists of the country, and to all the evidence which their recent experience had afforded.

Mr. Cheever's reply to the case of Tuscany is, that Capital Punishment is now restored and in vogue there, and that murders are frequent. While we may thank him for the confirmation of our own argument, which is contained in the latter fact, we must protest against the disingenuousness of assigning the former to a conviction of a failure in the great experiment, in the face of such evidence as the above. This reform is a measure only to be adopted by a philanthropic and philosophical prince, willing to sacrifice the great power of life and death, to a principle of wisely benign humanity, for examples of which it is not to despotic thrones that we must generally look. Monarchies, and all oppressive forms of government—in addition to their natural instinct of all conservatism—cling with a peculiar affection to the Death Punishment, for the obvious reason that they can never venture to make the use of it they always apprehend as possibly desirable for political offences, when it has been abolished for all others. The marvel is, not that it was restored by Bonaparte and the French Revolutionists, with all their habits of force and ideas of blood; nor that it is maintained by the present ruling authorities of the country; but that a prince was ever found on such a throne enlightened enough to venture on so noble an experiment—to carry it out for nearly a quarter of a century—and then, when it was no longer experiment, to embody it into law intended to be perpetual; though in such circumstances it must always be necessarily dependent on the individual character and opinions of the reigning sovereign.

We have given as much space as we could afford to the notice of these points in the volume before us, for the reason stated at the outset of this Article, that not only was most unequal and unjust advantage taken of our very unsuspicious liberality on the occasion out of which it grew, but we were also refused the opportunity of appending to the volume itself any statement of the argument on the other side. Had this permission, first accorded and then recalled, been granted, though we might have discussed the general subject in these pages, the present volume would have been left to other criticism. We have been able to touch on but a few of the points on which it would be as agreeable as easy to refute its showy sophisms, its ingenious appeals to prejudice, and those sweeping assumptions which, when unanswered and unexposed, are so apt to carry away captive the concurrence of superficial or favorably biased hearers. If any future opportunity of discussion, involving *fair chances of alternate reply* should be afforded, in compliance with an invitation to that effect which, though declined, yet stands open, we shall be glad to complete orally what is here left undone.

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BANKING AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

We have had many expositions of *banking as it is.* Let us endeavor to exhibit *banking as it ought to be.* It is one of the great practical questions now before the country, which must be thoroughly discussed and thoroughly understood, and from which it is vain to shrink, either from repugnance to its dryness, or from apprehension of its possible political dangers.

1. Banking ought to be free. Every man who wishes, should be at liberty to engage in it. It is as absurd for the Legislature to fix the number of banks, and determine their location, as it would be for it to prescribe by act of assembly the number of baker's shops, or of butcher's stalls.

2. Bankers ought to be subject to the same responsibilities as individuals engaged in other pursuits. Why should they not? When their business is prosperous, they pocket all the gains. Why, when their business is unprofitable, should they be suffered to throw the loss on others?

This subject is placed in a very clear light, by the bank commissioners of Ohio, in their last annual report:

"The history of the past," they say, "has proved that frequent and heavy losses have occurred from bank failures. This loss must fall upon one of two classes of men—the bankers, or the billholders; and it would appear to be the duty of the Legislature, to decide on which of these two classes it should rest. To determine this question, would lead to an examination of the relations which the stockholders and the community bear to each other. If these relations are reciprocal, then the losses should be borne equally by both; but if the management devolve exclusively on one party, and the profits also inure to the same, it is clearly right to fix the responsibility upon that party having both the control and the profits.

"In the organization and management of the banks, the control over their discounts, and the decision as to what persons or classes of persons shall be accommodated, the people have no more direction than in the affairs of private individuals. On the contrary, the transactions of banks are kept with greater secrecy than the ordinary business of private persons. The names of individuals indebted to the banks are scrupulously concealed from the public, and the commissioners authorized to examine their condition, are prohibited by law, except in certain cases, from making a disclosure of the names of debtors.

"The principal objection urged against the propriety of making the stockholder liable, in his individual capacity, for the debts contracted under his corporate name, rests upon the ground that the corporation is a distinct and separate body, acting under a charter granted for specific purposes; and, as such, the stockholder of a bank incurs sufficient risk from the danger of losing that part of his property invested as bank capital.

"Notwithstanding the bank may be regarded as having a distinct and separate legal existence, yet the charter was granted for the benefit of the stockholders; consequently, the accruing profits, instead of being kept as a fund to discharge the debts of the corporation, or to meet its losses, are, semi-annually, divided among the stockholders, and thereafter become private property, beyond the reach of an execution against the bank. And here is the distinction between a natural person and a corporation. The natural person retains his accumulated profits, and they become a part of his property, and are liable, at all times, for the payment of his debts; but the corporate body, instead of retaining its profits to pay its debts, or meet any losses that may occur, divides them among the stockholders. Individual liability, instead of dividing the profits among the stockholders, and the losses among the people, proposes to divide the losses, as well as the profits, among the persons composing the body corporate.

"Our last report furnished one case, in particular, which will illustrate the views above expressed. The Lancaster Ohio Bank, now closed by mandamus, as an insolvent institution, declared dividends from 1817 to 1839, averaging thirteen per cent. If the balance of these profits, after paying the stockholders six, or even ten per cent., had been retained by the bank as its corporate property, the necessity of suspension and failure would have been avoided, and the institution, at this time, would have been able to redeem its notes in gold or silver."

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Perhaps it will be urged, that mak-

ing the shareholders responsible in their private capacity, will prevent our having any banks. Not so. Banking is a very profitable business, and men enough will be found ready to engage in it, although compelled to bear the losses incurred in carrying it on. Made responsible in this way, they would conduct their business with so much caution, that losses from bad debts would be, comparatively speaking, of unfrequent occurrence. They would not then trust everything to Boards of Directors; and in the selection of cashiers and other officers, more regard would be had to integrity and business talents than is paid at present. The stockholders in all the banks in Rhode Island which have been incorporated since 1832, are, to a certain extent, responsible for the debts of these institutions; and so also are the stockholders in all the banks of Massachusetts subject to the provisions of the general banking act of 1836. Yet there is no want of banks in Massachusetts or Rhode Island. In these two States, every village has its bank. The shareholders in all the banks in England, Scotland, and Ireland, five excepted, are individually responsible, yet the number of banks in the three kingdoms is many hundreds, or, including branches, several thousands.

Perhaps it will be urged, that making copartners in banking houses individually responsible will prevent associations being formed to carry on the business. It has not had this effect in Scotland. In only twelve of the unincorporated banking companies in that country, in the year 1825, was the number of partners less than ten. In four, the number was between ten and twenty; in six, between twenty and one hundred; in three others the numbers of partners exceeded one hundred; in one other company, they amounted to four hundred and fifty-six; in another, to five hundred and fifty-one; and in another, the number of partners was actually one thousand two hundred and thirty-eight. In the year above mentioned, there were, in Scotland, thirty-three unincorporated banks, or, including their branches, one hundred and sixty-six banks, for the debts of which the copartners therein were responsible in the whole extent of their private fortunes.

It has sometimes been alleged, that making the business of banking free, would have a tendency to throw it into the hands of sharpers, who, having nothing to lose, would care little for the personal liabilities they would incur. But this would be the case only, if the banking system of the country were, in other respects, wrong in principle. Individual liability is *one* thing that is essential in a good banking system; but it is far from being *all* that is essential. As we proceed, we shall endeavor to show what more is wanting, to make banking what it *ought* to be.

3. Banks ought to allow interest on all such deposits as are left with them for a stipulated time. In this way, they would extend through the country the benefits of Savings Institutions, and increase their own means of utility in the making of loans and discounts. This is the practice of the Scotch banks, and the amount of money thus deposited with them is very large. The exact sum is not known; but none of the estimates make it less than fifty million dollars, and some swell it to one hundred and twenty-five millions. This, it should be recollected, is in a country which has a population not much exceeding that of one of our largest States.

4. Bankers should charge their customers a small fee for all business transacted on their account, whether in the collecting of bills, the receipt of deposits, or the payment of drafts. In this way, they who derive advantage from the banks would pay their necessary expenses. Now, these expenses are paid by a tax levied, in an indirect way, on the whole community. Under the system here proposed, each man would contribute in proportion to the amount of business done by him through the banks, and the sum paid by him who had the most business done, would not be large. There is nothing original in this suggestion. The practice here recommended has long been usage with the bankers of Lancashire and those of other parts of Great Britain.

5. Banks ought to grant what the Scotch call "cash credits." Many persons who are engaged in trade, seldom get business notes in their possession. Such is the case, by way of example, with publishers of newspapers, and most retailers. Yet they are

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forced to make large advances, in the aggregate, to their customers. The newspaper publisher thinks himself happy if he is paid at the end of six months, and the retailer is overjoyed if all is paid up at the end of the year. The business of banks, it has been justly observed, is not to furnish the trader with sufficient means to carry on his business, independently of other resources, but simply to enable him to anticipate the proceeds of his sales, by making advances to him to supply the place of such portion of his capital as he may have parted with by selling on credit. Now, persons of the class above described are, on true banking principles, as much entitled to such facilities as are the largest wholesale merchants. The only difference between them is, that the wholesale merchant brings forward his business paper as evidence of his having advanced his own capital to his customers, while the retail trader has nothing to show but his book entries. The Scotch bankers provide for cases of this kind, by granting what are called "cash credits." A store-keeper, for example, will give a bond with two or more approved securities, for five hundred pounds. A credit is then granted him on the books of the bank for this amount. If on the next day he draws out one hundred pounds, interest commences on this amount, and on this amount only. If he pays it in, in the next week, the interest ceases. Great care is taken that these "cash credits" do not degenerate into mere *accommodation* loans. Unless the amount lent is paid in and drawn out so frequently as to show that it is employed in *active* business, the borrower is required to discharge the debt in full, and the credit is withdrawn. The whole amount of such credits was said to have been, some years since, about thirty million dollars, and the amount drawn out at any one time, on the average, two thirds of this sum, or about twenty million dollars.

If our American banks would act on these principles, the facilities they afford would not, as now, be confined to a few, but be extended to many.

6. The rate of interest banks should charge on loans and discounts, and the rate of interest they should grant on deposits, ought not to be fixed by law, but left to be settled by agreement between themselves and their customers. Loanable capital in the form of money varies in value as well as other commodities. It is as absurd to attempt to fix by law the rent or interest of money in free contracts, as it would be so to fix the rent of houses or lands that are bought with money. If banks were left free to raise the interest on loanable capital, as its value in the market increased, they would by the very act of so doing put the whole community on their guard, and many a fever of wild speculation would be checked in its very commencement. We know that there are strong objections to giving this power to the banks so long as they are close corporations, and so long as they make the money they lend. But we have obviated the first objection, by throwing the business open to all, and we hope to meet the second in the next section.

7. Banks should not be allowed to fabricate money out of gold and silver, much less out of paper. The fixing of weights and measures, and, among others, of measures of value, is one of the prerogatives of sovereign power. We know it is said by some, that, so long as the banks pay specie, the notes they issue merely take the place, dollar for dollar, of an equal amount of coin that would otherwise fill the channels of circulation. But facts disprove this assertion. In 1830, the issues of the banks amounted to sixty-one million dollars; in 1834 to ninety-four millions; in 1835 to one hundred and three millions; in 1836 to one hundred and forty millions; and in the beginning of 1837 to one hundred and forty-nine millions. In the short period of seven years, during which time the banks were all paying specie, their paper circulation was more than doubled. Again: since the banks of the State of New York have resumed specie payments, we have seen their circulation *increase* in one year at the rate of twenty-five per cent., and *decrease* in the next at the rate of forty per cent.

Now, can any one believe that under a sound money system we should have such fluctuations? According to Jacobs, the whole amount of gold and silver in the world is equal to ten thousand million dollars; and according to Gallatin, the mines when most productive yield about fifty millions a year. The annual supply is to the stock on

hand one-half per cent. It may be admitted that under very peculiar circumstances, an unusual amount of the precious metals might be thrown into a hard money country, and under other circumstances an unusual amount might be drawn from it. But as a general rule, the money of such a country would increase as its wealth increased, and decrease as its wealth declined. There would be no such fluctuation in its currency as would cause any appreciable alteration in its value.

Here, perhaps, we shall be met with the argument that the great uncertainty of our paper currency is caused by the banks not being conducted on what are called *commercial principles.* The value of these principles we properly appreciate. If our banks were all conducted on them, all the notes they have in circulation would be the representatives of *bonâ fide* bills in their portfolios; and all the bills in their portfolios, or it may be their pigeon-holes, would be the representatives of commodities which could be sold in time to enable the merchants to take up their bills, and thus enable the banks to redeem the notes they have in circulation.

It seems to us impossible that banks conducted on such principles should ever be under the necessity of suspending specie payments. But would this mode of action give to their paper that *uniformity* and *stability* of value which the *money* of every country ought to possess? A little reflection will convince us that it could not possibly have this effect.

Our country is divided into a number of commercial circles and sub-circles, each having its distinct centre of trade, and the whole combined together into a kind of ellipsis, in one of the foci of which New York may be said to be placed, and New Orleans in the other. Philadelphia is the centre of trade of one of these circles, Baltimore of another, Boston of another, Pittsburgh of another, Cincinnati of another, and so are all the other large towns. These circles are intertwined in a manner left undescribed by Euclid; but they all have a peculiar relation to New York and New Orleans, the one as the great city of imports, the other of exports.

In England the case is different. In that country there is one centre for all monetary transactions, whether fiscal or commercial. Hence it is possible to have a paper currency there, the different parts of which will, throughout the three kingdoms, maintain a fixed relation to one another, though the whole mass may fluctuate greatly in amount and consequently in value.

But in the United States, where we have at least thirty fiscal, and perhaps double that number of commercial centres, it is impossible for us to have a paper currency the different portions of which shall have even the small excellence of fluctuating equally in value. A national bank will not give it to us, nor will any other contrivance. The banks in each circle and sub-circle are determined in the amount of their issues by the extent of sales the people in their region can make, added to the amount they can run in debt beyond the limits of the circle. As these amounts are always varying, the amount of bank issues varies accordingly, and the fluctuation of value thereby occasioned is to be measured, not by the rates of domestic exchanges, or the price of specie, but by variations in the prices of commodities generally.

So extensive is our country, and so distinct, in some respects, are the various commercial circles and sub-circles into which it is divided, that at the very moment when the banks in some parts of the Union are beginning to contract, those in others may be just beginning to expand. The extent to which they can, in the aggregate, expand, and the degree in which they are obliged to contract in order to sustain specie payments, depend on our foreign trade and the state of our credit abroad.

Suppose, for example, the value of our exports to be suddenly doubled or trebled. Then, what ordinarily yields us but one hundred million dollars, would yield us two or three hundred millions. It is evident that in such a state of things exchanges would be greatly in our favor, and that the banks would increase their issues enormously and raise prices accordingly. It is equally evident that the same effect will be produced, if we can run in debt abroad to the amount of one or two hundred millions. Though prices may, under such circumstances, be very high, and imports enormous, there will be little or no demand for specie for

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exportation, because our credits abroad will satisfy all demands against us.

But suppose the reverse of this to take place. Suppose our exports to fall in price below their ordinary rates, and our credit abroad greatly to decline. Then specie leaves the country, our banks are compelled to contract, and ruin overspreads the land.

Now, the two cases that are here supposed have actually occurred within a very short period. Between 1831 and 1836, the value of one article alone of export, that of cotton, increased from twenty-six million to sixty-eight million dollars, and was raised in price from nine and a half to sixteen cents a pound. In the same period, we ran in debt abroad to the amount of about two hundred millions, through the sale of State and other stocks. During all this time the banks were expanding, and the sum total of currency was more than doubled.

In 1837, our reverses began. Our credit abroad suddenly declined, and the effects which followed must be too fresh in the minds of men to require to be here given in detail.

It is utterly impossible that a currency resting on such principles as these should have that *stability* of value which *the money* of every country ought to possess. The fault does not consist, as some imagine, in its being under the control of irresponsible corporations. Confine the power to issue it to responsible individuals, and effects will follow the same in kind if not in degree. The paper will fluctuate in quantity, and consequently in value, with every change in our foreign trade, and the state of our credit abroad.

What then, the reader may exclaim, would you have? Are you for an *exclusive metallic currency?* The word "currency," we reply, is rather equivocal. But we are for having THE MONEY of the country *exclusively* metallic, because there is nothing else in nature that can adequately perform the purposes of money, in its three functions of a standard and measure of value, a medial commodity, and a commodity of contract. As a mere *circulating medium*, we admit, paper is, in many cases, more convenient than gold and silver, nor have we any objection to *paper representatives* of gold and silver. Neither do we object to banks of deposit and transfer, such as the Bank of Hamburgh, nor to "clearing houses," such as that of London, where large amounts of obligations are adjusted by exchanging one security for another. Nor are we opposed to any other contrivance that commercial ingenuity can devise for economizing gold and silver, and facilitating transactions, provided only that thereby the mere promise be not substituted for the performance, the shadow for the substance.

In our next section, we shall endeavor to show how a *commercial paper medium* (not a paper money) may be formed every way adequate to the wants of the country.

8. Bankers ought for a sufficient premium to accept the bills drawn on them by their customers. This is the practice of the bankers of Lancashire, and until the establishment of a branch of the Bank of England in that county, such bills were in Manchester and Liverpool, and the country adjacent thereto, the chief medium in wholesale transactions. Not a few of them having but sixty days to run, would have on them by the time they arrived at maturity, the names of as many as one hundred and thirty endorsers, thus showing that they had effected, on an average, more than two commercial transfers on each business day. So perfectly do these bills of exchange perform all the functions of a commercial medium, that the bankers of Lancashire have found it impossible to gain currency for their mere promissory notes, such as are in use in this country. One of the Joint Stock Associations lately made the attempt, but, after giving it a fair trial, abandoned it as unprofitable.

What advantages, it may be asked, have such bills over bank notes? We reply, the advantages are many.

First. Where they are in use, we see the beginning and the end of every credit transaction. A definite time is fixed for payment, and the promise is followed by either performance or protest. If six months bills are used, there is a winding up of credit transactions, at least twice in each year. If sixty days bills are used, there is such a settlement of accounts six times a year. Bank notes are, in the aggregate, *never* paid; and the bare attempt to enforce the payment of one half of them would, at almost any

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time, break all the banks in the country.

Secondly. Every time a bill of exchange effects a new transfer, the security that it will ultimately be paid, is increased. It passes only by endorsement, and the last holder of the bill, if the maker does not duly honor it, has his remedy at law against each endorser in turn, if necessary. It is just that they who aid in circulating bills, should be treated, in a secondary sense, as issuers of the same. If any man should take a bill, the soundness of which he should afterwards have reason to doubt, he might readily get rid of all responsibility relating to it, by endorsing it "without recourse." This would be a fair warning to him who next received the bill, and such a warning as those who make use of bills of exchange, are bound in honor and in honesty to give to one another.

Thirdly. By the use of such bills, the commercial paper medium of the country would adapt itself with unerring uniformity to the wants of trade. As trade increased, the commercial paper medium would increase, and as trade declined, it would decrease in amount.

Fourthly. If such a medium could be brought into use, the bills would be made payable at those points which would best suit the convenience of buyers and sellers. Every town which is large enough to support a bank, is the centre of trade of a larger or smaller district. The bills requisite for the local trade of the district would be made payable at the town which would be the centre of its trade. But besides its merely local trade, each of the sub-commercial circles into which the country is divided, has more or less trade with the other circles. It has its places to which it exports and from which it imports, not in foreign lands, but within the bounds of our own country. At the larger towns at which they sold their surplus produce, would the inhabitants of the smaller commercial circles receive the proceeds thereof, and with these pay for their imports. All the bills growing out of the foreign trade of the country, whether of import or export, would naturally centre in the large sea-ports. The merchant of Tennessee, for example, on purchasing dry goods in New York, would give for them the acceptances of the bankers of this city, and pay for them out of the proceeds of cotton shipped to New Orleans. This would be the course things would naturally take. The debtor sections of the country would remit to the creditor, just as the United States now remits to England. Our merchants, if they did but know it, might, out of their own business paper, make a far better commercial medium than that which the banks now furnish.

Fifthly. Through the use of such bills, the rate of mercantile interest would be lowered, because they would serve at one and the same time, the double purposes of a commercial medium and of an investment. The free use of such bills in England, is one reason why the rate of mercantile interest is lower in that country than it is in the United States.

Sixthly. Multitudes of accounts would be settled by the simple exchange of these bills for one another. In this way, the use of specie would be economized to an extent that would otherwise be impracticable.

Seventhly. Cases would occur, in which the drawer and all the endorsers of bills of exchange would fail. In some instances, this might be the fate of all the merchants engaged in a particular branch of foreign trade. But, then, the damage done would be confined to themselves and those immediately connected with them. It would not, as in the event of a breaking of the banks, or a suspension of specie payments by them, extend to the whole community. Whatever might happen, the standard of value, or that by which contracts between man and man are determined, would remain unaffected.

It is altogether an error to suppose, that commerce requires the use of paper money for its successful prosecution. Legitimate commerce, left to itself, creates its own medium. It requires not the aid therein of Government, of corporations, or even of individual paper money manufacturers. It imports from abroad sufficient gold and silver, to satisfy all the engagements it makes to pay in gold and silver. It does not, indeed, always bind itself to give ready money, but when it buys on credit, it fixes on a definite time for payment, and the promise is invariably followed by either payment or protest. In no country has paper money been

introduced into use through the wants of Commerce. In all, it has had its origin in the necessities of Government. Commerce has various ways of economizing the use of the precious metals by means of bills of exchange, book entries, offices of deposite and transfer, clearing houses, &c., &c. But in no case does it make the empty promise stand in place of the performance. Such an expedient is merely the resort of insolvent governments, scheming individuals, and monopolizing corporations.

9. Banks ought to be subject to a bankrupt law, which, on their failure to comply with their engagements, should immediately transfer their effects to commissioners, or at least give the commissioners *a veto* power in the further proceeding of the bankers. Knowing their own business best, they might be permitted to manage it, under the superintendence of public officers, whose duty it should be to see that they did not manage it so as to do further injury to their creditors. We need not wait for Congress to pass such a bankrupt act. Each State has the power to adopt one which will be perfectly effective within its own limits.

We know that to very many, this view of *banking as it ought to be*, will not be acceptable. They are for patching up the old system. But it is all in vain. They never can make it innoxious to society. The present system is wrong in all its bearings. It has a principle of fraud for its foundation, and every species of knavery for its superstructure.

It is wrong in establishing that as money, which cannot adequately perform the most important functions of money. The notion that banks, so long as they pay specie, give us a mixed currency which is equal in amount to the gold and silver that would otherwise circulate, is all an illusion. Gold and silver, under our present system, are mere merchandise, or at best but a *subsidiary* currency. Our practical standard of value is bank paper. So long as the banks comply with their engagements, they keep two commodities, namely, gold and silver, at stationary prices, and prevent bills of exchange from rising beyond certain limits. But this does not prevent bank medium from fluctuating in such a way, as to prove ruinous to the whole community.

When the banks suspend specie payment, their notes are still our standard of value, and then they cause gold and silver to fluctuate more in paper money price, than any other commodities. And yet, it is a question with us, whether they do most harm when they pay specie or when they suspend. It is certain, that it is during the time they are paying specie that they lay the foundation of all the evils we suffer during a suspension.

Nor is it only in establishing *a false money* system, that our present mode of banking is radically erring. It is radically wrong also, inasmuch as it establishes *a false credit* system. It takes credit from the many to confer it on the few. It takes it from the honest and industrious, to confer it on spendthrifts and speculators.

It is vain to hope to correct the evils of such a system by legislative enactments. Very salutary provisions may be introduced into the laws, but they will most of them prove null in practice. The banks will obey them no further than suits their own interests. When a legislative body creates a system of moneyed corporations, it creates a power which is hereafter to govern itself, and the people also. In cases of emergency, extra sessions of the Legislature will be convened, for the express purpose of altering the laws for the benefit of the bankers.

It is in vain, Americans, for you to hope that your republican institutions will produce their proper effect while this system continues. Equal rights and equal responsibilities lie at the foundation of the principles of our Government. These are violated every day and every hour, through the operations of our banking institutions.

Nor have we an excuse for continuing the system on the score of convenience. Under a system of banking, in which the bankers should be responsible for their engagements in the whole extent of their private fortunes, and in which bills of exchange should be substituted for bank notes, we should enjoy all the real advantages of the present system, and be delivered from all its evils.

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LINES.

As once I dreamed, methought I strayed
Within a snow-clad mountain's shade,
From whose far height the silence bore
One charméd word, "Excelsior!"

And as upon my soul it fell,
It bound me with a fearful spell,
It shut the sweet vale from my sight,
And called me up that glittering height.

I could not choose but heed its tone,
And climb that dreary path alone;
And now around me hung the gloom
Where the storm-spirit makes his home.

Upon my head the tempests beat,
Dark caverns opened at my feet,
The thunders rolled, the lightnings flashed,
And fierce the swollen torrents dashed.

'Twas gained, that mountain's stormy pass,
But, chilled beside a *mer de glace*,
My heavy heart in vain would soar,
—The heart hears not "Excelsior!"

The heart's home is the vale below,
Where kind words greet, where fond eyes glow;
It withers 'neath those frozen skies
Where the aspiring thought would rise.

Above me the eternal snows
In the cold sunlight's glare arose,
And a dread Presence seemed to brood
O'er the appalling solitude.

But now on that unquiet dream
Did one of stateliest aspect beam,
Whose brow thought's kingly impress bore,
Whose soul thrilled to "Excelsior!"

Though but one moment o'er my way
Did the bright form beside me stay,
In that pale brow and speaking eye
Methought I saw *my Destiny!*

And as, far up the heaven-crowned height,
Thou seem'dst to vanish from my sight,
Thine image yet beside me stood,
And filled the voiceless solitude.

No longer drear that mountain waste,
For o'er its snows thy steps had passed;
No longer dread, in upper air,
That mountain's crest, for thou wert there!

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POEMS OF THE HEART.

I.

DEDICATION.

As vapor risen from the sea
  Returns to earth in dews,
By the same law returns to thee
  My tributary muse;
To thee, the Fountain of my song,
My purest, dearest thoughts belong.

As many a forest flower by night,
  With leaves enfolded lies,
But with the coming of the light
  Its fragrant odors rise.

Or as, upon the grassy blade,
  The sun reveals the dew,
I owe and vow, thou worshipped maid,
  My brightest beams to you,
To life, to light, awakened now,
The sunshine of my soul art thou!

II.

HOPE.

When Winter treads his dreary round,
  And cold congeals the air,
And snows lie deep upon the ground,
  And woods wave bleak and bare.

When winds in angry warfare meet,
  And clouds obscure the sun,
And pining for their vital heat,
  The streams forget to run.

Say, were it best, my constant friend,
  Of heart unfeigned and pure!
Cowering beneath the blast to bend,
  Or manfully endure?

And still through Winter's dreariest gloom,
  A cheerful trust maintain,
That Heaven will smile, the woodlands bloom,
  And Spring come round again?

III.

REMONSTRANCE.

Oh! why such narrow rules extol!
  These but restrain from ill;
True Virtue lies in strength of soul,
  And energy of will.

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To all that's great and good aspires,
  Prompts to the path of fame,
From Heaven draws down Promethean fires,
  And wraps the soul in flame.

With brow erect, eye undismayed,
  Confronts the mid-day sun,
Nor sleeps inglorious in the shade
  Of praises *cheaply* won.

Scans not too curiously the chance
  Of good or evil fate,
But with a free and fearless glance
  Enters Hope's golden gate.

The truthful course pursues and knows
  By inward, native light,
And scorns to shape to outward shows,
  Its secret sense of right.

And while it renders Reason's name
  The meed of honor due,
Forgets not, sacred instincts claim
  Their share of reverence, too.

The frown of unjust censure braves;
  Retreats not with the tide,
But boldly stems and *stills* the waves
  Of Prejudice and Pride.

IV.

PRIDE.

Yes! on the annals of my race,
  In characters of flame,
Which Time shall dim not nor erase,
  I'll stamp my deathless name.

The fire which on my vitals preys,
  And inly smouldering lies,
Shall flash out to a meteor's blaze,
  And stream along the skies.

Chafed as the angry ocean's swell,
  My soul within me boils,
Like a chained monarch in his cell,
  Or lion in the toils.

To wealth, to pride, to lofty state,
  No more I'll bend the knee,
But fortune's minions, meanly great,
  Shall crouch like slaves to me.

The God which formed me for command,
  And gave me strength to rise,
Shall plant his sceptre in my hand,
  His lightning in my eyes.

Shall with the thorny crown of fame
  My aching temples bind,
And name me by a mighty name,
  "A Monarch of the Mind."

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Me Heaven's bright galaxy shall greet
  King! by celestial choice!
And Earth's ten thousand tongues repeat
  The thunders of my voice.

Stung in her turn, the heartless fair
  Who proudly eyes me now,
Shall weep to see some other share
  The Godhead of my brow.

Shall weep to see some lovelier star
  Snatched to my soul's embrace,
Ascend with me Fame's fiery car,
  And spurn the bounds of space.

Though sounding praises swell thy sail,
  And flattery smoothe thy rest,
Grief yet may pierce the triple mail
  Of that unfeeling breast.

Tune, oh my soul! thy loftiest strain—
  Exult with song and glee!
For scorn hath snapped each earthlier chain,
  And set the Immortal free.

Minds destined to a glorious shape
  Must first affliction feel;
Wine issues from the trodden grape,
  Iron's blistered into steel.

So gushes from affections bruised
  Ambition's purple tide,
And steadfast Faith, unkindly used,
  Hardens to stubborn Pride.

V.

DESTINY.

Why should I feed on contumely and wrong!
To me more lofty destinies belong.
Why should I lavish on one thankless face
Thought that might win the homage of my race!

Out of ourselves, by Nature's hard decree,
Vain is our hope, our struggle to be free;
Our life is clay, spun on the potter's wheel;
Our barren power is only—not to feel.

Why then accuse the inexorable past?
Shall I be angry at the simoom's blast,
Or that the marble, mocking human skill,
Shaped as a statue, stands a statue still?*

S.

March 16, 1843.

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* NOTE.—It is proper, though perhaps needless, to add the remark that the preceding series of poems was never written for publication. The one on "Pride" happening, while in the hands of a friend of the author, to fall under our eye, and to impress us strongly with a certain noble fire and splendid energy characterizing it as true poetry, it was requested for that purpose. The writer already enjoys, at least abroad, a name in the scientific world unsurpassed by any other reputation achieved at so early an age.—ED. D. R.

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MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

At the date of our last number, we described the features of the market to be a great abundance of money, with almost a total absence of legitimate means of investment, causing specie to accumulate in the banks, without employment. The banks and some leading firms, indeed, found a channel for investment in the low price of foreign bills; but institutions are far from doing business sufficient to meet the great expenses with which that business is necessarily hampered when done by incorporated associations. The same state of affairs has generally been preserved through the month, with the exception of an increased disposition to invest in stocks, consequent upon the state of affairs. The import of specie has been about $3,000,000 from England. By a recent law of Congress, the value of gold has been reduced from 94.8 cents per dwt. to 94.6 cents per dwt., or one-fifth of one per cent. According to the results of weighings at the U. S. Mint, one thousand sovereigns weigh from 5111 dwts. to 5124 dwts., or an average of 5117.5 dwts. Therefore, the loss is 1.024 per sovereign. We mentioned in our last that the defeat of all the Exchequer and other "relief" measures of the dominant party, in the national government, had induced greater confidence in stocks, and that the remaining portion of the government loan had been taken. This stock has since sold at 6 per cent. premium, and Treasury notes at 1 1-2 per cent., notwithstanding that a re-issue has been ordered, and the whole outstanding amount $11,000,000, to be funded in a stock redeemable in ten years. All other stocks have advanced under the increased confidence which has induced the banks, rather than let their funds lie idle, to loan upon them within a few per cent. of the market price, thereby placing within the reach of numerous enterprising speculators the means of acting upon the market. The result has been a great rise in prices, without much effective demand for permanent investment. The result of this is seen in the following table of rates to the 15th instant, as compared with those reported in our January number.

			1841.	1842.			1843.
Rate.		Redeemable.	August 30.	February 15.	August 1.	Dec. 15.	March 15.
United States,	5½	1844	100 a 100½	96 a 97	96 a 97	97 a 99	101 a 101¼
"	6	1844	— a —	97 a 99	98 a 100	99 a 100	101 a 101¾
"	6	1862	— a —	— a —	100 a 100½	100 a 101	106 a 106¼
New York,	7	1848-49	— a —	— a —	100 a 101	103¾ a 104	105¼ a 105¼
"	6	1850-54-60	100 a 100¼	79 a 80	91 a 93	96¾ a 99	103 a 104
"	6	1861-62-67	— a —	— a —	91 a 92	96¾ a 98	103 a 103½
"	5½	1860-61-65	91¼ a 92	71 a 73	82½ a 84	88 a 90	96½ a 97
"	5	1845	93 a 95	80 a 87	90½ a 91	92 a 93¾	96 a 97
"	5	1846-7-8-9	93 a 95	80 a 87	85 a 88	86 a 90	94 a 96
"	5	1850-1-7	91 a 92	68 a 71	80 a 82	85 a 86	92 a 93
"	5	1855-58	86 a 87	68 a 72	80 a 82	84¾ a 86	91¾ a 92
"	5	1859-60-61	83 a 82	— a —	78 a 80	85 a 86	90 a 90¾
"	4½	1849-58	75 a 77	— a —	73 a 80	79 a 82	85 a 90
Ohio,	6	1850	94 a 95	68 a 70	75 a 80	74½ a 75	70 a 71
"	6	1856-60	94 a 95	67 a 68	74½ a 76	72 a 72½	70 a 70½
"	5	1850-56	84 a 85	— a —	60 a 65	60 a 65	60 a 65
Kentucky,	6	——	84 a 85	67 a 68	77½ a 78½	78 a 78½	85¼ a 85½
Illinois,	6	1870	55 a 55¼	18 a 19	17¾ a 18	18 a 18¾	20 a 21
Indiana,	5	25 years.	55 a 57	19 a 21	21 a 23	20 a 21¾	24 a 25
Arkansas,	6	——	59 a 60	35 a 45	20 a 45	28 a 30	28 a 30
Alabama,	6	——	— a —	50 a 55	50 a 60	65 a 80	60 a 65
"	5	——	— a —	— a —	50 a —	65 a 75	55 a 60
Pennsylvania,	5	——	79 a 80	32 a 33	33 a 37	38 a 39½	39½ a 40
New York City,	7	1857	— a —	— a —	103 a 106	106½ a 108	107 a 109
"	7	1852	— a —	— a —	100¾ a 101½	105 a 106	106½ a 107¼
"	5	1850	84 a 85½	72 a 76	— a —	85 a 87	92 a 93
"	5	1858-70	84½ a 85½	77 a 78	79½ a 80	84½ a 85	91 a 91½

This table gives a great rise in prices, particularly in New York 6 per cent. stocks, which, it will be observed, are 25 per cent. higher than in February, 42, just previous to the passage of the mill tax. The rise has been greatest in those stocks of which the least amounts are held abroad, as the New York and Federal Government stocks; because, from the peculiar position of

American credit, it was natural to suppose, that the moment values rose under the speculative action growing out of bank loans, the opportunity would be seized upon by the foreign holders, to realize and recover their money at the expense of the banks here, which would thus incur certain loss. Under this movement all stocks rose; but the danger thus incurred, of being unable to realize except at a loss, should returning business create a more legitimate demand for money, induced the banks to check the operation by loaning more sparingly. The different stocks have also been influenced each by causes emanating from the action of the several State Legislatures. Florida has passed resolutions repudiating its bonds. Michigan acknowledges all those bonds for which she has received full payment, and will take measures to discharge them. Indiana has passed a "stay law," similar to those of some other States, all of which have, however, been pronounced unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States, the effect of which is to repeal the stay laws, and revive those laws previously in operation. Illinois has reduced its internal taxes 50 per cent., repealed the charters of the only two banks in the State, by which nearly four millions of her debt will be cancelled, and also arranged for the completion of her great canal, on terms of compromise with the holders of the canal bonds. Pennsylvania has made no other provision for its interest, amounting to near $1,000,000 due on the first of February, than by issuing to the claimants, bonds at 6 per cent., payable in 1844. The State of Indiana proffered the same terms to its bondholders in July, 1841, but few, however, accepted them. The State of Ohio has increased its stock debt, by issuing $2,000,000 of scrip, of $100 each, in payment of moneys due the domestic laborers on its works, and to raise the means of completing the Miami extension canal, which requires upwards of $400,000. The Legislature of Kentucky rejected all attempts at "relief," in the shape of a new bank proposed, a stay law, &c., and ended by renewing the tax law, which expired by limitation in February, the proceeds of which were applied to the payment of the State interest. The Legislature of Alabama, after a hard struggle, have abolished the State Bank system, placed in liquidation the five banks owned by the State, and appropriated the specie in the vaults, near $1,000,000, to the payment of the interest on the State bonds. Taxes have also been levied to meet the expenses of the State government, formerly borne by the banks, and to provide permanently for the State debt. This is a signal triumph over the paper system, and will be of vast benefit to the people of Alabama. The State of Louisiana has been dishonored by the failure of the Citizens' and Consolidated Banks, to which was issued $9,568,888 of the State bonds, to pay the interest on the same. The proceeds of those bonds being mostly money borrowed in London, is loaned at 8 per cent. to the stockholder, whose estates, valued at double the amount, are pledged for the payment. The income of these estates will probably be devoted to the interest; but it is fearful to undertake to pay 8 per cent. for money employed in agriculture under a specie currency. One other bank at New Orleans, the Commercial, has failed and with the Carrollton gone into liquidation. It was one of the weakest of those banks which resumed last fall. That event was brought about by receiving an extension of liabilities from its creditors, whose claims have again matured and again been dishonored. This is an instructive fact, when taken into consideration with the state of exchanges, which have caused a large accumulation of specie at that point. It indicates that the institutions have not recovered the confidence lost by their continued suspension,—that they have earned nothing, and that the constant depreciation of their assets has left them worse off than before. All these events have influenced the stock market greatly, each in its own sphere.

The exchanges continue in favor of the United States and generally of the interior. The rate on New Orleans has again risen to 2 per cent. premium, causing renewed shipments of specie from New York to that quarter.

The adjournment of Congress has been a great relief to the public generally, and men congratulate themselves that it did no more mischief. Two years since, the dominant party, on coming into power, found a debt of $4,500,000, and the revenue equal to the expenditure. An extra session was immediately called, to raise a reve-

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nue, to discharge the debts, to create a bank, to enact a bankrupt law, to distribute the public lands, and to pass a protective tariff. This, it will be allowed, was a good undertaking. That Congress has now dissolved, and the results are a debt of $25,000,000, a deficit of $7,000,000 in revenue, the bankrupt and distribution laws repealed, the bank and exchequer project defeated; and the only remnant of the high resolves of a victorious party is a protective tariff. We may put these resolutions and their results in a tabular form, as follows:

Promises in 1840.	Fulfilment in 1842.
To redeem Treasury Notes, . . .	Issue increased $11,000,000.
A Uniform Bankrupt Law, . . .	Repealed.
A National Bank, ...	Vetoed.
Substitute, an Exchequer, . . .	Defeated.
Public Land Distribution, - . .	Repealed.
To pay debt of $4,500,000, . . .	Debt increased to $25,000,000.
Reduce expenses to Revenue, . .	Revenue deficient $7,000,000.
High Tariff, . -	Destroyed the Revenues.

Each one of these means was sufficient of itself to produce an uneasy feeling in the market, disastrous to private interests. Yet for party purposes, a constant struggle over a period of two years, has been kept up, destroying, as far as legislative action in this country can destroy, that stability in regulations which is of first consequence to commercial and trading interests. One of the loudest complaints of the party which came into power in 1841 was the deranged state of the exchanges of the country. It was alleged and reiterated, that nothing but the establishment of a National Bank would enable merchants and dealers again to collect and transmit their funds at reasonable rates. All attempts at establishing a corporate institution to regulate exchanges have proved unsuccessful. A great number of banks have failed, and others have been obliged to restrict their movements; thus forcing into practical operation the great principles embraced in the Sub-Treasury law, notwithstanding its nominal repeal. Those principles now under the stern behests of the laws of trade, have grown into more strict observance, than even when they were enforced by statutory laws. The receipts of the Government, as far as they go, are made and disbursed in the constitutional currency, and all trade is conducted on a cash basis. The following table will show the effect which this state of things has had upon those exchanges, which were alleged to require a paper bank for their regulation.

RATES OF DOMESTIC BILLS IN NEW YORK.

	1841.			1842.			1843.
	April.	Sept.	Dec.	May.	Sept.	Nov.	March 15.
Boston,	—¼ a —¼	—¼ a —¼	—¼ a —¼	—¼ a —¼	par a —¼	par a —¼	par a —¼
Philadelphia,	3½ a 4	3½ a 4¾	5½ a 6	par a —¼	" a —¼	" a —¼	" a —¼
Baltimore,	3½ a 4	— a 2	4 a 4½	—¼ a —¼	" a	—¼ a —¼	" a —¼
Richmond,	— a 4½	3½ a 3¾	6½ a 6½	7½ a 7½	1½ a 1½	1½ a 1½	1 a 1½
N. Carolina,	— a 4½	3½ a 3½	5½ a 5½	3 a 3½	1½ a 1½	1½ a 2	1½ a 1½
Charleston,	1¾ a 2	1½ a 1½	1½ a 1½	1½ a 1½	1½ a 1½	1½ a 1½	1½ a 1½
Savannah,	3½ a 4	3½ a 3½	2½ a 3	1¾ a 2	1½ a 1½	1½ a 1½	—¼ a —¼
Mobile,	10 a 11	8 a 8½	17 a 17½	15 a 16	28 a 30	18 a 20	14 a 16
New Orleans,	5½ a 6	4 a 6	9½ a 9½	6 a 6½	par a —¼	—¼ a 1 pr.	1 a 2 pre.
Nashville,	15 a 16	10½ a 10½	15 a 16	17 a 18	5 a 6	4 a 5 dis.	3 a 3½
Louisville,	6 a 7	6½ a 7	11 a 11½	4 a 5	2 a 2½	2 a 2½	1 a 1½
Cincinnati.	9½ a 10	8½ a 9	13½ a 14	8 a 9	3 a 4	2 a 2½	1 a 1½

So, then, the average rate on twelve points, in April, 1841, just before the first session of the 27th Congress, was 5 to 7 per cent., and is now ¼ to 1 on the same points, excluding Mobile, where the quotation is still in the bills of the banks that have been put in liquidation, and they will soon cease to circulate, when the rate quoted in specie will be at a premium instead of a discount. This has been the result of the natural principles on which the Sub-Treasury law was based, operating irresistibly, notwithstanding its legal repeal. The Bankrupt law has released a great many individuals from the claims upon them; but instead of the number being 500,000, as the sanguine projectors of the law boldly affirmed, it has been scarcely 25,000; showing

really how small a class out of five millions of active people have been benefited by an unjust law.

The most singular feature of this most remarkable Congress has perhaps been its movements in relation to the finances. In our number for September, 1842, we went into a review of the financial operations of the seven years preceding the advent of the 27th Congress. The result was as follows:—

Means.		
Revenue from regular sources, . .		$199,531,664
Derived from bank stock,	9,197,203	
Borrowed Treasury Notes,	25,156,622	
		34,353,825
Total means, ...		$233,885,489
Average seven years, exclusive of debt,		28,504,523
Disbursements.		
Current expense, ...		$188,568,333
Old debt, ...	6,234,756	
Treasury Notes, . . .	20,832,142	
		27,066,898
Total expense, ...		$215,635,231
Average seven years, exclusive of debt,		26,938,333

During this period $28,000,000 was divided among the States, and an expensive war waged against the Indians, accompanied by an enormous rise in money prices of every article of purchase. Under these circumstances an annual expense short of $27,000,000 was clamored against as the height of extravagance, and this clamor accompanied by promises of thorough retrenchment and reform, was a powerful element in creating a change in the administration. Let us see how those promises have been fulfilled.

The following is a table of the receipts and expenditures of the twenty-sixth Congress, and of the twenty-seventh, according to the reports of Mr. Forward:—

	26th Congress.	27th Congress.
Customs, ...	36,641,662	33,106,388
Lands, ...	10,368,633	2,911,702
Bank Stock, . . .	1,774,513	723,492
Miscellaneous, . . .	2,139,731	253,658
Total regular revenue,	50,924,539	36,996,240
Borrowed treas. notes,	9,446,824	27,915,539
Total means, . . .	$60,371,363	$64,911,779
Expenditures.		
Civil, ...	11,721,390	12,712,517
Military, ...	26,619,286	24,779,350
Naval, ...	12,296,191	14,742,017
Total regular expense,	50,636,867	52,233,884
" debt paid, . .	15,204,601	15,099,821
Total disbursements,	$65,841,468	$67,333,705

This table presents the following results:—

Decrease in regular means, ...	$13,928,299
Increase in regular items of expense,	1,597,017
" in money borrowed, . . .	18,468,715
Decrease in amount of debt paid, .	104,780

These are the remarkable results of party promises of economy and retrenchment. The great expenditures, caused by the general speculative spirit of 1835-6, had been gradually reduced by Mr. Woodbury, until in 1840 they had been brought within a compass of $24,000,000, and requiring an outlay of $19,000,000 only for 1841, and a farther reduction for 1842. Instead of which the expenditures of the last two years reached $52,233,884, or $26,116,000 per annum, being $2,000,000 more than in 1840, and $7,000,000 more than the estimate of the departments. The same items of expenditure are estimated at $22,932,773 for the coming year by the late Secretary. The Committee of Ways and Means has, however, dissented from this estimate, and arbitrarily reduced them to $18,175,289, or about the amount of Mr. Woodbury's estimate for 1841. The fact of this estimate being made by a party which has spent $52,233,884 for the same objects during the last two years, is the most severe reproof of its own misconduct. The same committee estimated the regular receipts of the ensuing year at $15,600,000, showing a deficit of $2,500,000, which they turned into a surplus by proposing to borrow $4,883,358. The Secretary asked for a duty upon tea and coffee, which, it was supposed, would yield a sum equal to the deficit. This the committee refused to grant, for the following most remarkable reasons, viz.—"that they did not consider that it was necessary that the proceeds of the public lands should go into the public treasury, and, in addition thereto, that a duty should be imposed on tea and coffee." The estimate of this identical committee was, that the regular receipts, including the lands at $2,500,000, would be short of the reduced estimates of expense as above stated at $2,500,000, which deficit the tea and coffee duty would supply. They refused to recommend this duty, to protect the credit of the United States, unless an equal sum was taken out and given to the States, in the shape of the proceeds of the public lands. The recommendation of the duty as an offset to the withdrawal of the public lands from the treasury was called by the committee, of which Mr. Fillmore was chairman, an act of "self-sacrificing devotion" on their part, and on the part of the representatives that supported it. What an

abominable insult is this to the people! They elected servants to go to Washington to carry on the government, and protect its credit, in order to further the interests of the people by whom it was constituted. On arriving there, these servants of the people increase the expenses, and destroy the general revenue by a tariff to protect a particular class. To benefit another small class of bondholders, they seek to filch the public lands from the treasury, by making it the condition of supplying the estimated deficit. This is called "self-sacrificing devotion." The people will doubtless henceforth select servants whose interests are identical with the general welfare, and the honor and credit of the Union, the protection of which will be considered a duty instead of a "self-sacrificing devotion."

Amid all this injurious legislation and struggling for credit, the great interests of the whole people are rapidly advancing. The crops have been most abundant, and are increasing their markets, notwithstanding the bar to sales interposed by the late onerous tariff. Prices are indeed low, but the industry of the people and the abundance of yield compensate in some degree for the low money prices, which are the surest guarantee of ready sales. The great abundance of produce may be estimated from the following table of the receipts at New Orleans, and the delivery from the Ohio Canal, on the lakes, in a series of years.

	Receipts at New Orleans.						Delivery at Cleveland.	
	Tobacco.	Cotton.	Pork.	Lard.	Flour.	Corn.	Flour.	Pork.
	hhds.	bales.	bbls.	kegs.	bbls.	sacks.	bbls.	bbls.
1833	23,637	410,524	59,241	128,019	233.762	65,620	175,590	22,758
1834	25,210	461,026	91,998	192,565	345,831	62,137	153.026	33,884
1835	33,801	536,991	92,172	239,552	286,534	162,346	209,619	19,814
1836	41,634	490,495	79,505	188,739	287,232	287,182	233,631	13.572
1837	35,821	588,969	115,580	203,825	253,500	369,690	281,891	42,057
1838	35,555	738,313	139,463	224,388	320,208	177,751	463,065	39,055
1839	30,852	579,179	166,071	218,387	434,984	338,795	482,287	30,717
1840	40,436	940,320	120,908	177,303	482,523	278,358	808,361	23,017
1841	54,667	821,288	216,974	311,710	496,194	268,557	664,625	29,797
1842	68,058	749,267	244,442	366,694	439,688	338,709	693,911	53,372
1843 7 mo.	16,937	765,171	74,890	175,231	235,240	134,240	———	———

This table shows the constantly increasing products of the great west, which are seeking market both by way of the lakes and by the valley of the Mississippi, putting immense wealth into the hands of the producers. The money value has received a temporary check by the transition from a paper to a specie currency, causing a momentary scarcity; but the vacuum is filling with a rapidity truly astonishing, $6,000,000 to $8,000,000 having been received from abroad. Upwards of $10,000,000 have been paid out from broken banks into circulation, and probably $2,000,000 of plate and trinkets have already found the mint for coinage, under the law of trade which makes the precious metals more valuable for coin than for ornament, to which purposes they are easily applied when people are rich in paper wealth. Large amounts that have been hoarded have also been disbursed. From all these sources, probably, $20,000,000 have been and are about to be poured into the channels of circulation, in the place of an equal amount of bank paper withdrawn by liquidation. At Cincinnati, during the winter, 250,000 hogs have been prepared for market, equal in value, commissions, material, &c., to $2,000,000, besides $1,000,000 of flour and other produce, ready to be exchanged for coin with the opening of the navigation, and destined for the English and French markets. The influx of coin for the purchase of these articles has already produced a sensible effect upon prices in the western cities, where in some cases they have gone up 25 per cent. This is the foundation of business and prosperity upon an imperishable basis; a prosperity which will not accumulate enormous wealth in the hands of a few privileged individuals, but will give competence and independence to the whole industrious population of a mighty continent. The simple form of our economical government allows wealth to remain in the hands of those who earn it. They are not required to support a splendid government, in order to maintain a meretricious reputation for strength and power, which is really exhausting the vital energies of the people.

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

The Veil Removed; or Reflections on David Humphreys' Essay on the Life of Israel Putnam. Also, Notices of Oliver W. B. Peabody's Life of the same; S. Swett's Sketch of Bunker Hill Battle, &c., &c. By JOHN FELLOWS. New York: James D. Lockwood, 5 John Street. 1843. 18mo. pp. 231.

When we tell the reader that the purport of this volume is to *remove the veil* of delusion with which the author considers that a mistaken and fallacious history has hitherto enveloped the character of PUTNAM—and to prove that instead of having been the gallant and glorious old patriot soldier his whole country, and especially New England, has always delighted to regard him, he was nothing better than an empty braggart and miserable coward, who deserved in his own day to be shot, and in ours to be despised,—when we startle the reader, we say, with this piece of information, he will not be surprised that we abstain from any immediate expression of judgment upon it, on the imperfect examination we have yet been able to give to its contents. We mean to go into, and through the subject very closely—such matters are not to be trifled with—with the view either to exhume and cast forth the impostor bones which have surreptitiously found their way into the Pantheon of our holiest national memories; or else, in the name and behalf of the insulted country, to repel, with its just desert of scorn and wrath, the sacrilegious hand which has dared thus to approach to disturb and desecrate their glorious repose. This matter began in 1818 with General Dearborn. In the form of the present volume, we presume it may be regarded as having fairly come to a head. All that is to be charged or argued against the fame of Putnam, we may fairly assume to be here brought to bear. The work appears to have been prepared with elaborate and searching pains; and the author appears to write from convictions positive to the point of fierceness and bitterness. Before forming any definite judgment on the important historical question thus raised and argued, we cannot resist—no reader can—be the truth what it may—the first impression, that at least a more subdued, if not a sorrowful tone would have been more appropriate to such a task. If there are some duties that may well be performed with loud song of triumph and joy, there are others to which a sad and solemn silence is alone meet and decent. However, we will go as thoroughly into and through this matter, as our best faculty, in the calm and candid investigation of truth, will permit. We will do full justice either to Israel Putnam or to John Fellows—or rather, we trust, to both. But we give fair warning to the latter (as indeed he must have expected when he placed his name on the title-page of such a book), that unless he succeeds in sustaining his indictment against the long revered and beloved memory of the former, he must count upon receiving, from the criticism of indignant patriotism, a punishment as nearly commensurate with the parricidal impiety of such an attempt, as the heartiest good will on our part can make it.

Principalities and Powers in Heavenly Places. By CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH. With an Introduction, by the Rev. Edward Bickersteth. New York: Published by John S. Taylor & Co., 145 Nassau-street. 1843. 12mo. pp. 298.

Protestantism has certainly in some instances been led, by the vehemence of its reaction against the abuses of doctrine and practice which it charged against Roman Catholicism, unduly to neglect some portions of scriptural truth to which the latter had perhaps given an undue prominence. Among these may be included the deep and mysterious doctrine of Revelation respecting Angels, both evil and good,—to which classes of superhuman beings, with their malign influences or beneficent ministrations, it has charged against the Church of Rome an unscriptural, idolatrous, and extravagant degree of attention. It enters into the design of this volume to contribute some counteraction to this past error of most Protestant religionists. It treats, in its division into two parts, of both these antagonist worlds of spiritual being, bringing to bear, it would seem, all the passages to be found in the Bible, in illustration of its views of their nature, and relations with and action upon man. The task seems to be

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executed with a devout zeal and industry; though (as far as we may judge from an hour's glancing among its pages), in a spirit most orthodoxly narrow, and bigotedly bitter, whenever the author's process of discussion brings her within possibility of an allusion to "Popery" or things or thoughts "Popish." She has evidently no higher or wider ideas of the capabilities of man's own spiritual powers, than those derived from the limited action of his senses and ordinary mental processes, to which the range of our common philosophy has been wont to confine its speculations, before some of these late wonderful discoveries of our own times had shot their gleams of revealing light far down into the unfathomed depths of our awfully mysterious spiritual nature. She finds an explanation of all the strange phenomena which she believes as facts, yet finds hard to understand as natural ones, by referring most of them to the direct agency of the Devil—such as prophetic dreams, revelations of future or distant events, &c. We give the following extract, which those readers who believe it may or may not explain on her theory, as may best please them:

"An instance of his subtlety occurring a few years since, and attested by unimpeachable evidence, may illustrate this. The writer had it from one who was on the spot; and it has also been published. The late Lady Hester Stanhope, it is well known, fell into a snare of the devil, abjured her faith, and lived among the mountains of Djourni as an eastern princess, wholly divorced from all former ties, not only to her country, but to her God; she affected a knowledge of futurity, peculiar to those who practise witchcraft. Her house was visited by many strangers, including Englishmen; and they were hospitably entertained. At the time now alluded to, some zealous Christians occasionally took up their temporary abode with her: the Rev. Lewis Way, Joseph Wolff, and others, who earnestly longed to lead into the fold this wandering sheep and her infidel household. This, of course, would raise Satan's opposition in no common degree; for the smallest portion of good leaven lodged in that lump, might work the ruin of his kingdom in a place where every inch of territory is an important possession. Among the members of her establishment was a Dewish, a pretender to superior knowledge and sanctity, a teacher and worshipper of false gods, therefore of devils; held in esteem by Lady Hester, and in great awe and admiration by her dependants. This man's influence could not coexist with that of a Christian minister; and though it does not appear that he took any part in resisting them, Satan contrived so to establish his character as to seal up his followers in deeper darkness than before. A tremendous earthquake buried Aleppo in ruins: the city was overthrown, and the inhabitants perished. Situated many miles distant from the scene of devastation, without the possibility of any human communication, and indeed before it took place, this Dewish openly proclaimed that Aleppo was destroyed. In that advanced stage of the subterranean process, an observant being could doubtless tell that the crisis was at hand;—could point the spot where, from circumstances ordered of God, it was evidently to burst: and thus by simply using the tongue of an ungodly man to convey the intimation, he established that man's claim to a prophetic spirit. It was much talked of at the time, and questioned by some who would neither admit that a divine revelation was made to so evil a character, and for no good end, or that Satan has power to discover the yet unrevealed purposes of God. We admit both these objections, yet the tale is true; and on this ground it is perfectly explicable."

The author's bitterness against "the Papacy, that convicted child of the devil," as she is pleased in a thousand variations of phrase to denounce it, and whose "scarlet" robe produces on her the same effect as the sight of a red rag upon a turkey-cock, leads her to attack also the new Oxford theology as one of the most insidious and perilous of "the latter devices" of the "old serpent." If she were within the hearing of our voice, we might take the liberty of respectfully whispering in her ear, whether there may not possibly be a little of an unconscious influence of the spirit of that same individual, manifesting itself in such narrow-minded and intolerant bigotry of sentiment and language, as is displayed on fifty of her own pages, to which it would be an easy task to point were the book worth the while.

Puseyism Examined. By J. H. Merle D'Aubigne, D.D., author of the "History of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century." With an Introductory Notice of the Author. By Robert Baird. New York: Published by John S. Taylor & Co. Brick Church Chapel, 145 Nassau-street. 1843. 18mo. pp. 79.

Puseyism is one of the most curious of the religious phenomena of the day, but, chiefly confined to the bosom of the Established Church of England and in England, it has made but little progress, if any, on this side of the Atlantic. We hold ourselves therefore absolved from any moral obligation to look beyond the title-page and introduction of this Discourse—from the latter of which we learn that D'Aubigne who appears fitly as the champion of the Genevan against the Catholic theology, is now engaged on the fourth volume of his History of the Reformation, treating of the Reformation in England. A fifth and sixth volume are also contemplated, to follow in the course of time.

It is a work of immense circulation in England, there being no less than three different translations. In this country also, we learn that the recent cheap editions are circulating with a rapidity unparalleled. Mr. Baird affords the following piece of personal description of its author:

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"It may be insignificant to remark—but it will answer some inquiries which have been addressed to me—that Dr. Merle d'Aubigne is a large, fine looking man, of most agreeable manners; and *personally*, as well as mentally considered, he would be pronounced by every one, to be altogether worthy to speak of Martin Luther, John Knox, and the other giants of the Reformation. Nevertheless, I am pained to say it, his health does not correspond with the robustness of his frame, nor the vigor of his appearance. He suffers much at times from complaints of the chest. I am sure, that in making this statement, I shall secure the prayers of many a reader, that his valuable life may be spared many years to bless the Church and the world."

Inaugural Address of the Hon. ALBERT GALLATIN, LL.D. on taking the Chair as President of the New York Historical Society, Friday evening, Feb. 7, 1843. New York, printed for the Society by James P. Wright, 41 Pine-st., 1843. Pamphlet.

This Discourse exhibits its venerable author as in the full possession of those powers which, through the long and honorable career along which he has left a line of light as he went, have been so often and so well devoted to the public service. There are many valuable truths in it, the calm and sober utterings of Nestorian wisdom, not the less worthy of deep heed that they may have no startling novelty to recommend them to attention. Its leading idea is to illustrate the deeply rooted trait of American national character, its attachment to Law and peaceful social order,—though in recommending its continued cultivation he is full careful to avoid the opposite error of servile submission to oppression, or of denial of the sovereignty of the People, with their coincident right of making or changing their form of government. We cannot know the exact lengths to which he would be understood as willing to go under any given circumstances, but there is nothing in the following to which we cannot yield a full concurrence:

"If it be unjustifiable, unless for the most important purposes, and when no other means remain of obtaining redress, to resort to an appeal to the People in their primary capacity, and to incur the risks of civil war and of a dissolution of the State; we find on the other hand, in the history of the world, abundant proofs, that, in almost every case, those convulsions had their origin in the ambition, the cupidity, or the obstinacy of those who happened to have engrossed all the powers of the State. Our own experience teaches us that, under our Institutions, Revolutions may always be prevented by timely and spontaneous reforms. And the provisions now generally inserted in our Constitutions, for obtaining by an orderly process the alterations that may become necessary, would seem to have removed the danger of a resort to any other means."

Mental Hygiene; or an Examination of the Intellect and Passions: designed to illustrate their Influence on Health and the Duration of Life. By WILLIAM SWEETSER, M. D., late Professor of the Theory and Practice of Physic, and Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. New York: J. & H. G. Langley, 57 Chatham Street. 1843. 12mo. pp. 270.

Dr. Sweetser has given to the public—(and to the whole public, for there is nothing technical or professional in it)—a book as entertaining as it is calculated to be useful, in this Treatise on the Hygiene of the Mind. Copiously illustrated as it is with celebrated instances and striking anecdotes, it sheds over the subject, which is sufficiently indicated by its title, a great amount of instructive light, conveyed in a very agreeable manner. The First Part relates to the Intellectual Operations in respect to their influence on the general functions of the body, though but brief space suffices for the treatment of this division of his subject. "Indeed," is the just remark of the author, "when pure, or as much so as is consistent with their nature—for scarce can we conceive of any mental function entirely isolated from every shade of affection—the intellectual operations can by no means be viewed as an ordinary cause of disease, or as tending directly to abbreviate the term of existence. The infirmities so apt to be witnessed in those whose pursuits are of a more strictly intellectual character, are much oftener imputable to the agency of the passions aroused by, and blended with the mental efforts, or else to the sedentary and other prejudicial habits of life, with which they are so frequently united, than to the mere abstract labors of thought." In the Second Part, a view is presented of the moral feelings or passions (divided into three broad classes, of the pleasurable, painful and mixed) in the relation which they also maintain to man's physical nature, with the influence of their excessive indulgence or morbid overaction on the different functions of the animal economy; concluding with an exhibition of the evil consequences resulting from an ill-regulated imagination, to the firmness of the nervous system, and the integrity of the general health. We content ourselves for the present with thus indicating the general scope and plan of this work, as we shall, probably, at an early day, make its interesting contents the subject of a more extended notice.

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The Philosophy of Reform; a Lecture delivered before the Berean Institute, in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, January 20, 1843; *with Four Discourses upon the same general topic, delivered in New York and Brooklyn.* By Rev. E. H. Chapin, Charlestown, Mass. New York: C. L. Stickney, 130 Fulton street. 1843. 18mo., pp. 136.

The Lecture on "The Philosophy of Reform" is the only portion of this little volume we have had time to read. It is a noble and beautiful production of an earnest, free, strong and loving soul. Attacking with equal force of censure the two antagonist evils of a stagnant Conservatism and a mere tempestuous Destructivism, he makes a fine plea for that true spirit of Christian Reform, which is neither the one nor the other of these, but which partakes wisely and well of them both. We would gladly quote largely from it, were it in our power. The following are all which we can permit ourselves:

"My objection to the strict Conservative is, not that he holds back in the tide of Reform, but that he holds on to all things just as they are—and not merely to the *good* that is in all things. He loves existing institutions because they happen to exist, and for no other reason. He loves old customs because they *are* old, and he is very comfortable under them. Too often when we come to analyze his conservatism, the whole reason of it is found in sheer, downright *selfishness*. He hates to be disturbed. If the movement prevails he must move too, and he dislikes the exertion and the sacrifice. He has got a snug corner of the world, and ample means to live, and surely, he thinks, the world is well enough as it is. It is natural that *he* should think so. But the poor bondman, who labors in blood and tears, thinks that the world is *not* well enough as it is, and it is evident that there must be some other criteria than the convenience of one man, or of one class of men.

"Or, if the Conservative is not selfish, he is an alarmist, and as much deluded as the veriest fanatic. He exercises no discrimination. Every plan that is proposed to alter existing institutions, to him looks heretical and dangerous, because he will not set himself to work candidly to investigate the matter, but sees through his prejudices, and acts from his old habits of thinking. At the mere mention of the word *Reform*, vague ideas of unsettlement and confusion rush upon him; he sees all things in chaos—nothing but licentiousness and destruction, blood and flame; and, honestly scared, no doubt, he vociferates from the very depths of his lungs—'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!'"

. . . . . .

"My objection, then, to the strict Conservative is, that he allows no movement, either forward by way of *advancement*, or backward by way of *purification*; but wants all things to remain as they are, which nature will not permit, since by her laws all things *move* in some way, either in growth or decline. And I object to the Conservative, because with all his fears for Goodness and Truth, he evidently knows but little of either, else he would exercise more discrimination, and while clinging to the *good* would let the *bad* go, and thus be a Reformer—and, also, he would be willing to trust truth in every encounter, knowing it to be eternal and omnipotent. I object to the Conservative, because he has no faith in progress—he too often acts from a selfish motive—he consults not his *reason*, but his *fears*."

. . . . . .

"We must not be rash; we must not adopt everything as it comes, but compare, reflect, examine—and fear not the result. And is it not better even to move at a *risk*, than not to move at all? This Conservative argument was as valid countless ages back as it is now. And if men had heeded it, the race would be now where it was countless ages ago. But they did not heed it. They took a step forward—a step at a time, to be sure—but still a step forward, even though it was in the untried path of experiment. I do not like the legitimate bearings of this argument. It will do as well for the Grand Turk as for the professed Republican—it will serve the high Tories of England, as well as any Conservative in this country. Enough, that reason decides after calm reflection. Enough, that all that intuitively recognizes the Good and the True, appeals in our bosoms. Enough, if we have these, to venture forward, even hazarding by experiment the issue which, at the worst, can produce evils scarcely more aggravated than those which already exist."

There is so much wisdom and truth in the following, from the *per contra* to the above, that we cannot refrain from inserting it, as a useful lesson to not a few probably of our readers—nor useless, perhaps, to ourselves:

"With this I dismiss the Conservative and his arguments, and pass to consider the strict Radical, who, I say, is also wrong. He who wages war with all existing institutions, is as bad as he who holds on to all existing institutions—perhaps worse. There is always some good to be preserved. To think otherwise, is to calumniate the past, and deny the Agency of Providence. In order to reform, it is not necessary nor practicable, to level all existing institutions to the dust at one stroke, and drive the ploughshare over them. If they do not actually think so, there are some men who speak as if they owed nothing to the Past or the Present—as if these were naught but hindrances to human progress. But if I understand progress, it is the *gradual* passage from one condition to another, each link in the chain being necessary to the consummation. If human nature grows, it must have something to grow out of, and therefore it is indebted to that something. Your Reform will not create itself, nor will it be born mature, nor can it be produced in the impalpable air. You must use what exists in order to build up what shall be. If you strike away every vestige of the past and the present, upon what will you stand for the future? No—no—you cannot get out of the world in order to move the world. You must stand upon this old firm earth *just as it is*, and try to make it *better*. The plant that shall blossom unto an immortal flowering, must assimilate to itself elements that have been winnowed in the storms and changes of the Past. The harvest of human effort, and hope, and prayer, will spring up in the furrows of by-gone revelations, out from the embers of sin, and the ashes of martyrdom, and the soil of blood-soaked battlefields.

"To the strict Radical I object, moreover, that if he does not actually seek thus to destroy at once all existing organizations, he often does what amounts to the same thing. He attempts to introduce principles and institutions that are impracticable, because they are fitted for an entirely different state of things, for an advanced era of humanity, a golden age, a time of perfection. But between our present state and such an elevated condition, a wide space intervenes. Every inch of ground between this point and that, is to be trodden gradually. His Reform is impalpable because it does not connect with what has gone before—we cannot reach it from where we stand

—and if we would advance to it, we have nothing to advance upon. It is premature, and not regarding the Past and the Present, is the same as if it rejected them. I think that many Radicals are of this class. There are some, I presume, who disgrace every attempted Reform—who seek to overturn all things in order that they may gratify their revenge and their lusts. But these are vile men who do not listen to reason. But, I say, many are of the class to which I just alluded. They are virtuous but dreamy. They speculate too much. Their philosophy may be very good, but they want common sense. Their logic is sound so long as we confine it to abstract principles, but it cannot stand the ordeal of stubborn *facts*. We may hope for the future, but we must act in the present. We cannot forestall nature, nor renovate society by steam.

"Again;—your Radical is frequently a mere grumbler. His sole function, in that case, seems to be, *finding fault*. He has a shrewd wit, perhaps, and he cultivates a sharp satire, which are often effectual, and sometimes amusing. It makes us laugh when he shakes some respectable old rottenness, or when decently-clothed sin winces at his punctures. But, after all, this is an unenviable and unprofitable function. It is the easiest thing in the world to find fault. It requires no great power to pull down, or to pick in pieces. He who takes away without giving something instead, performs no grateful office. If you take from a poor man his ragged cloak, and give him no other clothing, he will hardly call you his benefactor. Now the true Reformer not only removes the bad—he gives us something better. He has not only 'a torch for burning, but a hammer for building.' At least he will have pity for the evils that he cannot help, and while he bears them with meek humility, will ever look forward with hope and faith. The fault-finding Radical knows not the true spirit of Reform. This seeks to build up, to develope, knowing that in this way evil is best destroyed. It will not pluck the crutch from the cripple—but will seek to heal his lameness. It will not seek to undermine the faith of childhood's simple hymn, but will anoint its lips, and teach its faltering voice to flow in deep and sweet hosannas."

An Encyclopædia of Science, Literature, and Art: comprising the History, Description, and Scientific Principles of every branch of Human Knowledge, with the Derivation and Definition of all the Terms in use. Illustrated by Engravings on Wood. General Editor, W. T. Brande, F. R. S. L. & E., &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff street. 1843.

Four parts of this excellent popular encyclopædic compendium have appeared, at the price of twenty-five cents each, for a mass of most valuable matter, of which it is hard indeed to conceive how it can be furnished to the public at such rates. Of its general character it is unnecessary for us to add anything to its well known and settled reputation. It is to be completed in twelve semi-monthly parts, and it will be the no small loss of any, not themselves possessing the assorted contents of an encyclopædia in their own heads, ready for constant reference, who do not take advantage of the present opportunity to possess themselves of this, at a cost so small in its total amount, and made so insensible to the pocket by its distribution.

Tales and Sketches. Translated from the Italian, French, and German. By Nathaniel Greene. Boston: Charles C. Little & James Brown. 1843.

This is a charming little volume—as modest and sweet as a violet. The refined poetic taste guiding Mr. Greene's selection of the stories which it becomes a labor of love for him then to transfuse rather than translate into English form, may be sufficiently judged of by our readers, from the exquisite story entitled "Poor Margaret," originally published in our pages, and now re-appearing most welcomely in these.

The London Christian Observer for January and February, 1843. A Reprint. Joseph Mason, 102 Broadway.

This is the second time that this periodical has been brought more immediately under the notice of the American public by means of a reprint. Several years have now elapsed since the first experiment was discontinued. Why it did not then succeed we are unable to explain; certainly it was not through any deficiency of talent in the editorial department. But, waiving all conjectures upon this head, we must content ourselves with devoting a few lines to the present edition which commenced with the January number of the current year, under the auspices of Mr. Mason, so well known as the popular republisher of foreign periodicals. The unusual excitement which now prevails throughout the country on various religious doctrines, renders the appearance of such a magazine as the London Christian Observer peculiarly well-timed to meet the wants of a large class of readers. Its pages are under the control of a committee of members of the established church of England. From what we have seen of this periodical, we should infer that it was less disposed to be the organ of any narrow and sectarian sentiments, than to cultivate an enlarged spirit of charity towards all men. And this characteristic is virtually acknowledged by the clergymen of twelve different denominations, who have united in commending its perusal to their fellow-citizens. We cordially wish Mr. Mason success in this undertaking; though we are inclined to think that his terms (only $2 per annum) are too low to afford him much more than a bare re-imbursement of the actual outlay which he incurs in getting up his edition, of which the typographical aspect is also highly satisfactory.

LITERARY BULLETIN.

There is still a great paucity of Literary news; the following comprise the leading items. First, to begin near home, our publishers, the Langleys, are acting on the modern popular plan of publication—that of issuing in numbers—with respect to Norman's popular work on Yucatan. It is to be comprised in 4 numbers, at 25 cents each—including all the illustrations in Lithotint, and bound up in the French style of a fancy paper cover. There can be no doubt as to the success of such a movement on the part of these sagacious bibliopoles, and were it otherwise the fault would not be theirs, but the ungrateful public's. We believe this beautiful volume is about the *ne plus ultra* of cheap issues, and even the most parsimonious may now possess a copy of this attractive tome, without inflicting a *very* serious tax upon his purse. The two medical works referred to in our last, will appear in the course of the present month. Dr. Sweetser's work, entitled "*Mental Hygiene*," we have just had a glance at; it seems a very curious and interesting volume, and we expect to find in it much valuable disquisition on the subtle subject of his inquiry. '*The Conspectus of the Pharmacopeias*,' by Dr. Thomson, is also ready for publication. The following are said also to be forthcoming—"The Life and Remains of Dr. Marsh, of Vermont University," edited by Professor Torrey. The same Professor has also a translation of Schilling's "Discourse on Fine Arts." Professor Benedick has a new work on Conchology, with plates. A Treatise on Music, by the late Dr. Lincoln. Prescott's "History of the Conquest of Mexico," and volume 4 of Bancroft's "United States," will appear about midsummer. Rev. O. A. Choules is preparing to issue a new edition complete to the present time of Hinton's "History of the United States." Harpers are about to issue in numbers several works, M'Culloch's "Universal Gazetteer"—"Travels in Arabia Petræa," &c., by Professor Olin, and also some other standard works. Hoffman's "Wild Scenes in Forest and Prairie" is in press The forthcoming Annuals," &c for 1844—"The Hesperian," edited by J. Keese; "The Gift," "Christian Offering," edited by R. W. Griswold, and the "The Rose of Sharon."

THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

March 7th.—The Society met at their rooms in the University—present, a large number of members and invited guests, among whom were Dr. Huxtable, of Bristol, Eng., S. S. Trikaliotes, of Athens, Greece, Dr. Robinson, (author of Travels in Palestine, &c.), Hon. G. C. Verplanck, Rev. Dr. Turner, Mr. Schoolcraft, Mr. Van Rensselaer, and others. The chair was taken by the President, Hon. A. Gallatin, assisted by the Vice Presidents, Mr. Lawrence and Rev. Dr. De Witt. The minutes of the last meeting were then read by Mr. Jay, the Recording Secretary, and approved. A considerable time was occupied in the consideration of several proposed amendments of the Constitution of the Society, reported by Prof. Mason as chairman of the executive committee. The amendments, with some slight modifications, were severally adopted; the most important changes made by them being a provision for a new class of members, to be called corresponding members; for two corresponding secretaries, foreign and domestic; and the restoration of the old standing committee of seven members, to be called the executive committee. The foreign correspondence was on motion assigned to Mr. De Peyster, the corresponding secretary under the former arrangement; and Mr. Folsom was elected domestic corresponding secretary, agreeably to the new provision. The following gentlemen, nominated on a previous occasion, were elected honorary members, viz.: Sir James B. Williams, Bart., Shrewsbury, Eng.; Robert Lemon, Esq., F.S.A., Chief Clerk in Her Majesty's State Paper Office, London; and Hon. F. C. Gray, LL.D., of Massachusetts; and as resident members, Messrs. W. S. Wet-

more, James Gallatin, S. R. Child, M.D., and Richard S. Fellowes, Esqrs. Several nominations were then made for honorary, corresponding, and resident members, to be acted upon at a subsequent meeting.

A paper by Mr. Catherwood (the travelling companion of Mr. Stephens), was then read, on the subject of an ancient monument observed by him in the Beylic of Tunis, Africa, at a place called Dugga, about 80 miles from the site of ancient Carthage. It was accompanied by an original drawing, with a plan of the interior of the building and the inscriptions on its front. The building is thirty-six feet in height, and of an order of architecture totally different from that of the other ruins of the country, exhibiting much greater simplicity and elegance. The interior is divided into three rooms, and the several stories are so low, and possess other peculiarities of so striking a character, as to induce the conclusion that they could only have been intended as places of deposit for the dead—a supposition confirmed by two inscriptions on the right of the exterior entrance, one in Phœnician or Punic, and the other in Lybian characters, of which copies were made by Mr. Catherwood, which accompanied the drawing; together with a translation of the former made by the great German philologist Gesenius (recently deceased), from which it appears to be the tribute of a son to the memory of his father, lauding his virtues and recounting his ancestry for several generations. With regard to the probable date of its erection, Mr. Catherwood expressed no decided opinion, but from the traces in its architecture of the severe and rigid style of ancient Greece, he seemed inclined to refer it to the period of the foundation of Carthage, about 900 B. C. This remarkable monument was overlooked by Mr. Shaw, one of the most distinguished travellers in that part of Africa; it was visited by a French traveller, M. D'Arcos, in 1631, who, however, gave no description of it beyond copying the inscriptions. As this paper will soon be published at length, we forbear giving any farther account of it at present.

When the reading was finished, Professor Robinson addressed a few remarks to the Society on the subject of the paper, in which he stated that the description of this interesting relic of antiquity by Mr. Catherwood was of the greatest value, as no other traveller had described it; and that he (Professor R.) had furnished Mr. C.'s copy of the inscriptions to the learned Gesenius, who inserted it in his great work entitled "Monumenta Phœnicia." Professor R. had been strongly reminded by the architecture of the monument of remains similar in style with which he had met at Petra, and was inclined to refer its erection to the same era, namely, the second or third century, A. D. He expressed his hope that the paper would soon be given to the world, as it was interesting in itself and highly important to scholars. The thanks of the Society were then voted to Mr. Catherwood for his valuable communication.

Mr. Gibbs exhibited part of an ancient water-pipe, of coarse earthenware, brought by his father, the late Col. George Gibbs, from the ruins of Carthage. It was probably one of the small distributing pipes, that conveyed to private residences the water brought by the famous aqueduct of Carthage from the mountains fifty miles distant.

Mr. Folsom read several interesting extracts from his forthcoming work on the Conquest of Mexico, translated from the official narration of Cortes, the conqueror, addressed to the emperor Charles V. The original work, Mr. F. stated, is comprised in three letters or despatches, of great length, written in Mexico during the conquest, and transmitted to Spain, where they were soon after printed; the first appearing at Seville, in 1522, two years only after it was written. These valuable and curious documents have never been translated into English, although they contain the most authentic account extant of the extraordinary enterprise conducted by Cortes against the Mexican empire, which resulted in such complete success. Dr. Robertson, who consulted them in the original, says that "they contain a regular and minute history of the expedition, with many curious particulars concerning the policy and manners of the Mexicans." The following passage is taken from that portion of the work in which Cortes speaks of his efforts to reform the religion of the Mexicans; after describing the great temple, he says:—

"I precipitated from their pedestals the principal idols in which the people have the greatest faith and confidence, and cast them down the steps of the temple, purifying the chapels in which they had stood, as they were all polluted with human blood, shed in the sacrifices. In the place of these I put images of Our Lady and the saints, which not a little incensed Muteczuma and the natives of the country. They at first remonstrated with great earnestness, declaring that if my proceedings were generally known, the people throughout the country would rise *en masse* against me; for they believed that their idols bestowed on them all temporal blessings, and if suffered to be treated with

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indignity, they would be displeased, and withhold their gifts, depriving the country of the fruits of the earth, and thus causing the inhabitants to perish with hunger.

"I answered by an interpreter, that they were deceived in expecting any favors from idols, the work of their own hands, formed of unclean things; and that they must learn there was but one God, the universal Lord of all, who had created the heavens and the earth, and all things else, and had made them and us; that he was without beginning, and immortal, and they were bound to adore and believe him, and no other creature or thing. I said everything to them that I could to divert them from their idolatries, and draw them to a knowledge of God our Lord. Muteczuma replied, (the others concurring in what he said), as follows:—'That they had already informed me they were not the aboriginal inhabitants of the country, but that their ancestors had emigrated hither many years ago; and they supposed, that after so long an absence from their native shores, they might have fallen into some erroneous notions; that I had more recently arrived, and must know better than themselves what they ought to believe; and that if I would instruct them in these matters, and make them understand the true faith, they would follow my directions, as it would be better for them.'

"Afterwards, Muteczuma and many of the chief personages of the city, went with me to remove the idols from the temples, and assisted in purifying the chapels, and placing the images in them, with apparent pleasure; and I forbade their sacrificing human beings, as they had been accustomed to do; because, besides being abhorrent in the sight of God, Your Sacred Majesty* had prohibited it by law, and commanded to put to death whoever should take the life of another. So, from that time, they refrained from the practice; and during the whole period of my abode in that city, there was no instance of their killing or sacrificing a human being."

AQUEDUCTS OF MEXICO.

Cortes gives the following description of the aqueducts of Mexico: "Along one of the causeways that lead into the city are laid two pipes, constructed of masonry, each of which is two paces in width, and about five feet in height. An abundant supply of excellent water, forming a volume equal in bulk to the human body, is conveyed by one of the pipes, and distributed about the city, where it is used by the inhabitants for drinking and other purposes. The other pipe is, in the meantime, kept empty until the former requires cleansing, when the water is let into it, and continues to be used till the process of cleansing is completed. As the water is necessarily carried over bridges on account of the passage of salt water across its course, reservoirs resembling canals are constructed on the bridges, through which the fresh water is conveyed; these reservoirs are of the breadth of the body of an ox, and of the same length as the bridges; by this means the whole city is supplied. The water is carried in canoes through all the streets for sale; it is taken from the aqueduct in the following manner: the canoes pass under the bridges on which the reservoirs are placed, and men stationed above fill them with water, for which service they are paid."

CHARACTER OF THE MEXICANS.

"The inhabitants of this city pay a greater regard to style in their mode of living, and are more attentive to elegance of dress, and politeness of manners, than those of the other provinces and cities; since, as the sovereign Muteczuma has his residence in the capital, and all the nobility, his vassals, are in the constant habit of meeting there, a general courtesy of demeanor necessarily prevails. But not to be prolix in describing what relates to the affairs of this great city, (although it is difficult for me to avoid going on), I will say no more than that the manners of the people, as shown in their intercourse with one another, are marked by as great an attention to the proprieties of life as in Spain, and good order is equally well preserved; and considering that they are a barbarous people, without the knowledge of God, having no intercourse with civilized nations, these traits of character are worthy of admiration."

Mr. Folsom exhibited a copy of an Italian translation of the first Letter of Cortes to Charles V., printed at Venice in 1524, two years after the publication of the original at Seville; which was procured at Venice, and presented to the Society by Samuel Ward, Esq.

The business of the meeting being finished, the Society adjourned for conversation, and to partake of slight refreshments provided as usual in one of its rooms, for the members and their invited guests.

* The Emperor Charles V., to whom Cortes addressed his Letters.

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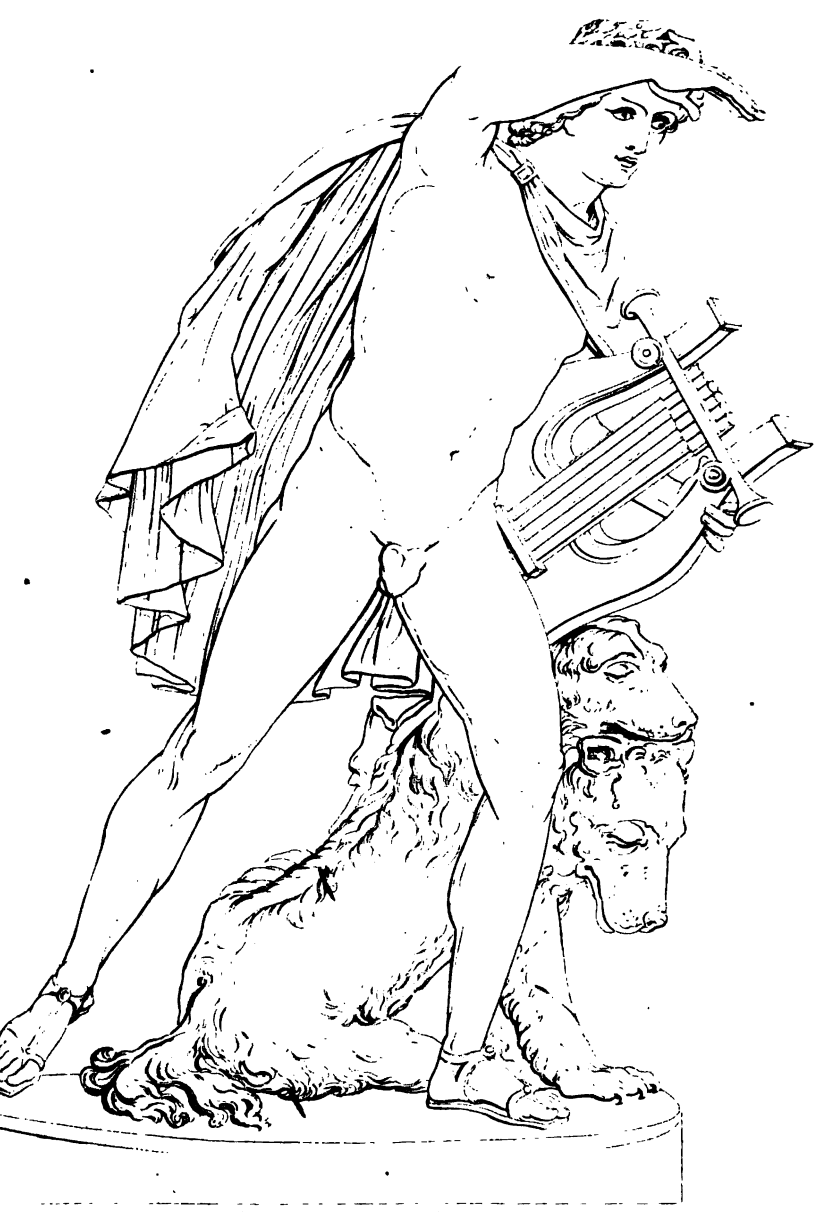

CRAWFORD'S ORPHEUS.

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THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS SEVEN SHEETS, ONE HUNDRED AND TWELVE PAGES.

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CRAWFORD'S ORPHEUS.

(With an Engraving on Steel.)

OF all the stories of antiquity, not one is more beautiful or touching than that of Orpheus. Strange that his earnest love, and the unwonted errand on which it led him, after charming successive centuries, and becoming the theme of poets, should be first recorded in marble by a youthful artist whose sight first opened in a land far away from the country of the hero—beyond *Ultima Thule*—beyond the Hesperian Gardens and the Islands of the Blest—and beyond that Ocean which, poured round the ancient world, seemed more impassable even than those sullen waters that guarded Eurydice!

The tale is simple, and in the memory of all. Young men and maidens for ages have listened to it, and old men in the chimney-corner have mused over it. To Orpheus Apollo gave a lyre. Such a gift from such a God was not in vain; and the youth charmed by his music as music never charmed before. The rapid rivers ceased to flow, the mountains moved, and the rage of the tigers was restrained, to listen to his songs. The fairest nymphs were his companions; but he heeded only Eurydice. To her he was united in marriage. But the faithless Aristæus saw her and loved her. She fled from his approaches, and as she pressed the grass, in her rapid flight, a serpent stung her foot, and she died. The nymphs of the woods awakened the echoes of the mountains with their sorrows; and the rocks of Rhodope, the lofty Pangæus, the Hebrus, and the sternest parts of Thrace wept. The lover was desolate:

"Te, dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,
Te veniente die, te decedente canebat."

He resolved to regain his lost bride. With his lyre in his hand, he enters the inexorable gates of the regions below. The guardian dog Cerberus is lulled asleep by the unaccustomed strains:

——"*tenuitque inhians tria Cerberus ora.*"

The gentle shades of the dead, wives and husbands, magnanimous heroes, boys and unmarried girls, came forward, and wept. The grim ruler was startled. The rock of Sisyphus stood still; the wheel of Ixion ceased its eternal motion; the refreshing water once again bathed the lips of Tantalus; the daughters of Danaus suspended their never-ending task; the Furies, with their necks clothed with snakes, ceased to rage. All listened rapt to the music, and forgot their pains in sympathy with the bereaved charmer. And now success has crowned his efforts. The woman's heart of Proserpine is touched, and Pluto yields to her intercession. Eurydice is restored, but with one condition. The lover shall

not turn to look upon her face, until they are both again in the upper air. Joyful he leaves behind the abode of Death, and Eurydice follows unseen by him—yet still she follows. But who shall impose restraints upon the longings of love? Forgetful of the stern condition, thinking only of her, he casts one look behind. He saw his Eurydice; but with that vision she disappeared for ever, as a wreath of smoke fades into the air. He stretched forth his arms to embrace her, but she was not there. He raised his voice to speak to her, but she heard him not. He endeavored to retrace his steps, but the gates of Acheron closed harshly against him. What shall he do? With what words shall he seek to bend the will of the Gods? How shall he assuage his own grief? All is vain; and he soon meets with a violent death, at the hands of the Thracian women, enraged at his continued fidelity to the memory of his lost wife, and indifference to their living charms. His head is thrown into the Hebrus, and as it floats down to the sea, the cold tongue lisps the name of Eurydice, and the river's banks send back the sound,—

——"Eurydicen vox ipsa et frigida lingua,
Ah, miseram Eurydicen, anima fugiente, vocabat;
Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ."

From the sweetest poet of antiquity we draw the story. Another poet of modern times, whose great fame in his own age has subsided since like a flood, has made it the subject of a drama, which has been called the earliest of the better sort of dramatic writings of which Italy can boast. The drama is entitled *Orfeo, Tragedia;* and the author is *Angelo Poliziano.* It was written in 1472, in the space of two days, at the instance of the Cardinal Francesco Gonzaga, and, as it was first acted, Orpheus was made to sing an ode in Latin Sapphics in honor of the Cardinal. This, however, now gives place to a beautiful chorus, in imitation of the Greeks, where the Dryads lament the death of Eurydice. The history of Orpheus is pictured by Poliziano with a felicity from which Virgil might have mended even his exquisite verses. This is his first lament as he appears at the entrance to the Infernal Shades:

ORFEO.

Pietà, pietà; del misero amatore
Pietà vi prenda, o Spiriti Infernali:
Quaggiù m' ha scorto solamente amore;
Volato son quaggiù con le sue ali.
Deh posa, Cerber, posa il tuo furore;
Che quando intenderai tutti i miei mali,
Non solamente tu piangerai meco,
Ma qualunque altro è quà nel mondo cieco.
Non bisogna per me, Furie, mugghiare,
Non bisogna arricciar tanti serpenti:
Che se sapeste le mie pene amare,
Compagne mi sareste ai miei lamenti.
Lasciate questo miserel passare,
Ch' ha il ciel nemico, e tutti gli elementi;
E vien per impetrar mercede o morte.
Dunque mi aprite le ferrate porte.

Pluto asks with wonder, who has broken through the unyielding gates, and draws the nations of the dead to join in his grief:

PLUTONE.

Chi è costui che con l'aurata cetra
Mossa ha l'immobil porta,
E seco pianger fa la gente morta?
Nè Sisifo la pietra
A l'alto monte preme,
Nè l'acqua più a Tantalo s'arretra,
Nè Tizio lacerato al campo geme;
Ed è ferma la rota
D' Ission falso; e le Belidi estreme
Si stan con l'urna vuota;
Nè s'ode spirto più che si lamenti:
Ma tutti stanno al dolce canto intenti.

The following is a part of the most persuasive pleading which Orpheus addresses to Pluto and his gentler queen:

ORFEO.

O regnatori a tutte quelle genti
Ch 'hanno perduto la superna luce;
Ai quai discende ciò che gli elementi,
Ciò che natura sotto il ciel produce:
Udite la cagion dei miei lamenti.
Crudele amor dei nostri passi è duce:
Non per Cerber legar fo questa via;
Ma solamente per la donna mia.

Una serpe tra fior nascosa e l'erba,
Mi tolse la mia donna, anzi il mio core:
Ond' io meno la vita in pena acerba,
Nè posso più resistere al dolore.
Ma se memoria alcuna in voi si serba
Del vostro antico e celebrato amore;
Se la vecchia rapina in mente avete;
Euridice mia cara a me rendete.

. . . . . .

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Io ve ne prego per le torbid 'acque
De la palude Stige e d'Acheronte,
E pel Caos ove tutto al mondo nacque,
E pel sonante ardor di Flegetonte;
Pel pome che a te già, Regina, piacque
Quando lasciasti su nostro orizzonte:
Se pur tu me la nieghi, iniqua sorte!
Io non vo'su tornar; ma chieggio morte.

It will be observed that both Virgil and Poliziano indicate in a few words the scene to which Crawford has given a new immortality by his marble. Virgil says,

"—— tenuitque inhians tria Cerberus ora."

And in the verse of Poliziano we have the address to Cerberus:

"Deh posa, Cerber, posa il tuo furore."

It is the moment when Cerberus has yielded to the music, and closed the eyes of his three heads in sleep, that the artist has selected for his chisel. The dog lies on the ground, no longer offering any impediment to the passage. Orpheus steps forward with earnest action—reaching with his body, as it were, into the shades impenetrable to mortals. In one hand he holds the lyre, which has done its first work of conquest; and with the other he shades his eyes, that he may better collect the light to guide his adventurous progress. The expression of the body and of the countenance are in harmony, and they denote the strong resolve which inspires the heart of the lover to seek his lost companion. Nothing shall make him hesitate. He sees already her image—he catches the sound of her voice. He has left the light of day behind him, and he knows not fear. Move on, then, eager soul; such devotion shall not be without its reward. The torments of hell shall cease at your approach; the company of the damned shall bless your coming; and at least one fleeting vision of her whom you have loved so well shall be yours!

Too much cannot be said in praise of the manner in which the artist has arranged his little group. The attitude of the principal figure, the position of the arms, and the apt employment of drapery, strike the most careless eye. But it is in the selection of the scene, and the poetical conception of it, that Crawford challenges our warmest admiration. It is not known that any other sculptor—we believe no other artist of any kind—has illustrated this scene. From the pictured urn of the past, our young countryman first drew it forth and invested it with the light of his genius.

It was the writer's good fortune, in the summer of 1839, to see this work, while under the artist's hands, in his small studio in Rome. He was still engaged on the plastic clay, devoting to it the daily labor of his hands, and, it may be said, the daily and nightly thoughts of his mind; for his soul was absorbed by it, as by a poem. The model, when completed, excited the most gratifying commendation from the highest quarters. An English gentleman, familiar with works of art in all the capitals of Europe, wrote of it in language which no American could employ without exposing himself to the suggestion of an undue partiality to a fellow-countryman, warping his better judgment. The Englishman shall speak for himself: "If Crawford is sustained in his art," he says, "and keeps his health, he will be the first of *modern* sculptors; nay, an American may rival Phidias. He has completed the mould of his Orpheus, which some of the best judges even in the mould compare to the Apollo. Gibson, chary and cold in praise, spoke of it to me as a most extraordinary promise of eminence in the art. I knew that Thorwaldsen (himself the greatest of modern names, not even excepting Canova) has expressed the same opinion, and esteems Crawford as his successor in the severe classic style of sculpture. I send you some lithograph engravings, privately struck off, of the Orpheus, which I brought from Rome. Here in London, at Mr. Rogers's, and elsewhere, I have shown the print, to the great admiration of all who saw it. But Crawford is still struggling. The moneyed Americans who visit Rome follow names, and as yet know not the rising merit of their countryman. He has bespoken the marble for the statue. He has no order for the work! New York will disgrace itself if fifty gentlemen do not club £10 each together, and send it to your Consul at Rome to contract for such an exquisite work, that his native city may have such a *first* work, and *first* encourage such a self-taught man of genius. I shall next week put a paragraph in our papers calling attention to the model. But the

print speaks for itself. Further, Crawford has the merit of virtuous habits, and an honest independent spirit. I found him just recovered from a nervous brain fever. It is hard work to go up hill; but he is up at his work now. Waiting for the Carrara marble for Orpheus, he is moulding an inimitable model of Washington on a charger—a most grand and simple design. Indeed, he has formed his own style, and highly classically stored a mind of great genius. We shall live to see him the most eminent artist of our times. *I only wish he were an Englishman.* How such a man can emerge from your back woods into the eternal city I cannot imagine. But it will reflect eternal disgrace on New York, if, with its opulence, he is not sustained in early life. The most delightful part of his mind is the utter absence of conceit—the independent but mature formation of his views of art—his just, without idol estimate of Michael Angelo—his boldness of opinion, and withal his real diffidence and desire still further to advance his intellect and powers. He is the artist who, and whose works, most struck me in all our journeys on the Continent; and I write the above as you will know, who know me, from admiration of a struggling man of merit."

Since the above letter was written, this admirable work has been ordered for the collection of the Boston Athenæum. We have not yet heard that it is completed, though the artist hoped to be able to send it home this spring. In a letter written during the last year he says: "The marble is superb. The workmanship thus far has been entrusted to the most skilful hands Rome offers." Our accomplished consul at Rome, Mr. Greene, writes of the work and its progress with constant admiration. "The marble," he says, "is without a spot, and of the most beautiful color you can conceive. I was there with Thorwaldsen the other day, and he could not keep his hand off of it, the clear, bell-like ring was so delightful to his ear." When received, it will take its place in the Athenæum among the casts of the great works of antiquity, near the Apollo, the Venus de Medici, the Diana of the Louvre; and it shall claim kindred there, nor find that claim denied.

But the statue of Orpheus is not the only work by which Crawford has entitled himself to the regard of the friends of art. He has produced several *bas-reliefs* of very great merit. Among these, some from Anacreon are destined to the Boston Athenæum. He has also been engaged on a large *bas-relief* for Mr. Tiffany of Baltimore, in illustration of the words, "Lead us into life everlasting." It is understood that this is intended for a monument. Another work by him is a small figure, the Genius of Autumn, made for Mr. Paine of New York; also, a small statue for Mr. Jonathan Phillips of Boston, a repetition of which has been ordered by Mr. Tiffany of Baltimore. Crawford's busts are not extensively known, for a very few of them have reached our country. But they are remarkable for the fidelity with which they portray the countenance, and for the classic elegance and simplicity of their composition. The bust of the late gallant Commodore Hull, made in Rome while he was in command of our Mediterranean squadron, is a beautiful production; and that of Mr. Consul Greene has given very great pleasure to his friends at home. We have also seen the bust of Mr. Kenyon, the English poet, which has great merit. That of Sir Charles Vaughan, the late most popular representative of the British court at Washington, we have not seen; but we have heard it mentioned in terms of high praise.

The following sentences from a letter written by Crawford during the last year, will show his more recent occupations, and the ardor of his soul in the pursuit of excellence in his art:—"I have commenced a small statue of Youth, for Mr. Hicks of New York. The model will be completed in about a month. It is a boy of seven or eight years, dancing in great glee, and tinkling a pair of cymbals, the music of which seems to amuse him exceedingly. The sentiment is joyousness throughout. It is evident no thought of the future troubles his young mind: and he may consider himself very fortunate in being made of marble; for thus his youth remains without change. . . . . I intend commencing seven *bas-reliefs*, which will contain compositions representing the great poets of ancient and modern times. I have Homer, Virgil, Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, and Milton, and an ideal arrangement of Apollo with the horse Pegasus. I

may possibly add Shakspeare, but I think of reserving him to place in another series intended for the Tragic Poets. Soon as I have completed these, you shall have outline engravings of them. I have composed many other things, and I regret that I have not a hundred hands to keep pace with the workings of the mind. The most important of these will be, perhaps, illustrations of the whole of Ovid. I intend engraving these; for to model them would require too much time, unless they were ordered. They will be simple drawings in outline, composed with a sculptural feeling in such a way that they might be modelled in *bas-relief*, and still preserve the harmony of composition so necessary in art. I have often thought that works such as these might be ordered in *plaster*, if not in *marble*. The expense would be but one-half, probably, and they would answer every purpose connected with the ornament of our literary institutions. Many persons think it is absolutely necessary that all works of sculpture should be in marble. If it is possible, so much the better; but after all, casts give to the instructed mind quite as much pleasure; and the reputation of the artist may be placed as well upon fine impressions of his works *in gesso*, as though they were executed in a more durable material. Witness the Triumph of Alexander, the great work of modern times. It was ordered to be made in plaster of Paris originally. Besides, we have the immortal casts of the antique throughout the world. I do not mean to say that I should desire an order for a statue in plaster, nor for a single *bas-relief;* but an order for a *series* of compositions I should consider a most fortunate consummation, and devoutly to be wished." In another part of his letter Crawford says: —"I look to the foundation of a pure school of art in our glorious country. We have surpassed already the republics of Greece in our political institutions, and I see no reason why we should not attempt to approach their excellence in the fine arts, which, as much as anything else, has secured undying fame to Grecian genius."

Such a spirit is worthy of our country. New York—nay, America, should be proud of THOMAS CRAWFORD, for he was born in that city.* It is now as many as six years that he has been pursuing sculpture with an earnest attention, rising almost to rapture, amidst the remains of ancient Rome, in the long galleries of the Vatican, and that modern continuation of the Vatican, as it may be called, the studio of Thorwaldsen. Here he has formed that correct and classical taste, with the freedom of Canova, but without his meretricious style, which manifests itself so exquisitely in all his productions. "He left his home in New York," says one who saw him much, "a very young man; and few knew the immortal aspirings of the enthusiast save the one to whom he came with every new model, and by whose side he sat night after night, reading, drawing, poring over the *Musée des Antiques*, and other works of art, laughing at the eccentricities of Benvenuto Cellini, forming tableaux in which Homer and his heroes, Phidias and Michael Angelo, Guido and Raphael, Salvator Rosa and Leonardo da Vinci, Flaxman and Thorwaldsen, were strangely mingled with Nymphs and Baccanti, winged seraphs and apostles." A youth like this was the natural prelude to a noble manhood.

From such works as the Orpheus, and the wonderful statue of Washington by Greenough, and, if report speaks true, the scarcely less wonderful representation of Eve by Powers, we may augur proudly for American art. The star of Art, perhaps, shall follow that of Empire in its westward way. Already we see and bless its mild effulgence.

* This is believed to be a mistake. Crawford, we are informed, is a native, not of the *City*, but of one of the interior counties of the *State*, of New York. Not that this diminishes in the least the obligation of the great metropolis of the western world to foster such genius in any American—and *à fortiori* in one who may still be regarded as a son of her own. It is a sin and a shame that Boston should have been suffered by New York to possess itself of the Orpheus, and for the utterly inadequate price of only $2500, barely covering the mechanical cost of its execution. The only atonement that can be made, alike to the spirit of art and to a just pride of patriotism, will consist in an order for some other work of kindred inspiration from the same chisel. It may not be improper to mention here, to the credit of Mr. Charles Sumner (who is also the author of the above paper), that it is mainly to his exertions that his nativ- city will owe the honor and advantage of possessing this noble sculpture.—ED. D.

A COMPLAINT.

BY RH. S. S. ANDROS.

It is not grief—it is not care,
That weighs my weary spirit down;
It is not that I cannot bear
The cold world's frown.

But when my pulse beats full and free,
And all is sunny calm within,
I look abroad—and wo is me,
For Pride and Sin!

The haughty child of wealth goes forth,
Bedight in purple, gems, and gold;
The peasant starves beside his hearth,
Or dies of cold!

The noble, from his gorgeous halls,
Scarce scans the half his broad domain;
Want from unnumbered hovels calls—
And calls in vain!

Art rears her temples, and the Few
From Learning's fountain drink their fill;
The Million plod existence through,
In darkness still!

The wilderness and stubborn moor
To Labor yield their hidden spoils;
But dost thou seek to find the poor?
Find him who toils!

Thus is it ever, everywhere!
The groaning Many plant the root,
The Few, who neither delve nor care,
Pluck up the fruit!

But faint not, heart! nor be dismayed;
Bear up! a brighter day shall dawn!
Justice and Truth, though long delayed,
Draw surely on!

Bear up! for Man, though crushed to earth,
And bruised beneath Oppression's rod,
Shall re-assert his heavenly birth,
And rise—a god!

New Bedford, Mass.

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REMARKS ON UNIVERSAL HISTORY.*

BY O. A. BROWNSON.

We have not introduced M. Michelet, a distinguished French historical writer, and the translator of Vico's *Scienza Nuova*, for the purpose of giving an account of his works, nor of attempting an estimate of his merits either as a writer or as an historian; but simply because we find in his *Introduction à l'Histoire Universelle*, which stands at the head of the edition lying before us, a convenient text for a few observations which we have been for some time desirous of presenting our readers, on the Universal History of Humanity, and also on certain theories in regard to that history, which have gained considerable notoriety and even influence.

The conception of a Universal History of Humanity belongs almost to our own times, and is said to be due to the Cartesian school of philosophy; although that school, by taking its point of departure in the pure reason as manifested in the individual consciousness, was and needs must be altogether unhistorical in both its principle and tendency. Nevertheless, by assuming all truth to be geometrically demonstrable, and therefore demanding in every subject of human inquiry geometrical evidence, Cartesianism necessarily creates the need of a Universal History, and naturally suggests its possibility. If all truth be logically demonstrable from the data furnished by the individual reason, then, whatever has appeared, and whatever may appear, in the history of our race, must be logically inferable, and as it were capable of being reproduced or foreknown by mere reasoning. This school by virtue of its principle taught men to look upon history as realizing or developing a plan, and therefore, as capable of scientific exposition.

By the Universal History of Humanity, we do not understand so much a complete narration of all the facts or events of the life of humanity in time and space, as their scientific explication. In constructing it, we assume the facts to be known, spread out as it were before us, and we merely ask, as we contemplate them, what mean these facts? What is their principle? What is their law? Do they develope, or realize a plan? Can they be reduced under a general law, and referred to a common origin? If so, what is this origin, this law, or in one word, this plan? By Universal History, then, we understand not what commonly passes for history, but the *Philosophy* of History.

Universal History, in the sense here taken, is possible only on condition that the various facts and events of the life of mankind, originate in some permanent principle, according to some universal law, in subordination to a general plan or design; and on condition that the plan, the law, and the principle are ascertainable. The Universal Historian assumes that nothing happens by mere chance, or falls out through mere will or arbitrariness; that, in fact, nothing takes place without having been foreseen and provided for. All is subordinated to a plan. What is this plan? What purpose was the life of humanity intended to serve? What grand scheme does it realize or develope? We must be able to answer this question, before we can comprehend the history of our race, or form any tolerable judgment concerning the good or the evil of its various facts and events. The plan or scheme once known, the whole becomes comparatively easy; for that alone is good which facilitates its realization; and that alone is evil, which tends to hinder, retard, or thwart it.

The answer to the question here

* Œuvres de Michelet, Membre de l'Institut, Professeur d'Histoire au Collége Royal de France, Chef de la Section historique aux Archives du Royaume. Bruxelles: Meline, Cans et Compagnie. 1840. 3 Tomes. 8vo. Double columns.

raised, is virtually the answer to the question, what is the final cause of man and of men? For what was man made? For what do individual men and women exist? Why are we here on this globe, with just such natures as we have, and just such environments? Here is the question of questions. All are concerned with this question. Sooner or later it comes up in all hearts. The rustic following his plough, the shepherd tending his flocks, as well as the naturalist in his laboratory, and the philosopher in his painful psychological analysis, alike ask this fearful question, and seek, each in his own way, to wring out from Nature an answer. Many answers have been suggested, many an Œdipus has guessed at the riddle of the Sphinx, but she sits as ever at the way-side proposing it anew. The Mystery of the Man-child remains, for all that philosophy has done or can do, yet unexplained. It is the book which John saw in the right hand of Him that sat upon the throne, written all over within and on the backside, sealed with seven seals, and no man is able to open the book or to loose the seals thereof; for in each man the self-same mystery is renewed. Yet the Lion of the tribe of Judah prevails to open the book, and in proportion as we become wedded to Christ, we are able to learn somewhat of its significance, and to cease to weep that man is and always must be a mystery unto himself.

We have no intention of answering this question, which, if we were able to do, we could not do without leaving the field of philosophy, and trenching too far on the field of theology, for our present purpose, and also for the general design of the Journal in which we are writing. We have asked the question before to-day, and have asked it out from the very depths of despair, in the terrible agony of feeling all things giving way beneath us. We have asked it of ourselves, of our brethren, of the heavens and the earth, of the past and the future, of the living and the dead, and that too, when we could wring out no answer but echo repeating in the distance our own question. Whether we have found an answer, whether we have found peace or not, or whence, there is no occasion to say. This much, let it suffice us to say, that we believe, life taken in its largest sense, as the life both of the individual and of the race, has a plan, a wise and good plan, worthy of the infinite Wisdom and Love in which it originated. So far as our present purpose is concerned, it is enough to say that man was made for progress, for growth. The historian should always assume man's progressiveness as his point of departure, and judge all the facts and events he encounters according to their bearing on this great central truth.

Strictly speaking, progress cannot be the final cause of man's existence; for progress itself unquestionably consists in going to the end, or in realizing the plan in reference to which man was created, and exists. We must determine in some degree the end for which man was made, before ever we can determine what is or is not progress. But through the Lion of the tribe of Judah, through the Gospel, that end, for Christendom at least, is determined, and the solution of the problem is at the bottom of every *Christian* conscience. As Christians we all have an obscure presentiment, if not a clear and distinct perception of it; and do seize it, if not by sight, at least by faith. We also assert, as Christians, man's progressiveness, for we never fail to repeat that it is his duty to labor incessantly to realize the end for which God made him. We may be permitted, then, in what follows, to assume that there is an end to be realized in and through the life of humanity; that it is man's duty to aspire always to this end; and that his progress, whether regarded as the race, or as an individual, consists in going to it. The practical question, and the question we propose now to consider is, what is going to this end for which man was made, and by what means or agencies do we go to it? In other words, what is human progress, and how is it effected?

I. THE WAR-THEORY.

M. Michelet begins his Introduction to Universal History, by asserting that "with the world commenced a war which must end with the world and not before,—that of man against nature, of Spirit against Matter, of Liber-

ty against Necessity. History is nothing else but the recital of this interminable struggle." He further adds in a note on this passage, "I felicitate with all my heart the new apostles who are preaching the gospel of a pacification near at hand; but I fear the treaty will serve only to materialize Spirit. The industrial pantheism which believes that it is about to become a religion, knows not that religion, in order to have the least life, must spring from moral liberty, instead of falling into pantheism, which is the grave of all religions."

This note, written in 1831, was levelled at the Saint-Simonians, then a powerful sect, threatening to gain a complete mastery over the French mind; and so far as intended as a protest against their unquestionably pantheistic tendencies, it was not only excusable but justifiable: and yet we are obliged to pause a moment before we can altogether accede to this doctrine of eternal struggle which M. Michelet assumes as his point of departure. It rests on the assumption of two originally hostile principles or forces between which there is and can be no peace. However disguised, this is nothing but the old Manichæan heresy, the old Persian theory, Oriental Dualism, which divides the universe between Ormuzd and Ahriman, two eternal and indestructible principles, one good, the other evil. It assumes Spirit to be good and holy, Matter to be evil and unholy; man to be free, nature to be bound "fast in fate;" and finally, nature to be inherently hostile to man, always in the way of his perfection, and needing always to be combated, overcome, subdued, as the condition of his progress.

This theory M. Michelet appears to have put forth as the means of escape from Saint-Simonian Pantheism, and the Rationalist Fatalism of the Hegelian School, introduced into France by M. Cousin, and incorporated substantially in his Course on the History of Philosophy, in 1828. The motive has been to save human freedom, which the prevailing theories threatened to annihilate, as an element that must count for something in the history of humanity. So far we applaud the motive, and accept the statement. But is this theory of two antagonist forces, of the necessary, the invincible and eternal hostility of Spirit and Matter, well founded? Is there in reality any ground for assuming it?

For ourselves, we confess that we regard this theory as the fundamental heresy of ancient and modern times. Disguise the matter as we may, we shall be obliged, in the last resort, as we have intimated, in order to maintain it, to adopt the old theory of Oriental Dualism, against which the Church struggled, and almost in vain, during the first six hundred years of its existence. It loses sight of the profound significance of the doctrine of the Trinity, which lies alike at the basis of Christian theology, and of all sound philosophy whether of man or of nature. With mere duality, we admit, that we have and must have war, and war only; but when we have apprehended the profound mystery of the doctrine of the Trinity, we have learned that the mediator or middle term, the reconciler of the two extremes, is integral in the original ground and cause of creation; that is to say, in the Origin, or rather in the Original of all things, there is an indissoluble synthesis, not secondary but primitive, of the two forces which we have called hostile, by virtue of the fact that the Original is not, as the theory we are considering teaches, a Duality, but a TRINITY. The two terms are reconciled, or made one, by the presence of the third. In the Original of things, then, there is, and there can be, no absolute and invincible necessity for the hostility assumed.

In all mystical philosophy and theology, the number three has been called the holy number, and the perfect number, and not without reason; for it brings together always the two extremes, and makes them one, a perfect whole. This number which we find in the Original of all things, that is to say, in the infinite and ineffable God himself, we find repeated throughout the universe in each order of creation, and in each individual creature. "*Mundus universus,*" says an old writer, "*nihil aliud est, quàm Deus explicatus.*" The universe is nothing else but God expressed. The original type, pattern, model, or exemplar of all creatures, after which all were made, and without reference to which was nothing made that was made, was eternal with God, in his own infinite Logos

or Reason, in the very beginning with him, in his own ineffable Essence. The Trinity which we find to be *essential* in God, must then of necessity be repeated through all his works. Consequently the conditions of peace, harmony, unanimity, must be always present in all parts of his universe, and within the reach of every individual creature, so long as that creature is found in its normal state.

Nor are we satisfied with the representation of our relation with nature as a relation of hostility, and therefore assuming progress to consist in overcoming and subduing it. We see nowhere the evidences of this hostility. In their origin man and nature are nearly related; and man is so made that he is incapable of living, of exhibiting the least sign of vitality, save in and through the most intimate and friendly union with nature. Cut off from communion with nature, deprived of light, air, heat, moisture, from the various, necessary, and appropriate food which he derives from the outward world, and assimilates to himself, man would instantly cease to be a living man, lose all actual existence, and become at best a mere potentiality or possibility. Nature then is not unfriendly to man, is not his enemy, which he must fight, subdue, and if possible annihilate; but she is a genial friend, his generous assistant, the chief minister to his life and pleasure. Man unquestionably acts on nature, as nature acts on him; there is a mutual action and re-action of one upon the other, as the condition of life; this action and re-action is from opposite directions, and therefore man and nature may be said to stand opposed one to the other; but after all there is no hostility in the mutual opposition. The two forces, the moment they meet, embrace, and are henceforth one.

Still more objectionable, in our view, is it to assert a necessary and eternal hostility between Spirit and Matter. This is the oriental dualism in its worst form. But spirit and matter are never —no, never—in nature, providence, or grace, encountered as hostile forces. In no point of view we can take—moral, social, religious, philosophical—is there ever the radical distinction between spirit and matter this theory supposes; and nowhere do we ever find two orders of existences, one spiritual, the other material. Matter is utterly inconceivable without a spiritual basis; and spirit is equally inconceivable without a body. The assertion, not unfrequently made, that man is a soul—meaning by soul, spirit, as distinguished from a material body—is as false as it would be to say that man is a body—meaning by body, matter, as distinguished from spirit. Man is not spirit; man is not matter; nor is he spirit *and* matter; but, as we have said in our synthetic philosophy, spirit in and through matter. Man disembodied would be no more man, than the body is man when deprived of the spirit. We here assert the inseparability of spirit and matter—not by any means their identity. To assert the identity of spirit and matter is to fall either into spiritualism or into materialism, either of which were no better than the dualism we are condemning, and both of which we as studiously eschew as the saint does Satan.

The error of this dualism is in assuming spirit and matter to be two distinct and independent existences, or, more scholastically, SUBSTANCES. We have regarded them as ultimate. But neither of them is ultimate, or substance in itself. Back of both spirit and matter is the τὸ ὄν of the Greeks—being itself, or absolute SUBSTANCE. Substance —that which stands under, in the language of the schools, supports accidents —is ultimate, and in the highest sense is God—τὸ ὂν ὄντως, Substance of substance, Being of being, and as we have learned from his revelations, not only Being of being, but *essentially* wise, powerful, and good; whence we learn again that absolute Being, Being in itself, is Absolute Wisdom, Power, and Love, the ineffable and ever-blessed Three in One, and One in Three.

If we have found the Original of all things to be a Trinity, as we are taught by Christian Theology, so do we find also a corresponding Trinity in the manifestation. When we ascend to God, we find him a Trinity, the three terms of which are—

1. Power;
2. Wisdom;
3. Love.

These three, in their absolute unity and triplicity, are absolute Being, regarded as being in itself. Starting now from being in itself, proceeding, so to speak,

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from God to creation, we find three terms, which are—

1. Being, or the Essential;
2. The Ideal;
3. The Actual.

Now, according to the doctrine laid down, that the Original Type of all things is eternal in God, this second Trinity, as well as the first, must be repeated throughout the universe, in each order of creation, and in each individual existence. Every being, every subject, whether of discourse or of thought even, must in its degree represent the Absolute, and be capable of being contemplated under the threefold point of view of the Essential, the Ideal, and the Actual. We say *represents.* We do by no means affirm, whatever some may at first sight suppose, that because each being or subject necessarily represents the Absolute, therefore each being or subject is absolute, therefore the infinite God; nor a part of God, nor an emanation of God, as pantheism impiously teaches. The particular being or subject represents the Absolute, and is the Absolute only under the point of view of subject of its own phenomena, or cause of its own effects; but it is itself finite and phenomenal in relation to a higher subject. Man, if we contemplate him solely in relation to his own phenomena, stands for the Absolute; he in this relation represents God, is, as it has been said, the Shekinah of God; but he represents him only in a finite and relative manner, for there is a subject which transcends man, and of which he is but a faint image, a dim shadow.

Taking these three distinctions, the first, the Essential, is in itself inapproachable and ineffable; the second, the Ideal, which is the Word of the first, is what we call SPIRIT; the third, the Actual, that is, the incarnation, so to speak, of the word, is what we understand by *matter.** In our technology we should substitute Ideal and Actual for Spiritual and Material. In every subject we should recognize, nay, in fact, we do recognize, both the Ideal and the Actual. The Actual necessarily implies the Ideal; for if there were no Ideal, what would there be to be Actualized? The Ideal necessarily demands the Actual; for without the Actual, it would be to us precisely as if it were not, for only so far as Actualized is it ever cognizable.

In the order of existence, the Essential precedes the Ideal, and the Ideal the Actual. This order, Schelling, Hegel, and the American Transcendentalists, boast that they reproduce in their systems of philosophy. They boast of being able to begin with the Essential, and from that to proceed to the Ideal, and thence to the Actual. Thus, from their knowledge of God as Absolute being, they can tell *à priori* what will be his Word; and from their knowledge of the Word, foretell what is and must be the Actual. This, if it were possible, would place philosophy on the same basis with geometry, and make all concrete existences in time and space logically demonstrable from the data obtained from our knowledge of absolute being in itself. Hence Hegel contends that the system of the universe is only a system of logic, and hence he asserts the identity of the Ideal and the Essential, of idea and being. But all this boast is vain. It claims for man the power of knowing the Absolute in itself, and therefore claims for man confessedly finite, absolute knowledge, which would imply that he himself is absolute, and therefore not finite, but infinite. The boast is also vain, for in the order of knowledge we are obliged to reverse the order of existence; we rise through nature up to nature's God, instead of descending from God through man to nature. None but God himself can know ac-

* Our readers must not misapprehend us here; we are still in the domain of philosophy, and very far from attempting any invasion of the peculiar province of the Christian theologian. If we seem to give a universal interpretation to the Christian mystery of the incarnation of the Word, of "God manifest in the flesh," it is because that mystery has universal analogies, which we cannot but point out, and which we do without any intention as a philosopher of giving a universal application to what as a Christian theologian we, in common with our brethren of the church of Christ, hold to be a special truth. We hold the incarnation of the Word to be a special truth, but a special truth of so high an order as to contain within itself the universal truths to which we refer.

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cording to the order of existence, for none but he can know being in itself, and from the absolute knowledge of the cause, have a perfect *à priori* knowledge of the effect. We, finite as we are, can see the Ideal only in the Actual, and the Essential only in the Ideal: the glory of the Father only in the face of the Son, God only in his works, that is, his works of creation, providence, and grace. Here again we find the truth of the mystery of the incarnation of the Word; and also are able to waive the old controversy between the Spiritualists and the Materialists, as we have shown in our synthetic philosophy.

Now if the Spiritual, that is the Ideal, is seized only in the Material, that is again in the Actual—which is only saying that the cause is seized only in the effect, the actor only in the act—whence, we would ask, is this original, invincible and eternal antagonism between spirit and matter? Spirit, that is, the Ideal, inasmuch as it always transcends the Actual, as in life the conception is never overtaken by the execution, is, we own, superior to matter; and taken in its highest sense, as the infinite Ideal of God, which he is realizing in creation, it is unquestionably eternal, while matter, which is but spirit actualized, is necessarily not eternal, but created in time. Yet if inferior and subsequent to spirit, and distinguishable from it as the effect from the cause, we would ask how can this involve its hostility to spirit, so that it can, as it now does, find room for itself only in proportion as it repugns and annihilates it? We might as well say that we can live only by destroying the works of our own hands, when in fact it is in creating, in producing, not in destroying, that we do or can live.

We may here be referred, we are aware, to the alleged hostility between our soul and body, as an example and a proof of this eternal war of spirit against matter; but we deny, in toto, the fact of this alleged hostility; we deny that there ever is, in the normal state at least, any disharmony between the human soul and body, or that their relation is ever anyother than that of union and peace. In the first place, matter is as necessary to man's existence as a living soul, if not to his mere being, as a virtuality, as spirit itself. The method so common of speaking of man under the division of soul and body is hardly scriptural. We are told in Genesis, that "the Lord God formed man out of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man *became a living soul.*" Man is a soul—at least a *living* soul—only when he is spirit actualized in a body. In the next place, we never find man as spirit on one side, constituting as it were one camp, and man as body on the other side, as the other camp. There has never yet been adduced a single well-attested fact, that man ever exists, or is capable of performing a single act as spirit separate from body. Into all of his phenomena, at least so far as he knows, he enters as a living soul, as the living synthesis of the spiritual and the material. Hence it is, that we as Christians profess in the Creed, not only to believe in the life everlasting, but also in the resurrection of the body; for the conception of a future life, save as embodied spirits, is impossible.

We have run into many absurdities concerning spirit, and no wonder, for spirit in itself is absolutely inconceivable. Men have talked about it as if it were in the full sense of the term a substance, a separate, an independent, and an eternal order of existence; and in these days of ours, they have even pretended that we are capable of recognizing it intuitively, distinct and separate from all material embodiment. All this is nonsense. We can form no notion whatever of spirit, save as the spirit *of* somewhat. Thus we say, spirit of the thing, of the remark, of the discourse, of man, of God. It is always, as it were, the word which some one, or something speaks: abstract the subject of which it is predicated, abstract the speaker, and it is to us as if it were not. In the material we unquestionably perceive that which is not material, but spiritual. This is the truth the materialists overlook or deny. But we perceive the spiritual *only in and through the material*, not separable, if distinguishable, from the material. This is the truth the Transcendentalists and Spiritualists overlook and deny. The synthetic philosopher overlooks, denies neither, but accepts the spiritual in and through the material, asserting the two as wedded in indissoluble union, and made one in the fact of life.

We have dwelt the longer on this point, because we look upon the assumption of the original and necessary

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hostility of spirit and matter, as productive of the very worst consequences. It supposes a sort of antagonism between the soul and body which does not exist; between one class of our interests and another which ought never to be admitted. Assuming it, one class have anathematized the body and all its interests, and have seemed to suppose that whatever tends to promote the social and physical well-being of man, is of the earth earthy, sensual, devilish, and not to be tolerated. Hence the various forms of asceticism, all of which, as being repugnant to nature, react, and end for the most part in gross license and sensual indulgence. Another class, assuming the same distinction, have predicated purity of the soul alone, and impurity solely of the body: and have allowed the grossest sensual indulgence, alleging that the soul takes no part in the lusts of the body, and is not sullied by them. The soul is the only essential part of man, wherefore then trouble ourselves, if it remain pure, about what is of the body alone? Another class still, seizing the same distinctions, affirm that all sin originates in the body, and as we throw off our bodies when we die, it follows that death frees us from all sin, and being freed by death from sin, we need no intercession of the Redeemer, and have nothing to fear in the world to come from what we have done while on the earth; thus saying virtually to all men, "Come, let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we shall die, and through death be cleansed from all iniquity, and enabled to rise at once into infinite bliss." Let the view be taken which we have endeavored to set forth, and so far as doctrine is influential, men will study to maintain "a sound mind in a sound body," to provide for man as "a being made to live in a body," as Bossuet says of him; to unite under the same law of love, both spiritual interests and material, to reconcile the duties of time with those of eternity, to serve God by serving men, and to win heaven hereafter by creating a heaven here on the earth.

We do not, then, agree with M. Michelet that our condition here is necessarily that of eternal hostility, if we are to speak as philosophers; nor do we admit that progress consists in overcoming and subduing a hostile nature, or rebellious matter. Nature, matter, necessity, are our friends, without whose precept and efficient aid we could not live even for a moment. Is the germ in the acorn at war with the light, air, warmth and moisture, without which it could by no possible means grow into the oak? No doubt we are here for struggle, for effort long continued and well sustained, but not to overcome nature, but to live in harmony with nature, and by its friendly co-operation. Our progress consists not in overcoming external enemies, in removing external obstacles, but in filling up the void in ourselves, in positively enlarging our own being by actualizing more and more of the infinite Ideal that hovers for ever over and before us. The struggle to enlarge ourselves, not by removing others—for our difficulty is not in being repressed from without—but by a positive growth, in obedience to an internal want, and according to an internal law, is undoubtedly very admissible; but it is also in our judgment very distinguishable from an interminable war against hostile forces which threaten every moment to overwhelm us from without. In this last case there is no peace for us, no orderly, tranquil growth: but in the other, the view we take, life becomes truer and intenser in proportion as it ceases to be a state of war. We cannot consent to regard peace as a state of death, and to hope for life only in perpetual combat. Peace between man and God, interest and duty, time and eternity, body and soul, nature and humanity, freedom and necessity, so far from being incompatible with life and growth, is their indispensable condition, the one thing after which all men yearn, that which the Son of God came to bestow, and which he gives to all his true followers, saying, "peace be with you: my peace give I unto you." That belief in the possibility of this universal peace, this universal reconciliation of all things, when the sword shall be beaten into the ploughshare and the spear into the pruning-hook, the wolf and the lamb shall lie down together, and the lion shall eat straw like the ox, is no dream, we may read it in the upleaping of our heart to greet it when announced; in the fact that in the Original of all things there are the foundations of it; and in the often asserted fact, that every normal exercise, whether of mind or body, is throughout God's universe accompanied by pleasure.

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II. HUMANITARIAN THEORY.

But leaving now this war-theory, if we may so denominate it, and for the most part the question of what is progress, we pass to the consideration of another theory, which we shall take the liberty to denominate the HUMANITARIAN THEORY, because it recognizes no agency in the progress of Humanity, but that of Humanity itself. The ablest exponent of this theory we have met with, is the late Professor Theodore Jouffroy, in whose premature death philosophy has lost a sincere friend, and the Eclectic School founded by M. Cousin, one of its brightest ornaments. We hold the memory of M. Jouffroy in great respect. We acknowledge ourselves not a little indebted to his philosophical writings for many valuable hints, and for many hours of true pleasure. He has often instructed and delighted us by his transparent thought and calm good sense. His *Prolégomènes au Droit Naturel*, translated by Rev. William H. Channing,—not with so much fidelity and elegance as we could have wished,—and adopted as a text-book in Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., is one of the very best, if not the very best work on the philosophical grounds of morality, which can be found in any language, and had it been written from the Christian point of view, instead of the point of view of mere psychological analysis, we should have no fault to find with it. Its fault is the fault of all philosophical works, written since the time of Bacon and Descartes, that of assuming the possibility of finding sufficient data from which to demonstrate the highest order of truths, without a resort to Divine Revelation as made by providential men, and especially by God's only begotten and well-beloved Son,—an assumption which, if it were warrantable, would declare Divine Revelation a fable, or at best a work of supererogation.

The theory we are now to examine, is to be found in an essay written in 1825, entitled *Réflections sur la Philosophie de l'Histoire*, published in M. Jouffroy's *Mélanges Philosophiques*, and faithfully and elegantly translated by Mr. Ripley in the second volume of his Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature, to which we refer our readers for a full statement of it.

M. Jouffroy, in his theory, assumes that the human race is subject to perpetual movement and transformation, the cause and law of which it is the province of the philosophy of history to investigate. This movement and transformation "must have a principle. and as the effect is limited to man, a principle which acts on him alone. Now what is this principle? Where is it to be sought? Not in the theatre on which man is placed for development. This theatre, which is nature, is common to him with the brutes, that do not change; this theatre, besides, is the same to-day that it was yesterday, that it always will be. Human mobility cannot come from this. If it does not come from the theatre, then it must come from the actor. There is a principle of change in man which is not in the brute."

Man's conduct is influenced and determined by two moving forces; the tendencies of his nature, and the views he forms concerning the different ends to which these tendencies aspire. The tendencies are invariable, like human nature itself, so that we cannot find the principle of change in them. The views, (*les idées de l' intelligence humaine*), vary from one time to another, in one country and another. In these, the ideas of human intelligence, then, is to be found the principle of change in human things." All the changes which take place in the condition of man, all the transformations which it has undergone, proceed, then, from the intelligence, and are the effect of it; the history of these changes, then, in the last analysis is only the history of ideas, which have succeeded one another in human intelligence, or, if it be preferred, the history of the intellectual development of humanity." *

Here the principle of all change, therefore of all progress, is assumed to be in man himself, and not in his nature, nor in the tendencies of his nature, but solely in the ideas of his intelligence. By ideas of intelligence, M. Jouffroy does not mean, we take it, ideas in the Platonic sense, for in

* Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature, Vol. ii., pp. 161–162.

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this sense, the ideas of our intelligence no more change than the tendencies of our nature themselves, but properly the notions or views which we form of those ideas, or of the ends we ought to labor to realize. Now, if the theatre on which we are placed, that is, nature, undergoes no change, that is to say if no change occurs without to produce a corresponding change within, and if man's nature and tendencies are in themselves and necessarily invariable, we would ask whence the principle of the change in even our intelligence? Human intelligence can be only the result of the factors assumed; and if the factors remain invariable, how is it possible to vary the product?

"The development of the human intelligence," says M. Jouffroy, in continuation, "is of a two-fold nature; it is spontaneous and reflective." But does this relieve us of our embarrassment? What is the spontaneous development of human intelligence? According to M. Cousin it is an impersonal development of intelligence, a development in which human freedom, human personality does not intervene, and therefore the agency at work in it is not me. Whatever change there can be introduced into human intelligence through spontaneity, must in reality come from without, and imply a cause in that which M. Jouffroy tells us changes not. According to M. Jouffroy himself, the spontaneous development of the intelligence is that which takes place without any intervention of human will, in which we receive ideas from without, from external objects, without having sought them. But man remaining in his nature and tendencies always the same, and the *without* never changing, it is evident that the principle of change cannot be found in the spontaneous development of the intelligence. Can we find it, then, in the reflective development of the Intelligence?

M. Jouffroy, in another writing on Philosophy and Common Sense, explains the difference between spontaneity and reflection by the difference between *seeing* and *looking*, *hearing* and *listening*. Both he and his master Cousin teach us that reflection adds nothing to the materials furnished by spontaneity. It is altogether retrospective, for we must *see* before we can *look*, and we never *listen* till we have *heard*. All that we do in reflection they both tell us is to explain, to comprehend what the individual and the race had previously realized from spontaneity.

Now will M. Jouffroy pretend that no change is introduced into human things, till reflection has passed over the wild weltering chaos of spontaneity, and reduced its confused and discordant elements to systematic clearness, order and harmony? Not by any means. He contends that both individuals and communities are perpetually changing their ideas spontaneously, and he regards the various religions, not even excepting the Christian, which have at various epochs obtained, and exerted so powerful a control over individuals, nations, and even the race, as the products of the spontaneous development of human intelligence. Even according to his own doctrine, then, the principle of change in human intelligence cannot be found in reflection. We have shown that, from his premises, the invariability of the outward and the permanency of the inward, man's nature and tendencies, it cannot be found in spontaneity. We ask then again, where will M. Jouffroy find the principle of change in the human intelligence, in which alone according to him is to be found the principle of change in human things?

This question convicts this Humanitarian Theory of impotency. M. Jouffroy seeks to account for the various facts and events which make up the life of humanity, without going out of humanity itself. Vain attempt, for the best of all possible reasons, Humanity regarded either in the individual or in the race, does not suffice for itself, does not live by virtue of itself alone. Herein is the condemnation of the theory of DEVELOPMENT, whether spontaneous or reflective. All in human life is not developed from the original germ. The life of man is a growth, and growth is not development but an accretion, and instead of being effected by unfolding what was originally within, it is effected by assimilating, according to an internal law, or vital process, appropriate food from without. This fact, M. Jouffroy seems to us to have overlooked, and the overlooking of this fact has vitiated his whole theory of History. If the principle of change in human things were alone in humanity itself, then humani-

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ty would contain in itself the whole principle of its life, and would have no need of going out of itself in order to live. This would lead to pure Idealism, and in fact to absolute Egoism.

We recognize, of course, man's activity, as all who have read our Chapters on Synthetic Philosophy, know very well; but he can only act *with* that which is not himself, never by and in himself alone,—can never see, for instance, where there is nothing to be seen. So, whatever change we find in him, we must account for it by seeking a corresponding change out of him, in combination with which the change in him has been effected. The simple fact, then, that there is movement and transformation in human things, is a proof to us, that M. Jouffroy is wrong in assuming the invariability of nature and of all races except man. Creation, as a whole and in its details, is never the same for any two successive moments. It is in a perpetual change. All changes under the very eye of the spectator, who himself changes with all. The principle of change is to be sought in a source higher than nature, higher than man, in the Principle and Cause of all things, in God himself. If God did not contain in himself the principle of change as well as of immutability, he could not be a creator. There is no alternative between the admission of this principle and Pantheism, or the absolute *unityism*, so to speak, of Xenophanes and the old Eleatics. If this principle of change be in God himself, as it must be, or he could not create, for to create is to act, and to act is to change,—if, we say, this principle of change be in God himself, the Original and cause of all things, then it must, according to the principle that each creature represents in its own degree the Creator, be found in all the races and individuals of creation. It is by virtue of this principle repeated in all, in a greater or less degree, that all creatures from the highest to the lowest are active, capable of producing effects. We find the principle of change in man, we find it in animals, we find it in nature, and therefore we pronounce all active, and deny the old doctrine of passivity. But the principle is finite in each, and is in no one sufficient to account for the phenomena which its life exhibits. All live by intercommunication, and all changes take place by intercommunication, action and re-action, but in none without the presence and the active interference of the Original Principle whence all have sprung.

It has always seemed to us, in conclusion, that M. Jouffroy felt the impotency of his own doctrine. He allows us freedom, scope for our own activity properly so called, only in the sphere of reflection, that is to say, only in contemplating and explaining the past. In a more or less faithful exposition of the past his whole philosophy ends. We see this in his paper *De la Sorbonne et des Philosophes*, in which he exposes with great acuteness, clearness, and impartiality, the principal characteristics of the controversy between the old theologians and the philosophers of the Voltairian school. Yet he does it as a mere spectator, as one who has no interest in the great questions debated, although those questions are of vital import to the life of humanity. He has nothing to do with them. He stands on the serene heights of a calm philosophical indifferency, from which he can look down unmoved upon the vulgar herd debating the great questions of God and man, life and death, time and eternity. Their insignificance is so great that the earnestness with which they are discussed can scarcely raise a smile on his placid features. Well, M. Jouffroy, what would *you* have us to do? "Leave things to take their course. You can explain what has been, that is all. For instance, you can convert Christianity into philosophy." And then what? "Why, then,—then,—Christianity will disappear, and for religion we shall have philosophy." And then? To this then, M. Jouffroy seems to have had no answer; and having reached the end of his philosophical career, died, as would die the human race, were they to be restricted to his philosophical theory. The truth is, M. Jouffroy was always dumb before the future. His doctrine was in reality a doctrine not of progress but of immobility, and he found himself unable to propose anything for man to do. By restricting himself to human freedom alone, he lost that freedom itself, and reached fatalism through liberty.

We always, even in the days of our greatest admiration for M. Jouffroy,

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felt something of this. We found that we could take part in the affairs of our fellow-men, in the church, in the state, or the neighborhood, only at the expense of systematic consistency; and under his influence, we found ourselves becoming cold and indifferent, regarding all things as alike worthy, and assuming the only wise way to be to let all things come and go without interposing to hasten or retard, to make them better or worse. It was detecting this tendency in ourselves, that alarmed us, and made us feel how impotent was the eclecticism we were professing. Away with it, we said, on the new waking-up of the soul; let us have a philosophy that requires us to do somewhat, and that can tell us what to do,—a philosophy that explains the past only to enlighten and to quicken us in regard to our future action, or let us have none. God's curse, and man's curse too, on each and every system of philosophy that is merely retrospective. But enough. M. Jouffroy has gone where, we doubt not, he will learn that indifferency is not the sublime of philosophy, and where he will see that all truth is living, and that whoso has found it, has always his eyes turned towards the future, and his heart towards the continued progress of his race, for whom he will live and toil, and if need be, die in exile or dungeon, on scaffold or cross.

III. RATIONALISTIC THEORY.

Similar, under more than one aspect, to the theory just discussed, is that of M. Cousin, developed in his *Cours de l'Histoire de la Philosophie, Professé à la Faculté des Lettres*, 1828, translated for the American public by Mr. Linberg, and published in Boston in 1832; a theory which we denominate the RATIONALISTIC, because it assumes the point of departure of human history to be in the spontaneous development of ideas, or perhaps more strictly accurate, in the development of the Impersonal Reason.

The theory which we are now about to examine is in its more essential features borrowed from Hegel, between whom and M. Cousin there was a warm personal regard and friendship; but we shall set it forth as we have it from M. Cousin, because we are not sufficiently acquainted with Hegel's own system, to be able to rely on our own understanding of it; and because, from what we know of M. Cousin, we feel always assured that a system of philosophy, as it has passed through his hands and received his approbation, has come to us in its least objectionable form.

The Rationalistic Theory assumes that whatever enters into human history, necessarily pre-exists in the human intelligence. The whole life of humanity in time and space, consists in developing or actualizing in its deeds the ideas of its intelligence. All these ideas, however manifold and diverse they may appear to the superficial observer, are reducible to three categories,

1. The idea of the infinite;
2. The idea of the finite;
3. The idea of the relation of the two.

These three ideas are the constituent elements of human intelligence, of the reason—of reason, intelligence in itself, therefore of God; and are in fact God. They being essential in the original ground and cause of all things, must be reproduced in all things. God can create only according to the laws of his own intelligence, that is to say, only according to the three ideas named. Hence creation taken as a whole and in detail can be nothing but a manifestation of the infinite, the finite, and their relation. Of course, then, humanity in its life can only develope, manifest or actualize the same. Certainly you can find nothing in creation not found in God the creator. In the Creator is found only these three ideas. There is nothing but these three ideas to be found in creation. Nothing can be found in the history of humanity, not to be found in humanity itself; and as nothing but these three ideas can be found in humanity, it follows that nothing but these three ideas can be found in the history of humanity. We know now, *à priori*, what we are to look for in the history of mankind.

If the whole life of humanity consist in developing these three ideas, we may ask, does it develope them simultaneously or successively? They all coexist in all epochs, but the human race developes them under the predominance first of one, then another, and then the last. The predominance of one does not exclude, but subordinates the other two, and always is one or another pre-

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dominant. The predominance of an idea constitutes an epoch. As there are three ideas, so must there be three epochs in the life of humanity, that is to say, in history; and as there are only three ideas, so can there be only three epochs. The life of humanity is all embraced, then, within three epochs which, from the predominance of the one or the other idea, are termed,

1. The epoch of the infinite;
2. The epoch of the finite;
3. The epoch of the relation of the two.

But in what order does humanity develope these ideas? It does it in the order we have named. The life of the race begins under the predominance of the idea of the infinite; it then passes under the predominance of the finite, and then having exhausted both the infinite and the finite as separate, exclusive elements, it seeks to unite the two, and bring about union and peace. Hence Eclecticism.

But does the human race commence its life by freely, voluntarily undertaking to develope the idea of the Infinite? Not at all. Reason is impersonal, objective, not me. It has, as we have seen in Jouffroy, a twofold activity, that of Spontaneity and that of Reflection. The spontaneous activity of the Reason, is an activity in which human personality, human will or freedom does not intervene. *We*, properly speaking, in spontaneity are not active, but passive; we are seized and carried away by a force not our own, which is out of us at the same time that it is in us, and is in us without being *us;* and a force which we are impotent to resist, and of which we can give no account. In fact, in the last analysis, this force, or the agency at work, is that of the Infinite and Eternal God, who himself carries us away whithersoever and howsoever he pleaseth, or rather not as he pleaseth, but according to the inward necessity of his own being. The Reflective activity of Reason or Intelligence, is reason or intelligence subjected to the intervention of human freedom, and therefore, to human infirmity.

We have seen that all the facts of human history must pre-exist in the Intelligence; but in which form? The Spontaneous, or the Reflective? Not the Reflective, as we have seen in commenting on M. Jouffroy, certainly, for reflection only turns back, contemplates, and explains what is already in the memory of the individual or in that of the race. Hence, all the facts of history must pre-exist in the Spontaneous Intelligence, that is to say, in the Impersonal Reason. Hence, all the facts of human history must be impersonal in their principle and origin. Then, again, the human race, in its various and complex life in space and time, must be considered merely as the medium through which, without any agency of its own, Spontaneous Intelligence, that is to say God, is exhibiting or actualizing the three original Ideas of which we have spoken.

It will be seen that this gives to the facts of human history an impersonal character. For this impersonal character M. Cousin very earnestly contends. As all the events which transpire do really come from the impersonal reason, that is to say, from God, it follows that individuals are in no way personally responsible for the events which may happen, whatever their character or tendency. Nay, why speak of individuals? Individuality is always personal, and there is nothing personal in history. History knows no individuals; it knows only causes, only ideas; and individuals and nations have no reality, no significance for the historian, but as they represent certain ideas or causes. When two armies meet, what see we? Two masses of individuals collected and drawn up? Not at all. There are no men there. There are only two opposing ideas there, which have met to decide on the battle-field which shall be permitted to rule the future of humanity.

Excluding in this way all intervention of human personality, we must look upon a nation or a people merely as *representing* the Idea; never as obtaining an idea, and by its own free activity, under a sense of its own moral responsibility, consciously, with forethought laboring to carry it out, or to realize it in all the details of practical life. The force or agency observable in the life of the nation is always back of the nation, acting out through the nation, never the real agency of the nation itself. It is a foreign power, acting in and through it, ruling over and subjecting all its phenomena; so that the idea given, we can tell beforehand what will be the life of the nation or the facts of its history.

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In the same way, too, we must regard great men, heroes, philosophers, statesmen. These are not, as we sometimes fancy, great personalities, but merely the representatives of ideas or epochs, and instead of giving predominance to an idea which has been revealed to them and not to the mass, and thus founding an epoch in history, they merely reflect better than any of their contemporaries the idea already dominant in all hearts, and working as a sort of *welt-geist*, in the whole community. We may indeed study an age, or a country, in its great men; but not because these men create the character of the age or country, impressing upon it, as it were, the stamp of their own personality, but because they sum up, are the *résumés* of its dominant ideas and tendencies. Thus, Alexander does not invade Asia, and with his handful of Greeks put an end to the power of the "Great King;" it is the Idea or Spirit of the Greek people, incarnating itself in Alexander, that does it. That Idea or Spirit is great, and reveals to you the character of the Greek people; but Alexander himself, as a personality, was a very pitiable concern, killing, over his cups, his best friend, and dying himself in a drunken bout.

Finally, as all comes from the Impersonal Reason, which in the last analysis is the word of God, nay, God himself, we must absolve history from all blame, and accept whatever has been as that which must be, which had a right to be, and to be just what, when, and where it was. The nation, party, cause, idea, at any time or in any country, triumphing, triumphs by Divine right. So no more sympathy with the defeated, the conquered; no more regrets; might gives right; and success is the stamp of merit.

This theory, which we have but slightly indicated, but which, we presume, most of our readers are already familiar with, for it is not now that M. Cousin is for the first time to be introduced to the American public, it will be seen differs from that of M. Jouffroy only in its greater profoundness, systematic harmony, and in its more clear and distinct assertion of the impersonality of the Spontaneous Intelligence. It is by this clear, distinct, unequivocal assertion, rendered even more liable than M. Jouffroy's system, if possible, to the objection of excluding human agency from all intervention in the production of the phenomena of human history. M. Cousin unquestionably asserts human freedom, but he in reality, notwithstanding some attempts to the contrary, recognizes it only in the sphere of reflection. The whole of human history originates in the Intelligence, so far as it has a human origin at all; not in the reflective intelligence, but in the spontaneous, which, while it is human, is not human. No man is or can be more particular to admonish us that reflection originates nothing. Nay, the whole of his system of ontology rests upon the assumed fact that the agency at work in the spontaneous reason is not me. All that reflection can do, that is, human agency properly so called, is to cast its eye over the past, clear up, explain and legitimate what has been. Certain it is, then, that according to this theory, the facts of human history have their origin in an extra-human source, and therefore that individuals and nations can do nothing to direct, to impede, to hasten, or to retard the march of events.

It is the vice of this theory, that by excluding human personality from history, it annihilates humanity itself. Humanity lives only in individuals—as we have shown in our essay on the community system—and individuals are all entire in their personality. If we assert the impotency of individuals, of personalities, we necessarily assert the impotency of humanity. If we assert the impotency of humanity, it is idle to talk of the history of humanity. Humanity itself disappears, and with it disappear all the events of history. We could not, if this theory were embraced, feel ourselves responsible beyond the sphere of our individuality. We must feel that our good and evil could not go beyond ourselves, and in no way affect the course of history. Our existence in this case would, as M. Cousin has himself said in speaking of old pantheistic India, cease to be taken seriously, and all things would appear to us of equal worth, or worthlessness. We should fall into a state of absolute indifferency, smoke our pipe, and say, "God is great, what is written will be." M. Cousin, as well as Jouffroy, seems to have felt this. He is a man of an active temperament, of great energy, and noble sympathies, and yet he has no answer to the question,

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What shall I do? He says, humanity has done, humanity is doing, or rather, God in humanity is doing so and so; but pray, M. Cousin, tell me what *ought* humanity to do, and I as an individual manifestation of humanity? No answer? We have interrogated your writings, we have questioned in all lights, in all moods, and demanded of them in all tones an answer to this question, and we have found only this cold, heartless answer, "Do nothing; fold thy hands and leave thyself to be borne onward by the irresistible current of the spontaneous reason." Suppose I resist, and seek to withstand this current? "Do so if you will, it makes no difference. The current flows on, and you with it, whether willingly or unwillingly." Carlyle's doctrine of Hero-worship, which concentrates all humanity in personalities, and reduces all history to biography, equally objective as it is for a contrary reason, is yet infinitely more vital, and therefore infinitely less harmful in its influence than this rationalistic pantheism.

Then, again, the view which this doctrine leads us to take of the plan all history has been realizing is anything but flattering. That plan dwindles down into a petty affair which seems, to ordinary minds at least, altogether unworthy of even human wisdom, to say nothing of Divine Wisdom. If we may believe Hegel, the father of the doctrine, the infinite God and all his works, through all the past, have been engaged expressly in preparing and founding the Prussian monarchy, and his gracious majesty Frederic William is the last word of creation and progress; according to M. Cousin, God in creation and providence, humanity in its alternate passage from the development of one Idea to that of another, has had in view nothing more nor less than the preparing and establishing of the Charter which his most Christian Majesty, Louis XVIII., was pleased to grant to his loving Frenchmen, the solution, by "superior wisdom," according to our philosopher, of the problem which had hitherto baffled the wisest of statesmen, the profoundest of philosophers, nay the utmost powers of humanity itself, both spontaneous and reflective. But, alas, for the prophetic power of philosophers, the "three days" of July, 1830, overturned this charter which had come out triumphant from the battle of Waterloo, and which was destined to rule the future of humanity, and beyond which there was nothing to be obtained, nor even desired! Here, however good an historian eclecticism might be, it at least proved itself no prophet. But we see here, M. Cousin applying to France what Hegel applies to Prussia, and with equal logic and truth. An Englishman in 1832, might have done the same for England, and maintained that all the past, God and nature, all the powers of the Universe had been engaged solely in drawing up and carrying through Parliament, the Reform Bill; and we good Americans as we are, might grow eloquent in describing the Mayflower as a *résumé* of all the past, and as freighted with all the future of humanity; or leaving the Mayflower, transfer ourselves to the Hall of Independence and say, here is what the past has been laboring to bring forth; or we may come to the Convention which framed our Federal Constitution and say the same thing; or to a still later day, an event of a different order, point to the pages of our own Journal, and exclaim with just pride, Behold here in this Democratic Review what God, man and nature have conspired to produce, and which contains the last word they have uttered, or have to utter. According to the view we are considering, we may as well say of one event as of another, it is that for which all the past has labored,

"While man exclaims, 'see all things for my use,'
'See man for mine,' exclaims the pamper'd goose;
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all."

But this theory is not only impotent before the future, it does not suffice even to explain the past. The human race, it is assumed, is always engaged in the development of either the idea of the infinite, that of the finite, or in fine that of the relation of the two. Be it so. The race began with the infinite, and the old Indian world gives us an example of what is the character of the race subjugated by the dominant thought of the Infinite. It then passes to the finite. The character-

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istics of this epoch we find in the Grecian states between the Homeric epoch and that of Alexander. Then it passes under the Idea of Relation, which creates an epoch extending from the death of Alexander to the downfall of the western Roman empire. Then commences a new series, in which the human race passes again successively, in the same order, under the dominion of the same ideas. From the sixth century to the sixteenth, that is from the establishment of the barbarians on the ruins of the Empire to the Reformation, a period of about one thousand years, the Idea of the Infinite predominates; from the Reformation to the end of the French Revolution, at Waterloo, the Idea of the Finite is in the ascendant; since then, we of the nineteenth century have passed under the idea of Relation, and consequently are in the last epoch of the series, which is that of reconciliation, peace, union, *Eclecticism.*

Now, if this be so, will M. Cousin tell us, how he accounts for the difference we assuredly find between these epochs in the second series from the corresponding epochs in the first? If the facts of history depend on the predominant idea of the epoch it concerns, then should the history of the middle ages be precisely a reproduction of the history of ancient India. But such is by no means the case. The difference between the middle ages in Europe, and ancient India, so far as regards facts, events, all the details of public and private life, is greater than the differences between the middle ages, and the epoch of the finite which followed the Reformation. Now, these differences are inexplicable on the hypothesis in question. This hypothesis has excluded human personality; it also excludes providence, save as it comes to us through the spontaneous Reason, which is always the same, operating not by volition, but by an inherent necessity; consequently it recognizes no cause for these differences, and therefore must deny them, which it cannot do, or it must admit its own inadequacy.

But not only the Race itself passes successively under the dominion of these three Ideas in time, but it passes under them in space. That is, while one people is developing the infinite, another is engaged with the finite, and still another with the relation of the two. But we ask the same questions here that we have already asked. According to the principles of the theory, the people developing the infinite in one series should repeat without variation the life of the people who developed the same idea in another series, which is never the case. Modern Germany does not repeat ancient India, Paris does not repeat Alexandria, nor Rome; London does not repeat Tyre, Carthage, or Athens. Why not, if the same idea predominates in the one as in the other?

We ought, it is true, to take into our view, climate and geographical position. "Give me," says Cousin, "the geography of a people, and I will give you its history." Very well. Is not the geography of Egypt what it was under the Pharaohs? Is its history the same? Is not the geography of Greece what it was in the days of Miltiades, Pericles, Plato, and Alexander? Is there no difference in the facts of the history of modern Greece and those of the history of ancient Greece? Alas, of Greece nothing but its physical conditions remain:

——"All, all, except their sun, is set."

Of Rome, too, may we not ask the same? There sits she on her yellow Tiber, as of old, and Italy lies under the same serene sky, and along the same valleys and mountains, and is washed by the same seas; and yet who hears any longer in her silent streets the heavy tramp of the old Roman soldier? Where are her Scipios, her Gracchi, and her Cæsars? Jerusalem lies too in the same latitude, has the same geographical position as in the days of David, Solomon, Ezra, and Herod. Has no change come over the spirit or the body of its history? These changes, which make up the commonplace of sophomoric declamation, and from which even the poet draws no little of his pathos, are unaccountable in the hypothesis we are considering.

Nor is it true that great men, heroes, philosophers, statesmen, are merely the representatives of the dominant ideas of their epochs. They found epochs, they do not represent them. Popular men, "great popularities," as the French call them, we admit, echo merely the dominant views and feel-

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ings of their age and country; but these are never great men; these are not the founders of states and empires, nor are they founders of systems which the world accepts. Every truly great man is in the world without being of the world. The world knows him not. He moves about a strange and accountable figure; men stare at him, and wonder what he means; or they drive him into exile, force him to drink the hemlock, or crucify him between two thieves. Witness Moses, Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Descartes, even Locke. All men whom the world has finally agreed to call great, who have done aught for what was to them the future, were to a greater or less extent disowned by their age, misconceived, or persecuted by it; and it was only by triumphing over opposition, overcoming obstacles, that they finally attained to the rank they hold.

We solemnly protest against this historical optimism which Cousin labors to establish. We cannot, we will not believe that success is always the test of merit, and that the party that triumphs is always the party of humanity. In our folly we have so exclaimed time and again, and yet how often have we seen virtue borne down by triumphant vice, cunning circumventing honesty, and the righteous cause cut off by the prosperity of the wicked. Grant that humanity triumphed at Marathon and Salamis; did it triumph at Hastings and Rosebeck, Aboukir and Waterloo? Are there no calamities in history? Nothing tragic? May we never weep over the departed? never feel for Zenobia in the triumphal train of Aurelian? Must we always desert the cause as soon as fortune forsakes it, and bind ourselves to the cause which is in the ascendant, and hurrah in the crowd that throw up their caps in honor of the conqueror? Perish the thought! Loyalty to the legitimate sovereign, when fallen, in exile or in chains, as well as when seated on his throne in full prosperity; to the cause of the wronged and down-trodden, when all are dumb before it; to the right when all have deserted it, preferring affliction with the people of God to the pleasures of sin for a season, is, thank God! a virtue, and the noblest virtue, which we human beings are blessed with the privilege of exhibiting. God permits, as well as commands us to aspire to this generous and disinterested virtue, and this permission is by no means the least of his favors to usward. We envy not the heart that can look, for instance, on Ireland, trampled on as she has been for seven hundred years by the iron heel of the conqueror, and not utter the deep and blasting curse on the oppressor, and in the name of God and humanity demand for her warm-hearted sons their native right to nationality and independence. In this world defeat is full as often owing to the crimes of the conqueror as to the vices of the defeated. Witness unhappy Poland.

But enough. We have not made these strictures on M. Cousin's theory of history, for the purpose of joining our voice to swell the clamor already raised against him both at home and abroad. We have defended and will defend him against all opposition, come it from what quarter it may, as one in whose writings the friends of philosophy will always see enough to command their gratitude and their admiration. They who sneer at him as superficial, as a mere "hasher up" of other men's thoughts, betray only their own ignorance either of his labors or of philosophy itself. The writer of these strictures assuredly has reason to be grateful to him; for to him he is indebted for nearly all that there may be in his own philosophical writings worth retaining. M. Cousin has not fallen into a single error for which we cannot find in some one or other of his writings a corrective; and we rarely, if ever, have any occasion to find fault with him when he speaks out from his own mind, and not from his masters. He has been betrayed into most of his errors by his deference to others. Left to himself, to the workings of his own noble mind and generous sympathies, he would have given us a philosophy worthy of all acceptation. He wants confidence in himself, and is too easily dazzled, and for a time misled by the brilliant theories of others. He commenced his philosophical career as the disciple of the Scottish school as expounded by M. Royer H. Collard, a great man, no doubt, but who knew of philosophy little more than to protest against the sensualism of the old French philosophy of the school of Condillac. But the Scottish school of Reid and Stewart, admirable as it certainly was for its good intentions and its valuable psychological observations, could not long satisfy such a mind as M. Cousin's

and in the second year of his instruction, as professor of philosophy in the Normal School, he passed to the German school of Kant. Shall we blame him for pausing a while on the rigid old German; nay, for being for a while subjugated by the master mind that had held all Germany under the iron rule of the invincible categories? And yet, his Course of Philosophy for 1818, made when he was only twenty-six years of age, shows that he, if still in some degree a disciple of Kant, is by no means his slave, but a free disciple; nay, that he has detected and exposed the fundamental vice of the Kantian categories; and we doubt, if in the whole range of philosophical literature, a more remarkable work for depth, clearness and truth, prepared by so young a man, can be found, as this Course for 1818. Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, each in turn, as well as Proclus and Descartes, have had their influence, which has been more or less unhappy; but none of them, nor all of them together, have been able to retain him; and as he gradually recovers his independence, we see him approaching nearer and nearer to a system which shall be free from all the objections which have been urged against his past labors. He is now in the very prime of life, being only in the fifty-first year of his age, younger, we believe, than was Kant when he published his *Critik der reinen Vernunft*, and therefore altogether too young to be judged as a man who has finished his labors.

M. Cousin as a writer is confessedly one of the ablest masters of his language; as a scholar, nobody questions his eminent ability and attainments. Even Lerminier and Leroux, his two bitterest and most formidable enemies, concede him erudition of the highest order, as his comments on Plato, Aristotle, his edition of Proclus, his History of ancient philosophy, and his more recent work on Abelard and the middle ages, abundantly evince. His translation of Plato is a monument to his learning and ability, of which his countrymen may well be proud. We have nothing to begin to compare with it in English. As for understanding Plato, the mere English reader might as well study him in the original Greek as in Mr. Taylor's *un*-English translation. The only portion of Plato tolerably Englished, that we have seen, is Shelley's translation of the Banquet, but which after all by no means compares with Cousin's. As to M. Cousin's metaphysical ability, we point to his reduction of the categories of Kant to the two categories of substance and cause, demonstrating that it is only in the category of cause that we seize the category of substance; and to his analysis of the fact of consciousness, showing that thought is an intellectual phenomenon, with three inseparable and imperishable elements; namely, subject, object, and form; two great facts which contain in themselves all the positive progress, even according to the admission of Leroux, a competent judge, that philosophy has made since the time of Descartes, and which we have adopted, in our Chapters on Synthetic Philosophy, as the basis of our own system. As yet, so far as at present informed, we do think M. Cousin has derived from these original discoveries of his all the advantages they really contain. We have found them, since we arrived at the same results by an independent process of our own—for till we had so done we had no conception of their profound significance—fruitful in the greatest and richest results. But it is not too late for him to make his own original discoveries—not the labors of others—the basis of his own system; and when he does so, he will give us a philosophy to rank with the philosophies of the greatest masters of this or any other age.

We have felt, in criticising as we have done some portions of M. Cousin's past labors, that these statements were due to him; nay, they were due to us, that we might not seem to deny the merits of the master without whose labors we should never have presumed to aspire to a place, however humble, among the cultivators of philosophy. The fundamental errors of Cousin's teachings thus far, belong not to him, but to modern philosophy itself. These errors are two; one lying at the bottom of the Empirical school, and the other at the bottom of the Rationalistic school;—the first of the Baconian, the second of the Cartesian. Cartesianism starts with a fundamental error, namely, the sufficiency of pure reason as manifested in the individual consciousness. We will not say that the Cartesians never borrow anything from em-

piricism; that is, make no use of facts learned only from experience; but the sufficiency of the individual reason is the principle of the school. Thought is regarded as a purely intellectual act; and hence the formula of the school, *cogito, ergo sum*, I think, therefore I am. All, according to this principle, is found in the reason, and is capable of being demonstrated *à priori*. This is the fatal vice of the whole continental philosophy, as represented by Cartesianism in France, Wolfism and Hegelianism in Germany, against which the *Critik of pure Reason* may be considered a virtual but indistinct protest.

The Baconian school proceeds on an error of an opposite kind. It assumes, very properly, that all knowledge begins with experience, but recognizes in the fact of knowledge no *à priori* element. Hence, after passing through the sensualism of Hobbes, pausing awhile with the good sense of Locke, it terminates in the materialism of the old French school. Against the dogmatism of the Baconian school, Hume may be considered as protesting in like manner as Kant has against that of the Pure Reason; and it is worthy of note, that Kant and Hume, so far from being opposed one to the other, do virtually occupy the same ground. The Practical Reason of the one, is nothing but the Common Sense of the other. Both deny the impossibility of demonstrating external reality from the point of view of the pure Reason; the one resting it on the irresistibility of the "categories" of reason, which is purely subjective, and therefore no authority out of the subject itself; and the other, on a "belief" of which we can never get rid, but for which we have and can have no scientific basis.

No man has seen more clearly than M. Cousin these two fundamental errors, and no man has sought more earnestly to escape them both: but in all his dogmatic teachings which we have seen, they both are reproduced. The first named we find everywhere in his theorizing on history; the second, in his separation of psychology from ontology; as if the human me, or soul, of which psychology investigates the phenomena, did not represent being, and as if we could assume the existence of the soul, study and classify its phenomena, without entering into the region of ontology, which is the Science of Being. This error led him to make psychology, in his method of philosophizing, the basis of ontology, when the very assumption of the possibility of psychology without ontology, that is, of a science of phenomena without any subject or being manifesting itself in them, is a plain and positive denial of the possibility of our ever going out of the phenomenon at all.

And yet M. Cousin has solved the problem, and as it seems to us without knowing it. The solution, however, is not as Kant supposed in making all knowledge begin in sensible experience, and in contending that the subject, or mind, out of its own funds, on occasion of the sensible experience, furnishes an *à priori* element, which was not in the sensible fact itself; nor in contending that we have two faculties of knowing, as does Jouffroy, one for knowing the external, and the other for knowing the internal; nor by distinguishing both the logical order and the chronological order, as Cousin himself does in his examination of Locke, although that distinction is very real; but all simply in what he himself has so often demonstrated, and so earnestly insists on, and which is really the basis of what he calls ontology, namely, the fact that WE NEVER SEIZE THE CATEGORY OF BEING, OR SUBSTANCE, SAVE IN THE CATEGORY OF CAUSE; that is, the subject in the phenomenon, the actor in the act. The Rationalist assumes that we can seize being in itself; the Empiricist, that we seize in the phenomenon only the phenomenal; the Synthesist, which Cousin should be, and is when he is himself, asserts that in the act we seize the actor, and have the power to perceive the spiritual in the material, as we have stated in a foregoing part of the present essay.

We here leave the Rationalistic theory of the History of Humanity. We did intend, on commencing this essay, to follow with an examination of the Providential Theory, or the view of history which explains its facts by the constant intervention of Providence,—the Religious Theory properly so called,—under which head we proposed to bring out what we hold to be the true view. But we have detained our readers so long on the theories already discussed, that we must, however reluctantly, leave what further we have to add, and for which we have thus far only been preparing the way, to a future occasion.

THE HUMAN SACRIFICE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

[Some of the leading sectarian papers have lately published the letter of a clergyman, giving an account of his attendance upon a criminal, (who had committed murder during a fit of intoxication), at the time of his execution, in Western New York. The writer describes the agony of the wretched being—his abortive attempts at prayer—his appeal for life—his horror of a violent death; and, after declaring his belief that the poor victim died without hope of salvation, concludes with a warm eulogy upon the Gallows, being more than ever convinced of its utility by the awful dread and horror which it inspired.]

I.

FAR from his close and noisome cell,
  By grassy lane and sunny stream,
Blown clover field and strawberry dell,
And green and meadow freshness, fell
  The footsteps of his dream.
Again from careless feet the dew
  Of summer's misty morn he shook;
Again with merry heart he threw
  His light line in the rippling brook.
Back crowded all his school-day joys—
  He urged the ball and quoit again,
And heard the shout of laughing boys
  Come ringing down the walnut glen.
Again he felt the western breeze,
  Its scent of flowers and crisping hay;
And down again through wind-stirred trees
  He saw the quivering sunlight play.
An angel in Home's vine-hung door,
He saw his sister smile once more;
Once more the truant's brown-locked head
Upon his mother's knee was laid,
And sweetly lulled to slumber there,
With evening's holy hymn and prayer!

II.

He woke. At once on heart and brain
The present Terror rushed again—
Clanked on his limbs the felon's chain!
He woke, to hear the church-tower tell
Time's footfall on the conscious bell,
And, shuddering, feel that clanging din
His life's LAST HOUR had ushered in;
To see within his prison-yard,
Through the small window iron-barred,
The Gallows' shadow rising dim
Between the sunrise heaven and him,—
A horror in God's blessed air—
  A blackness in His morning light—
Like some foul devil-altar there
  Built up by demon-hands at night.
  And, maddened by that evil sight,

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Dark, horrible, confused, and strange,
A chaos of wild weltering change,
All power of check and guidance gone,
Dizzy and blind, his mind swept on.
In vain he strove to breathe a prayer,
  In vain he turned the holy Book,
He only heard the Gallows-stair
  Creak as the wind its timbers shook.
No dream for him of sin forgiven
  While still that baleful spectre stood,
  With its hoarse murmur, "*Blood for Blood!*"
Between him and the pitying Heaven!

III.

Low on his dungeon floor he knelt,
  And smote his breast, and on his chain
Whose demon clasp he always felt,
  His hot tears fell like rain;
And near him, with the cold, calm look
  And tone of one whose formal part,
  Unwarmed, unsoftened of the heart,
Is measured out by rule and book,
With placid lip and tranquil blood,
The Hangman's ghostly ally stood,
Blessing with solemn text and word
The Gallows-drop and strangling cord;
Lending the sacred Gospel's awe
And sanction to the crime of Law.

IV.

He saw the victim's tortured brow—
  The sweat of anguish starting there—
The record of a nameless woe
  In the dim eye's imploring stare,
  Seen hideous through the long, damp hair—
Fingers of ghastly skin and bone
Working and writhing on the stone;
And heard, by mortal terror wrung
From heaving breast and stiffened tongue,
  The choking sob and low hoarse prayer;
As o'er his half-crazed fancy came
A vision of th' eternal flame—
Its smoking cloud of agonies—
Its demon-worm that never dies—
The everlasting rise and fall
Of fire-waves round the infernal wall;
While high above that dark red flood,
Black, giant-like, the Gallows stood:
Two busy fiends attending there;
One with cold mocking rite and prayer,
The other, with impatient grasp,
Tightening the death-rope's strangling clasp!

V.

The unfelt rite at length was done—
  The prayer unheard at length was said—
An hour had passed:—the noon-day sun
  Smote on the features of the dead!

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And he who stood the doomed beside,
Calm guager of the swelling tide
Of mortal agony and fear,
Heeding with curious eye and ear
Whate'er revealed the keen excess
Of man's extremest wretchedness:
And who in that dark anguish saw
  An earnest of the victim's fate,
The vengeful terrors of God's law,
  The kindlings of Eternal Hate—
The first drops of that fiery rain
Which beats the dark red realm of Pain,—
Did he uplift his earnest cries
  Against the crime of Law, which gave
  His brother to that fearful grave,
Whereon Hope's moonlight never lies,
  And Faith's white blossoms never wave
To the soft breath of Memory's sighs;—
Which sent a spirit marred and stained,
By fiends of sin possessed, profaned,
In madness and in blindness stark,
Into the silent, unknown dark?
No—from the wild and shrinking dread
With which he saw the victim led
  Beneath the dark veil which divides
Ever the living from the dead,
  And Nature's solemn secret hides,
The man of prayer can only draw
New reasons for his bloody Law;
New faith in staying Murder's hand
By murder at that Law's command;
New reverence for the Gallows-rope,
As human nature's latest hope;
Last relic of the good old time,
When Power found license for its crime,
And held a writhing world in check
By that fell cord about its neck;
Stifled Sedition's rising shout,
Choked the young breath of Freedom out,
And timely checked the words which sprung
From Heresy's forbidden tongue;
While in its noose of terror bound,
The Church its cherished union found,
Conforming, on the Moslem plan,
The motley-colored mind of man,
Not by the Koran and the Sword,
But by the Bible and the Cord!

VI.

Oh, Thou! at whose rebuke the grave
Back to warm life its sleeper gave,
Beneath whose sad and tearful glance
The cold and changéd countenance
Broke the still horror of its trance,
And waking, saw with joy above,
A brother's face of tenderest love;
Thou, unto whom the blind and lame,
The sorrowing and the sin-sick came,
And from thy very garment's hem
Drew life and healing unto them,

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The burden of Thy holy faith
Was love and life, not hate and death;
Man's demon ministers of Pain,
  The fiends of his revenge, were sent
  From Thy pure Gospel's element
To their dark home again.
Thy name is Love! What, then, is he
  Who in that name the Gallows rears,
An awful altar built to Thee,
  With sacrifice of blood and tears?
Oh, once again Thy healing lay
  On the blind eyes which know Thee not;
And let the light of Thy pure day
  Melt in upon his darkened thought.
Soften his hard, cold heart, and show
  The power which in Forbearance lies,
And let him feel that Mercy now
  Is better than old sacrifice!

VII.

As on the White Sea's* charméd shore,
  The Parsee sees his holy hill
With dunnest smoke-clouds curtained o'er,
Yet knows beneath them, evermore,
  The low, pale fire is quivering still;
So, underneath its clouds of sin,
  The heart of man retaineth yet
Gleams of its holy origin;
  And half-quenched stars that never set,
Dim colors of its faded bow,
  And early beauty, linger there,
And o'er its wasted desert blow
  Faint breathings of its morning air.
Oh! never yet upon the scroll
Of the sin-stained, but priceless soul,
  Hath Heaven inscribed "DESPAIR!"
Cast not the clouded gem away,
Quench not the dim but living ray—
  My brother man, Beware!
With that deep voice which from the skies
Forbade the Patriarch's sacrifice,
  God's angel cries, FORBEAR!

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* Among the Tartars, the Caspian is known as *Akdingis*, i. e. White Sea. Baku, on its Persian side, is remarkable for its perpetual fire, scarcely discoverable under the pitchy clouds of smoke from the bitumen which feeds it. It is the natural fire-altar of the old Persian worship.

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NOBLE AUTHORS.

In our last, we discoursed about "Royal Authors." We propose now to descend from the steps of the Throne, and pursue our literary search within the precincts of the Court.

There is an aristocracy of letters of two kinds: that of "the lords of human kind," and that which derives its strongest claims to respect from the accidents of noble birth and honorable lineage. Authors are noble from genius, or from family: by the birthright of natural gifts, or the claims of descent and hereditary title. It is of a mixed aristocracy, however, that we intend to attempt a description in the present paper, an aristocracy in which pride of birth is gracefully blended with the nobler pride of intellect, in which title is an elegant ornament to the possessor of genius: an aristocracy in which the nobleman is also a great man, who further rather dignifies his conventional rank by his genius, than is ennobled by it.

A general, and, in most case, a justifiable feeling of prejudice exists against authors who come out from the ranks of the nobility: they are thought, and for the most part justly, to rely too much on their personal pretensions to accomplishments, apart from their literary character, to wealth, and to station. They are not considered amenable to criticism, it being in their power, if their literary claims are disallowed, to fall back upon their social standing, *a point d'appui*, and rest secure within "the Bastile of a name." A mere writer, however great his powers, cannot take refuge in a similar way. He must repose wholly on his individual merits. *Aut Cæsar aut nullus.* He is to be tried in a literary court, and by his fellow-commoners alone. He cannot appeal to the (literary) House of Lords.

There are, to be sure, silly people —yea, even among ourselves, and especially among the "first circles" of our commercial cities—who think everything from a man who can write Sir, or Right Honorable, before his name, must be correspondingly grand and fine; but such critics sit in the gallery, not in the pit of the theatre of criticism. They compose the body of the great vulgar, who would have called Blackmore a great poet, because he wrote heroical rhymes in the epic mould, and not because they were truly such; and who think West a great painter, because he attempted the historical style. Critics of this stamp have seen the poet's eye in Byron's countenance, because he was a noble lord.

> "Let but a lord once own the happy lines,
> How the wit brightens, and the style refines!" Pope.

And they call Dickens low, because he does not condescend to write novels of fashionable life, but prefers truth to nature in an humbler walk.

To counteract an extravagant depreciation of writers, merely because they bear a title, though without the least intention to elevate any one purely for that reason, we have collected together the names of several of the most eminent, both for rank and genius. In literature, we regard titles as drawbacks rather than among the desirables of life; for the author is too apt to be merged in the fine gentleman, and to look down upon those of his craft who pursue it for a livelihood. Still, a writer of the first class may be titled or not, as it happens, and essentially without the smallest grain of difference. True greatness is independent of stars and ribbons, the playthings of childhood; though there are positions in public life, as places of commanding importance, which, according to the common notion, are dignified by titles of honor. Bacon is still, for instance, the Secretary of Nature, though Lord Chancellor and Baron Verulam (a title conveying a certain amplitude of distinction); so, too, of the British Tacitus, Lord Clarendon, and the English Demosthenes, Lord Chatham. Law lords, ministers of state, cabinet councillors, and senators, appear to be appropriately

distinguished by peculiar epithets of respect.

In Walpole's catalogue, there are many names that do not deserve to be recorded for their literary claims; yet some have been omitted who have been unhandsomely treated, and since his time there are others to be added. Yet it is the only catalogue of the kind. To leave cavilling, and commence our task, we may remark the peculiar lines in which a noble author would be most likely to succeed. Knowledge of court life, the epigrammatic court-wit, the history of parties, the secret councils of cabinets, the private characters of monarchs, appear with the truest effect and least partiality, in the correspondence and memoirs of the courtly and noble. This is especially to be noted in the case of disappointed suitors. When the most interested man has lost all hope, and nothing remains, he may then be suspected of telling a large share, and where malice or private pique does not intervene, the whole of the truth. Swift, in his early addresses to the Earl of Oxford, employed the language of a sycophant, and flattered him grossly: after the defeat of his objects, he wrote in a very different strain; and his later account of the Earl has been confirmed by history. We might transcribe a number of instances beside, but it would be useless. The point is clear, and needs no further confirmation.

Where but from the pen of one living in courts, could we read an experience (gained there) like that displayed in the piquant maxims of Rochefoucault? What scene of life could furnish material for such pictures as those we meet in the French memoirs? Where else should we look for the subtle cunning of a Cecil, the gallant bearing of a Sidney, the sparkling wit of a Rochester, or the exterior graces of a Chesterfield? And there are authors, proud of their calling; classics, too, who have lived within the magic circle, and breathed the arbitrary atmosphere of a court; men, who, when we mention their names, we are very apt to prefer the prefix to them, and whose works are estimated without any reference to Debrett's Peerage, or the records of the Herald's College. In the gallery of the Temple of Fame, on the walls of which hang the counterfeit presentments of distinguished authors born among the English aristocracy, (to confine ourselves to but one literature and one country), we encounter great philosophers, great historians, accomplished writers of verse rather than true poets, with a single modern exception, fine prose writers in the miscellaneous department, and men of elegant scholarship and exact research.

Previous to the age of Elizabeth (to mention only a few of the first names that occur to us), there are Lord Berners, the prose translator of Froissart, and Baron Vaux, one of the prime favorites of Sir Egerton Brydges; the twin-bards Surrey and Wyatt, accomplished knights, gallant lovers and polite gentlemen; Sackville, the author of the first English drama. Then, the great More, the noble patriot and philosopher and man; the father of English prose, the first native historian, the great statesman and generous friend. The age of Elizabeth could boast (with the exception of Shakspeare and Spenser and the great old dramatists, far above their contemporaries) a galaxy of noble authors, inferior only to them, Bacon, Sidney, Raleigh, Herbert, Fulke, Greville. In the next period occur the names of Sir Thomas Browne and Sir Kenelm Digby and Lady Fanshawe, not to pass by without mention the eccentric Duchess of Newcastle, so eloquently eulogized by Lamb, and the Countess of Winchelsea, whose verse has extorted the admiration of Wordsworth. After the Restoration, and until the reign of Anne, the majestic and incorruptible Clarendon, the easy and amiable Temple, the four court wits and poets, all earls, the contemporaries of Dryden, Rochester and Halifax, and Dorset and Roscommon: the two Buckinghams, Villiers and Sheffield, Denham and Davenant and Suckling. Through all these periods, the great old divines extend, most of whom were Bishops and Archbishops, Usher and Taylor, and a host beside. During the period of Anne's reign, Bolingbroke and the later Shaftesbury, Bishops Atterbury, Burnet and Butler, and Archbishop Tillotson. Coming down to this nineteenth century, the great names are few—Byron and Scott, and perhaps Bulwer. In the second rank of wonderfully clever men, but not geniuses, we might include the critics Jeffrey and Brougham; in the class of respectable writers of an earlier date, the Scotch notabilities,

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Lords Kames, Stair, Hailes and Woodhouselee, with Blackstone and Sir William Jones, and Bishop Percy, and among contemporaries the accurate and industrious historian, Mahon; Lord Holland, the liberal patron; the irritable Brydges, and Gower, the translater of Faust. Writers of novels and books of travels are not unfrequent among the nobility, but they are only writers for the season. Even Lord Lennox has lately written a novel. Writers of vers de société like Spencer may not be rare, yet we suspect we have forgotten no writer of mark.

The ablest of the nobility, in general, turn to politics as a relief to a mode of life, the abundance and superfluities of which take away almost every impulse to active exertion of any kind. Of this class, we find many great lawyers with no pretensions to authorship. And of these how many brilliant names have sunk after a temporary brilliancy. Who hears anything now of the great Somers, the dare-devil wit and orator immortalized by Pope, Wharton? What do we know of Harley or Pelham? The famous lawyers from Fortescue to Sir William Follett are little more than bare names. After all, compared with the vastly larger and selecter list of men of genius of obscure birth, or at best of merely respectable parentage, the nobility can show but a scanty collection.

In the different departments of literature, what have they done? Though we repeat the names above mentioned, we hope to add a word or two of criticism. In English literature, Byron's is the first name among noble poets, as far above his fellow bards as he is himself inferior to the master poets of the human race. Admitting his force, energy, and occasional beauty; with his music, pathos and satirical humor, yet how much lower than Milton, in his loftiest flights! No one could compare him to Spenser or Chaucer, and to parallel him with Shakspeare would be little short of profanation. The remaining noble poets are little more than clever writers of verse, even Sidney was most poetic in his prose Defence of Poesy; his predecessors, Wyatt and Surrey, wrote amorous sonnets, and by no means rich, in that emasculated form of poetry. Charles II.'s wits were lively and neat: Rochester, has keen sense, and Roscommon dull discretion. Dorset wrote a gay song or two, and Halifax a few copies of verse, as short poetical attempts were then called, which could be ranked under no definite head. The Rehearsal is the great and only triumph of the dramatic muse in the ranks of the nobility, and that is at best an amusing satirical burlesque, about equal to Sheridan's Critic. Denham is the most elevated of all his contemporary wits, in point of style. We know little of Davenant: but Suckling is truly delicious. All of these writers were brief writers, and limited their attempts to a satire, an epigram, a ballad, or a song. They are sparkling brilliants, but, taken collectively, they do not form a gem of dazzling splendor.

In history, there are the names of More, Bacon, Herbert, Raleigh, Clarendon, Burnet and Bolingbroke, names to last; still, only Clarendon will be generally read, save by a few antiquarian scholars. More's fragment is the original chronicle of the Reign, full of picturesqueness, yet a fragment of an early reign, and one, too, which Shakspeare has done more towards popularizing the memory of than any historical writer. Bacon's History of Henry III. was a party history, but written with an ability so great a man could not help displaying. Herbert's Henry VIII. we have not read, but if it be comparable to his Life, (the first autobiography in English), it must be worth reading. Raleigh's work is only a noble introduction to a noble conception. Clarendon and Burnet furnish a storehouse of character to every class of writers, novelists, political critics, reviewers and historians. Bolingbroke is merely a showy writer *on, not of* history.

In philosophy, Bacon is and always must be, very prominent. To the end of time, his prudential wisdom, rich fancy and compact eloquence, must remain fresh. Even the reader who knows nothing of the Advancement or the Organon, will resort to the essays as a fountain of wisdom next to Ecclesiasticus or the words of the Preacher. Shaftesbury, we agree entirely with Grey, in thinking to have been vastly overrated. At present he is almost wholly forgotten. Next to Bolingbroke, it appears to us, no writer of eminence was ever rated so extravagantly high as this English imitator of Plato and

Cicero. It is almost impossible to find in any British classic, so much verbiage and affectation, as in the pages of this celebrated writer. A thought, like a carat of gold, is hammered out into the thinnest leaf, or wire-drawn to the extreme limits of sense. Singularity and great command of language, though not of style, which is very faulty from its pomposity and affectation of ease, a formal familiarity, form the chief characteristics of this once admired philosopher. In mere music and style, Bolingbroke is his superior, but an equal lack of close and compact thinking is very palpable in his philosophical disquisitions.

In miscellaneous writing, the noble authors of England have produced some of the finest specimens; the Religio Medici of Browne, the Essays of Temple, Sidney's Defence of Poesy, the prose tracts of Halifax, and the critical papers of Jeffrey. No two styles are finer of their kind than the solemn, gorgeous rhetoric of Browne, and the familiar elegance and graceful sentiment of Temple. Sidney has been aptly termed "warbler of poetic prose." Macaulay has left it as his opinion that little of the prose of his (Halifax's) time, is so well worth reading as the character of a trimmer and the anatomy of an equivalent. Jeffrey is, perhaps, the liveliest, though not the most brilliant of the Edinburgh reviewers.

With all the talent they may, in the happiest instances, possess, authors of rank, hereditary or acquired, are liable to certain incidental, yet serious defects, the fruit of their social position. They are apt to become zealous partisans, sooner than cosmopolitan scholars, who have no particular social or political, landed or manufacturing interest to protect. The great man of a county must take his side: the poor author "of a toun" may be as tolerant as he pleases, and no one will quarrel with him for his indifference. The respect paid to wealth and literary pretensions united, in the person of the possessor of them, is expected to be taken, though not spoken of as a political bribe. Moreover, the noble author is almost necessarily strongly conservative, for such is the inferred tendency of caste and the prejudices of education.* This leads to a distrust and sarcastic contempt of all reforms, and a want of intelligent and generous sympathy with other classes of society and the future. The future is a great bugbear to these theorists: they fear it as a dark unknown, perhaps unknowable state of things. The present condition of things they make no impression upon, and seek not to ameliorate. Like unsound reasoners, they lose sight of the middle term, as it were, of their great argument. Reverencing the past, and content to take the future as it happens to turn out, they suffer the present time, the only time, to slip from their grasp, before they have sought to improve it. In their eulogium upon antiquity, they neglect what will one day be ancient, and live as it were retrospectively. They retreat, Parthian-like, in their contest with old Father Time, and advance not with the gradual progress of society. Not only the secure feeling that settled rank gives, but also moral timidity and constitutional indolence, too often obstruct the path to the temple of truth. Nor do the infatuated adherents of immobility possess arithmetic sufficient to apply the science of probabilities to existing or apprehended circumstances.

The noble author, then, is best in describing manners rather than character; knows more of the world than of human nature; is better informed on points of court etiquette than able to prepare an elaborate history. Chesterfield is more in his place among literary noblemen than Clarendon. The courtly writer is educated to describe the gallantries of monarchs and the intrigues of ministers, to pen a satirical epigram or a farcical burlesque oration. Oftener a gossip than a philosopher, a Grammont than a Rochefoucauld. Cleverness, taste, graceful raillery, these are the highest aims (in general) of men of letters in this rank of society. They lead the *ton* and set the fashions; it is too much to ask them to write fine poems and frame systems of philosophy. To talk agreeably, make neat compliments, to preserve the air genteel, and keep down all disagreeable ideas, this is the chief part of the character of noble scholars and authors. Much more is looked for in the Great

* Byron's liberal opinions were probably merely assumed for effect, or from mere discontent. He appears to have had little deep interest in the matter.

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Man, a character, to an elevation with which the highest of the nobility rarely aspire to raise themselves. Walpole himself, who drew up the catalogue, and who was one of the most entertaining scandal-mongers that ever lived, was nothing else. A cold, clever, malicious wit, though able and industrious, a skilful literary artist to boot, yet from his inability to appreciate greatness no less than from his incapacity to produce any work of consequence, always a mediocre writer, in everything but gossiping letters and antiquarian anecdotes. Scorn, and that not a manly indignation, but the fruit of a hollow, contracted heart, was his only weapon. With a full knowledge (confessed in more than one place) of his defects, he at one time affected to underrate writers and literary reputation; at which period he was used to descant on the advantages of family and fortune; at another, he would pretend to despise rank, and affect a genial enthusiasm for literature and writers. His literary sins were many and serious. He libelled Sidney, and for the sake of the paradox flattered Richard III. He broke with Gray, and insulted Chatterton. He calumniated almost every author of eminence of his time. He spoke and wrote sneeringly of the Duchess of Newcastle and the Countess of Winchelsea. Without manly sentiment or delicacy of feeling, his judgments are often based on paradox and the perverse conclusions of a captious fancy. He was a fickle trifler and a hollow worldling, without a sincere admirer or true friend, the Pelham of literateurs, a literary coxcomb, a wit, too often, without wisdom.

Unless urged by the strong impulse of rare genius, it appears then, that the true province of the literary nobleman should be that of friend and patron, and not rival or competitor of the author. What leisure for study and what means of aid in advancing the poor scholar, are in the possession of the wealthy lover of literature! How many hearts he may gain by his generosity, when he might convince few heads by his arguments. How much pleasanter, too, to enjoy the great authors than to add another name to the list of indifferent writers! The wealthy scribe has not the same excuses for publication as his needier brother may prefer; the latter must do what the other may avoid. It were idle to dwell on the evil accidents of a literary career; a wise man heightens the joys and rejects (by silent endurance) the sorrows of his calling, whatever it be. Fame is a noble chimera, yet fame is not the fruitful mother of exuberant authorship. Even the choicest classics (with very rare exceptions) wrote less for posterity than their own age. They knew their works would be sifted; and the few great or fine conceptions adequately executed would alone be treasured, while a large proportion of their works would be thrown into the lumber-room of obscurity. Much is written to suit time and place, and for daily bread; a moiety only of the most excellent works of the selectest authors can stand.

Criticism may therefore be less clement on the productions of mere amateur authors, and a title should be no protection to a weak writer. Where rank is embellished by the charm of genius, there may we render a sincere reverence, to the man but not to the nobleman. Genius is, itself, both noble and republican; to be found in every class of society and under every possible form of government, yet most free, most magnanimous, most elevated, when discovered in close alliance with perfect liberty, in the true democratic state.

We had concluded our brief survey, when we recalled to mind the capital essay of Hazlitt on the Aristocracy of Letters, altogether as different from the present sketch in its design as it is superior to it in the composition. In examining the claims of the pretenders to this rank in the literary commonwealth, he brings to light some singular revelations of characters, most literary persons must have seen and known. The classical scholars, who seem to think by mere dint of study to take precedence of original but comparatively uneducated authors; on this ground Burns would yield to Porson and Shakspeare to Bentley. The friends of great authors, who seem to think themselves implicated in the works of the great man, and who share his reputation among themselves. Indeed we have known those who considered their relationship to a fine writer was "glory enough" for them, and who refrained from making a reputation, however small, for themselves,

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because he had made one for the family. There are also the authors of great works in embryo, which never see the light, always promising, never completing. We are acquainted with a respectable professor who has been about composing the first truly philosophical history of the English Commonwealth, any time these last five years; yet we dare wager the first chapter will never be written.

It appears to us, there should be even here in these democratic United States of America, an institution, in name at least, resembling the Royal Academy of Artists. We should have a "Royal Society" of Authors. Entrance into this association should be considered a badge of honor and an assurance of governmental protection. Decayed authors, great authors become unpopular by some of the sudden freaks of public favor, authors of real merit never popular, and all deserving literary men, in every department, who need not only pecuniary aid but honorary distinction to sustain them, should become members of it. It should include rich men as almoners, but they should not be mere rich men; but among the merchants a Roscoe; the physicians, a Currie; the lawyers, a Wirt; for the metaphysicians, an Abraham Tucker; for the clergy, a Channing. Such a "Royal Society" wisely conducted, and composed of the proper men, would constitute an aristocracy of genius and virtue, that the most consistent Democrat might point to with pride and respect without censure.

THE DEATH LOCK.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RUCKERT.

Ere the tomb close o'er thee,
  Maiden loved and fair,
Grant me, I implore thee,
  This one wreath of hair!

Wreath! like a shadow thrown
  Erst around this brow—
Its lustre shed and flown,
  Thine how radiant now!

All else that's loveliest will
  To the tomb repair,
But thou, unfaded, still
  Freely float in air.

Weak as thou appearest,
  Tress so finely wove,
Thou the burden bearest
  Of a heaven of love.

Thy flowing soft caress
  Let my fondness share;
Wind thee, enchanted tress,
  Round the ring I wear.

Turning this magic toy,
  She whom I adore,
Revived to light and joy,
  On me smiles once more.

April 3, 1843. J. J. S.

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THE SPIRIT OF PARTIES.

BY HARRY FRANCO.

The crying evil of all free governments, or rather of all representative governments, for freedom and government are terms that do not draw perfectly well together in harness, is the Party Spirit which they necessarily engender. And yet they who most clearly discern and unfeignedly lament this evil, do themselves help to keep it alive by becoming partisans, since they must either be party men, or no men at all; for the most contemptible of all creatures is an hermaphrodite, whether in nature or in morals; and your neutral in politics is scarcely deserving of even the pitiful title of an hermaphrodite. "They who have well considered that kingdoms rise or fall, and that their inhabitants are happy or miserable not so much from any local or accidental advantages or disadvantages, but according as they are well or ill governed, may well determine how far a virtuous mind may be neutral in politics."

It is therefore a positive duty for every man to become a partisan, save only when acting in an executive capacity, wherein to be a partisan is to be a knave and a traitor; although it is true, beyond a question, that no reasoning and honest man can approve of all the acts and professions of any party; yet it must be, that some party will conform more nearly to his conceived rules of right than another, and to that one he should attach himself and fight under its banners.

Your neutral man in politics is just the person upon whom the contempt of mankind may be heaped without fear of injustice; the saliva of an honest, free-thoughted citizen is too precious an ointment to bestow upon him; he is a good-for-nothing, and deserving of nothing; the Greeks of old were not mistaken in deriving from his case the word "idiot;" and yet such creatures go about like very pictures of complacency, and, glorying in their shame, boast that they are no-party men. They may see rogues in high places—the wicked spreading himself like a green bay-tree, and honesty and public virtue chilled to death in his shadow,—but they are unmoved by the saddening spectacle because they are no-party men. Poor, snivelling creatures! what a host of them start up in our historical recollections, who have been in all ages of the world the surest props of tyranny, and the saddest oppressors of innocence and sturdy virtue!

In our day they can see nothing in politics but a brawling lawyer at a ward meeting, or a dirty-faced voter at the polls, with whose person they would not bring their superfine dresses in contact, to save their country from disgrace. We have, indeed, seen good professing Christians, men who have taken their degrees at colleges, well to do in the world, well born and respectably connected, genteelly dressed and free from debt, (and these we believe are the titles of nobility with us), who made no scruple of urging as a reason, that they absented themselves from the polls, because they were disgusted with party warfare. They cry peace! peace! when there is no peace. They shut themselves up in their own houses, and foolishly dream that the blast which levels the dwellings of others will pass harmlessly by them, because they are so quiet, and trouble themselves about nobody's business but their own. They are lineal descendants of that timid servant who wrapped his talent in a napkin, and hid it in the earth, lest he should lose it; and the reward of the timid servant will be theirs.

From the foregone observations the reader may rightly conclude, though we are partisans ourselves, that party men may find favor in our sight, even though their professions be opposed to our own. But there are parties which we hold in utter dread, parties which we neither approve ourselves, nor like those who approve of them. Tea-parties we abhor! Dinner-parties may be endured. They are often of a character to win over the

most ultra of party haters. The very name, indeed, of a dinner-party has in it something exceedingly agreeable, and a host of mild and pleasant images, laughing, jolly, and mirthful fancies, throng around one, at the bare mention of it. But a tea-party! Oh, it has no redeeming qualities. We firmly believe that one-half the dyspeptics in the world, if not the whole, might trace the origin of their complaints to a tea-party.

In the fashionable circles of our large cities tea-parties are no longer endured; but in country towns and in rural districts, in the latter of which I live, they are held in as high esteem as ever they were since the first years of the Revolution, when tea-drinking was particularly aristocratic and toryish.

The worst of tea-parties is their uniformity; there is no more variety in them than in a flock of sheep. We have been to some thousands of them in our time, in different parts of the Union, and the only difference we could ever discover in them was, that in North Carolina and Virginia they gave you hot short-cakes, and in the New England States apple-pies in their season. In the district where I now reside they give neither, but in all other things there is a wonderful similarity to all other tea-parties.

The last tea-party that we attended was something more than a year past; our invitation was received and accepted by our wife, and there was no getting clear; we tried a thousand expedients, but without avail, and at last we were compelled to give in and go; although we wish it to be understood that we went, according to the fashion of the day with those who are compelled to do things against their constitutional scruples, under protest.

It is bad enough, when one's daily labor is done, to dress and set off to a tea-party after dark; but to ride off in broad daylight with the sun an hour above the horizon, on such an expedition, is a thing to make a man blush. We felt as though the whole world were gazing at us, and pointing its finger at ourself and wife, as we rode through the towns of Westfield and Middle Westfield, Northfield and Middle Northfield, towards the house of Mrs. Pederson, in Swampville, by whom the party was given. It was still quite light when we arrived, and a considerable portion of the partisans were on the ground; that is, sitting in Mrs. Pederson's parlor. The good lady was delighted to see us, and made a thousand tender inquiries about our health, although she had seen us but the very day before, and knew perfectly well the exact state of our bodily condition. Mrs. Pederson wore a white muslin apron, to distinguish herself from her guests, who made their appearance in the discarded fashions of the last ten years, so that the assemblage had the jumbled up and heterogeneous aspect of a collection of old-fashioned plates, cut out of some odd volumes of a lady's magazine.

Ourself and our wife enjoy the unrestrained use of our eyes, and are allowed to be quite as knowing as our neighbors in the common affairs of life, but this did not prevent each one of the assembled company from informing us in a very grave and obliging manner, that it was quite a pleasant afternoon; a fact which we could not be ignorant of, after a ride in an open waggon of eight miles and a half. But our wife received the information with great good humor, and replied to each one, "Very indeed!" as though it were a great comfort to her to confirm the intelligence; for ourself, we merely said "Yes," because it was a matter that did not admit of either dispute or amplification.

The weather having been first disposed of, as though we were an assembly of almanac makers, the healths of the party were then discussed, as though we were a collection of infirmary patients; and each individual related his or her complaint with surprising particularity, and a degree of candor, which on any other subject would have been praiseworthy and delightful in the extreme. For ourself, we only acknowledged to an overpowering feeling of drowsiness, and we took our seat in a Boston rocker with the hope of enjoying a nap. But sleep was out of the case, for the ladies having dismissed the weather and their complaints, immediately took up the subject of dress, upon which they entered with such lively feelings, and made such prodigious displays of their abilities in talking about nothing, that so gentle and noise-hating a spirit as sleep was fairly put to flight, and all

our efforts could not recall her. There we were forced to sit with staring eyes, and listen to a conversation which could neither engage our thoughts, nor allow them to be engaged about anything else.

Dress is the great staple of a woman's thoughts; she talks of it on all occasions; she meditates on it in all places, and for sake of it she makes her greatest sacrifices. She goes to church to display her own dress and to criticise the dress of her neighbors. She goes to balls and tea-parties for the same purpose; she walks up and down Broadway for no other reason. It is the great point when she marries, and the selection of her wedding gown costs her a thousand times more anxiety than the choice of her husband; and when she loses him, her first thought is her mourning, not her weeping. Her children are objects of great interest to her, because she can dress them to suit her fancy, and the little unconscious innocents are made to toddle about the streets as a kind of advertisement of their mother's taste. Do you doubt this? Then walk down Broadway some sunshiny morning and look at the little bits of humanity which dot the side-walks the whole length of that famous avenue, decorated with all the fantasies which velvet and gold cord are capable of creating. Do you doubt the controlling thought of women? Look at the popular magazines of the day! Not one of them can be supported without the appendage of a fashion-plate; but with it they flourish like willows by the water courses, though they may have nothing else to recommend them. There are some half a dozen of these monthly distributors of ladies' fashions *and* literature, varying in their circulation from ten to fifty thousand copies, and they all thrive and bring money to their publishers; while it is a fact too well known to need penning, that no mere literary periodical has ever flourished in this country, although there have been many established and sustained by the very highest talent in the nation (the Democratic for example), although they have been continued in an enduring faith that the public sentiment would come right in the end.

As no magazine publishes fashion-plates for men, and as no man, excepting a silk-jobber, can be supposed to care a copper about the fashions of the gentler sex, this inordinate appetite for intelligence in regard to dress must of necessity be laid exclusively to the door of the ladies. Their patronage of the magazines proves nothing for literature, but, on the contrary, it is the strongest evidence they could give that they have no sympathies to bestow upon literary exercises, since they will not subscribe for a work which does not contain a pattern of a new boddice or a lace cap. If you pass through Broadway on a pleasant morning, you see a great number of daily carriages, drawn by horses which cause you to break the tenth commandment, though you be never so pious a churchman, and you wonder on what expedition they can be bound; you watch their stopping-places, and you find them at the doors of mantua-makers' and milliners' shops. They are kept for the express purpose of carrying ladies, when they go in search of dresses, and when they go to display them, either in the ball or the house of prayer. At church they make a very grand display of the latest importations from Paris, while their horses and their coachmen are waiting on the outside. This they do in obedience to the fourth commandment. Let no lady say that we scandalize the sex, unless she can name the gentle being who will go to church in a last year's hat.

Now, the ladies assembled at Mrs. Pederson's tea-party were by no means exceptions to the peculiarities of the sex, and such a din as they contrived to raise about *mousseline-de-laines* and *chène* silks would be passing belief, except with those who have witnessed similar things themselves. We could not, of course, join in such a conversation; and as there were but three men present beside ourself, we had a severe time of it, for neither of the gentlemen would talk of anything but the times; a subject which means, like many other conversational topics, anything or nothing, but generally, as was the case now, nothing.

The "times," with our companions, meant the price of oats, which to us was a matter of not the slightest importance; and when we had been informed that oats weighing twenty-nine pounds could be bought at two-and-sixpence per bushel, there was an end to the subject. It was suggestive of nothing but the wretch Titus Oates; and as we named the name of that paltry

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creature, quite unconsciously, our party friends caught it up, and remarked that they had never "hearn tell" of that kind of grain before. We were just on the point of making an explanation, when Mrs. Pederson's colored girl entered the parlor, and announced that tea was ready, upon which all conversation was suddenly suspended; and after a good deal of coquetting as to who should lead the way, we all shambled out into the next room, where the tea-table was spread, at which we sat down, looking very stiff and very serious, as though tea-drinking was not to be laughed at. The ladies all sat on one side, with the gentlemen opposite, and cast down their eyes very devoutly while one of my companions, a vestryman, implored a blessing. We are by no means disposed to object to an appeal to the Throne of Grace at any time; but it has always seemed to us that the form of supplications used at tea-parties is extremely ill-placed. If we should ask for grace to go through with the infliction on such an occasion with patience, and ask to be forgiven for misspending our time, there would be some sense in it.

Mrs. Pederson sat at the head of the table, and "poured out;" but before passing the cups she inquired of each of her guests whether they drank sugar and cream; and as some took one without the other, and some both, and some neither, it followed as a matter of course that nobody was exactly suited. Those who drank sugar but no cream, got cream but no sugar; while those who drank neither, got both, and those who drank both, got neither. But they all said it was very good, when Mrs. Pederson asked if the tea was "agreeable," although they suggested a slight alteration when they passed their cups a second time; but as the tea-pot had been replenished with hot water, the second cup gave as little real satisfaction as the first.

The table was covered after the most approved fashion; and if Mrs. Pederson had been ill-disposed towards her guests, she could not have contrived a more ingenious plan for making them particularly wretched. It is an understood point at all tea-parties, that the guests must commence with bread-and-butter, and end with cakes and preserves; and the first business of the tea-table was passing overloaded plates of hot rolls and buttered toast up and down from hand to hand, until all the guests were supplied: next came little plates of smoked beef, cut into thin slices like a leather-dresser's shavings; and these were followed by plates of cheese cut in little square lumps; then plates of crackers were handed round, and one said that the butter was "beautiful," and another that the bread was "elegant;" and as the remarks were not addressed to Mrs. Pederson, but intended for her ear, the gratified lady, as soon as she heard them, said, "she was sure the butter was not fit to eat, and that the bread was not nice at all." Somebody having conceived that a sufficient quantity of bread had been eaten, took up a plate of crullers, and set them a-going, while two or three more guests took up plates of sponge cake, and plum cake, and citron cake, and put them in circulation, while others began to dish out preserved quinces, and gages, and plums, and peaches, and the whole table was alive with glass saucers and little plates. After a time, the company had "eaten sufficient," and Mrs. Pederson "was sure nobody had eaten anything;" and then followed a few minutes of very solemn looks, and upon a signal given by somebody, we all got up from table and retired into the parlor again, where the ladies took their old subject afresh, and the gentlemen returned to their oats. And after spending two or three hours more in this pleasant manner, we all took leave of Mrs. Pederson and went home. As the night was dark, and the roads were miry, we had abundant time to moralize with our wife about tea-parties; but she would not look upon the subject with our eyes, and maintained that people must live like other people, or it "would be no use;" and that, for her part, she not only liked to go to parties but she meant to give one herself.

When we found that she was resolutely bent on giving a tea-party, we made use of all our rhetorical abilities in trying to persuade her to surprise her guests with something a little different from what they had been accustomed to get at other houses; but she would not consent to the slightest deviation, alleging, what perhaps was very true, that if she did not do as other people did, she would be the talk of the whole county. In truth, she gave us to

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understand as the Peruvians did their conquerors, that she wanted no change, and least of all such change as we should be likely to recommend. We soon perceived that our wife was a staunch conservative, and that like all other conservatives, she preferred a bad old practice to a good new one, and we determined to let her manage her idols in her own way.

The invitations were issued nearly a week a-head, and the intervening nights and days were devoted to preparations, which, considering our moderate income, were on a scale of frightful extravagance. At last the day arrived, the rooms were put in order, the fires lighted, the candles were all decorated with paper frills, and our wife, dressed in her best gown, sat down to wait for her company. We had calculated on all the guests arriving before five o'clock, but five o'clock came and was succeeded by six o'clock, and not a soul had come. Our wife was on the point of hysterics; she kept running to the door, and casting anxious glances up the road and down the road, but no one came; the children were crying for their supper, the cook was scolding, the hours were flying, but the guests came not, and at nine o'clock we sat down to supper, amazed, confounded and horror-struck. Not a soul had sent an excuse, and the whole matter was shrouded in the deepest mystery. What could it mean! Towards midnight we retired to bed, but not to sleep, for our minds were too much engrossed by the strange event to rest. Our wife was very serious, believing that the world was coming to a speedy end, for we could not persuade her that it was one of those strange coincidences that sometimes occur, and not some rare convulsion of nature which had kept her invited guests at home.

The sun rose as brightly as ever the next morning, exactly at his appointed time, the birds chirped as gaily, and all nature looked as steadfast and composed as though nothing unusual had taken place. In the course of the day the mystery was cleared up, although not without creating another. It appeared on inquiry that every one of our invited guests had received a note the night before the party was to take place, stating that in consequence of a case of small-pox in the family the party had been deferred to an indefinite period, and our house had, in consequence, been shunned like a pest-house. Here was an instance of rancorous party spirit. It was impossible to guess at the individual who had done us so great a wrong. Our wife was in an ecstasy of passion; but for ourself, we considered the thing a capital joke, and enjoyed it much more than we should have enjoyed the party had it taken place.

It was a long while before she regained her usual spirits; the disappointment and mortification affected her deeply, leaving out of consideration her feverish curiosity to learn who the author of the outrage was; but in time she began to recover, and as she was one of those neat persons who are never happy but when employed in "cleaning up," that is, in the midst of a wild confusion of mops and dusters, whitewash brushes and black Nannies, her returning cheerfulness first manifested itself by her engaging with great vigor in her favorite employments, and she continued her labors to so late an hour in the afternoon, that she was surprised in the middle of the hubbub by the unusual call of the minister's wife and her three daughters, who were dressed in quite a remarkable style for a call, and showed an evident disposition to stay to tea.

The confusion of our household may well be conceived by those who have been similarly caught, but the confusion of our wife it would be impossible for anybody to conceive, because nobody but herself can know in what awe she held the minister's wife. The lady and her daughters had hardly seated themselves in the parlor when a carriage stopped at the door and discharged Mrs. Pederson; who was immediately followed by a succession of visitors, until half the county were assembled in our rooms and about the house. Here was another mystery. They had all received cards of invitation to tea for that very day. To entertain them was impossible. No preparations had been made, and they were all packed off supperless, and for the most part in a dreadful state of ill humor.

We tried in vain to discover the author of these pleasant little freaks, notwithstanding that a considerable reward was offered for his detection. But a year or two afterwards the perpetrator was discovered. During a

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religious revival in the neighborhood, a young lady somewhat advanced in years, Miss Matilda Ann Marrowfat, confessed from the "anxious seat" that she was the guilty person, having been instigated by pure malice and spite towards our wife, who had forgotten to invite her to our tea-party.

In talking the affair over with our minister and the storekeeper, they agreed that it was the most outrageous exhibition of party spirit they had ever heard of.

THE CHRISTIAN PROMISE.

When He who spake as never man hath spoken,
  Came to our earth to elevate and bless,
He lifted the down-trodden and heart-broken,
  And cheered the widow and the fatherless.

He taught the glorious truth, "ye all are brothers!"
  That love and justice unto all are due;
That in life's business "ye should do to others
  Even as ye would that they should do to you."

Glad tidings of great joy! Earth's groaning masses,
  Enslaved and burdened by some regal line,
Now learn that God hath made no "better classes"
  To tyrannize o'er them by right divine.

"Our *Father!*" What a glorious revelation,
  Linking our birthright with the infinite whole;
Bidding man live as fits his noble station;
  Teaching the priceless value of the soul!

Blessed be God for this sublime ideal,
  Which would transform this earth to paradise!
Blessed are they who strive to make it real,
  In thought and life, by toil and sacrifice!

Blessed are they who in life's stern wayfaring,
  Where strong self-interests tempt so oft aside,
With upward looking and a lofty daring,
  Take Jesus for their pattern and their guide.

Blessed are they who with a strong endeavor,
  And faith undoubting and true Christian heart,
Seek for the true, the right, the equal ever,
  And in no wrong or selfishness have part.

And there are signs that brighter light is breaking
  Through the thick clouds of eighteen hundred years;
That love and truth shall in new power be waking,
  And earth be gladdened with millenial years.

Man is God's image and God's temple glorious;
  With joy his upward tendencies we hail;
For God hath said that love shall be victorious,
  And "truth is mighty and will yet prevail!"

Nashville, N. H. Charles J. Fox

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THE YUCATAN RUINS.*

The universality of taste for reading in this country, stimulated and satisfied as it is by the immense supply of reading material which it calls into existence—the demand and the supply having a mutual action and reaction, in the double nature of cause and effect—although exceedingly favorable to authors, in one sense at least, operates unluckily for us Reviewers—it gives us but shortest space in which to avail ourselves of that mainly attractive feature, novelty. In England, where books are dear and a sale of two or three thousand copies is considered great success—where not one person in fifty buys the new books as they come out, and not more than one in twenty reads them, even by the dilatory aid of a circulating library—where the circulation of quarterlies and monthlies is in like manner limited, and even the daily or weekly newspaper is to a vast majority of the population a far-off and unattainable existence, from want of ability either to buy or read—in England, we say, where each review and magazine and newspaper has its regular set of readers, who read that and nothing else, as must always be the case when the habit of reading is limited and the material is expensive, the gentleman who finds sustenance for his literary life by dissecting the works of others, can always reckon upon a sure market for his ware, however deliberate he may be in performing his task of criticism. He knows that his choice collection of extracts, even though it be made from a recent production of some very popular author, will come fresh and racy to the circle in which *he* revolves, and that there is little or no danger of his "article" being disgracefully "skipped" as antiquated, by a set of impertinents who have been so inconsiderate as to read the whole book while he was ingeniously culling its best bits to enliven his connecting chain of common-places. But with us the case is widely different. Here books are published, not by hundreds, but by thousands and tens of thousands; nine-tenths, probably, of those who read the monthly or the quarterly read also the new works of which it discourses; and even those who do not happen to read any given work itself, are morally certain to have become tolerably familiar with its character, long before the monthly or quarterly comes out, through the abominable officiousness of the dailies and weeklies, which have got into the way of taking strange liberties with our rights and privileges, and exercise their pens and scissors as freely upon new books as though literature was not our exclusive province. It is a melancholy truth that the business of criticism is in a declining way, like banking; cheap publishing has given it a terrible blow; and if we continue to furnish our readers, from time to time, with an elaborate and extended review of some new work, it is more out of respect for an ancient and venerable custom than from any hope or belief that what we can offer in *that* way will have much attraction, either of novelty or otherwise, for our readers.

Consider these superb volumes on the ruins of Yucatan, for example. They have been before the public a whole month—an eternity as it were, reckoning by the brief existences of most books that are now-a-days published. Within that month who has not devoured them at ease in the quiet possession of his own or a borrowed copy? Who has not curiously scanned the multitudinous engravings in which the skill of Catherwood and the marvellous fidelity of the daguerreotype have given perpetuity, in representation at least, to those magnificent relics of ancient American architecture and art which the terrible energy of tropical vegetation is hurrying so rapidly to destruction? Who has not accompanied the adventurous author and his companions through all the dangers and privations of their devious route among crumbling ruins, underground vaults, caves, ranchos, desert islands, convents, haciendas, casas reales, fleas,

* Incidents of Travel in Yucatan. By John L. Stephens, author of "Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petræa, and the Holy Land," "Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan," &c. Illustrated by 120 Engravings. New York; Harper and Brothers. 2 vols. 8vo.

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moschetoes, garraputas, wild Indians, luxurious padres, bischos, black-eyed señoritas, turtlers, gamblers, smugglers, black ants and revolutions? Who at least has not picked up a tolerably extensive idea of the sort of entertainment purveyed for the omnivorous public in this fascinating work, from the innumerable "notices" of the daily press and the very liberal extracts of the weekly? In a word, who of our readers is not nearly or quite in as good condition to tell *us* all about it as we are to tell *him?*

Were the case otherwise—could we entertain a hope of dealing with these volumes as entirely available, that is, fresh, in our capacity of middle-men between them and the public, we flatter ourselves that we could cook up some fifteen or twenty pages of extracts and running commentary, of such delicious gusto that the reader, in his ecstasy of delight at their perusal, would forswear all intercourse with other Magazine or Review, henceforth and for ever, and protest that in the Democratic alone could there be found any heartfelt delight, or reward for diligent reading. Reflecting upon which possible consummation we are led to exclaim, Oh that Stephens had lived and written his book a hundred and fifty odd years ago! That we, with patient research and gainful good fortune, might resuscitate him, as it were, and give knowledge of his rich treasures to the forgetting million. For it is easily enough to be seen that under the present system of cheap, numerous and promiscuous publication, our best if not our only hope of finding new things whereof to discourse, is to forage among the old,—of which principle indeed we have a striking exemplification in the case of our author himself, seeing that much if not most of the interest attending the great ruined edifices of which he has presented such vivid portraitures, both with pen and pencil, is derived from their antiquity, and from the uncertainty that has been supposed to hang around their origin, the time of their erection, and the people by whose hands they were constructed—Eureka! A thought suddenly strikes us in which we behold a ray of promise—a hope of making up an article from the pages of Mr. Stephens, which shall wear to our readers at least the appearance of novelty, though they may have been crammed with the notices and extracts of the daily and weekly press, or even have rioted in the enjoyment of the goodly volumes themselves. We will resolutely abstain from all that they present of whimsical, laughable, touching, instructive, curious, wonderful, picturesque or out-of-the-common, and confine ourselves to an examination of that same question of antiquity and origin; gathering into a focus the evidences scattered by Mr. Stephens throughout his nine hundred and odd pages, and endeavoring to determine what weight they possess in reducing the vexed to a settled question.

The prevalent opinion has been, as our readers probably know, that the ruined edifices of Central America and Mexico—including under the name of the latter its sometime province of Yucatan—as well as the architectural remains profusely existing in the more northern portions of the American continent, from the mouth to the sources of the Mississippi in one direction, and from that river to the Atlantic in another, were constructed by some unknown race of people, whose existence must be sought for in the remotest ages, and who were contemporaries with, if not the predecessors of, the most ancient peoples in the old world, of whom any account is to be found anywhere save in sacred history. An existence has been confidently claimed for these edifices coeval with that of the pyramids in Egypt, the rock excavations of Petra, and the vast artificial caves of India. Mr. Stephens, in his work on Central America and Mexico, ventured, but with considerable show of diffidence, to combat this opinion; admitting that he had not examined the question with sufficient care to arrive at a positive conclusion, or possessed himself so thoroughly of the evidence as to be prepared for an argument upon it, but yet intimating, unequivocally enough, his then belief that the presumed great antiquity of the ruins was not to be ascribed to them, and that, on the question of origin, there could not be much doubt that the inhabitants of the country, when it was discovered by Europeans, were the constructors of the great remains which alone exist to testify of their former skill, industry, and numbers. His more complete, deliberate, and thorough examination of the ruins

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in Yucatan, and search for evidence bearing on the question of origin, have led him to take a more decided stand, and he now challenges controversy on this broad proposition,—that the edifices under consideration were the work of those people whom the Spaniards found in the possession of the country, and were, at the time of the conquest, in actual use and occupation by those people; consequently, that they have probably not been in existence more than four or five hundred years at the utmost, instead of two or three thousand, as imagined by most writers on the subject. Let us now consider, summarily, the evidence which can be adduced in support of this conclusion.

This evidence may be arranged in three classes:—First, historical; second, documentary; third, material or circumstantial.

Under the first head the obvious inquiry is, have the Spanish conquerors—the discoverers of the country—left on record any accounts of edifices existing in their time, which can be identified with the ruins now remaining?

It would naturally be supposed by one not conversant with the chronicles of the conquest, that the answer to this question must be in the negative; or, at least, that the references by early Spanish writers to constructions such as now exist in ruins, must be rare, imperfect, and of very doubtful character; for on no other supposition is it possible to account for the almost universal impression—not to say conviction—that the idea of connecting the ruins with the people whom the conquerors fought and subdued, is an absolute absurdity. Yet on no historical question, perhaps, is the evidence more abundant, or more certain and specific. The chronicles of the conquest literally teem with descriptions of great buildings existing in Mexico and Yucatan; these descriptions corresponding perfectly with the great remains to which the curiosity of the civilized world has of late been so strongly directed. Herrera, perhaps the most credible of the Spanish historians, thus writes of Mexico as it appeared to the "conquistadores:"

"The whole country is divided into eighteen districts, and in all of them were so many and such stately stone buildings that it was amazing, and the greatest wonder is, that, having no use of any metal, they were able to raise such structures, which seem to have been temples, for their houses were always of timber, and thatched. In those edifices were carved the figures of naked men with ear-rings, after the Indian manner, idols of all sorts, lions, pots or jars, &c."

"On approaching Yucatan, we perceived a large town at the distance of two leagues from the coast, which, from its size, it exceeding any town in Cuba, we named Grand Cairo." Upon the invitation of a chief, who came off in a canoe, they went ashore, and set out to march to the town; but on their way, were surprised by the natives, whom, however, they repulsed, killing fifteen. "Near the place of their ambuscade," he says, "there were three buildings of lime and stone, wherein were idols of clay with diabolical countenances," &c. "The buildings of lime and stone, and the gold, gave us a high idea of the country we had discovered."

In fifteen days' farther sailing, they discovered from the ships a large town, with an inlet, and went ashore for water. While filling their casks, they were accosted by fifty Indians, "dressed in cotton mantles," who "by signs invited us to the town." Proceeding thither, they "arrived at some large and very well constructed buildings of lime and stone, with figures of serpents and of idols painted upon the walls."

In the second expedition, sailing along the coast, they passed a low island, about three leagues from the main, where, on going ashore, they found "two buildings of lime and stone, well constructed, each with steps, and an altar placed before certain hideous figures, the representations of the gods of these Indians."

Setting out on their march to Mexico, they arrived at Cempeal, entering which, he says, "we were surprised with the beauty of the buildings." "Our advanced guard having gone to the great square, the buildings of which had been lately whitewashed and plastered, in which art these people are very expert, one of our horsemen was so struck with the splendor of their appearance in the sun, that he came back in full speed to Cortez to tell him that the walls of the houses were of silver."

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Offended by the abominable custom of human sacrifices, Cortez determined to suppress by force their idolatrous worship, and destroy their false gods. "The chiefs ordered the people to arm in defence of their temple; but when they saw that we were preparing to ascend the great flight of steps," they said "they could not help themselves; and they had hardly said this, when fifty of us, going up for the purpose, threw down and broke in pieces the enormous idols which we found within the temple." Cortez then caused a number of "Indian masons to be collected, with lime, which abounded in that place, and had the walls cleared of blood, and new plastered."

As they approached the territory of Mexico, he continues, "appearances demonstrated that we had entered a new country, for the temples were very lofty, and, together with the terraced dwellings and the houses of the caciques, being plastered and whitewashed, appeared very well, and resembled some of our towns in Spain."

Further on he says, "We arrived at a kind of fortification, built of lime and stone, of so strong a nature that nothing but tools of iron could have any effect upon it. The people informed us that it was built by the Tlascalans, on whose territory it stood, as a defence against the incursions of the Mexicans."

At Tehuacingo, after a sanguinary battle, in which the Indians "drew off and left the field to them, who were too much fatigued to follow," he adds, "As soon as we found ourselves clear of them, we returned thanks to God for his mercy, and, entering a strong and spacious temple, we dressed our wounds with the fat of Indians."

Arrived at Cholula, Cortez immediately "sent some soldiers to a great temple hard by our quarters, with orders to bring, as quietly as they could, two priests." In this they succeeded. One of them was a person of rank and authority over all the temples of the city.

Again: "Within the high walls of the court where we were quartered."

And again: The city of Cholula "much resembled Valladolid." It "had at that time above a hundred lofty white towers, which were the temples of their idols. The principal temple was higher than that of Mexico, and each of these buildings was placed in a spacious court."

Approaching the city of Mexico, he gives way to a burst of enthusiasm: "We could compare it to nothing but the enchanted scenes we had read of in Amadis de Gaul, from the great towers, and temples, and other edifices of lime and stone which seemed to rise up out of the water."

"We were received by great lords of that country, relations of Montezuma, who conducted us to our lodgings there in palaces magnificently built of stone, the timber of which was cedar, with spacious courts and apartments furnished with canopies of the finest cotton. The whole was ornamented with works of art painted, and admirably plastered and whitened, and it was rendered more delightful by numbers of beautiful birds."

"The palace in which we were lodged was very light, airy, clear, and pleasant, the entry being through a great court."

"At the great square we were astonished at the crowds of people, and the regularity which prevailed, and the vast quantities of merchandise."

"The entire square was enclosed in piazzas."

"From the square we proceeded to the great temple, but before we entered it we made a circuit through a number of large courts, the smallest of which appeared to me to contain more ground than the great square of Salamanca, with double enclosures, built of lime and stone, and the courts paved with large white cut stones, or where not paved, they were plastered and polished."

"The ascent to the great temple was by a hundred and fourteen steps."

"From the platform on the summit of the temple, Montezuma, taking Cortez by the hand, pointed out to him the different parts of the city and its vicinity, all of which were commanded from that place." "We observed, also, the temples and adoratories of the adjacent cities, built in the form of towers and fortresses, and others on the causeway, all whitewashed and wonderfully brilliant."

"The noise and bustle of the market-place could be heard almost a league off, and those who had been at

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Rome and Constantinople said, that for convenience, regularity, and population, they had never seen the like."

During the siege, he speaks of being "quartered in a lofty temple;" "marching up the steps of the temple;" "some lofty temples which we now battered with our artillery;" "the lofty temples where Diego Velasquez and Salvatierra were posted;" "the breaches which they had made in the walls;" "cut stone taken from the buildings from the terraces."

Arrived at the great temple, instantly above four thousand Mexicans rushed up into it, who for some time prevented them from ascending. "Although the cavalry several times attempted to charge, the stone pavements of the courts of the temple were so smooth, that the horses could not keep their feet, and fell."

"Their numbers were such, that we could not make any effectual impression or ascend the steps. At length, we forced our way up. Here Cortez showed himself the man that he really was. What a desperate engagement we then had! Every man of us was covered with blood."

"They drove us down six, and even ten of the steps; while others who were in the corridors, or withinside of the railings and concavities of the great temple, shot such clouds of arrows at us, that we could not maintain our ground." "Began our retreat, every man of us being wounded, and forty-six of us left dead on the spot. I have often seen this engagement represented in the paintings of the natives both of Mexico and Tlascala, and our ascent into the great temple."

Again, he speaks of arriving at a village, and taking up their "quarters in a strong temple;" "assaulting them at their posts in the temples and large walled enclosures."

At Tezcuco "we took up our quarters in some buildings which consisted of large halls and enclosed courts." "Alvarado, de Oli, and some soldiers, whereof I was one, then ascended to the top of the great temple, which was very lofty, in order to notice what was going on in the neighborhood."

"We proceeded to another town called Terrayuco, but which we named the town of the serpents, on account of the enormous figures of those animals which we found in their temples, and which they worshipped as gods."

"When we arrived at our quarters at Jacuba, it rained heavily, and we remained under it for two hours in some large enclosed courts. The general, with his captains, the treasurer, our reverend father, and many others of us, mounted to the top of the temple, which commanded all the lake."

"We crossed the water up to our necks at the pass they had left open, and followed them, until we came to a place where were large temples and towers of idols."

"When our party (for I went with Sandoval), arrived at Tustepeque, I took up my lodgings in the summit of a tower, in a very high temple, partly for the fresh air and to avoid the moschetoes, which were very troublesome below, and partly to be near Sandoval's quarters."

"We pursued our route to the city of Chiapas, in the same province with Palenque, and a city it might be called, from the regularity of its streets and houses. It contained not less than four thousand families, not reckoning the population of the many dependent towns in its neighborhood." "We found the whole force of Chiapas drawn up to receive us. Their troops were adorned with plumage."

"On our arrival, we found it too closely built to be safely occupied by us, and we therefore pitched our camp in the open field. In their temples we found idols of a horrid figure."

Here is evidence sufficient to prove beyond all controversy, that when the Spaniards first set foot in the new world, there were buildings in great numbers, corresponding closely in appearance, material, and structure, with the ruins now existing; those buildings, moreover, being of recent structure, or, at all events, exhibiting nothing which led the chroniclers to speak of them as ancient. Certainly they were not then in ruins; they were occupied as temples by the natives, and as military quarters by the invaders; whence it is reasonable to conclude, that they were at least habitable, and not mere dilapidated relics of a former and long past age. Now we must believe, either that the ruins existing are the remains of those temples spoken of by the historians, or

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that those temples have utterly disappeared in the lapse of time, and that the ruins of the present day were also existing as ruins at the time of the conquest; but how can the lattr esupposition be reconciled with the fact, that not a word is said of such ruins by either of the historians? It has been urged, as a strong argument against the theory of comparatively modern date and Indian construction, that the Spanish writers made no mention of such edifices,—most ignorantly urged, as we have shown, the fact being just the other way,—but admitting the force of the argument, if it had any foundation in truth, it applies with equal force to sustain the theory, using it with reference to the point just made. If the supposed silence of the Spaniards as to the existence of great buildings were valid to prove that the Indians erected none, surely, the actual silence of the Spaniards as to the existence of ruins, is valid to prove that there were no such ruins in the country. Incurious as they were—little interested in matters of antiquarian research, and devoted, body and soul, to the work of robbery and slaughter—it is not to be credited that they would pass utterly without notice such great remains of ancient architecture. We must suppose, therefore, that the buildings which they saw and described, have utterly vanished from off the face of the earth, while buildings which they did not see have sprung up, in some mysterious manner, to replace them; or we must adopt the only rational conclusion, to wit, that the ruins of the present day are the remains of those great temples so continually spoken of by the chroniclers of the Spanish conquest.

Of what may be called documentary evidence, two pieces were discovered by Mr. Stephens. One was a set of title deeds by which the wealthy family of Peon held the estate, or hacienda, of Uxmal, on which are standing six of the grandest and most remarkable ruined edifices in the peninsula. Of these title deeds our author says:

"They were truly a formidable pile, compared with which the papers in a protracted chancery or ejectment suit would seem a billet-doux, and, unfortunately, a great portion of them was in the Maya language; but there was one folio volume in Spanish, and in this was the first formal conveyance ever made of these lands by the Spanish government. It bears date the twelfth day of May, 1673, and is entitled a testimonial of royal favor made to the Regidor Don Lorenzo de Evia, of four leagues of land (desde los edificios de Uxmal) from the buildings of Uxmal to the south, one to the east, another to the west, and another to the north, for his distinguished merits and services therein expressed. The preamble sets forth that the Regidor Don Lorenzo de Evia, by a writing that he presented to his majesty, made a narrative showing that at sixteen leagues from Merida, and three from the sierra of the village of Ticul, were certain meadows and places uncultivated and belonging to the crown, which the Indians could not profit by for tillage and sowing, and which could only serve for horned cattle; and praying a grant of them for that purpose in the name of his majesty, since no injury could result to any third person, but, '*on the contrary, very great service* to God our Lord, *because with that establishment it would prevent the Indians in those places from worshipping the devil in the ancient buildings which are there, having in them their idols, to which they burn copal, and performing other detestable sacrifices, as they are doing every day notoriously and publicly.*'

"Under the deed of confirmation appears the deed of livery of seisin, beginning, 'In the place called the edifices of Uxmal and its lands, the third day of the month of January, 1688,' &c., &c., and concluding with these words: 'In virtue of the power and authority which by the same title is given to me by the said governor, complying with its terms, I took by the hand the said Lorenzo de Evia, and he walked with me all over Uxmal and its buildings, *opened and shut some doors*, that had several rooms, cut within the space some trees, picked up fallen stones and threw them down, drew water from one of the aguadas of the said place of Uxmal, and performed other acts of possession."

This is directly to the point and tolerably conclusive. Yucatan was discovered in 1506; the war of the conquest began in 1517, and the last general battle was fought in 1540. The city of Merida, sixteen leagues from Uxmal, was founded in 1542; and from these title deeds it appears that in 1673, more than a hundred and thirty years after the struggle between the Spaniards and the natives had ceased, these

ancient buildings at Uxmal were used and occupied by the Indians as temples, in which they carried on their idolatrous worship; that the estate itself was claimed by an Indian; and that the edifices, albeit regarded and spoken of as ancient, were not in ruins, but had doors which could be opened and shut, and were still the resort, even so near the principal city of the Spaniards, of an unconverted aboriginal population.

Of the other document and its discovery, Mr. Stephens gives the following account. After narrating at length his search for records and memorials at Mani, the ancient Indian capital, and his success in finding an old painting, by some Indian artist, representing a remarkable incident of the conquest, an engraving from which is given in the work of the padre Cogolludo, written in 1658, he says:—

"The schoolmaster of the village, who had received a letter in our behalf from our friend the cura Carillo of Ticul, accompanied me to look for the second alcalde, and, after tracing him to several places, we procured the keys, and returned to the casa real, and when we unlocked the door we had thirty or forty persons to enter with us. The books and archives of the municipality were in the back room, and among them was one large volume which had an ancient and venerable appearance, being bound in parchment, tattered, and worm-eaten, and having a flap to close like that of a pocket book. Unhappily, it was written in the Maya language, and perfectly unintelligible. On the 157th page, in a document which bore the date of 1557, I saw the word *Vxmal.*

In turning to the end of the document I found a sheet of foolscap paper, which had been secured in the book, but was then loose; and upon it was a curious map, also dated in 1557, of which Mani was the centre. Vxmal was laid down upon it, and indicated by a peculiar sign, different from that of all the other places named. On the back of the map was endorsed a long instrument of the same date, in which the word *Vxmal* again occurred, and which, beyond doubt, contained matter relating to other places named in the map, and to their condition or state of being at that time. With the assistance of the schoolmaster I compared this with the one written in the book, and ascertained that the latter was a recorded copy of the other.

A few pages beyond was another document, bearing date in 1556, one year earlier, and in this, again, the word Vxmal appeared. My only course was to have copies made, which the schoolmaster set about immediately, and late in the afternoon he placed them in my hands. In the evening, by the permission of the alcalde, I took the book to my quarters, and looked over every page, running my finger along every line, in search of the word Uxmal, but I did not meet with it in any other place, and probably the documents referred to are the most ancient, if not the only ones in existence of ancient date, in which that name is mentioned."

The manuscript here spoken of was in the nature of what the English law books call a *terrier*, being a memorandum of partition and boundaries, showing how certain Indian villages and the land appertaining thereto were divided by a Spanish judge from Merida, Don Felipe Manriques, and presents nothing worthy of special note, as bearing on this question of origin, except that the judge is twice named in connection with Uxmal—once as going to, and once as coming from it, with an interpreter. The memorandum bears the date of 1556. Now this is a slight indication, apparently, but it has much significance. Uxmal was, in 1556, a place to which a high Spanish functionary resorted for certain official purposes; we know that it was not a Spanish town or village; it was not granted as an estate or hacienda until 1673, when the land had become waste and was occupied only by some straggling Indians; it must have been, therefore, an Indian town or village, occupied as such fifty years after the landing of the Spaniards.

But the map found in the old volume is both curious and important in its bearing on the question under discussion. It is circular in its form, and on it, at various distances from Mani, the centre, are laid down signs or symbols representing a number of Indian villages, the name being inscribed under each. The symbol is, in every instance but five, an outline of a church or convent, the cross figuring conspicuously at the summit of the spires and towers; in four of the excepted five cases the name accompanies merely a parallelogram, or an irregular figure, representing probably an enclosed field; but the fifth at once fastens attention. The name inscribed beneath it is Uxmal; the sign is a slight but unmistakeable representation of just such an edifice as is found,

in ruins, at Uxmal, and at fifty other places in Yucatan. The figure on the map is not half as large as a man's thumb-nail, but the *character* is as clear and as well defined as in any of the superb engravings of the volumes before us. There are the invariable three doors, the pyramidal shape, and the ornamented pattern above the cornice: the sign represents one of the aboriginal temples, or it represents nothing.

Now, of the villages indicated by the representation of a church several are still extant and bearing the same names; a Spanish church or convent is still the principal edifice in each; and doubtless this symbol was adopted expressly to indicate that the Indian inhabitants had been converted and were Christians. In exact analogy, it is an almost unavoidable inference that the symbol adopted to represent Uxmal was chosen expressly to indicate that Uxmal was not a Christian, but a pagan village, and that its inhabitants still "worshipped the devil," to use the language of Cogolludo, in the temples erected by their fathers.

So far, then, we "sail before the wind;" the historical and the documentary evidence both are clear, positive and unequivocal against the notion of unfathomable antiquity. Let us see, now, if Mr. Stephens has been successful in disinterring any cumulative evidences not strictly susceptible of classification under either of these heads.

In the city of Merida, the capital of Yucatan, is a Franciscan convent, in ruins, having been given up to destruction in the revolution of 1820. This convent was erected in 1547, seven years after the last battle of the conquest. The chroniclers tell us that when the Spaniards reached the great Indian city of Tihoo, they found many artificial mounds, with temples upon them, and that the stones of which these mounds were constructed were employed in the building of a Spanish city, being the city now called Merida. It is expressly mentioned, also, that the convent was erected upon one of those mounds. Therefore, if in the Franciscan convent we find any decided traces of Indian architecture, the inference is unavoidable, either that the Spaniards merely imitated the style of the detested pagans, which is by no means probable, or that in the construction of their sacred edifice they availed themselves of an edifice already existing. Now the outer corridor of the Franciscan convent presents the remarkable singularity of an angle instead of an arch—the two sides approximating as they rise, until near the top, where, instead of a complete apex, is a narrow flat roof, or ceiling, formed by placing a layer of flat stones upon the almost meeting sides. This form of arch, or rather substitute for arch, is found in no other Spanish edifice; but it is the characteristic feature of every ruined building, not Spanish, in Mexico, Yucatan, and Central America. It is clear, then, that the Spaniards who built this convent, for some reason or other, incorporated with it a portion of an Indian edifice; the only question is, whether this was a portion of a ruined or an entire building. On this question we have no certain evidence; but considering that Tihoo is spoken of by the chroniclers as a great and populous city, which made a long and desperate resistance to the invaders—considering, too, that the mounds and temples are spoken of, not as ruins but as existing edifices—the conclusion is at least very probable, that the corridor of the convent was part, not of a ruined structure far more ancient than the city in which it stood, but of a complete and perfect temple, contemporaneous with the city, and presently occupied for worship.

Again: at the hacienda of San Francisco, on which stand extensive ruins unquestionably indicating the site of an aboriginal city called Ticul, Mr. Stephens was fortunate enough to discover an ancient sepulchre, having sought in vain for one at Uxmal, and in this sepulchre he found a skeleton in a sitting posture, and a "small white object, made of deer's horn, about two inches long, sharp at one end and having an eye at the other." The Indians whom he employed in the excavation called this white object a needle, for the very excellent reason that the Indians of the present day use needles of the same shape and material. At the discovery of the skeleton they "were excited, and conversed in low tones;" and the burden of their discourse was, "they are the bones of our kinsman; what will our kinsman say at dragging forth his bones?"

Now we admit that the strength of this as evidence is not very great, standing by itself, inasmuch as the sepulchre

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was not discovered in one of the great mounds, and there is nothing to show conclusively that the body had not been buried within fifty or even twenty years, although it is not probable that the Christianized Indians would depart, or be allowed by the padres to depart, from the Christian customs of burial, with which the position, locality, and other circumstances attendant upon this skeleton have no analogy whatever. But Mr. Stephens informs us of another sepulchre, as to the antiquity of which no doubt can be entertained, and the contents of which afford unquestionable inferences corroborating those deducible from the needle and skeleton of Ticul.

This sepulchre was discovered in excavating a great mound at a place called Kantunile. It contained three skeletons, so much decayed, that on exposure to the air they crumbled to pieces; and at the head of one were found two large vases of terracotta, with covers of the same material. In one of these vases were a large collection of ornaments, beads, and stones, and two carved shells, all evidently of great antiquity; and the carvings on the shells were of the same type as the sculptures on the walls of a ruined edifice at Chichen. The other vase was filled with arrow-heads, not of flint, but of obsidian—the same volcanic material of which were made the swords, spears, and arrows used by the ancient Mexicans in their struggle with Cortez. But, more interesting and important than these, upon the arrow-heads, at the top of the vase, lay a knife with a horn handle, unquestionably of European fabric—the handle much decayed, and the iron rusted. The argument drawn from this by Mr. Stephens is so strong and so reasonable, that we copy and adopt it verbatim:—

"This penknife was never made in the country. How came it in an Indian sepulchre? I answer, when the fabrics of Europe and this country came together, the white man and the red had met. The figures carved on the shells identify the crumbling bones in that sepulchre with the builders of Chichen; and those bones were laid in their grave after a penknife had found its way into the country. In my opinion the inference is reasonable, if not irresistible, that at the time of the conquest, and afterward, the Indians were actually living in and occupying those very cities on whose great ruins we now gaze with wonder. A penknife—one of the petty presents distributed by the Spaniards—reached the hands of a caeique, who, far removed from the capital, died in his native town, and was buried with the rites and ceremonies transmitted by his fathers. A penknife is at this day an object of curiosity and admiration among the Indians, and perhaps in the whole of Yucatan there is not one in the hands of a native. At the time of the conquest it was doubtless considered precious—worthy of being buried with the heirlooms of its owner, and of accompanying him to the world of spirits."

But again. Herrera, in his account of the discovery, describes a species of sword carried by certain Indians, who came in a large canoe to board the ship of Columbus, as "made of wood, having a gutter in the fore part, in which were sharp-edged flints, strongly fixed with a sort of bitumen and thread." The same kind of weapon is described in all the accounts of the aborigines, and is used at this day among the Indians of the South-sea islands. And among the ruins of Kabah, Mr. Stephens found two stone jambs of a doorway, on each of which was the figure apparently of a warrior, sculptured in bas-relief, and one of the figures held in his hand a sword with projecting flints, precisely like that described by Herrera. Is it probable that a weapon so primitive would be used by a people far more civilized and ingenious than the Indians of Herrera's time? And yet, the inadequacy of their skill and ingenuity for the construction of these edifices is one of the reasons assigned for ascribing to the ruins a very remote antiquity.

Again. The island of Cozumel was discovered by Grijalva in 1518, and the account of his voyage, written by his chaplain, describes a number of small towers, "about the height of a man," seen as they sailed along the coast; one in particular is mentioned, the base of which was very massive, being 180 feet in circumference; upon this base or mound, which was ascended by eighteen steps, was a small tower, twice the height of a man, within which were figures, bones, and idols; the Indians worshipped these, singing in a loud voice, and burning incense. Some of the towers appeared to be very ancient, but some were of recent con-

struction. Cortez visited this island in 1519, and Bernal Diaz, one of his followers, records his destruction of the idols, and the erection of a very handsome altar; expressly remarking, that "there was abundance of lime in the place," and that the altar was constructed "by Indian masons, under the direction of Cortez." Now this is clearly to the point; and still more so is the fact that Mr. Stephens found, on this same island of Cozumel, towers in excellent preservation, corresponding with those spoken of by the chroniclers, and among them one so precisely like that described by Grijalva's chaplain, that there is no stretch of imagination in believing it to be the very same building.

But we begin to have a suspicion that this article of ours is growing to an unconscionable length; and so, lest the reader determine not to be convinced, through very disgust at our prolixity, we shall forthwith address ourselves to a conclusion, although there are many proofs adduced by Mr. Stephens to which we have not adverted, and others mentioned by him, but only incidentally, and not as proofs, out of which, we think, a tolerably rugged argument might be constructed. Of this latter class, for instance, are the mysterious prints of the red hand which he found stamped on the walls of almost every edifice he examined—the wooden beams and lintels still existing in many of the buildings, which can hardly be supposed to have withstood the devouring tooth of time through a duration equal to that of the Pyramids—and, finally, the aguadas, or artificial ponds for collecting and retaining water, recovered in some instances from the disuse and neglect into which they had fallen, but clearly not of modern structure, and, on the other hand, as clearly not durable enough, either in form or materials, to have survived many centuries of such a destructive condition as they were found in. But we must resist the temptation to dwell upon these, and hasten to make some closing observations upon the arguments that are urged in support of the extreme antiquity theory.

The first is the alleged absence of historical accounts proving the existence of such edifices at the time of the discovery and conquest—which allegation we have shown to be utterly untrue, and therefore need not seek to overthrow the argument by logical demonstration.

Next it is contended, that a people having power, art and skill adequate to the construction of such edifices, could not have fallen to so low a condition as that of the miserable Indians now toiling as serfs and bondmen amid the ruins which we say their ancestors erected. Mr. Stephens notices this objection, and answers it with several good arguments; but a better answer than any of his, we think, is to be drawn from the undeniable fact that these same degraded Indians are the descendants of those who struggled so long and so bravely against the overwhelming superiority of the Spanish skill, discipline, and weapons; for it is not a greater fall from art to ignorance than from bravery to cowardice, from indomitable love of freedom to abject contentment in slavery. Besides, as Mr. Stephens well remarks, the Indians of the present day are not more unlike their ancestors, admitting the latter to have built these temples, than their masters are unlike the bold, ruthless, and enterprising Spaniards under whose iron heels aboriginal independence, art and manhood, were crushed at once, and probably for ever.

Lastly, it is contended that the absence of all tradition among the Indians, connecting their race with the construction of the edifices, is fatal to the idea that their ancestors were the builders. Mr. Stephens notices this too, and admitting the alleged fact, explains it away by the severe, unscrupulous, and persevering efforts of the conquerors to subvert all the institutions of the conquered, and to break up and utterly destroy all the rites, customs and associations that might keep alive the memory of their ancient freedom. This is well reasoned; but we are disposed to take stronger ground, and ask, Who knows, and how, that there are no traditions? Has any endeavor been made to hunt them out, supposing them to be in existence? None that we know of. Mr. Stephens has made none, and for the best of reasons—he could not, being ignorant of the Maya, or native language. The Indians, we know, are taciturn, listless, uncommunicative to strangers, and perhaps among themselves; the Spaniards are incurious, indolent, and so absolutely free from

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all antiquarian zeal, that Mr. Stephens was perpetually meeting with instances in which the proprietors of estates had never even taken the trouble to go and look at the ruins upon them; often, indeed, these proprietors did not know that there were ruins, or if they knew anything of them, it was only through some vague and doubtful rumor. Not a solitary attempt has ever been made, so far as we can discover, to ascertain, with adequate means and in the right way, whether the Indians have traditions or not. To do this properly, one must be thoroughly familiar with the language, and have the confidence of the people. For aught we know, they may have superstitious scruples against communicating on the subject with any not of their own race; and if so, their traditions will remain a sealed book until there shall be an enlightened and educated Indian to draw them forth.

And it is to be observed that Mr. Stephens incidentally mentions a number of circumstances which seem to prove that there are traditions; such was the recognition of the skeleton as the bones of their kinsman—such was their belief at Labna, that a vault in the mound was inhabited by the owner of the building, for fear of whom not one of them would go down into it—such was the legend of the old woman, the mother of the dwarf, given at the close of Mr. Stephens's former volumes, in the account of his visit to Uxmal—and, finally, such was the description of the stone platform, or roadway, which, the Indians assured him, extended from Kabah to Uxmal, and on which, they said, messengers travelled in the old times, bearing letters to and from the lords of those great cities. Their pertinacious adherence to their native Maya language is itself a tradition, and one of very striking character; and we have no doubt that if they could be roused and made communicative, abundance of traditions would be found existing among them, which would throw a flood of light upon the origin of these mysterious ruins.

THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

A GOLDSMITH in his workshop stands,
Where pearl and ruby shine:
"The brightest jewel in my hands,
Is still thyself, Helena,
Thou dearest daughter mine."

In steps a knight of courteous mien,
"Good even, maiden fair,
And master goldsmith, too, good e'en,
I would a costly bandlet,
To bind my sweetheart's hair?"

And when the goldsmith's work was done,
And sparkled bright the band,
Helena, soon as she's alone,
With heaving bosom claspeth
The bandlet round her hand.

"Ah! wondrous happy lot is thine,
Who shall this bandlet bear,
Ah! what delight, what joy were mine,
Gave he me but a bandlet
Of *roses*, I might wear!"

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Not long before the knight was back;
The bandlet well espied;
"I would, Sir Goldsmith, ye would make
A wedding-ring with diamonds,
For my enchanting bride."

And when the wedding-ring was made,
Glittering with diamond-stone,
She drew it sad and half afraid,
Upon her bridal finger,
Soon as she was alone.

"Ah! wondrous happy lot is thine,
Who shall this token wear,—
Ah! what delight—what joy were mine,
Gave he me but a ringlet
Of his own golden hair!"

Nor longer now the knight delayed,
But well the ring espied—
"Right fine, Sir Goldsmith, ye have made
These precious true love-offerings,
For my enchanting bride."

"Beseech ye, beauteous maid, come near,
Think thou art she I woo,
On thee I'll test the bridal gear,
If well it will beseem her,
For she is fair like you."

That very morn the maiden fair—
It was the sabbath-day—
Was kempt with more than wonted care,
As she to church was wending,
Donned in her best array.

She blushing like a rose fresh blown,
Before the knight doth stand,
He sets on her the golden crown,
The ring upon her finger,
Then takes her by the hand.

"Helena sweet! Helena dear!
The jest is cast aside;
'Tis thou the wedding-wreath shalt wear,
And thus I ring thy finger,
My own dear chosen bride.

"Here gold and pearl, and precious stone,
Have long encharmed thine eyes,
And well these tokens have foreshown,
That ye with me to honor,
Shall higher yet arrive."

New York, April, 1843. J. J. S.

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THE MAIDEN SPEECH.

A REMINISCENCE BY A REPORTER.

"Do you see that beautiful woman up there, in the front row of the Ladies' Gallery—next to that column—just raising her face from her hand, rather impatiently, to answer that stupid looking individual behind her—there, don't you see?"

"Yes," was my answer, as my eye obeyed the direction thus given, and, among a very variegated collection of beauty and fashion crowding the Gallery that morning, interspersed with a true republican admixture of the reverse in both respects, rested upon the pale and proud but melancholy loveliness of the particular face pointed out to me. "Yes—what of her?"

"Well, just watch her to-day, whenever you can steal a glance up from the pothooks of your short-hand, and I'll tell you more about her when we get time. She's Mrs. E———, of Georgia. The morning hour 's most up. L———, of ———, moved the adjournment yesterday, and has the floor at one o'clock—his Maiden Speech. That's what's brought her here to-day. They say he's a great gun, too—but it isn't merely to hear a good speech that *she's* come, I'll make affidavit."

This was a number of years ago—*what* number I will not particularize, being unwilling to point the curiosity of any not already acquainted with the facts, to the actual parties here in question. It was altogether a work of supererogation for my trusty and well beloved *confrère* in the Reporter's Desk, who had thus volunteered to my private ear the above piece of information—altogether a work of supererogation, I say, for him to bid me lose no chance of rivetting my eyes as often and as long as I could snatch time, on the singular and striking though painful fascination of that face. The only difficulty was to withdraw them; and to give a sufficient attention to the imperative duty I was seated there, quill in hand, to perform—for the bread which it was and is my hard lot to earn by that most detestable of all "sweat of the brow," as a Congressional Reporter and Washington-Letter writer. I used to have a tolerably vigilant eye for most of the pretty faces that radiated down from that firmament above, upon our nether world of "the Floor;" but for the rest of that day's sitting, were I put on oath in a court of justice, I could not pretend to identify any other individual as having been present in that Gallery than "Mrs. E———, of Georgia."

I shall not undertake to describe her—what's the use?—beyond the general outline of the facts, that she was still young, (about seven-and-twenty); faultless in a form which was rather above than under the middle height, and well developed; of the brunette order rather than the blonde; with large eyes of a remarkably blended brilliancy and softness; and over all suffused a certain air of mingled haughtiness and melancholy, active thought and settled ennui, which baffled while it tempted the speculation of the physiognomist. The first impression of admiration and interest which she could not fail strongly to excite, gradually yielded in the observer's mind—(at least it did in mine)—to a feeling of painfulness, vague but perplexing and almost anxious. It was a face full of a depth, both of capabilities and experiences, which you longed to fathom, whilst you almost shrank from the revelations you half feared to unbury there. My fancy may have run away with me, but it was constantly prompting the idea that underneath that exterior of beauty, power and pride, there was some deadly cancer of wretchedness and mocking bitterness, deep at work about her heart. To all outward seeming, one of the most magnificent ornaments to human life and society, I would have said that all human life and society had nothing left on which that splendid creature either could or would rest a care for the present or a hope for the future. If that imperial brow shone as with a diadem of all the perfect glory of womanhood, not only

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did its brightness seem wreathed with funereal crapes, but to the deeply searching eye the ghastly lineaments of moral death were there, beneath, hollow, pallid and almost awful, within the clasp of its glittering pride. The most beautiful face, they say, bears a skeleton within—happily indeed hidden under those fair and sweet integuments which are all that love and delight can see or heed. In her—fascinating as she was, in that rich maturity of loveliness which in some rare instances can so well replace even the first young bloom of beauty, fresh in the unsunned, unshaken morning dew of early maidenhood—in her, you could sometimes almost imagine that the skeleton showed through.

She sat with her right elbow resting on the cushion in front, and her cheek on her hand—the former almost as colorless as the snowy glove of the latter, or as the swan's-down fringing of the black velvet cloak which was thrown carelessly back upon her shoulders. Perfectly visible from the side of the Hall where was my allotted station, the pillar near which she sat, together with a corner of the crimson drapery which then hung down from above, screened her from the view of about two-thirds of the area below—including the seat of Mr. L———, who, I am satisfied, had not seen her, and who sat awaiting his hour, and apparently absorbed somewhat anxiously, in the meditation of the effort he was about to make for the first time on that formidable arena of intellectual gladiatorship.

The Speaker at length arrested the current of the miscellaneous business of the morning hour, and announced the order of the day, which was to go into Committee of the Whole on the Bill on which L——— had the floor, to take his turn in one of the most important and powerful debates that had been for many sessions heard within that Hall. The routine of the formalities was gone through; the Speaker vacated the Chair to the Chairman of the Committee of the Whole; the Bill was announced by the latter as being under consideration; the previous confusion of talking and strolling about the Hall gave place to an unwonted silence; most of the members engaged in reading their newspapers or writing their letters paused from those patriotic tasks, and sat back in their comfortable easy-chairs with their faces turned towards the quarter in which L——— was to rise; some of the more hard of hearing moved over to vacant places in his vicinity; while old Johnny Q., sat bolt upright in his own, as motionless as marble, and with the fine polish of his bald pate glancing off every ray of light that struck it, like a steel scull-cap. L——— had brought to Congress a distinguished reputation, for so young a man, (about thirty), from the bar of his State, and the "stump" of his district; his appearance, bearing and manners gave him a high degree of personal popularity among all parties; some surprise had been felt that he had not attempted to take the floor on any earlier occasion of the session; and there was evidently a general expectation of something unusual and interesting, in the Maiden Speech in which he was to "come out" this morning. How mortal man could ever nerve himself to face such a state of things, is one of those profound mysteries of nature which I have long since given up attempting to fathom—perfectly satisfied that, sooner than then and there rise as L——— had to do, I could myself with much greater ease have plucked up the whole Capitol like a weed by the roots, slung it over my back by its lightning-rods like a knapsack, and swam with it to the island of Owhyhee, there to deposit it on the summit of Mauna Kea, by way of astonishing the natives. However, rise he at length did, though not without some degree of trepidation and effort not wholly concealed. "Mr. Chairman."—"The gentleman from ———." Such were the first sounds that broke the dead stillness, the customary salutations interchanged between the rising Member and the courteous Chair,—and he was now fairly afloat, to sink or swim, as the case might prove.

At this moment, I looked up to the beautiful cynosure on which my eyes had been already fixed with earnest intentness for no small portion of the time since they had been first directed towards her. Even a far less interested observer could not have failed to mark the evidence of a sudden and strong agitation which revealed itself over her whole countenance as L——'s voice first broke the silence of the House. Its former pallor was flushed

with a quick flood of color that seemed almost darker than the ordinary crimson of the blood. Her head was slightly bent as in an attitude of listening, though her face was turned toward the column in the direction opposite from the observation of any of the party by whom she was accompanied—the finely cut profile alone being visible to me, with the lips firmly compressed, and working slightly as though in some convulsive internal effort of self-control. But whatever the source of her emotion, the power of the woman at length triumphed over it. The blood receded again from the marble calm of her features; their habitual expression again settled down over them, like a bird that has been for a brief while frightened from its nest; and to all outward appearance, except in the air of fixed attention which had now naturally succeeded her former listlessness, she was precisely all that she had been before this passing wave of agitation (remarked probably by no one but myself) had thus swept over her.

L—— certainly at the outset seemed to give but little evidence of the possession of those powers of which his friends had claimed the credit for him. He was evidently much embarrassed and oppressed. He could not but be sensible of the general expectation by which he saw himself surrounded; his own ambition, too, had doubtless been pretty high strung, as to his success in the House; and his modesty combined with the very intensity of his own anxiety, to unnerve him completely. It was clear that he was entirely off his poise. His language was awkward and involved, his thought confused and aimless. His speech was directed in reply to two predecessors of the day before in the debate, but he seemed utterly unable to grasp the subject, or at all to get at the track of his own intended argument. He was evidently, too, himself as painfully conscious of his own failure as powerless to overcome the fatal incubus of confusion that bore him down. Matters grew worse and worse. The evidences of the disappointment of the House began to be very apparent. Poor L—— reeled, as it were, in his speech more and more. I felt dreadfully for him myself, as most of every audience must under such circumstances. He was very pale—the perspiration stood thick on his noble forehead, where the brain beneath seemed to be playing him so false on this occasion—and his whole bearing was trembling and unsteady. It was pretty evident that he could not go on much further. How many a man of the finest powers has thus "broken down" at his very start, when others of less delicate and sensitive temperaments, and perhaps utterly unworthy to unloose the latchet of his shoes, have gone smoothly through the dull common-places of a ditch-water fluency, which is none the less dirty and worthless for being whipped into all the frothy bubbles of a shallow and showy declamation!

In the mean time my attention had been divided between the speaker on the floor and the listener above. At first and for some minutes her position had been just a little out of the range of sight for a view of the former. On the observation of this by the party attending her, room was made so as to admit of her moving to where she could both see and be seen. Whether she complied with the invitation to do so because she could not refuse, or from the force of her own interest or curiosity, I cannot know. Her eyes became earnestly fixed on poor L——. Her lips compressed, her brow slightly knit and clouded, what may have been the exact nature of the emotions at work beneath the continued pale calmness of her countenance, I should have been at a loss to define—though undoubtedly their general tone was a painful one.

At last his eye also in an accidental wandering rested upon her, and met that intent gaze which was thus fixed down upon him—from one whom, as I afterwards learned, he had no idea of having arrived at Washington. He caught her eye, in the common phrase. The moment was perfectly evident, to one watching both him and her as I did. In the very midst of a sentence—in heaven knows what depth of involution among the many folds of the parentheses through which he was awkwardly groping and stumbling—he stopped short, as suddenly as if shot. The blood rushed to his face, till I thought it would start from it. Two or three near him half rose from their seats as though expecting him to fall. But this he did not do. After having remained for a few moments with his eyes fixed on the object that had arrest-

ed them in the gallery, he turned them down to the books and papers on his desk, which he occupied himself in turning about for an interval of a minute or two, as if in search of something—though indeed it was only his own self-command and self-possession that he had to seek for. Within that interval he must have made an effort as great as it was rapid. For when the pause was at last broken by a friend of his own, who presumed that he had stopped altogether, and who, doubtless with the design to shield his fall and smooth over his disgrace as he best might, sought in the customary mode to take possession of the floor by addressing—

"Mr. Chairman!"

—before the latter could reply, L—— quickly raised his head, and in a tone and manner now totally changed, said with great courtesy but with the coolest firmness—

"I will yield the floor to the gentleman from T——, as soon as I have done. As yet, I fear, sir, I have not begun."

After this little incident he was another man. Though he began again rather low, (with a graceful but slight apologetic allusion to the vain manner in which he feared he had trespassed on the time of the House), yet his voice had now a clear ring and a steady fulness which bespoke the conscious power of accustomed eloquence. He had cast his incubus from him. By one powerful effort of his manly will and intellect, the fetters of his confusion and embarrassment, by which the free action of his mind had been so miserably paralyzed, had fallen from him, and he now seemed to tread upon them all. Whatever was the nature of the influence that so suddenly and powerfully stimulated him to so splendid a recovery, as by a single bound, out of the very midst of the engulfing morass of failure, its operation seemed almost magical. Few, if any, probably, imagined it to proceed from anything out of himself; but the hint I had received respecting some peculiar relation between him and that beautiful woman in the gallery, together with all I had already been able myself to observe, directed my conjecture to that sudden electric meeting of the eye between him and her, as containing, in some unexplained way, its solution. The falling horse will by a convulsive effort regain his lost footing—but even though the gallant energy and strength which he may display in the act be all his own, it may be doubted whether he could have done it without the stimulating action upon him of the hand and spur of the rider. At any rate, after this he needed nothing further, but his own noble powers, once fairly roused and brought out into free play. He fully redeemed himself, and left mighty little remaining either of his antagonists or of their arguments, by the time he resumed his seat. The silent admiration and applause of every listener, foe or friend, followed him through every passage, as they poured forth in rich streams of strong, beautiful and fervid eloquence; and, after all, that which had at the outset seemed destined to overwhelm its author with inevitable disaster and despair, closed as one of the most brilliant triumphs that had been witnessed in that body within my professional experience in it,—stamping young L—— at once as a man already of mark equal to the first among his compeers there, and should he live and continue to aim at the honors of the career of statesmanship, destined to the easy attainment of them all. He at last resumed his seat, somewhat fatigued by the prolonged and strenuous effort which he had made, under a high tension of intellectual excitement; and I well remember having definitely concluded in my own mind, that I would have given, not only the very scanty stock of my worldly goods, but my head to boot, to have made that Maiden Speech.

Hardened as we reporters get to such things, I had yet become myself so earnestly absorbed in the orator and in my efforts to perform the almost impossible task of noting down something of the rapid rush of his eloquence, that I had even quite forgotten the presence of any other object of interest within that hall, whether above or below; nor was it till some minutes after he closed, and after the floor had been awarded to one of the half-dozen opponents who sprang to their feet to answer him, that I looked up again for another glimpse in my former devout occupation of star-gazing. I was just in time to see the vanishing outline of Mrs. E——'s black velvet cloak and swan's-down facings (if the term is not untechnical) in the opening of the green door at the

side, through which her party was in the act of withdrawing. To hurry out myself so as to head them off in the narrow passage through which I knew their way to lie, was the resolve and act of a moment. That chance of another and a nearer sight of her, and of actually brushing the very rustle of her garments, I would not have foregone for—no, not for a week's pay—and, oh, reader, that is an expression of no feeble significance from the pen of a poor Reporter, bound to find at least stale crusts and cheese parings for a wife and three other most voracious little pairs of mandibles!

Well, I did see her, and had a good look at her, as she passed me very closely, leaning on the arm of that same "stupid looking individual" who had before seemed to enjoy the right of claiming her attention. Her face was again highly flushed—and I overheard him remark very profoundly on the abominable temperature to which the Hall was heated, though in connecting that circumstance with the apparent effect produced by some cause or other upon that haughty beauty, his wife, I can assure him, though she did not, that he was very profoundly mistaken—or rather I might give him that assurance, if the good man were still living to receive it. Her face, I say, was again highly flushed; and if Mrs. E——, of Georgia, in all her splendor of beauty, was not at that moment one of the very wretchedest of man or woman kind—with all the tenfold aggravation of haughty struggle for its concealment, and bitter self-contempt for the necessity of that struggle, then either Lavater is the most arrant of liars, or else I made the greatest mistake, in reading that intensely stamped page of her countenance, that had ever been committed, since the hour when she herself saw anything in the face now beside her to induce her to bestow her hand upon its owner. I could not help thinking—and I wonder if she did not too!—how much better it would have suited the natural harmony and fitness of things, if L——'s had now been the arm supporting her in that capacity, and if that flush had been the bright glow of a happy wife's glory and delight in a husband's publicly triumphant power!

On that evening my good gossip told me the story he had promised, in explanation of what I had thus witnessed—though there was nothing in it very extraordinary after all. It was little else than the old affair of an ambitious girl's foolish rejection of a preferred lover for his poverty and obscurity, followed by the still more foolish—and something worse than foolish—bestowal of herself upon a rival far inferior to him, and unworthy of her, for the sake of his wealth and position. We were sitting over the little sheet-iron stove in my humblest of lodgings—the work of the day at last despatched; and our weary fingers were now reposing from their inky toils—with no other duty to perform than that of occasionally moving a pewter spoon round and round a couple of smoking tumblers of comfortable dimensions and contents, varied by that of pressing the latter from time to time affectionately to our lips. My "Letters from Washington" were all written to the papers (of different politics), by which I was employed; and after due care to avoid confounding which was which, they had been severally enveloped in the proper Whig or Democratic franks to match. In this mode I always satisfied the claims of impartial justice, as between the two—making it a point of honor to set off fairly an equivalent number and strength of lies for the one side against those which professional duty required from me on the other—(I use the term in the Pickwickian sense, which it is unnecessary to explain to those familiar with this department of epistolary literature.) I had dressed up to the best possible effect, every little floating tag or rag of a report I had been able to pick up by a most assiduous attendance on the bar-rooms of the hotels. By those peculiar mesmeric processes, familiar to the *corps*, the vision of my unerring *clairvoyance* had explored not only the inner *penetralia* of the cabinet council of that day, the bureaus and portfolios of the Secretaries in their Departments, and the most private deliberations of committees at the Capitol, but also the most closely buttoned breasts of leading "great men" of the day; so that I had placed my readers (on both sides of politics, as I before remarked) in full possession of all the most important secrets, plans, hopes, thoughts, fears and feelings of parties and partisans at the seat of government. After all this, I repeat—and

more that I do not choose to be so frank about—we were sitting as aforesaid, discussing at our leisure three very agreeable subjects; namely, two tumblers of punch and Mrs. E——— of Georgia.

My companion, partly of his own acquaintance, and partly through a female relative, intimate with her and her family, was familiar with all her character and history.

"She has made many a victim," he said, "but she herself is at once the most splendid and the most wretched. She is the victim of her own coquetry, not more destructive than suicidal. How far we are to condemn her herself for it all, or how far to divide its responsibility with others and other influences, it is not very easy perhaps to determine. Creatures so rarely endowed, of such noble nature and high organization, are not to be judged hastily or harshly by us who look at them from our distance—perhaps from our inferiority. At all events, if punishment can atone for wrong, she is entitled now to charity; for though she is surrounded with all the most enviable circumstances, as the world goes, so far as wealth and position are concerned, she is a miserable woman,—the more so because it is all her own doing, and because she herself has made the splendid unhappiness of the bed she has to lie upon.

"We generally call coquettes heartless—yet it is not always so. It was very far from being so with that woman. What is the reason of the fact that the most of them are so often women of unusual endowment and powers?—other powers, I mean, than those of their personal charms. Perhaps it is because women have so little to do—so little chance afforded them for the free play of their minds—so little outlet or scope for that ambition, that desire for its exercise and display, so naturally attendant on the conscious possession of talent. All these opportunities, all the avenues to distinction and power, the studies, the professions, the employments calculated at once to exercise the higher faculties and satisfy their cravings,—all, all are monopolized by us. Proud and high-spirited women must sometimes chafe sorely under the consciousness of all these social disadvantages, and in their hearts rebel, with an indignant impatience not altogether unjust, against that superiority of rights, opportunities and powers, assumed by men as a sex, and often asserted, with so polite an insolence, by individuals whom they feel to be in every respect their own natural inferiors. Hence often a spirit prompting them, half unconsciously, to seek an atonement to their wounded self-love and self-respect—to vindicate their right to a higher social position against the oppression thus weighing upon them—mingled perhaps at times with some slight tinge of vindictiveness against the sex who are its authors and supporters, which, even if not quite just, is at least not unnatural. Such women love at once to exercise and to display their power, over those who hold and wield all other powers. They love to see these proud lords of creation on bended knee before *their* throne, or *their* shrine—and to plant their little feet on their prostrate necks. And it is often a spark of that same internal fire which makes men great conquerors, statesmen, advocates, artists, divines, that tends to make not a few very clever women very abominable coquettes.

"Coupled with this spirit is often, too, that deep yearning for, that deep necessity of, Love, which lies very near the foundations of every woman's nature, and which is after all not unfrequently the strongest moving force in the character and conduct of the very coquette who is regarded as the most heartless of her class. They play with love, turning toward it instinctively, as the flowers toward the light, whenever it approaches and rests upon them—often in an uncertain and confused state of purpose—dallying with the dimly beautiful fancies and emotions which the dangerous delight evokes out of the depths of their own natures. And so they proceed, themselves the victims of temptations, if not irresistible, yet hard to be resisted, even where the world may pronounce them to have been the most merciless in sporting with the happiness of *their* victims. Until at length they find themselves arrested in this unreflecting amusement, so pleasant but so wrong, by feeling the utter impossibility of their marrying the man whom they have themselves, half criminally and half innocently, led on to a point of passion for them, at which weak char-

acters often make utter shipwreck for life, though with strong ones indifference lies close at hand,—separated only by a few hours of proud and bitter internal struggle, in that hardest of farewells, the farewell to our illusions. And this conscious impossibility may proceed from the woman's very purity of nature and elevation of soul—and from the very intensity of the principle of Love in her, which ever covets a more full satisfaction and development than it is easily able to find.

"Such are some of the reasonings in which I seek a defence for that magnificent creature whose eye so electrified L——— this morning, and rescued his Maiden Speech from failure, to make it the best of the session. He was an old lover of hers—and it was generally said that her flirtation with him was one of the worst of her peccadilloes in that way, as she must have known all along that he never could have her father's consent, even if she herself could ever stoop the high, worldly pride and ambition in which she had been trained from her cradle, to marry a young man of neither wealth nor family; and with no other reliance before him than the profession to which he was just admitted, together with very promising talents. He was a fine, noble fellow, warm-hearted, and high-minded. You see for yourself how handsome he is. It was at Charleston they knew each other. He had come from the interior of the State, where his family lived in rather humble poverty, on a very small plantation that scarcely yielded them a mere subsistence. He had studied law at Charleston, and begun its practice there,—and in spite of an entire want of connexions or influence, was fast rising into note, and was looked upon by those who could judge as destined to a high position at the South Carolina bar. About that time, unluckily for him, he fell in with, and fell in love with, too, that most bewitching girl, as she then was—just about nineteen. Her family was of Charleston, but had been a good deal absent abroad, and at the north. She played the mischief with him—and, I believe, was as near loving him in return, as she ever was to anybody. She jilted him at last—but I've always believed it was more her father's work, than her own. He went to the west, half in despair and half in anger, and settled in the State from which he now comes to Congress; where he soon, I suppose, got over this little stumble, for he set to work bravely, as he ought to do, and soon made no small figure at the bar of the State, and in its politics. I have not heard anything of his private affairs since he went west; he has not yet married, and he had evidently a pretty sharp twinge of memory when he saw her, (now Mrs. E———), this morning, in the gallery just over his head, listening to the wretched business he was making of his first attempt, That roused him when nothing else could have done it—'Earl Percy sees my fall!' I suppose he was determined that *she* should not witness his disgrace, but that she *should* witness his triumph. And as I believe that she always loved him, after all, though perhaps she did not know how much, till it was too late for either of them to know it, I have no doubt that he was well avenged on her to-day.

"How she came to marry E——, I hardly know. She did it in a hurry, and has had time to repent at leisure; for he cannot be, and is not, an object of anything but contempt and dislike to her. His great estate and good family are but poor compensations, to such a woman, for the utter absence of any of the qualities of either head or heart, suitable to her, and which are so brilliant and noble in her old lover. Nor can any social position they can confer, ever equal that which L——'s talents could far better command for her. But she had wasted her heart—fairly frittered it away. When we thus desecrate all the holier part of our own nature—wronging and perverting its best affections and aspirations—'quenching the spirit,' in a sense almost as bad as that meant by the Bible—retribution follows like a shadow, developing itself, by an unerring law of just wisdom, out of those very errors whose criminality has deserved the punishment. So, when a woman thus trifles with her own heart, her own soul—above all, when such a woman as this—she kindles a thousand fiery whips for her own after torture. She became discontented, self-reproachful, lonely and cheerless in heart;—and probably it was in some accidental moment of heavy and desolate oppression, under these gathering shadows, darkening and chilling over her, as she f

her youth fading away, and the fruits of all such joys as she had reaped in its bright and sunny season, turning fast to ashes on her lip, that she accepted him and committed herself beyond retreat. They said she already repented it deeply enough before her marriage, and that she would have broken it off, if she could have ventured on such a step. Her father, too, would not listen to anything but a prompt and rather hurried marriage. It was said that E——'s purse was rather severely taxed to help him through some heavy embarrassments he had speculated himself into. At any rate, married they certainly were. She has had no children—and I am sorry for it; for though she has scarcely disguised her utter disappointment and unhappiness as a wife, yet she would have been happier, and better too, as a mother. As it is, I think she is about the most thoroughly ruined woman I know. A thousand pities she did not marry L——, poor and obscure as he was. Well, it is her own fault—but I cannot help being sorry for her."

This was the substance of the story of "Mrs. E—— of Georgia,"—not exactly as it came from the narrator's lips, but as it came out in the course of the two tumblers aforesaid, and of the mutual chat and discussion thereto naturally appertaining. She is dead now—she died in a lunatic asylum, after all! L—— also met a sad fate. He did not return to Congress, his party being beaten at the next election. He afterwards married, and very happily, as I heard; but within a few months afterwards he perished in a steamboat explosion on the Ohio.—I shall never forget either that face in the Gallery or that Maiden Speech.

THE WATER-KING,

A LEGEND FROM THE NORSE.

BY ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.

["Two little boys were playing by the side of a river and they saw the Ström Karl, or Water Spirit, sitting on the shore and playing on his harp. Then the children called out to him, and said, 'Ström Karl, why do you sit here playing? there is no salvation for you.' Whereupon the Ström Karl fell to weeping bitterly, threw his harp away, and sunk in the deep waters. When the boys returned home, they related to their father, who was a godly man, what had befallen them. The father said, 'You have sinned against the Ström Karl. Go back and comfort him, and tell him that he too shall be saved.' When they went back to the river, the Ström Karl sat on the shore, weeping and lamenting. And the children said, 'Weep not so, Ström Karl! our Father says that thy Redeemer also liveth.'" Then the Ström Karl joyfully took his harp and played sweetly until sunset." Another slightly different version of this pretty legend is given in Miss Bremer's admirable novel, *The Neighbors*. The Spirit is there called Neck.]

Two boys beside a river played
  At eve's retiring light,
And there, beneath the alder shade,
  They saw the Water-Sprite.

He sate beneath the alder shade,
  The wayward Water-King,
And deftly on his harp he played,
  And sweetly did he sing.

Long time the boys attentive heard
  The harp's melodious strain,
While not a breeze the river stirred
  Or breathed across the plain.

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At length the elder thus addressed
  The Spirit of the stream:
"We know you never can be blessed,
  For as joyful as you seem."

Oh, then the Spirit ceased to play,
  For altered was his mood,
And he threw his harp at once away,
  And leaped into the flood.

And the two boys retired at night,
  And to their father said,
How they had seen the Water-Sprite,
  As on his harp he played;

And how they told him that in spite
  Of his sweet melodies,
They knew that such a wayward sprite
  Might never hope for bliss.

And how the Spirit ceased to play
  When thus they spoke to him,
And threw his lyre at once away,
  And leaped into the stream.

This answer then the father gave,
  "Dear boys! ye did not right:
God's grace is rich enough to save
  A wayward Water-Sprite."

Again the boys at evening played
  Beside the flowing spring,
And saw again beneath the shade
  The wayward Water-King.

He sate beneath the alder shade
  In melancholy guise,
No more upon his harp he played
  And tears were in his eyes.

Again the eldest brother spake,
  To break the mournful spell,
"Nay, weep not thus, unhappy Neck!
  For all may yet be well.

"Our father says that what before
  We told you, was not right:
For God has grace enough in store
  To save a Water-Sprite."

Up sprang the joyful Spirit then,
  As waking from a dream,
And took his golden lyre again
  That lay beside the stream.

And long the boys delighted heard
  The glad unearthly sound,
While not a breeze the river stirred
  And silence slept around.

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COUSIN FRANK.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

GRAY, in the most familiar of his exquisite Stanzas in a Country Churchyard, ("Full many a gem" &c.,) has expressed most poetically the waste of a false position in life. The fond partiality of every village generation finds in its own burying-ground some "village Hampden," some "mute, inglorious Milton," or

"Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood."

It is a signal good fortune, when an individual has a right position in life. The office of President of the United States is one of the highest among men, and he who worthily fills it is the peer of kings and autocrats. Washington, the elected head of the American people, was truly king of kings. But if the nation put in that high place a man only fitted to be a clever ward politician, or a skilful overseer of a plantation, he is a mark in the pillory, not the light set on a hill.

We see every day men in a false position; in places as ill-fitting as a garment a world too wide, or perchance too narrow. Men are raised to offices of trust and honor, that are worthy neither of the one nor the other; and stout frames, which nature has built of muscle and sinew able to subdue the wildest of our wild land, are in places behind counters, that women of right and grace should fill. Do we not all know ladies in drawing-rooms, cumberers of that ground, who would have figured as first-rate milliners? And mistresses of our city palaces, who would have been inestimable market-women? And yellow, languid, fine ladies, who, in their right vocation of chamber-maids, would have been brisk and blooming? And do we not know those in obscure and humble places, who, shuffled to their right position, would bring with them the graces so much wanted to give a zest to high life? There are men born to the inheritance and ministration of a princely fortune, who are only fit to keep a livery stable, or drive four in hand; and there are spiritual teachers, whose whole lives should be passed in the humblest class of learners. Bachelors there are, who would have been pattern husbands and idolized fathers; and husbands and fathers, who should have gone roaming and growling alone through life. It is this prevailing disorder and unfitness, that makes it so peculiarly delightful to see a friend in the right position—that gives to fitness the effect of harmony.

This felicity of the right position is most strikingly illustrated by a charming friend of mine, who, having an innumerable host of young cousins, is best known by his most common appellative, "Cousin Frank." A discerning girl has tried to fix upon him the sobriquet of Pickwick, but there was a general outcry against this; we were too jealous of the originality of our friend, to blend him in any way with another. Perhaps, we did not all of us fully appreciate the gentle qualities—the romantic benevolence—the exquisite gentlemanliness of the Don Quixote of Mr. Dickens's creation; and besides, the very sound of "*Cousin Frank!*" is a key-note to our affections. "Cousin Frank" is not too young—and I cannot remember that he ever was—for any kind office; and he never will be "too old" for any service of humanity. He is not rich, thank Heaven, for if he were, he would have cares of his own; nor is he poor, and thank Heaven for that, too, for then he would have sordid anxieties. If he were too tall, he might on some occasion (there is a universality in Cousin Frank's occasions) be inconveniently conspicuous; and if he were too short, he might not always command the respect of those who measure dignity by feet and inches; so he is just right—just as high as all our hearts.

Again, "Cousin Frank" is not in the dilemma of one of Mr. Bulwer's heroes, "too handsome for anything," but were you to question his beauty in

a certain circle, any one of a dozen fair young creatures would exclaim, "Cousin Frank not handsome!—I wonder then who is!" He certainly has what our English friends call "a nice countenance;" just that amount of good looks that makes a young lady who has his arm in a company of strangers, feel very complacent.

We have said there is a universality in "Cousin Frank's occasions of benevolent usefulness"—we cannot enumerate them. He is the dear and privileged friend of half-a-dozen families, and the mainspring of three. If there be a pleasant party on foot; "Cousin Frank" must come to make it pleasanter; if a dull one, he must come to make it endurable. If an agreeable dinner is planned, "Cousin Frank" is the guest to make sure all its pleasant little hilarities; if a heavy one is apprehended, he must do its dull honors. A perilous winter's journey can only be encountered with "Cousin Frank;" an enticing pic-nic would still be nothing without him. If there be an awkward secret that must be confided to some one, "Cousin Frank" is the chosen recipient; he never tells, and if help be possible, help will come from him.

"Cousin Frank" is no amateur of music, real or pretended. I doubt if he could distinguish an air of Bellini from a sonata of Beethoven. Yet he goes to more concerts than any man in town; for Grisi or Lablache would sing in vain to any of our score of girls, if "Cousin Frank" were not there. The lectures—we must confess it—sparing neither sex nor age, they have well nigh exhausted even "Cousin Frank's" patience, and he was once seen looking grave and doubtful, when one of his prettiest cousins asked him to attend her to the "Tabernacle."

For himself, "Cousin Frank" eschews parties; but if there be a timid womankind among us, who fears to go alone in a carriage, he is called upon to attend her; or if there be a frugal one who would fain save coach-hire, he is again called upon, and "Cousin Frank" is that good, that "dainty spirit," that "does always come when you do call him." But he is not merely the *preux chevalier* of young and pretty girls—most bachelors are willing servants of these; he is the visiter of the neglected, the prop of the old, the cheerer of all. He has that true chivalry which Charles Lamb said he would believe in when he saw the best seat in a coach given to a forlorn old woman.

As to country commissions, scarce a mail arrives without bringing a flood of them for "Cousin Frank." The tide never ebbs. For example by the last: "Poor B. is getting deafer and deafer every day. It is a sad sight to see the tears in his eyes when he perceives his little boy's lips moving without hearing the accents that come from them. Ask your Cousin Frank to look in at the new-fangled instruments for the deaf, and send us a report of them." "G———'s eyes are getting worse again;" then comes a statement of the case, and the unfailing conclusion, "*Ask your Cousin Frank* to step into Elliott's and consult him about her going to town." Again: "We are impatient to see Stephens's new work; ask your Cousin Frank to forward it by the first opportunity." And once more: "Ask your Cousin Frank to send me a couple of dozen of good Port and a half-box of the best cigars; he knows how to choose both."

But we forbear, lest through our dull medium our readers may be—as no one ever yet was—tired of "Cousin Frank." This is not the place to speak of his blessed part in the domestic tragedies of his friends; that memory is *cut in* to their hearts, and its memorial is written down in the book of which the angel of life keeps the record. Such a character as "Cousin Frank" is a rare social blessing, and its felicity is to have fallen into the right position—upon a family where there is an alarming and most inconvenient preponderance of womankind.

Every now and then we have a rumor that "Cousin Frank" is about "to give to a party what was meant for mankind;" and his cousins look jealously on certain of their charming friends on whom he seems to them to smile too benignly. The cloud passes off. The statue has found its true niche—the picture its best light. "Cousin Frank" must not be married. This would be like giving to an individual an exclusive right to the sunshine—allowing to one family the monopoly of the Croton water. No: all crowns but the crown matrimonial to our dear "Cousin Frank!"

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THE SONG OF THE WAVE.

I am free!—I am free!—I have slumbered long
  In the winter's icy chain;
But the hills and the woods shall resound to my song,
  As I glide to the billowy main.
I lie like a giant enwrapt in sleep,
  Till aroused by the spring's sweet call;
But I rise in the might of the swelling deep,
  And I burst from my frozen thrall.

Onward I glance with arrowy spring,
  As I bound in my frolicsome glee;
For mine is the joy of an untamed thing—
  The fetterless and the free.
Oh! mine are the sparkles of sunny gold,—
  And mine is the foamy crest;
And the changing skies all their hues unfold,
  On the mirror of my bright breast.

Oh! mine are the showers of glittering spray,
  Which I dash on the pebbly strand;
And the music is mine of the wind's soft lay,
  Like tones from the spirit-land.
On my bosom careers the white-sailed bark
  To the distant Indian shore;
And its crystal gleams with a crimson spark,
  At the flash of the sun-lit oar.

Onward I rush, in my wild career;
  Yet tempt not mine hour of wrath,
When my swollen and darkened form I rear,
  On the proud ship's ocean path.
Beware!—Beware!—when in thunder breaks
  The voice of my rolling surge,
And the dismal wail of the cold wind shrieks
  The mariner's lonely dirge.

Ye are mine—ye are mine, in mine hour of pride,
  Ye that sport with a thing like me,
Ye that dare your fragile barks to guide
  O'er the waves of the wild blue sea!
The loved of many a home shall sleep
  In the ocean's coral cave;
For what human might may stay the sweep
  Of the untamed, unquelled Wave!

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THE CELESTIAL RAILROAD.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Not a great while ago, passing through the gate of dreams, I visited that region of the earth in which lies the famous city of Destruction. It interested me much to learn, that, by the public spirit of some of the inhabitants, a railroad has recently been established between this populous and flourishing town, and the Celestial City. Having a little time upon my hands, I resolved to gratify a liberal curiosity by making a trip thither. Accordingly, one fine morning, after paying my bill at the hotel, and directing the porter to stow my luggage behind a coach, I took my seat in the vehicle, and set out for the Station-house. It was my good fortune to enjoy the company of a gentleman—one Mr. Smooth-it-away—who, though he had never actually visited the Celestial City, yet seemed as well acquainted with its laws, customs, policy, and statistics, as with those of the city of Destruction, of which he was a native townsman. Being, moreover, a director of the railroad corporation, and one of its largest stockholders, he had it in his power to give me all desirable information respecting that praiseworthy enterprise.

Our coach rattled out of the city, and, at a short distance from its outskirts, passed over a bridge, of elegant construction, but somewhat too slight, as I imagined, to sustain any considerable weight. On both sides lay an extensive quagmire, which could not have been more disagreeable either to sight or smell, had all the kennels of the earth emptied their pollution there.

"This," remarked Mr. Smooth-it-away, "is the famous Slough of Despond—a disgrace to all the neighborhood; and the greater, that it might so easily be converted into firm ground."

"I have understood," said I, "that efforts have been made for that purpose, from time immemorial. Bunyan mentions that above twenty thousand cart-loads of wholesome instructions had been thrown in here, without effect."

"Very probably!—and what effect could be anticipated from such unsubstantial stuff?" cried Mr. Smooth-it-away. "You observe this convenient bridge. We obtained a sufficient foundation for it, by throwing into the Slough some editions of books of morality, volumes of French philosophy and German rationalism, tracts, sermons, and essays of modern clergymen, extracts from Plato, Confucius, and various Hindoo sages, together with a few ingenious commentaries upon texts of Scripture—all of which, by some scientific process, have been converted into a mass like granite. The whole bog might be filled up with similar matter."

It really seemed to me, however, that the bridge vibrated and heaved up and down, in a very formidable manner; and, spite of Mr. Smooth-it-away's testimony to the solidity of its foundation, I should be loth to cross it in a crowded omnibus; especially, if each passenger were encumbered with as heavy luggage as that gentleman and myself. Nevertheless, we got over without accident, and soon found ourselves at the Station-house. This very neat and spacious edifice is erected on the site of the little Wicket-Gate, which formerly, as all old pilgrims will recollect, stood directly across the highway, and, by its inconvenient narrowness, was a great obstruction to the traveller of liberal mind and expansive stomach. The reader of John Bunyan will be glad to know, that Christian's old friend Evangelist, who was accustomed to supply each pilgrim with a mystic roll, now presides at the ticket-office. Some malicious persons, it is true, deny the identity of this reputable character with the Evangelist of old times, and even pretend to bring competent evidence of an imposture. Without involving myself in the dispute, I shall merely observe, that, so

far as my experience goes, the square pieces of pasteboard, now delivered to passengers, are much more convenient and useful along the road, than the antique roll of parchment. Whether they will be as readily received at the gate of the Celestial City, I decline giving an opinion.

A large number of passengers were already at the Station-house, awaiting the departure of the cars. By the aspect and demeanor of these persons, it was easy to judge that the feelings of the community had undergone a very favorable change, in reference to the celestial pilgrimage. It would have done Bunyan's heart good to see it. Instead of a lonely and ragged man, with a huge burthen on his back, plodding along sorrowfully on foot, while the whole city hooted after him, here were parties of the first gentry and most respectable people in the neighborhood, setting forth towards the Celestial City, as cheerfully as if the pilgrimage were merely a summer tour. Among the gentlemen were characters of deserved eminence, magistrates, politicians, and men of wealth, by whose example religion could not but be greatly recommended to their meaner brethren. In the ladies' apartment, too, I rejoiced to distinguish some of those flowers of fashionable society, who are so well fitted to adorn the most elevated circles of the Celestial City. There was much pleasant conversation about the news of the day, topics of business, politics, or the lighter matters of amusement; while religion, though indubitably the main thing at heart, was thrown tastefully into the back-ground. Even an infidel would have heard little or nothing to shock his sensibility.

One great convenience of the new method of going on pilgrimage, I must not forget to mention. Our enormous burthens, instead of being carried on our shoulders, as had been the custom of old, were all snugly deposited in the baggage-car, and, as I was assured, would be delivered to their respective owners at the journey's end. Another thing likewise, the benevolent reader will be delighted to understand. It may be remembered that there was an ancient feud between Prince Beelzebub and the keeper of the Wicket-Gate, and that the adherents of the former distinguished personage were accustomed to shoot deadly arrows at honest pilgrims, while knocking at the door. This dispute, much to the credit as well of the illustrious potentate abovementioned, as of the worthy and enlightened Directors of the railroad, has been pacifically arranged, on the principle of mutual compromise. The Prince's subjects are now pretty numerously employed about the Station-house,' some in taking care of the baggage, others in collecting fuel, feeding the engines, and such congenial occupations; and I can conscientiously affirm, that persons more attentive to their business, more willing to accommodate, or more generally agreeable to the passengers, are not to be found on any railroad. Every good heart must surely exult at so satisfactory an arrangement of an immemorial difficulty.

"Where is Mr. Great-heart?" inquired I. "Beyond a doubt, the Directors have engaged that famous old champion to be chief conductor on the railroad?"

"Why, no," said Mr. Smooth-it-away, with a dry cough. "He was offered the situation of brake-man; but, to tell you the truth, our friend Great-heart has grown preposterously stiff and narrow, in his old age. He has so often guided pilgrims over the road, on foot, that he considers it a sin to travel in any other fashion. Besides, the old fellow had entered so heartily into the ancient feud with Prince Beelzebub, that he would have been perpetually at blows or ill language with some of the prince's subjects, and thus have embroiled us anew. So, on the whole, we were not sorry when honest Great-heart went off to the Celestial City in a huff, and left us at liberty to choose a more suitable and accommodating man. Yonder comes the conductor of the train. You will probably recognize him at once."

The engine at this moment took its station in advance of the cars, looking, I must confess, much more like a sort of mechanical demon that would hurry us to the infernal regions, than a laudable contrivance for smoothing our way to the Celestial City. On its top sat a personage almost enveloped in smoke and flame, which—not to startle the reader—appeared to gush from his own mouth and stomach, as well as from the engine's brazen abdomen.

"Do my eyes deceive me?" cried I.

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"What on earth is this! A living creature?—if so, he is own brother to the engine that he rides upon!"

"Poh, poh, you are obtuse!" said Mr. Smooth-it-away, with a hearty laugh. "Don't you know Apollyon, Christian's old enemy, with whom he fought so fierce a battle in the Valley of Humiliation? He was the very fellow to manage the engine; and so we have reconciled him to the custom of going on pilgrimage, and engaged him as chief conductor."

"Bravo, bravo!" exclaimed I, with irrepressible enthusiasm, "this shows the liberality of the age; this proves, if anything can, that all musty prejudices are in a fair way to be obliterated. And how will Christian rejoice to hear of this happy transformation of his old antagonist! I promise myself great pleasure in informing him of it, when we reach the Celestial City."

The passengers being all comfortably seated, we now rattled away merrily, accomplishing a greater distance in ten minutes than Christian probably trudged over in a day. It was laughable while we glanced along, as it were, at the tail of a thunderbolt, to observe two dusty foot-travellers, in the old pilgrim-guise, with cockle-shell and staff, their mystic rolls of parchment in their hands, and their intolerable burthens on their backs. The preposterous obstinacy of these honest people, in persisting to groan and stumble along the difficult pathway, rather than take advantage of modern improvements, excited great mirth among our wiser brotherhood. We greeted the two pilgrims with many pleasant gibes and a roar of laughter; whereupon, they gazed at us with such woeful and absurdly compassionate visages, that our merriment grew tenfold more obstreperous. Apollyon, also, entered heartily into the fun, and contrived to flirt the smoke and flame of the engine, or of his own breath, into their faces, and envelope them in an atmosphere of scalding steam. These little practical jokes amused us mightily, and doubtless afforded the pilgrims the gratification of considering themselves martyrs.

At some distance from the railroad, Mr. Smooth-it-away pointed to a large, antique edifice, which, he observed, was a tavern of long standing, and had formerly been a noted stopping-place for pilgrims. In Bunyan's road-book it is mentioned as the Interpreter's House.

"I have long had a curiosity to visit that old mansion," remarked I.

"It is not one of our stations, as you perceive," said my companion. "The keeper was violently opposed to the railroad; and well he might be, as the track left his house of entertainment on one side, and thus was pretty certain to deprive him of all his reputable customers. But the foot-path still passes his door; and the old gentleman now and then receives a call from some simple traveller, and entertains him with fare as old-fashioned as himself."

Before our talk on this subject came to a conclusion, we were rushing by the place where Christian's burthen fell from his shoulders, at the sight of the Cross. This served as a theme for Mr. Smooth-it-away, Mr. Live-for-the-world, Mr. Hide-sin-in-the-heart, Mr. Scaly-conscience, and a knot of gentlemen from the town of Shun-repentance, to descant upon the inestimable advantages resulting from the safety of our baggage. Myself, and all the passengers indeed, joined with great unanimity in this view of the matter; for our burthens were rich in many things esteemed precious throughout the world; and, especially, we each of us possessed a great variety of favorite Habits, which we trusted would not be out of fashion, even in the polite circles of the Celestial City. It would have been a sad spectacle to see such an assortment of valuable articles tumbling into the sepulchre. Thus pleasantly conversing on the favorable circumstances of our position, as compared with those of past pilgrims, and of narrow-minded ones at the present day, we soon found ourselves at the foot of the Hill Difficulty. Through the very heart of this rocky mountain a tunnel has been constructed, of most admirable architecture, with a lofty arch and a spacious double-track; so that, unless the earth and rocks should chance to crumble down, it will remain an eternal monument of the builder's skill and enterprise. It is a great though incidental advantage, that the materials from the heart of the Hill Difficulty have been employed in filling up the Valley of Humiliation; thus obviating the necessity of descending into that disagreeable and unwholesome hollow.

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"This is a wonderful improvement, indeed," said I. "Yet I should have been glad of an opportunity to visit the Palace Beautiful, and be introduced to the charming young ladies—Miss Prudence, Miss Piety, Miss Charity, and the rest—who have the kindness to entertain pilgrims there."

"Young ladies!" cried Mr. Smooth-it-away, as soon as he could speak for laughing. "And charming young ladies! Why, my dear fellow, they are old maids, every soul of them—prim, starched, dry, and angular—and not one of them, I will venture to say, has altered so much as the fashion of her gown, since the days of Christian's pilgrimage."

"Ah, well," said I, much comforted, "then I can very readily dispense with their acquaintance."

The respectable Apollyon was now putting on the steam at a prodigious rate; anxious, perhaps, to get rid of the unpleasant reminiscences connected with the spot where he had so disastrously encountered Christian. Consulting Mr. Bunyan's road-book, I perceived that we must now be within a few miles of the Valley of the Shadow of Death; into which doleful region, at our present speed, we should plunge much sooner than seemed at all desirable. In truth, I expected nothing better than to find myself in the ditch on one side, or the quag on the other. But, on communicating my apprehensions to Mr. Smooth-it-away, he assured me that the difficulties of this passage, even in its worst condition, had been vastly exaggerated, and that, in its present state of improvement, I might consider myself as safe as on any railroad in Christendom.

Even while we were speaking, the train shot into the entrance of this dreaded Valley. Though I plead guilty to some foolish palpitations of the heart, during our headlong rush over the causeway here constructed, yet it were unjust to withhold the highest encomiums on the boldness of its original conception, and the ingenuity of those who executed it. It was gratifying, likewise, to observe how much care had been taken to dispel the everlasting gloom, and supply the defect of cheerful sunshine; not a ray of which has ever penetrated among these awful shadows. For this purpose, the inflammable gas, which exudes plentifully from the soil, is collected by means of pipes, and thence communicated to a quadruple row of lamps, along the whole extent of the passage. Thus a radiance has been created, even out of the fiery and sulphurous curse that rests for ever upon the Valley; a radiance hurtful, however, to the eyes, and somewhat bewildering, as I discovered by the changes which it wrought in the visages of my companions. In this respect, as compared with natural daylight, there is the same difference as between truth and falsehood; but if the reader have ever travelled through the dark Valley, he will have learned to be thankful for any light that he could get; if not from the sky above, then from the blasted soil beneath. Such was the red brilliancy of these lamps, that they appeared to build walls of fire on both sides of the track, between which we held our course at lightning speed, while a reverberating thunder filled the Valley with its echoes. Had the engine run off the track—a catastrophe, it is whispered, by no means unprecedented—the bottomless pit, if there be any such place, would undoubtedly have received us. Just as some dismal fooleries of this nature had made my heart quake, there came a tremendous shriek, careering along the Valley as if a thousand devils had burst their lungs to utter it, but which proved to be merely the whistle of the engine, on arriving at a stopping-place.

The spot, where we had now paused, is the same that our friend Bunyan—a truthful man, but infected with many fantastic notions—has designated, in terms plainer than I like to repeat, as the mouth of the infernal region. This, however, must be a mistake; inasmuch as Mr. Smooth-it-away, while we remained in the smoky and lurid cavern, took occasion to prove that Tophet has not even a metaphorical existence. The place, he assured us, is no other than the crater of a half-extinct volcano, in which the Directors had caused forges to be set up, for the manufacture of railroad iron. Hence, also, is obtained a plentiful supply of fuel for the use of the engines. Whoever had gazed into the dismal obscurity of the broad cavern-mouth, whence ever and anon darted huge tongues of dusky flame,—and

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had seen the strange, half-shaped monsters, and visions of faces horribly grotesque, into which the smoke seemed to wreathe itself,—and had heard the awful murmurs, and shrieks, and deep shuddering whispers of the blast, sometimes forming itself into words almost articulate,—would have seized upon Mr. Smooth-it-away's comfortable explanation, as greedily as we did. The inhabitants of the cavern, moreover, were unlovely personages, dark, smoke-begrimed, generally deformed, with mis-shapen feet, and a glow of dusky redness in their eyes; as if their hearts had caught fire, and were blazing out of the upper windows. It struck me as a peculiarity, that the laborers at the forge, and those who brought fuel to the engine, when they began to draw short breath, positively emitted smoke from their mouth and nostrils.

Among the idlers about the train, most of whom were puffing cigars which they had lighted at the flame of the crater, I was perplexed to notice several who, to my certain knowledge, had heretofore set forth by railroad for the Celestial City. They looked dark, wild, and smoky, with a singular resemblance, indeed, to the native inhabitants; like whom, also, they had a disagreeable propensity to ill-natured gibes and sneers, the habit of which had wrought a settled contortion of their visages. Having been on speaking terms with one of these persons—an indolent, good-for-nothing fellow, who went by the name of Take-it-easy—I called to him, and inquired what was his business there.

"Did you not start," said I, "for the Celestial City?"

"That's a fact," said Mr. Take-it-easy, carelessly puffing some smoke into my eyes. "But I heard such bad accounts, that I never took pains to climb the hill, on which the city stands. No business doing—no fun going on—nothing to drink, and no smoking allowed—and a thrumming of church-music from morning till night! I would not stay in such a place, if they offered me house-room and living free."

"But, my good Mr. Take-it-easy," cried I, "why take up your residence here, of all places in the world?"

"Oh," said the loafer, with a grin, "it is very warm hereabouts, and I meet with plenty of old acquaintances, and altogether the place suits me. I hope to see you back again, some day soon. A pleasant journey to you!"

While he was speaking, the bell of the engine rang, and we dashed away, after dropping a few passengers, but receiving no new ones. Rattling onward through the Valley, we were dazzled with the fiercely gleaming gas-lamps, as before. But sometimes, in the dark of intense brightness, grim faces, that bore the aspect and expression of individual sins, or evil passions, seemed to thrust themselves through the veil of light, glaring upon us, and stretching forth a great dusky hand, as if to impede our progress. I almost thought, that they were my own sins that appalled me there. These were freaks of imagination—nothing more, certainly,—mere delusions, which I ought to be heartily ashamed of—but, all through the Dark Valley, I was tormented, and pestered, and dolefully bewildered, with the same kind of waking dreams. The mephitic gases of that region intoxicate the brain. As the light of natural day, however, began to struggle with the glow of the lanterns, these vain imaginations lost their vividness, and finally vanished with the first ray of sunshine that greeted our escape from the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Ere we had gone a mile beyond it, I could well nigh have taken my oath, that this whole gloomy passage was a dream.

At the end of the Valley, as John Bunyan mentions, is a cavern, where, in his days, dwelt two cruel giants, Pope and Pagan, who had strewn the ground about their residence with the bones of slaughtered pilgrims. These vile old troglodytes are no longer there; but into their deserted cave another terrible giant has thrust himself, and makes it his business to seize upon honest travellers, and fat them for his table with plentiful meals of smoke, mist, moonshine, raw potatoes, and saw-dust. He is a German by birth, and is called Giant Transcendentalist; but as to his form, his features, his substance, and his nature generally, it is the chief peculiarity of this huge miscreant, that neither he for himself, nor anybody for him, has ever been able to describe them. As we rushed by the cavern's mouth, we caught a hasty glimpse of him, looking somewhat

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like an ill-proportioned figure, but considerably more like a heap of fog and duskiness. He shouted after us, but in so strange a phraseology, that we knew not what he meant, nor whether to be encouraged or affrighted.

It was late in the day, when the train thundered into the ancient city of Vanity, where Vanity Fair is still at the height of prosperity, and exhibits an epitome of whatever is brilliant, gay, and fascinating, beneath the sun. As I purposed to make a considerable stay here, it gratified me to learn that there is no longer the want of harmony between the townspeople and pilgrims, which impelled the former to such lamentably mistaken measures as the persecution of Christian, and the fiery martyrdom of Faithful. On the contrary, as the new railroad brings with it great trade and a constant influx of strangers, the lord of Vanity Fair is its chief patron, and the capitalists of the city are among the largest stockholders. Many passengers stop to take their pleasure or make their profit in the Fair, instead of going onward to the Celestial City. Indeed, such are the charms of the place, that people often affirm it to be the true and only heaven; stoutly contending that there is no other, that those who seek further are mere dreamers, and that, if the fabled brightness of the Celestial City lay but a bare mile beyond the gates of Vanity, they would not be fools enough to go thither. Without subscribing to these, perhaps, exaggerated encomiums, I can truly say, that my abode in the city was mainly agreeable, and my intercourse with the inhabitants productive of much amusement and instruction.

Being naturally of a serious turn, my attention was directed to the solid advantages derivable from a residence here, rather than to the effervescent pleasures, which are the grand object with too many visitants. The Christian reader, if he have had no accounts of the city later than Bunyan's time, will be surprised to hear that almost every street has its church, and that the reverend clergy are nowhere held in higher respect than at Vanity Fair. And well do they deserve such honorable estimation; for the maxims of wisdom and virtue which fall from their lips, come from as deep a spiritual source, and tend to as lofty a religious aim, as those of the sagest philosophers of old. In justification of this high praise, I need only mention the names of the Rev. Mr. Shallow-deep; the Rev. Mr. Stumble-at-Truth; that fine old clerical character, the Rev. Mr. This-to-day, who expects shortly to resign his pulpit to the Rev. Mr. That-to-morrow; together with the Rev. Mr. Bewilderment; the Rev. Mr. Clog-the-spirit; and, last and greatest, the Rev. Dr. Wind-of-doctrine. The labors of these eminent divines are aided by those of innumerable lecturers, who diffuse such a various profundity, in all subjects of human or celestial science, that any man may acquire an omnigenous erudition, without the trouble of even learning to read. Thus literature is etherealized by assuming for its medium the human voice; and knowledge, depositing all its heavier particles—except, doubtless, its gold—becomes exhaled into a sound, which forthwith steals into the ever-open ear of the community. These ingenious methods constitute a sort of machinery, by which thought and study are done to every person's hand, without his putting himself to the slightest inconvenience in the matter. There is another species of machine for the wholesale manufacture of individual morality. This excellent result is effected by societies for all manner of virtuous purposes; with which a man has merely to connect himself, throwing, as it were, his quota of virtue into the common stock; and the president and directors will take care that the aggregate amount be well applied. All these, and other wonderful improvements in ethics, religion, and literature, being made plain to my comprehension by the ingenious Mr. Smooth-it-away, inspired me with a vast admiration of Vanity Fair.

It would fill a volume, in an age of pamphlets, were I to record all my observations in this great capital of human business and pleasure. There was an unlimited range of society—the powerful, the wise, the witty, and the famous in every walk of life—princes, presidents, poets, generals, artists, actors, and philanthropists, all making their own market at the Fair, and deeming no price too exorbitant for such commodities as hit their fancy. It was well worth one's while, even if he had no idea of buying or selling, to

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loiter through the bazaars, and observe the various sorts of traffic that were going forward.

Some of the purchasers, I thought, made very foolish bargains. For instance, a young man, having inherited a splendid fortune, laid out a considerable portion of it in the purchase of diseases, and finally spent all the rest for a heavy lot of repentance and a suit of rags. A very pretty girl bartered a heart as clear as crystal, and which seemed her most valuable possession, for another jewel of the same kind, but so worn and defaced as to be utterly worthless. In one shop, there were a great many crowns of laurel and myrtle, which soldiers, authors, statesmen, and various other people, pressed eagerly to buy; some purchased these paltry wreaths with their lives; others by a toilsome servitude of years; and many sacrificed whatever was most valuable, yet finally slunk away without the crown. There was a sort of stock or scrip, called Conscience, which seemed to be in great demand, and would purchase almost anything. Indeed, few rich commodities were to be obtained without paying a heavy sum in this particular stock, as a man's business was seldom very lucrative, unless he knew precisely when and how to throw his hoard of Conscience into the market. Yet as this stock was the only thing of permanent value, whoever parted with it was sure to find himself a loser, in the long run. Several of the speculations were of a questionable character. Occasionally, a member of Congress recruited his pocket by the sale of his constituents; and I was assured that public officers have often sold their country at very moderate prices. Thousands sold their happiness for a whim. Gilded chains were in great demand, and purchased with almost any sacrifice. In truth, those who desired, according to the old adage, to sell anything valuable for a song, might find customers all over the Fair; and there were innumerable messes of pottage, piping hot, for such as chose to buy them with their birth-rights. A few articles, however, could not be found genuine at Vanity Fair. If a customer wished to renew his stock of youth, the dealers offered him a set of false teeth and an auburn wig; if he demanded peace of mind, they recommended opium or a brandy-bottle.

Tracts of land and golden mansions, situate in the Celestial City, were often exchanged, at very disadvantageous rates, for a few years' lease of small, dismal, inconvenient tenements in Vanity Fair. Prince Beelzebub himself took great interest in this sort of traffic, and sometimes condescended to meddle with smaller matters. I once had the pleasure to see him bargaining with a miser for his soul, which, after much ingenious skirmishing on both sides, his Highness succeeded in obtaining at about the value of sixpence. The prince remarked, with a smile, that he was a loser by the bargain.

Day after day, as I walked the streets of Vanity, my manners and deportment became more and more like those of the inhabitants. The place began to seem like home; the idea of pursuing my travels to the Celestial City was almost obliterated from my mind. I was reminded of it, however, by the sight of the same pair of simple pilgrims at whom we had laughed so heartily, when Apollyon puffed smoke and steam into their faces, at the commencement of our journey. There they stood amid the densest bustle of Vanity—the dealers offering them their purple, and fine linen, and jewels; the men of wit and humor gibing at them; a pair of buxom ladies ogling them askance; while the benevolent Mr. Smooth-it-away whispered some of his wisdom at their elbows, and pointed to a newly-erected temple,—but there were these worthy simpletons, making the scene look wild and monstrous, merely by their sturdy repudiation of all part in its business or pleasures.

One of them—his name was Stick-to-the-right—perceived in my face, I suppose, a species of sympathy and almost admiration, which, to my own great surprise, I could not help feeling for this pragmatic couple. It prompted him to address me.

"Sir," inquired he, with a sad, yet mild and kindly voice, "do you call yourself a pilgrim?"

"Yes," I replied, "my right to that appellation is indubitable. I am merely a sojourner here in Vanity Fair, being bound to the Celestial City by the new railroad."

"Alas, friend," rejoined Mr. Stick-to-the-right, "I do assure you, and beseech you to receive the truth of my words, that that whole concern is a

bubble. You may travel on it all your life-time, were you to live thousands of years, and yet never get beyond the limits of Vanity Fair! Yea; though you should deem yourself entering the gates of the Blessed City, it will be nothing but a miserable delusion."

"The Lord of the Celestial City," began the other pilgrim, whose name was Mr. Go-the-old-way, "has refused, and will ever refuse, to grant an act of incorporation for this railroad; and unless that be obtained, no passenger can ever hope to enter his dominions. Wherefore, every man who buys a ticket, must lay his account with losing the purchase-money—which is the value of his own soul."

"Poh, nonsense!" said Mr. Smooth-it-away, taking my arm and leading me off, "these fellows ought to be indicted for a libel. If the law stood as it once did in Vanity Fair, we should see them grinning through the iron bars of the prison window."

This incident made a considerable impression on my mind, and contributed with other circumstances to indispose me to a permanent residence in the city of Vanity; although, of course, I was not simple enough to give up my original plan of gliding along easily and commodiously by railroad. Still, I grew anxious to be gone. There was one strange thing that troubled me; amid the occupations or amusements of the fair, nothing was more common than for a person—whether at a feast, theatre, or church, or trafficking for wealth and honors, or whatever he might be doing, and however unseasonable the interruption—suddenly to vanish like a soap-bubble, and be never more seen of his fellows; and so accustomed were the latter to such little accidents, that they went on with their business, as quietly as if nothing had happened. But it was otherwise with me.

Finally, after a pretty long residence at the Fair, I resumed my journey towards the Celestial City, still with Mr. Smooth-it-away at my side. At a short distance beyond the suburbs of Vanity, we passed the ancient silver-mine, of which Demas was the first discoverer, and which is now wrought to great advantage, supplying nearly all the coined currency of the world. A little further onward was the spot where Lot's wife had stood for ages, under the semblance of a pillar of salt. Curious travellers have carried it away piecemeal. Had all regrets been punished as rigorously as this poor dame's were, my yearning for the relinquished delights of Vanity Fair might have produced a similar change in my own corporeal substance, and left me a warning to future pilgrims.

The next remarkable object was a large edifice, constructed of moss-grown stone, but in a modern and airy style of architecture. The engine came to a pause in its vicinity with the usual tremendous shriek.

"This was formerly the castle of the redoubted giant Despair," observed Mr. Smooth-it-away; "but, since his death, Mr. Flimsy-faith has repaired it, and now keeps an excellent house of entertainment here. It is one of our stopping-places."

"It seems but slightly put together," remarked I, looking at the frail, yet ponderous walls. "I do not envy Mr. Flimsy-faith his habitation. Some day it will thunder down upon the heads of the occupants."

"We shall escape, at all events," said Mr. Smooth-it-away; "for Apollyon is putting on the steam again."

The road now plunged into a gorge of the Delectable Mountains, and traversed the field where, in former ages, the blind men wandered and stumbled among the tombs. One of these ancient tomb-stones had been thrust across the track, by some malicious person, and gave the train of cars a terrible jolt. Far up the rugged side of a mountain, I perceived a rusty iron door, half overgrown with bushes and creeping plants, but with smoke issuing from its crevices.

"Is that," inquired I, "the very door in the hill-side, which the shepherds assured Christian was a by-way to Hell?"

"That was a joke on the part of the shepherds," said Mr. Smooth-it-away, with a smile. "It is neither more nor less than the door of a cavern, which they use as a smoke-house for the preparation of mutton hams."

My recollections of the journey are now, for a little space, dim and confused, inasmuch as a singular drowsiness here overcame me, owing to the fact that we were passing over the enchanted ground, the air of which encourages a disposition to sleep. I

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awoke, however, as soon as we crossed the borders of the pleasant land of Beulah. All the passengers were rubbing their eyes, comparing watches, and congratulating one another on the prospect of arriving so seasonably at the journey's end. The sweet breezes of this happy clime came refreshingly to our nostrils; we beheld the glimmering gush of silver fountains, overhung by trees of beautiful foliage and delicious fruit, which were propagated by grafts from the celestial gardens. Once, as we dashed onward like a hurricane, there was a flutter of wings, and the bright appearance of an angel in the air, speeding forth on some heavenly mission. The engine now announced the close vicinity of the final Station House, by one last and horrible scream, in which there seemed to be distinguishable every kind of wailing and woe, and bitter fierceness of wrath, all mixed up with the wild laughter of a devil or a madman. Throughout our journey, at every stopping-place, Apollyon had exercised his ingenuity in screwing the most abominable sounds out of the whistle of the steam-engine; but, in this closing effort he outdid himself, and created an infernal uproar, which, besides disturbing the peaceful inhabitants of Beulah, must have sent its discord even through the celestial gates.

While the horrid clamor was still ringing in our ears, we heard an exulting strain, as if a thousand instruments of music, with height, and depth, and sweetness in their tones, at once tender and triumphant, were struck in unison, to greet the approach of some illustrious hero, who had fought the good fight and won a glorious victory, and was come to lay aside his battered arms for ever. Looking to ascertain what might be the occasion of this glad harmony, I perceived, on alighting from the cars, that a multitude of shining ones had assembled on the other side of the river, to welcome two poor pilgrims, who were just emerging from its depths. They were the same whom Apollyon and ourselves had persecuted with taunts and gibes, and scalding steam, at the commencement of our journey—the same whose unworldly aspect and impressive words had stirred my conscience, amid the wild revellers of Vanity Fair.

"How amazingly well those men have got on!" cried I to Mr. Smooth-it-away. "I wish we were secure of as good a reception."

"Never fear—never fear!" answered my friend. "Come—make haste; the ferry-boat will be off directly; and in three minutes you will be on the other side of the river. No doubt you will find coaches to carry you up to the city gates."

A steam ferry-boat, the last improvement on this important route, lay at the river side, puffing, snorting, and emitting all those other disagreeable utterances, which betoken the departure to be immediate. I hurried on board with the rest of the passengers, most of whom were in great perturbation; some bawling out for their baggage; some tearing their hair and exclaiming that the boat would explode or sink; some already pale with the heaving of the stream; some gazing affrighted at the ugly aspect of the steersman; and some still dizzy with the slumberous influences of the Enchanted Ground. Looking back to the shore, I was amazed to discern Mr. Smooth-it-away waving his hand in token of farewell!

"Don't you go over to the Celestial City?" exclaimed I.

"Oh, no!" answered he with a queer smile, and that same disagreeable contortion of visage which I had remarked in the inhabitants of the Dark Valley. "Oh, no! I have come thus far only for the sake of your pleasant company. Good bye! We shall meet again."

And then did my excellent friend, Mr. Smooth-it-away, laugh outright; in the midst of which cachinnation, a smoke-wreath issued from his mouth and nostrils, while a twinkle of livid flame darted out of either eye, proving indubitably that his heart was all of a red blaze. The impudent fiend! To deny the existence of Tophet, when he felt its fiery tortures raging within his breast! I rushed to the side of the boat, intending to fling myself on shore. But the wheels, as they began their revolutions, threw a dash of spray over me, so cold—so deadly cold, with the chill that will never leave those waters, until Death be drowned in his own river—that, with a shiver and a heart-quake, I awoke. Thank heaven, it was a Dream!

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WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.*

BY GEORGE BANCROFT.

LET us rejoice, that in our own day, the great principle of Free Inquiry has been renewed, upheld, and pursued to still wider applications than it had reached before, by the refined intelligence and genial benevolence of WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. Free Inquiry was the great rule which he inculcated, not for the maturity of age only, but for the ardent curiosity of youth: for he knew that freedom, far from leading to infidelity, strives for certainty, is restless in pursuit of a well-grounded conviction. Freedom of mind he claimed, therefore, for every pursuit of the human faculties; not for professors only, but for scholars; not for material science alone, but even there where authority had been most revered, in theology and in the church.

Nor did he confine the principle to theoretic speculations; he claimed it also in politics, and the affairs of social life. Not that he was a politician; Channing could be classed with no political party. He stood aloof from them all; and sought rather, behind the clouds of party strife, to discover the eternal principles that sway events and guide the centuries. His was the search for universal truth; he turned from men to the central light; he looked towards the region of absolute truth, of perfect justice. The laws of the moral world, the principles that come from the Eternal Mind, these were the objects of his pursuit; and he claimed for every man the right of calmly, fearlessly contemplating those truths, of seeking to apply them even to the affairs of life. What though enthusiasts might misunderstand and misapply? His only cure for impetuous fanaticism, was to seize clearly on the great precept which it blindly adopted; and to substitute for the hastiness of zeal the persuasion of sincerity and the calmer conduct of wisdom. There is not a moment, when the tendencies to reform do not assume a thousand visionary, strange, and fantastic shapes. All this could not startle the purposes or alarm the serene mind of Channing. He knew that there was no way to dispel these forms of terror but by the light of truth; and he never swerved from his high career, whether of subjecting the institutions of our times to inquiry, or applying the principles of universal morality to the affairs of public life.

With powers of such astonishing brilliancy as those which Channing possessed, united with his determined purpose of never allowing himself to be blinded to the abstract right by the fact of possession, it is not wonderful that his career should, by many, have been contemplated with apprehension and even with terror. For who could say, to what reforms the manly assertion of natural right might conduct? Who could set a limit to the purposes of reform, when it demanded immediately the application of absolute truth? But death annihilates that alarm. The fear of sudden change by his agency, vanishes; and from the depths of the breast, from the recesses of conscience, from the inward tribunal which God

* We had hoped to insert an engraving of Dr. Channing in the Democratic Review before this time, but regret to have found ourselves disappointed in that design, from causes unnecessary to be explained. The two papers here given were received nearly simultaneously, from different sources. The name of the one needs no comment; and though the other is required to be withheld from publicity, we may add that its author enjoyed peculiar opportunities of observation and knowledge of the subject of its portraiture. Though in one respect, to the extent of a few words, the former may involve a deviation from a rule observed in the conduct of this Review from its commencement, (that of excluding from its pages the topic of Slavery, the discussion of which would be practically inconsistent with its larger general objects of public usefulness), we allow it to pass without comment, as inseparable from the current context, under the name of its eminent author.—ED. D. R.

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has established within the human soul, immortal witnesses rise up to the truth of his thrilling oracles, and humanity has joy as she warms herself by the fires he kindled. Prejudice before might confine his influence; by death, prejudice is annihilated, and the echoes of his eloquence are no more shut in by its narrow bounds; as the fragrance of precious perfumes that have been confined in a vase, when the vase is broken is diffused abroad without limits.

And yet, while we elevate our own minds to the capacity of receiving the sublime lessons which he uttered, if we look back upon his life, we shall find his love of reform balanced by a love of order, and the expansive energies of his benevolence restrained by a spirit of conservatism. He was not the mariner, who eagerly lifts the anchor and spreads his sail to the winds, and embarks on the ocean of experiment; he resembled rather the seer, who stands on the high cliff along the shore, and gazes to see what wind is rising, and gives his prayers, and his counsels, and benedictions to the more adventurous, who set sail. And sometimes he would call back the enterprising reformer: he would not attempt progress by methods of disorder and riot, or even of party organization; he would rather forego for a season the establishment of a right than seek to assert it by bloodshed and violence; like the Jewish mother who submitted to be withheld from her offspring for a season, through fear lest, otherwise, her child should be rent in twain.

And yet this abhorrence of violence hardly partook of timidity, certainly did not spring from a deficiency of decision. Did you consider his delicate organization, his light and frail frame, his sensitiveness to agreeable impressions, the exquisite culture of his taste, you might apprehend a want of firmness; but it was not so. Do you remember the fine lines in which Walter Scott describes the slender shafts of shapeless stone of Melrose Abbey, of which the foliaged tracery seemed woven of osier wreaths, and yet, as if changed by a fairy's spell, it proved to be of stone. So it was with Channing. He towered above the mediocrity of society, like the pinnacles of a Gothic minster, of which the tracery is infinitely delicate and airy, yet solid, durable, unyielding, and aspiring to the skies. Even sympathy, that which he loved most, he sacrificed readily to duty; and gave up the present applause of those by whom he was surrounded, rather than fail to win the world for his audience, and coming generations for his fame.

This firmness rested in an entire faith in moral power to reform the world. Not the union of men, not associations, not temperance societies nor abolition societies, not conventions: MORAL POWER was to him the Egeria that dictated, the energy that accomplished reform. Hence, while he objected to associations, he was ever ready to advocate the great moral purposes for which men come together. Was he not among the first to rebuke the international selfishness, that has so long held the commerce of the world in bonds? Was he not among the first in our midst to raise his voice against the horrors of war, the opprobrium of humanity? Who like him gathered the crowd to recognize the great lesson of temperance, carrying renovation to once desolated families; to the desponding and feeble of will? Who like him asserted the moral dignity of man, irrespective of wealth and rank? Indeed, one could hardly hear him on any public occasion, or even in private, but the great truth of man's equality, as a consequence of his divine birth, struggled for utterance. He knew that man was made in the image of God; that the gift of reason opened to him the path to the knowledge of creation, and to mastery over its powers. Having the highest reverence for genius, he yet recognized the image of the divine original everywhere, in every human form; and how often have his teachings repeated to many of us the doctrine so well expressed by one of kindred genius!

> "Nor scour the seas, nor sift mankind,
> A poet or a friend to find;
> Behold, he watches at the door,
> Behold his shadow on the floor.
> * * * the Pariah hind
> Admits thee to the Perfect Mind."

Hence Channing became the advocate of equality; recognized the power of the people as the great result of the modern centuries; and, knowing well that labor is the lot of man, that every mechanic art must be exercised, every service in life fulfilled, he sought to dignify labor, to exalt its character, not to lift the laborer out of his class, but to elevate that class into the highest regions of moral culture and enjoyment.

And his efforts were in part at least rewarded. His words reached those for whose benefit they were spoken: and at his funeral, next to the fortitude with which his immediate friends had learned from him to bear affliction, the most touching spectacle was, to see the laborers gathering near the aisles to pay one last tribute of gratitude to the remains of their counsellor.

Nor could the clear mind of Channing turn from following his principles to their results, with all the power of dialectics that gained its warmth from benevolence, its energy from moral conviction. I remember well the days when he first publicly appeared as the advocate of the negro slave; after a discourse of thrilling, heart-rending eloquence, the most eloquent address I ever heard uttered, he did not so much complain of, as regret the want of sympathy. His voice is hushed now: his eye will not again flash on us indignation: the spiritual life that beamed from him, is taken from our midst: now that he is in his grave, that the most timid can no longer fear from his influence divisions in church or in society, let us honor his memory by owning, that, in his main principle, he was in the right. Nor was his doctrine on slavery a sudden result, an accidental termination in his career: it lay at the very heart and core of his whole system of theology. His was a spirit that in its rapt trances sought intimate communion with God; yet shrinking alike from the terror of fixed decrees and the fatalism of Pantheism, binding alike destiny and chance to the footstool of God's throne, he was from the first an advocate for the free agency of man. This was the great central point of his theology, his morals, his metaphysics, his politics. Human freedom under the sanction of moral power, human freedom as the prerogative of mind, human freedom as the necessity of consciousness, human freedom as the indestructible principle in the citadel of conscience, this was his whole theory. This animated his life; this alone led him into the fields of controversy; and in the full maturity of life, with that deep reverence for God, which contemplates him always and sees him everywhere, and with that faith unto martyrdom, in the freedom of man, he could not but rush to the conclusion that slavery is a wrong; a crime against humanity as well as a crime against God.

Thus by degrees Channing burst the limits of social and sectarian principles, and rising ever higher and higher, became the advocate of universal truths and the champion of humanity. Not a city, not a sect—the world listened to him. The golden harp which he bore, was at first breathed upon by the spirit of sects and parties, by the spirit of place and narrower engagements; but his career was ever upward; till far above a parish or a sect, parties or societies, in the higher sphere of his existence, the spirit of the world rushed fervidly amidst the trembling strings; and

From his sweet harp flew forth
  Immortal harmonies, of power to still
All passions born on earth,
  And draw the ardent will
  Its destiny of goodness to fulfil.

REMINISCENCES OF DR. CHANNING.

The death of this great and good man came very unexpectedly to the community. Not in the prime of life, it is true; his health had, however, improved so much within a few months before his death, that he gave promise of continuing long to pursue his course of distinguished usefulness. Many preachers of the denomination to which Dr. Channing belonged, have uttered tributes to his memory: in none of them has much, if any, personal reference been indulged in.

All the portraits we have of Dr. Channing, represent him as too strongly built, with too much flesh, and too prominent indications of health. At the time these portraits were taken he was not, if ever, physically powerful. From his earlier years he had been a person of delicate stature, small and excellently well modelled, yet never what could be called muscular; yet he impressed no one, upon a first interview, as by any means a trifling or insignificant figure: his mind elevated the tabernacle wherein it dwelt.

The contour of Dr. Channing's head was found to be as remarkable by that celebrated phrenologist, Spurzheim, as he supposed before he set out on his journey to America. He said that "if

his head was not true to phrenology, he should put no further faith in the science." But the great professor found in the shape of that head his best proof of phrenology.

The upper portion of his face was eminently characterized by intellect, while his mouth gave indications of a heart profoundly tender. His eye, with its overhanging brow, shone in gentle light, clear and beautiful, yet strong and forcible. The forehead, remarkably expanded, seemed filled with thought. His hair was thrown off on one side, and he uniformly wore it long; it was very graceful and waving. The whole expression of the face breathed a mild benignity, a gentle charity, and a profound sympathy with the joys and sufferings of man. It was a countenance that affected you with perfect confidence: it was trusting and humble, yet full of freedom.

In his voice, perhaps, it was that Dr. Channing was peculiarly distinguished from most public speakers; and wherever it was heard, whether in the crowded church or the chamber of sickness, in sorrow or in joy, it still preserved the same ineffable sweetness—low, yet distinct, pure, and strong. When he began to speak, in one of those sermons listened to with such eager delight by every member of a large congregation, the sound of his voice was scarcely audible, but by insensible degrees it seemed to fill the building, until in the remotest corner, the intonation of each word, however slight, could be distinctly heard and appreciated.

But before I speak of him as a preacher, I will try to record my impressions of the influence of his manner in private life. In private also, this extraordinary sweetness of voice rivetted the attention of the person he happened to be addressing, even if the force of his reasoning might not attract him. His method of pronunciation, singularly polished and accurate, drew from each word the capacity it owned to represent thought or feeling. To hear him pronounce was like taking a lesson in the art of speaking. He spoke slowly, firmly, as is said of Dante; yet unlike most slow-spoken men, his discourse gave out light.

Dr. Channing was admirably framed for conversation, yet he did not hold arguments with persons. He stood at a high point of human progress, from which he could not look otherwise than nobly, upon whatever question he might select. It was not so much conversation in which he rejoiced, although no man ever listened to the communication of another with more unfeigned respect; it was soliloquy: he discoursed to you honestly what he thought. It is not, however, my intention to more than allude to his intellectual character; his writings are the history of his mind.

His manner, full of a sweet mildness, a touching benignity, brought those around him in whose society he moved, as the voice of a fountain of sweet water, gently falling among quiet trees, attracts the passenger. They came to quench their thirst at this spring of clearest crystal. Eminently framed for reverence, he won that which chiefly showed his great character; the young especially, came to him with a serene yet deep awe. No man could be more impressive than he, yet no one was more trusted in.

I do not remember the portrait of any man of modern times who reminds me of him; he was rather the man of a more fervent age, and possessed a mystic faith in the soul which we rarely find. Although his profession tended to prevent persons from approaching him with levity, his appearance was, in itself, yet more remarkable. Those who met with him casually were impressed equally with his friends, by his gentle manner, his sweet voice, and his clear, finished method of uniformly expressing himself. He did not meddle with topics on which he was uninformed, and never professed to know that which he did not for the purpose of extracting information.

Chiefly was he noted by the imperturbableness of his life, engrafted upon a constitution nervously sensitive, but subdued into an incomparable moderation. In the presence of the dying, even of those who belonged to his own family, he stood like one elevated above mortals, to console them in the troubled waves of affliction. In this noble duty, with a serenity undisturbed, he held his way; the bulwark of his friends in private, not less than the admiration of the people in his public character.

But these simple reminiscences must not terminate without giving permanence to the great fact, that Dr. Chan-

ning not only insisted upon the practice of virtue in his numerous writings; he actually did good to others continually. A man of simple and inexhaustible benevolence, no one ever came to him for assistance, without receiving that which it was indeed a blessing to receive, his affectionate sympathy, based upon the purest reverence for man. In addition to this, so far as his means extended, this lover of the human race gave generously of his worldly goods. If he everywhere has taught the sublime doctrine of equal rights among men, so did he in all those various duties to which he was called, practise upon this great principle. He was, indeed, a practical Christian, and truly interested himself in all the details of suffering, so far as they could be investigated.

This man, so eminent in the eyes of scholars and statesmen, and justly the revered of all those philanthropists who aim to perfect their race, was inspired with the sincerest admiration for any beauty of character. Especially, he delighted to enlarge upon the private virtues of individuals, illustrious only by their piety in the sight of God, but among men unknown. These always came before him, surrounded, like the saints in Raphael's pictures, with halos of glory. I fancy I can often see in his writings allusions to persons who will never be known elsewhere, and whom it was his delight to seek out and gratify.

In all the reforms of our day Dr. Channing took a warm, a living interest. For art and science, he had also the sincerest admiration. Had he not early felt the call to take up the cross and follow his Master in the endeavor to soften and mitigate the sufferings of humanity, I believe he would have been distinguished as an artist. The warm and living colors of the Berkshire hills, among which he spent the last days of his life, excited the brightest sympathy of his nature; he expressed a feeling of surprise to hear that men yet suffered, looking about him as he spoke, and reading that page of clear and silent sunshine, that autumn noon among the fair valleys and calm mountains.

As a preacher, he was unapproached, at least in my estimation, by any of his brethren. Their ready sympathy with him while he lived, their sincere affliction at his decease, show the deep interest with which he inspired them. His discourses were sublime exhibitions of that species of eloquence which melts the heart of the listener by its sad, tender, profound feeling for the sins, the suffering, the ignorance of men; yet it was cheering. Although we listened to the avowal of man's present fallen state, we heard a voice proclaiming glad tidings. In the present condition of our race, we also felt the capability of man; the most degraded, the least admirable, claimed from us all a brother's love. In some parts of his discourses may be found passages of touching pathos, and frequently high and noble exhortations bidding us to ascend and become more perfect. I can remember moments in his preaching, when the audience seemed to hang trembling on the verge of tears; the next instant they were borne on the stream of penetrating eloquence, almost into that upper air where the weary are at rest. The sentiment, whatever it might be, was sustained; the manner never degenerated into the petty or trivial: great truths, living expressions, fundamental thoughts flowed naturally from the lips of the preacher.

I aim simply to convey the fact that if Dr. Channing was admirable in the public eye, so was he in private; that his personal sphere no less enjoyed the blessings of those divine principles he taught, than that more public one where he was celebrated. How great an excellence this is, must be estimated from the number of those who possess it.

He was by no means a severe man. None enjoyed more highly all kinds of innocent amusement. In truth, he advocated the necessity of popular sports in one of his best productions. He was fond of the society of all classes of men.

His health, extremely frail for many years, precluded him from exertions which the strong are able to make; yet who was more active than he, or who endeavored with more steadfastness, to show a ready aid in any charitable undertaking? His influence on the social state of man must be pointed out in another day; his benefits to us who knew him, we have the happy privilege of being grateful for, both at present and in the future.

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POPULAR GOVERNMENT.

BY O. A. BROWNSON.

I WAS glad that the Editor of the Democratic Review appended a "Note" to my article on Democracy and Liberty inserted in this Journal for April last, because it shows that he considered the questions I raised to be of no slight importance, and because by so doing he will draw more attention to my statements, and thus further the purpose for which they were made. I must ask him, without making any claim upon the "special agreement" there may be between us, to suffer me to offer through his pages a few comments in explanation and in justification of the doctrine I sought to bring out and establish.

It is too early, I hope, by many years, for my friends to take up a lamentation over my fall from the cause of popular government or popular freedom; and especially quite too early to build my tomb and write my epitaph. The Editor has entirely mistaken the tone and bearing of the Essay he so severely criticises. Had I not felt my bosom glowing with love of freedom, and my heart so enlisted in the cause of the People as to be willing to suffer reproach both with them and for them, I could not have written it. I had nothing to gain by pulling the sovereign's beard, and telling him he was no better than he should be. I feel all too deeply the importance of the experiment in political science which we are trying, and have suffered too much reproach for years of devotion to the great and glorious cause of freedom and progress, to be willing now, as "the snow-flakes" are beginning to fall upon my head, to "slough off" into a cold and heartless conservatism. I belong to the MOVEMENT; I have struggled for it, in good report and in evil, in sickness and in health, in poverty and want; and in it and for it, let others do what they will, I feel in my heart and soul, I shall live and die. So a truce to all hopes, fears, or predictions of my deserting it. My expectations may be sobered by time and experience; and young enthusiasm, as I grow older and mingle more with the world, may be tempered with more of prudence and practical wisdom; but never was I further than now from forgetting the dreams of my youth. Men of Progress! I assure you I am with you, heart and soul, for life and death, and ready to serve you in any capacity within my power, and against any enemy, or any odds.

I wish to say, also, that, though I have been, I believe, on several occasions formally excommunicated from the Democratic Party, I am still in that party, as my home, heartily in favor of its leading measures, sincerely believing the good of the country, and the progress of free principles, imperiously demand their adoption, and therefore am determined to do all that an individual so humble and obscure as I, can do to secure their adoption. I was not born to be a Whig; into a Whig no earthly or unearthly power can transform me; and into one I am sure no heavenly power would wish me, or wish any one else, to be transformed. I hope this is enough to "define my position." So I pray my Democratic friends to make no more insinuations.

One word as to the statement with which the Editor commences his Note. He says my article severely tested "his firmness and good faith in adhering to the special agreement" made with me, when I consented to discontinue the Boston Quarterly Review, and to become a regular contributor to the Democratic. I am not sure that this statement is made in sober earnest; I am disposed to take it as a little pleasantry; but if made in downright earnest, I must say that it implies a reflection against the justice of which I must needs protest. Does the Editor mean to imply, that, taking advantage of a special agreement, I have crowded into his Journal an article which I had reason to believe would be highly repugnant to his feelings and convictions, or at least altogether different from what he might reasonably have expected

from me as an honorable man? If so, he wrongs me. The Essay in question is conceived and written in the very spirit of several articles which had appeared in my own Review before I had any connexion, or any thought of a connexion, with the Democratic; and its leading doctrine is one that I have uniformly maintained. I put it forth in the Boston Reformer, in 1836, when assigning reasons for not supporting Mr. Van Buren for the Presidency; I repeated it at great length, and sustained it in an essay on Democracy, one of the most elaborate essays I have ever written, inserted in the very first number of the Boston Quarterly Review, January, 1838; also under some of its aspects in the essays on the Abolition Proceedings, and on the Sub-Treasury Bill, in the same Journal, in the course of the same year; again, July, 1841, in an essay on Social Evils and their Remedy, an article on Executive Patronage, and some remarks on the President's Message; again, October of the same year, in a criticism on Mr. Bancroft's Colonial History; again, in January following, in an essay on Constitutional Government, and in some remarks on the Distribution Bill; and also in several essays published in the Boston Morning Post, October, 1841, in review of the Address of the Whig Members of Congress at the close of the Extra Session. Now, I can hardly conceive how an Essay embodying a doctrine which I had so uniformly, and so constantly, maintained, and which I can hardly suppose the Editor did not know I entertained, and was in the habit of insisting on, when he enlisted me in his corps of contributors, could have severely tested his firmness and good faith in adhering to his engagements. Surely he could hardly have expected me to keep silence on so favorite a doctrine; nor that I should change my faith with my medium of publication. I cannot feel that in sending the article I acted dishonorably, or at all ungenerously. Men who have devoted their lives to some great objects, are very likely to have some kind of doctrines, and life is all too serious an affair with them, to allow them to write without bringing out such doctrines as they believe true and important. They cannot write to order, for their bread, but must write out from their own hearts and minds, what they believe to be essential to the welfare of their fellow men. I have done my best, since I have been connected with the Democratic Review, to avoid saying anything which should be unpleasant to my highly esteemed friend, its conductor; and in order to do so, I have for the most part kept so far in the regions of abstract philosophy as to interest but few of his readers; he himself has grown tired of those philosophical essays; but, if I may not come into the concrete world and speak of practical matters, as I feel an honest man and a patriot should speak of them, it will go hard with me but I shall be unable to say anything that will not try my friend's "firmness and good faith" in keeping his engagement. But enough of this. What is merely personal concerns not the public.

In my Essay, I spoke of 1840 as having worked a revolution in my opinions. I was not then careful to state with exactness in what that revolution consisted. I was willing to leave the matter in some obscurity; for I chose to refer my readers to an event which should justify the change I wished to see effected in them, permitting them to suppose it had effected a corresponding change in me, rather than to assume the superiority of saying to them, "I always told you so, and now you must see that I was right." But, since the point has been made, I wish now to be more explicit, and more exact. The doctrine of my Essay, so far as it concerns the origin of government, the sovereignty of the people, and the right of the majority to govern, is with me an old doctrine, and the only doctrine, so far as I can recollect, that I have ever really entertained on those subjects in my life. But on two or three questions of very great importance, the election of 1840 helped revolutionize my opinions. As the statement of the changes implied, with the reasonings which led to them, may have more than merely personal bearings, I will ask the privilege of being allowed to make it with frankness and at some little length.

In 1824, during the canvass of that year for President, I was in the then Territory of Michigan, and of course had no vote; but my sympathies during that contest were for Mr. Calhoun; but when I learned that he would be the candidate for the Vice-Presi-

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dency, and not for the Presidency, I was for Mr. Crawford. During the latter part of that year, and a considerable portion of the following year, I was confined to my room and even to my bed with a severe illness from which it was hardly expected I should ever recover. When I recovered, I entered the Christian Ministry, and paid little or no attention to politics, till 1828, when I foolishly voted for electors in favor of the re-election of Mr. Adams. The year following and through 1830, I was one of those who helped get up and sustain, in the State of New York, what was called the Working Men's Party; but I sustained that party with moral and social views, rather than with political. In 1831, I returned to my labors as a clergyman, and mingled not in the political world again for several years. In 1836, I came to the city of Boston, mainly for the purpose of resuscitating the cause of the working men, but morally and *religiously*, rather than politically. The wickedness of the banks in 1837, in refusing to pay their debts, and the moral obtuseness of the community which could tolerate, nay defend, in these moneyed corporations, conduct which would have been severely censured and even punished in the case of private individuals, brought me for the first time fairly into practical politics; for I felt that a system of special legislation had been adopted and fostered, which, if not arrested, would bring us under the absolute control of associated wealth; and seeing, during the extra session of Congress called by Mr. Van Buren, that the Democratic Party, which I had hitherto for the most part eschewed, as not being sufficiently radical and in earnest to carry out the true principle, of what I called Social Democracy, must from the circumstances in which it was placed, adopt, on the one hand, the State Rights doctrines of the South,—to which I had been made a convert, by the famous discussion of Messrs. Webster and Hayne in the Senate of the United States,—and, on the other, accept the Locofoco doctrines concerning banks and banking, privilege, monopoly, and equal rights, I felt that I ought to cease my opposition to it, and give it all the support in my power, which I did and have since continued to do, as the true Party of Progress, and in the success of which must henceforth be involved the success of true republican principles and measures, and therefore of our experiment in behalf of freedom and good government.

During the whole of the period from the formation of the Working Men's Party down to 1840, I had felt and acted on the policy of making up as distinctly as possible before the country, the direct issue, as Mr. Benton expressed it, between MAN and MONEY. The real question was between the interests of associated or corporate wealth, or more strictly perhaps of business, on the one hand, and the interests of labor, agricultural, mechanical, &c., on the other, and I felt that whenever we could get this question fairly before the country, and the partisans of money on one side, and the partisans of labor on the other side, these last, as being altogether the most numerous, could at any time out-vote the others. Hence, I struggled as earnestly as I could, and perhaps not without some effect, to make up the issue directly on this ground.

Well, the canvass for President came on in 1840, and we all went into it, with the precise issue made up that I and my friends had wished; and we went into it, under as favorable circumstances as can ever be looked for in the history of this country, and more favorable than we can in my opinion ever look for again. We had our full share of the scholars and literary men of the country; also, of all that was distinguished for eminent services in practical political life; we had the whole patronage of the Federal Government, and that of twenty States out of twenty-six. Who when the campaign opened could have doubted of our success? But we were defeated, and driven in disorder from the field. This defeat, after I had had time to investigate its causes, I found to be a lucid commentary on the policy which I, in common with many others, had recommended and urged. I saw, then, as now, that if we make up the issue, as Mr. Benton has it, between MAN and MONEY, we necessarily bring about a horizontal division of parties, in which the party of Money will always carry the day. The history of the world offers no instance in which,—man on one side, and money on the other, —money has not triumphed. The

Haves carry it always over the Have-nots. It is then sheer madness to insist on the making up this issue; and as friends of labor, and simple humanity, we must avoid coming to a direct vote on the question so stated, and study to make up other and more favorable issues. Instead of separating the interests of wealth from the interests of man, the interests of business from those of labor, we must study so to unite them, that the partisans of wealth, in promoting their own interests, shall contribute to the promotion of the Equal Rights and Equal Chances for which we as true Democrats are struggling. This much, I for one learned from the result of the campaign of 1840.

Up to 1840, I, with not a few of my friends, bred to the Church as several of us had been, and few or none of us having ever been in practical political life, looked upon most of the questions we were discussing mainly from the point of view of the Ideal. I felt that if we did but put forth our views, did but give prevalence to true *doctrines* concerning men's social rights and duties, we needed not to trouble ourselves about their practical organization. The organization would follow from the supposed inherent virtue of the doctrines themselves. At any rate, moral and spiritual guaranties would be amply sufficient for their practical working. I did not see that in this, I was on the declivity to No-Governmentism, and that if I but pushed my principles to their last consequences, I must oppose all government but such as should spring from conviction and moral suasion. The memorable 1840, with the help of some hints from a distinguished statesman, corrected me also of this most dangerous error. I saw that while we were preaching our social doctrines and dreaming, by conviction and moral suasion, to bring back the long lost Eden, the partisans of privilege, monopoly, special legislation, would possess themselves of the Government, and fasten a system of measures upon the country, which would for a long series of years, if not for ever, render impotent all our efforts to bring about a just and truly democratic state of society. Consequently, something more than moral, that is to say ideal, guaranties must be sought, and true wisdom commands us to labor incessantly to establish such practical guaranties, as shall render it impossible for any party, whatever its doctrines or tendencies, even if in power, to make the Government an instrument of doing any serious injury to the individual citizen, or of throwing any serious impediment in the way of the continuous progress of liberty and equality.

On one other point also, I confess to having been enlightened by the campaign of 1840; namely, as to the practical tendency of the doctrine which makes the essence of Democracy to consist in the sovereignty of the people, and the practical formula, "The majority must govern." I had never embraced this doctrine; I had uniformly in all my writings,—bating some few incautious expressions, now and then escaping me in the hurry of composition, and when I had some special object in view,—opposed it as rank political heresy; but after all, I had opposed it more as a speculative error than as a practical evil. Its real character I never clearly saw, till I found Henry Clay and his Whig friends preaching it with great unction, and urging it with great effect, in support of a series of measures from beginning to end as unconstitutional, and fraught with as much mischief to freedom and good government, as the father of mischief himself could desire. When we find the enemies of political truth and righteousness preaching our own doctrines, and making them the legitimate basis of measures which we must needs hold in utter abhorrence, it is high time for us to pause, and ask, "Into what mischievous error have we fallen?" I confess that when I heard Mr. Clay, and the Whig members of the "Tip. and Ty." Congress, talking of the sovereignty of the people, and reiterating, what our own party had always insisted on, "the majority must govern," I saw that the doctrine was something more than a speculative error; and I could not but loathe it as I would some foul steam sent up from the world below.

How stood the case? In the summer of 1840, we went into the canvass for President. Each party had its distinctive measures; and both asserted "the people are sovereign," and "the majority must govern." We all knew what measures the Whigs would attempt to

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carry if they prevailed; and we, the writers, essayists, declaimers, orators, lecturers, &c., in our addresses to the people, distinctly stated what these measures were, and opposed the Whigs on the ground of their unconstitutionality and wickedness. If the Whigs did not formally avow them, nobody was deceived. At all events, the real questions at issue between the two parties were as well understood as they ever are, or can be, with the present degree of popular intelligence. Well, what was the result? Why, the people, by an overwhelming majority, decided for the Whigs, and therefore—my friend of the Democratic Review to the contrary notwithstanding—for the measures advocated by the Whig leaders. Never, in any case, can we look for a clearer or more decisive expression of the popular will. It is useless to question this obvious fact.

Now, acting on the principle that the people are sovereign, and the majority must govern—a principle common to both parties—I ask, what could Henry Clay do, what had he even a right to do, when Congress came together, but to bring forward and insist on his famous "programme?" The people had clearly decided for the measures brought forward; the question had been decided by the highest tribunal; and Mr. Clay, I insist, but acted on what both parties called the true democratic principle, when he said in the Senate chamber, "the matter is decided; we want action, not discussion." Those measures would have lost this country to freedom and progress, had they been adopted; but what then? Are not the people through the majority sovereign? Must not the majority govern? If so, by what authority, by what right, I demand, did the Democratic minority in both houses oppose, and so nobly and energetically oppose, the adoption of those measures? If the majority must govern, then when its will is once clearly expressed, it is and must be binding on the minority, who have, and can have, no right to oppose it, but, whatever it be, must yield to it.

But this was not all. When the Whig leaders found themselves thwarted by constitutional provisions in carrying out their favorite measures, and measures for which they had obtained the majority in and out of Congress, what then did they do? Precisely what men, believing that they had the majority with them, and that the majority has the right in a democracy to govern, must do, and always will do; they brought forward a series of amendments to the Constitution itself—amendments which would make that instrument always flexible to the will of the majority for the time being, and therefore as good as no constitution at all. True, these amendments could not as yet be adopted; but when it should become fairly settled as the creed of the country, that the *form* of our government is a democracy instead of a constitutional republic, and that the majority has always the right to rule, then would there be the very popular faith or opinion necessary to insure the adoption of those amendments, and to prevent the Constitution from being retained with any provision that should impose restraints on the will of the majority, the legitimate sovereign, as all would then acknowledge and contend.

I confess that when I saw these amendments, and with what thought they were framed, when I read the very able but insidious address of the Whig members of Congress, put forth at the close of the extra-session, I felt a lively alarm for the fate of my country, especially for the fate of constitutional government. I saw, or seemed to see, all the popular tendencies of both parties hurrying us all on directly to the very end proposed by the projectors of the aforementioned amendments; and that if not arrested in time, we should come under the absolute rule of the majority, with no protection against the tyranny it might choose to exercise. I looked at the relations of business and labor as they are and needs must be, and had no difficulty in determining which party, or what party would be the ruling majority, when there should be anything at stake, and therefore what interest must always predominate; and also in determining that unless we could retain the Constitution as an effectual restraint on the will of the majority, so as necessarily to confine the action of the government to those measures alone which should practically affect all classes of our citizens alike, we should lose all security for civil freedom, and be obliged to abandon for ever all hope of meliorating the moral, intellectual, and physical condition of mankind, especially of the

poorer and more numerous classes. I saw, then, that the great mass of our citizens, instead of being interested in having the coast clear for the unchecked predominance of the will of the majority, as too many of our politicians seemed to fancy, were specially and most deeply interested in having the will of the majority restrained; so that the government could get no power ever to act on any matters but those for the *common* weal of all classes of citizens. What we must most sedulously guard against is, leaving to any class, no matter what class, or which class, even if having possession of the government, the power to make the government an instrument for plundering the other classes for its own profit.

I felt that here was the vital question: but what could I do? A private citizen, branded as an infidel, an agrarian, a disorganizer, from one end of the Union to the other; a proscribed man, whom all parties eschewed more carefully, I fear, than they did even Satan himself? Nobody would heed my voice; and most of those who could command public attention were, unhappily, engrossed with other views and aims. Never till that moment had I felt the full evil of not having the confidence of the public. Nevertheless, no man knows what he can do till he tries, and no one has a right to say that he can do nothing. The smallest pebble cast into the lake may spread the circles that succeed over the whole surface. I came forth and called in all tones, and through all mediums at my command, upon my Democratic friends to change their tactics, and rally around the Constitution, to make themselves a true CONSTITUTIONAL PARTY against the revolutionary and mobocratic doctrines preached by Mr. Clay and his Whig friends, both in and out of Congress. They have, it is true, paid little heed to my call, nay, no heed but to abuse me for making it. No matter. I am not, for that, out of humor with them, nor am I discouraged. They will hear me one of these days, and, I trust, before it is too late. Good may come out of Nazareth, and therefore they need not reject a good thing because they find me advocating it. But if they hear not me, I trust some one will be found to make the same call whom they will hear.

The doctrine which I have wished to see my Democratic friends insisting on, instead of the doctrine taken up by Mr. Clay and his friends, is,

1. That there is no security under any absolute government, whether its form be monarchical, aristocratic, or democratic;

2. That the sovereign power, wherever lodged, in the one, the few, or the many, *should be limited*, restricted in its action to matters of common weal, leaving the whole sphere of what is purely individual, to individual conscience and responsibility, and to moral and spiritual influences and restraints alone;

3. That the Constitution intended to *restrain* the sovereign power, and confine it to a prescribed sphere of action, cannot answer its end, if it be a *mere grant* from the sovereign, revocable at will; or in popular governments a *mere ordinance* of the people, alterable at the pleasure of the majority;

4. That the Constitution, in order to answer its end, must be such a constitution, or *organization of the state*—such a real, not merely *prescribed* distribution of the active and passive, the positive and negative powers of government, as will enable a constituted minority—not to rule the majority, but—to hinder effectually the majority, when so disposed, from encroaching in its acts or measures on the rights of minorities and individuals;

5. And lastly, that our first duty is to labor to introduce such a constitution where it is not, and to preserve it as the apple of the eye where it is; whence it follows that we must frown down every attempt to advance even liberty and social well-being, save in and through forms authorized by the Constitution.

The only point of doctrine here involved on which my Democratic friends and I can have any controversy, concerns the power lying back of the Constitution. In my theory of government, the *Constitution is itself ultimate;* for it is not the *written* instrument, but in the *actual* constitution or organization of the state. *It* is the sovereign, and, when wisely adapted to the real character of the country, the genius and pursuits of the people, it is always self-sufficing. But my Democratic friends who oppose me seem to me to regard the Constitution merely as a written instrument drawn up by the people, and alterable at their pleasure, and, as

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some of them have contended in the case of Rhode Island, alterable at the pleasure of a bare majority; and this bare majority coming together informally, and acting without any regard to its provisions. If this be so, what restraint can the constitution impose on the will of the majority? A constitution that cannot govern the people as well as the individual, the city as well as the citizen, obviously is no restraint on the sovereign power; but, whatever its provisions, does in reality leave the sovereign power absolute, and therefore is, as I have said, as good as no constitution at all. The will of the people, not the constitution, nor the will of the people expressed only through the constitution, but the will of the people unorganized, independent of the constitution, is in this case the true sovereign, and therefore may at any time rightfully override the constitution itself. This is to bring us under absolute government, from which nothing but a constitution in the other sense, a constitution or organization of the body politic, can relieve us. The point here involved I wish my Democratic friends would re-examine.

But, when I talk of governing the people, I am asked, "What, would you have a monarchy or an aristocracy placed over the people to govern them?" Not at all, my good friends; I am no monarchist, no aristocrat; and if we had a monarchy or an aristocracy, I should have the same reason as now to demand a limit to the sovereign power. Assuredly, one may as well trust to the absolute rule of the whole people as to that of one or of a few. The intimation of the Editor in his Note, that I propose to control the democratic element by introducing the aristocratic or monarchical element, which was the damning sin of old Federalism, is unjust to me, unwarranted by a single word I have ever written or uttered, and not what I had a right to expect from his known candor and his personal friendship. I have said already that the power that is to control the people must be found, not merely in the written instrument called a constitution, but in the actual constitution of the state. If my friends will not misunderstand me, and say that I contradict myself, I will say that the whole governing power is and should be vested in the people, but in the people organized; yet not organized in *one consolidated body*, but so organized that the action of the whole is always through the parts, or at least can never transcend what all the parts will tolerate.

I have no faith, as I have often said, in the intelligence of the people, and I have no assurance of good government when I have nothing but their intelligence and virtue, as *a consolidated mass*, on which to rely. But the pursuits and interests of the people are various—each of these interests has, as it were, an instinct of self-preservation and self-advancement. Take an illustration given me in conversation by Mr. Calhoun. We will suppose a town composed wholly of tanners and shoemakers. It will require more men to work up the leather into shoes than it will to tan it. In every case then in which they come to vote, the shoemakers, being the numerical majority, can carry it over the tanners, and have it all their own way, and therefore impose any burden on the tanners they please. What will you do? Suffer the shoemakers to tyrannise over the tanners? Not at all. Introduce the system of *concurring* majorities, and place against the majority of the shoemakers, the majority of the tanners. These majorities will cancel one the other. If the tanners seek to carry it over the shoemakers, they will be resisted by the opposing majority of the shoemakers: if the shoemakers undertake to carry it over the tanners, they will be defeated by the opposing majority of tanners. Then each finds itself unable to proceed, the moment it attempts to gain an exclusive advantage, and both are obliged to desist and fall back on those measures on which they can both agree. These measures will be only those which concern them, not in their distinctive capacity of tanners and shoemakers, but in their simple capacity of men and citizens—the only capacity in which government should ever know us. Apply the principle here illustrated to the whole people, and you have in the whole people, regarded as minorities, a force that will compel the government, or whatever party has the control of it, to fall back on such matters as concern all alike,—the parts, minorities, in regard to the whole, but represented by the majority of each part. This would be democracy as defined by the Massachusetts State Con-

vention some years since, "*The supremacy of man over his accidents,*" that is, the constitution or frame of government which not only *says* it *ought* to confine itself, but which *actually* does and cannot but confine itself to the wants and interests of men in their simple capacity of human beings, and legislates for them solely as men and as citizens, and not for them as rich men or poor men; learned men or ignorant; as merchants, manufacturers, shoemakers or tanners; or according to any other of the *accidents* of social or individual life. In reality this theory of government, which is not mine, but which I have learned from men at whose feet I count it an honor to sit and learn, is much more *popular*, and secures a much larger share of individual freedom, and leaves altogether a larger field to "Free-Will, Conscience, Reason, and the Bible," than the consolidated democracy against which I have so often and so indignantly protested—and for protesting against which I am called a conservative and an aristocrat.

Having said so much in defence and explanation of my own views of government, I must say one or two words concerning my friend's defence of the people in his Note appended to my furious attack on them. Nearly all the instances, save so far as speculative errors were concerned, which I adduced in defence of my position, I adduced from the conduct of the Whigs. The Editor I am sure agrees with me in my estimate of them. Wherein, then, could I have offended my *democratic* brother, save in calling the Whigs *people?* This may go hard, I know; but, if we are democrats, we must not be too aristocratic, and therefore, however much it may go against the grain, must admit that even Whigs are PEOPLE. In apparently denying this the Editor, I must think, was not wholly democratic. The Editor says, "the people have their *moments de vertige*," that they "are not infallible; that they both can do and have done, and will often continue to do, very wrong,—very foolishly, aye, and sometimes very *wickedly*, wrong." This from an *apologist* for the people? Pray, what more have I said in my wrath against them, when obviously intending to say the worst of them that I could? Really, the Apologist leaves the people worse by his admissions, than I by my accusations. But suppose the people, in one of these *moments de vertige*, should fasten upon themselves such a series of measures as but for the interposition of a merciful Providence they would have done in 1841? These *moments de vertige* are arrant rogues, and the wise practical statesman will always study to give us some guaranty against the mischief they may do. I wish not to be too near Alexander when over his cups.

The Editor accuses me of recanting, and striking from the old flag under which we fought in 1840, one of its brightest mottoes, and he protests as a brave knight against the alleged desecration of our glorious old *Oriflamme*. Will he allow me, as an humble squire who did his duty as he could in the memorable campaign, and who certainly received some wounds if he gave none, to protest also against *his* admission that the Whigs "did just about right," nay, that "they served us just about right?" I confess that I was not prepared for this admission from the Democratic Review. Thank God! that whatever else I may have done, whatever desecration to "our glorious old Oriflamme" I may have been guilty of, I have never yet so far *recanted* as to admit that the conduct of the party, much less the cause of the party I then opposed was just, and that I and my party deserved to be defeated. I went into that campaign, feeling that I was there to fight the battle of freedom and truth, for the cause of my country and my race; and whatever changes have come over me, no change has come over this feeling. I feel today as I did then. To the then Democratic candidate for the Presidency, I had and have no strong personal attachment. He was not, and never can be, the man of my choice; but I regarded then, and I regard now, his defeat as a serious calamity to the country,—a defeat, from the disastrous effects of which on the country, it will require our most strenuous and wisely directed efforts for years, under the most favorable auspices, to recover. I believe there are *crimes* recorded in history, and I cannot bring myself to believe that all events that fall out are for the best. Providence may overrule man's folly and wickedness, but man himself should profit under a humiliating sense

of his short-comings, and be thankful that he is not always left to reap the natural fruits of his doings.

But enough. If I have made too liberal a use of the personal pronoun I, it is not because I do not feel my own insignificance, but because I could better bring out the views I have set forth in connection with my own action, and place more distinctly before the public the doctrines I wished to inculcate in this than in any other way. What I want is to get these doctrines fairly considered, and if they are but so considered, it is matter of little consequence to me in what estimation I may be held, or the charges that may or may not be brought against me. For my own reputation, any farther than a good name is needed to enable one to serve his country, and as a legacy which every man is bound to leave to his children, I care nothing at all. "Strike, but hear!"

NOTE.

We cheerfully insert the above explanatory Reply to the "Note," with which we felt bound, in duty equally to the Democratic Review and to the Democratic Cause, to accompany the April article of our esteemed friend and valued contributor. We insert it without mutilation or modification, notwithstanding that it contains several passages founded on an entire misapprehension of the spirit and bearing of those remarks of ours by which it has been elicited.

It was, for example, wholly unnecessary for Mr. Brownson to argue in justification of his having sent us an article based on these leading principles of doctrine respecting popular government and sovereignty, as if we could possibly have intended to impute to him anything "dishonorable or ungenerous." He had a perfect right to send it, and, under the peculiar relation subsisting between him and this work, to ask its insertion on the individual responsibility of the author, distinct from the general impersonality of the Review. We should neither have dreamed of imputing any such blame as our friend thus superfluously repels, even had the main doctrine of his article been one of entire novelty; nor indeed were we unaware of his former and often expressed attachment to that doctrine. We were far also from meaning to chime in with the common charge against Mr. Brownson of fickleness and inconsistency. If he has been rather more open-minded and transparent than most other men, in exhibiting to the world those intermediate processes or progresses of thought through which the eventual results of ripe opinion are attained, yet on the whole, Mr. Brownson has been a far more consistent writer than he has generally received credit for being. In the very midst of those excesses of a speculative radicalism which were imputed to him in a very exaggerated shape, he has still announced those ideas of conservatism (we use the term only in its better sense) which have been fixed points in his philosophy, and upon which he seems recently to have exhibited a disposition to rest rather too much of his weight. Most assuredly on this particular point, to which he has above directed his attention to prove his present consistency with his frequent former avowals, it is beyond dispute. Nor in the protest in our late Number was that the point to which our remarks chiefly referred.

To multiply the restraining checks on the action of all Government, popular or aristocratic, by means of conservative vetos in the hands of minorities, so as to widen to the utmost possible extent the surface of the public opinion sustaining government with its approval, and to protect minorities against the oppression or improvidence of temporary majorities, is one thing. To abandon all confidence in the intelligence and competency of the people

for self-government, through a representative machinery worked by the weight of the majority—to denounce them as "cattle," and ridicule the claim put forward in their behalf, in language admitting exulting quotation by their most bitter and scornful foes—is another and a very different thing. The former has our entire approval; against the latter, our most emphatic protest shall never be wanting. The former is in perfect accord with the spirit of the motto on our title-page, and with frequent articles, beginning with the Introduction in the first number of the Democratic Review, in which the sacredness of the rights of minorities has been urged, as against the too strong governmental action of majorities. The less government the better—after passing the point of the simple protection of rights and prevention of wrongs. The more numerous and effective therefore the clogs upon the wheels of its machinery, so as to narrow the range of their play and to moderate their action, the better the organization of the system for the promotion of this object. Mr. Calhoun's favorite doctrine of concurrent majorities and minority vetos, and of the propriety of combining the suffrages of as large a number of the people as possible, by bringing them to bear on government in different modes and at different times, we have long regarded as a political truth of the highest value. In organizing a new system of civil polity, we should not fail to oppose most strenuously what we should regard as the mischievous error of leaving full sweep and sway to the despotism of temporary majorities, unchecked by those constitutional restraints designed and required for the just protection of the corresponding temporary minorities. But between this doctrine and the tone and spirit which seemed to pervade some portions of Mr. Brownson's former article, there is, as it seems to us, no small difference. It is true, indeed, that there were certain expressions in it going to show that he meant little if anything beyond this simple doctrine—such as its condemnation of the despotisms of monarchy or aristocracy as being still worse than that of a consolidated democracy; and its unchanged declaration of devotion to the great aims of popular progress and elevation. Yet such expressions as there were of this character seemed to us, we must confess, to stand very modestly back out of the foreground of the picture, and to be rather a result of old habit—or a sort of connecting link of compromise and transition between the fading memory of past and the growing force of new opinions—than as coming very warm from any very deep seat of conviction or feeling. The key-note from which the whole article seemed to derive its tone, was its opening avowal of a "*revolution*" in the author's own mind, wrought by the events of 1840, greater than that which they wrought in the government. Mr. Brownson explains himself now more fully on this point, with a view to remove a certain intentional obscurity with which he had before somewhat veiled his real meaning—from a motive certainly more tender to his readers' presumed self-love than really respectful to their intelligence. But if he thus himself led us so far into error, as to awaken the suspicions, or rather apprehensions, expressed in the "Note,"—and expressed not positively, still less in condemnation, but rather in inquiry and deprecation,—it is surely far less our fault than his own; and the just right of complaint would rather seem to be on the other side, from that where his present paper would seem to locate it.

In the promulgation of the above doctrine, as well as in its application to practice, one essential distinction ought not to be forgotten. This principle of minority vetos, excellent as it may be in the organization of a new government, when the first leaf of the statute-book is yet unblotted in its virgin whiteness, to prevent bad laws being made, and to keep down the action of the government to those few general duties which are all for which it is either necessary or desirable, is yet a very different thing when, after a long course of vicious legislation calculated to create or develope special interests or classes at the expense of the equal rights of the whole, its benefit is invoked for the protection and perpetuation of those "minority interests." A good deal of positive government may be yet wanted to undo the manifold mischiefs of past mis-government, on the homœopathic principle that *similia similibus curantur*. For this work we want the People, the Majority, and we only wish they could be a little more promptly and energetically brought up

and kept up to its performance. This is the great repealing and reforming power so dreaded by that conservatism which clings to all existing oppressions and abuses. This it is the latter is so constantly denouncing and struggling against; and certainly the language and tone which it delights to employ against it—of contempt for its ignorance and folly, and dread of its brute headstrongness—are very apt to be precisely those which pervade portions of our friend's article, however different the spirit in which he employs, and the purposes to which he would apply them. We are very certain that of every hundred readers, of all parties and opinions, ninety-nine read Mr. Brownson's article in a sense which made the disclaimer and protest now remonstrated against, not only perfectly right and proper, but necessary on the part of the Democratic Review. We certainly understood the application intended to be made of the lesson of 1840 as going much further to discredit and discard our accustomed idea of some degree of regard for and confidence in the "intelligence of the people," than we could be willing to allow to pass unchallenged. We had witnessed a similar "revolution" in many minds since that memorable period; and might name not a few who, only half understanding the philosophy of the phenomenon, were free in avowing that they gave up that idea in disgust and despair. It certainly seemed as if Mr. Brownson meant with particular emphasis to proclaim himself as in that category. The bearing of such avowals in the great controversy between Conservatism and Democratic Progress, to encourage the scorners and scoffers of the People, and to dishearten their friends and champions, is obvious. True it may indeed be, that Mr. Brownson is no friend to institutions of a monarchical or aristocratical character, and that all his invectives against the pretended intelligence, sovereignty or self-government of the People, as expressed in the Majority, were not meant to have any backward bearing in favor of any such institutions. Yet, in the actual state of the world, even in this as well as in other countries, such could not fail to be their effect; and emanating from such a source, and issued to the world through the medium of the Democratic Review, they seemed certainly calculated, if unaccompanied by proper counteraction, to do more mischief to the cause to which this work is devoted, than years of more orthodox political preaching would be likely to repair. Mr. Brownson has mistaken our meaning—or rather has stretched it beyond either our own intent or the necessary sense of any language employed by us, when he says, "The intimation of the Editor in his Note, that I propose to control the democratic element by introducing the aristocratic or monarchical element, which was the damning sin of old Federalism, is unjust to me, unwarranted by a single word I have ever written or uttered, and not what I had a right to expect," &c. We certainly made no such intimation of design or desire on Mr. Brownson's part, though we did see that nine-tenths of his article was what might have been written by any of the highest ultraists of the anti-democratic school of politics; and though we expressed an *alarm* which we felt with sincerest pain, that he was passing through a transition of opinion logically leading to such a result, and which is so often witnessed, after the appearance of "the first grey hair," as the reaction of the more bold and generous enthusiasm of an earlier age in behalf of Liberty and the People. We are glad to feel reassured by the warm and strong declarations of the opening paragraphs of the above paper; and it is well perhaps that they have been thus elicited, even though a sharp prick of the pen may have been the means of provoking them. There was at least no poison on its point, nor was it urged by any unfriendly hand.

A few more words on two or three points in the above, which we cannot dispense ourselves from the duty of noticing. With respect to 1840, Mr. Brownson repeats his version of it which we controverted at some length in our former "Note." As he makes but very slight and summary reply—or rather none at all—to the reasonings by which we then sought to sustain our version of it, we shall not repeat them, content to refer the reader to them, even though they have produced no impression on the mind of our friend and correspondent. He still insists that the election of that year was held on a distinct issue of measures made up and submitted to the people by the two parties; that the result was a decisive verdict in favor of those of the Whigs,

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of which Mr. Clay's "famous programme" was afterwards the embodiment; and that on the principles of the sovereignty of the people and the right of the majority to govern, the minority were loyally and patriotically bound to acquiesce in their adoption; so that the splendid parliamentary struggle made against them by our party in Congress, was a mere factious opposition, inconsistent with the fundamental principles habitually avowed by the party making it. But the leading fallacy in all this is the assertion that there was any such distinct issue of measures made up between the two parties, as is here assumed. On the contrary, it was in vain that "we, the writers, essayists, declaimers, orators, lecturers," &c., strove to bring the thing down to that point. The policy of our opponents, deliberately adopted at their nominating convention, effectually baffled all our efforts. We did not engage as two parallel and antagonist arrays, the one marching from one and the other from the opposite quarter of the compass; but while we stood on our guard in a central position of defence, the Whigs assailed us as from the circumference of a circle. The men chosen as their candidates were not in themselves the expression of any distinct ideas of policy—unless indeed the name of Tyler, an old Virginia State-Rights man, even to the point of Nullification, involved nearly all the very opposite of that afterwards embodied in the programme. And without dwelling further on this point, the actual state of things that existed cannot be better illustrated than by a reference to a speech at a State convention in North Carolina, by a Whig politician no less prominent than Mr. Badger, one of General Harrison's Secretaries, in which the imputation against Harrison urged by the Democratic party, of being in favor of a National Bank, was indignantly repelled in most emphatic terms, as a calumny and a falsehood. Indeed, we have no doubt that at the very moment of depositing the ballots which wrought such a revolution in the administration and in our friend's mind, a large majority of the people would, on a direct vote, have sustained the Independent Treasury, at least in all its substantial principles. That question was considered settled, by no small number of those who were led by a variety of inducements to support the Whig change. While that had been the main question at stake, we had been overwhelmingly triumphant. By the time of the Presidential election, it had passed out of the range of the general discussion between the parties, and it was in vain that the one side strove to keep it in the foreground as a topic of interest and practical importance, while perpetually baffled by the negative and shifting policy of the other. It is a total error to assert that Mr. Clay had the right, on the principle of loyalty to the ascertained will of the people, as expressed through the vote of the majority, to come into Congress with his programme (which the Whig Party had not ventured thus to announce *before* the election), and call upon them in the People's name, to pass at once the measures composing it, without delay, without discussion. The impudent arrogance of the demand was equalled only by that fraudulent dissimulation of the design, through which alone the power of making it was ever procured.

In his remarks on the "Sovereignty of the People," contained in his two articles, Mr. Brownson appears to us to distil his speculation through an alembic of metaphysical subtlety, till it is refined away beyond the comprehension of common intelligences. He seems to withdraw the sovereignty from the actual, real, living, flesh-and-blood People, to place it in their political organization;—and yet not in the mere written instrument called a "constitution," but in the "actual constitution or organization of the state," lying behind and beneath that. The only distinct idea we can form of what he intends to convey by this latter expression, is that he means that actual organization of the people as a body politic, with a certain specific distribution of powers and regulated modes of action, of which the written constitution is the expression and the law, the description and the prescription. *This* people, and *this* only—or rather the people *thus* organized and acting in the methods of that organization, and *thus* organized and acting only—are sovereign; and this sovereignty is "ultimate," as all sovereignty must be; nothing lies beyond or above it—nothing human, at least; to it all loyalty is morally and sacredly due, and there can be no legitimacy outside of it. If this is not Mr. Brownson's

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meaning, it is at least the nearest approach we are able to make to its exact apprehension.

Now we think this a sheer fallacy and a sheer fancy. It is a confusion between a *mode* and a *substance*—an elevation of a creation above its creator, of a law above the law-maker, of a self-imposed resolution above the free-will and conscience of the resolver. Mr. Brownson's theory excludes the existence of any rightful power that may subvert or change the particular existing constitution. And yet it may be a bad one. Or, once perhaps good, it may in the course of time cease to be so, as the jacket that admirably fitted the boy is a grievous restraint to the developed size and strength of the man. "*It* is the sovereign," are Mr. Brownson's words, "and, when wisely adapted to the real character of the country, the genius and pursuits of the people, it is always self-sufficing." Ah, but if it chance not to be thus "wisely adapted," and suppose it contain no provision of a mode within itself for its own amendment and growth with the growth of the people of whose organization it is the written law—what then? Is it indeed "ultimate" and supreme? Are support and submission due to it by all good citizens, on the moral and religious obligation of loyalty to the state, even though any majority of the actual people may choose to come together and tear the written instrument to pieces, and substitute a different organization of the body politic for the old one? Are the latter to be regarded as a mere mob, though comprising the *ninety-nine*, while the *one* resisting, and continuing to work the old machinery of government, is to be entitled to say, literally, though in a sense varied from that of the French king, "the state—I am the state"?

Away with these cobweb subtleties and sophistications. The People—the actual, numerical People—including, on terms of equal rights, all persons of reasonable maturity in years and of the ordinary degree and completeness of mental competency to think and act for their own individual self-government—the People themselves, in their own native might and right, are the primary and fundamental sovereignty. Viewed in the abstraction of the principle, even in the most despotic forms of actual government, where all the power, and the practically recognized sovereignty, reside in an autocrat or an aristocracy, even there, the true sovereignty, by natural moral right, resides still only in that same People; whose acquiescence alone legitimates the government, by making it in some sort an expression of its will, or at least of its willingness, and imparts to it a certain secondary sovereignty, if we may so speak, paramount to all authorities but that of its own source. The same principle holds true through all the forms of government through which that people may be supposed to pass. The form of government is but an *accident* to the nation, and proceeding out of the nation; and, always dependent on its toleration and support for its existence, never can be elevated beyond its reach and control. Is Mr. Brownson aware how near his doctrine approaches to the principle of "*the divine right?*" For it is only by investing existing government with the authority of such an attribute, that it can be thus elevated to that relation towards the People which his argument would seem to claim. Returning his own courteous form of expression—(though we must say that this kind of controversial courtesy on his part is chiefly confined to the last of the two papers, the former having ridden a little rough-shod over the general dissent of his party, and treating it altogether *de haut en bas*, with a certain air of forgiving indulgence, kind indeed but rather contemptuous)—returning his own courteous form of expression, we would say that the point here involved we wish our friend and correspondent would "re-examine."

Our theory is very simple and plain; and safe enough, too, if Mr. Brownson would be a little less afraid of the People—we mean the numerical people—and if he would consent to pardon their "*moment de vertige*" in 1840—(even if such was indeed its character, and if the people were not then in very truth most wise and sane when we thought them foolishest and maddest.) It is, that the sovereignty resides in that people—that sovereignty which made the constitution, and which may unmake. If that people choose to come together, in their own way, whether inside or outside the existing forms of law, and to alter the constitution, it is to their will and their act that my loyalty is morally due, provided I am *bona*

fide satisfied of the fact of the majority. By the truest and highest legitimacy of natural right, and of the only "divine right" we can know in political affairs, this new constitution subverts the old one, which is left behind like the cast-off skin of the serpent, or the moulted feathers of the bird. But though we thus differ from Mr. Brownson on this point, as to the power beyond the constitution, yet in the settlement of the principles on which it would be wisest and best to organize the constitution, we should probably come together again—and we are satisfied that we here rightly interpret the general sense of the Democratic Party. *Here* is the proper place for as many checks and clogs on the action of government as may be necessary for the most effectual protection of the rights of minorities against the abuse or misuse of power by temporary majorities; and *here* every restraining veto power calculated to narrow the sphere of special legislation and over-legislation by the ascendant interests or opinions of the time being, we should consider as a valuable point secured, for the cause of liberty, progress and equal rights. *Here*, both Mr. Brownson and Mr. Calhoun are perfectly right; but in going further, and confounding the principle of primary sovereignty beyond the constitution, with the policy of government under and within it, so as to deny to the people the right of controlling the constitution because it may not be practically wise to vest in the majority the power of absolute and unchecked government,—with all due deference we must declare Mr. Brownson, in our opinion, widely wrong, and widely heretical, since he makes this avowal; and Mr. Calhoun not less so if he entertains similar views;—of which indeed we are not aware of any evidence, though from the general tone and tendency of southern opinion on this general subject, it is not unlikely.

Mr. Brownson seems to us to be the victim of a subtle self-deception when he argues, in remonstrance against the common democratic theory of popular sovereignty, that if the People have the right to change the constitution, it is "as good as no constitution at all;" and that it is no government if the governing power be not extraneous to and above the governed. A wise man may regulate the daily routine of his household by a self-resolved system of management, which he makes not less a steady law and government to himself, as well as to the rest, because both its adoption and its continuance may be purely voluntary. And with respect to nations living under free forms of government, like our States, the very last danger to be apprehended is that of a fickle spirit of change in tampering with constitutions. How proverbially difficult it is now recognized to be, both in the Federal and in State politics, to effect even the most innocent and desirable amendments to those instruments. Mr. Brownson's anxious alarm was excited by Mr. Clay's demonstration of assault upon the Presidential Veto. It never in the slightest degree disquieted our serenity, though probably not less attached than himself to that admirable conservative feature in our system. We never regarded it as anything more than an ebullition of temper on Clay's part, coupled with the desire to maintain a consistency with his assumption of a distinct and decisive recent popular majority, in favor of the measures against which it was applied with an effect so fatal for Clay and so happy for his country. To these motives ought perhaps to be added that of a widely mistaken notion that it would be a popular cry to raise against the Administration, as if there was anything of an odious monarchical character in the power in question, against which might be directed with effect that kind of demagogue appeal to the presumed ignorance and prejudice of the popular masses, which, to an essentially anti-democratic party in a country of democratic institutions and genius, constitutes the favorite means of pursuing its objects,—though generally, if they only knew it, the very weakest and worst they could adopt. At any rate, there never was a grand demonstration made by a great statesman and head of a party, that fell so heavy and flat to the ground, in spite of every effort of party sympathy and interest to prop and buoy it up for at least a little while —that perished in such quick and fatal abortion at the very instant as it were of seeing the light—as this same threatened Veto amendment of the Constitution. And if Mr. Brownson was so needlessly alarmed at its appearance, he is the only intelligent Democrat within our knowledge who was ever for a moment thus affected; and he surely has not only had full time to re-

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cover from every vestige of such feeling, but, from the positively ludicrous failure of the suggestion even with Mr. Clay's own party, he ought to have felt reassured against any future danger of a similar kind and object.

So far as regards the supposed case urged by Mr. Brownson of an extra-legal attempt by a majority of the people of Massachusetts or any other State to alter their constitution, it will be sufficient for us, in addition to what has already been said, to refer to our former Note, in which it was remarked that, "The general good sense, the social *vis inertiæ*, the universal spirit of a true and good conservatism prevailing in any community enlightened enough to have achieved the possession of a free constitution, will be sufficient guaranties against abuse of this rightful power of change of constitution; and when good and fair methods have been agreed upon and established for such practical changes, there is no danger of ever finding any large number of persons attempting revolutionary modes of doing the same thing."

Yet a few words, notwithstanding the already tightening pressure of our limits of space, and we have done. The ingenious *twist* which our respected friend and correspondent—or rather respondent—gives to our admission that majorities are not infallible, we are content to let pass. Taken in connection with its context and the general tone and bearing, both of that Article in particular, and of this Review at large, we are under no apprehension of being understood, and have no time to waste in unnecessary explanation. But really the concluding paragraph of the above (page 536) gives a perversion of our remarks respecting the overthrow of our party in 1840, which, however unintentional, is very unjust,—on the part of any other we should be tempted to say uncandid. Did we say that "*the Whigs* did just about right?" Did we make any such admission as that "their cause was just?" Did we say anything to justify the view there presented of our imputed "recantation" and "change?" No. We recognized in our own overthrow the hand of that "overruling Providence" which governs the affairs of nations with a wisdom far transcending that of all their own statesmanship, and through the means of great principles, working often deeply below the surface, of which all parties are often unconscious. We too, indeed, as Mr. Brownson, "went into that campaign, feeling that we were there to fight the battle of freedom and truth, for the cause of our country and our race;" nor with us any more than with him has any "change come over this feeling." At the same time, enlightened by the event, and chastened by adversity, we can see, in the causes alluded to in our former Note, a sufficient explanation of our defeat, in certain points of weakness in our position as a party, growing out of our own past errors and follies. We *ought* to have had a stronger hold on the popular heart, with all our excellent measures and excellent men. We *ought* to have rooted ourselves so deeply in the confidence of the people that their attachment to our administration would not have been so easily shaken by the system of assault adopted by our opponents. We *ought* not to have so directed affairs during our twelve years of power—we, the *Democratic* Party—as to allow so powerful a party of opposition to maintain its coherence and its deep animosity against us and our policy. All this can now be seen clearly enough—let us not fail to profit by it; and we trust we shall go back into power a little wiser and better than we went out. We had no small number of errors both of omission and commission recorded against us by the inexorable angel of political retribution, (the most fatal of which was our sad blunder of the Pet Bank business), and it is to them, we repeat, that we owe our overthrow. That event was, as it now appears, inevitable, ordered as it was by the benevolent wisdom of Providence. In this respect we differ from Mr. Brownson, that we have long ceased to regard it as a "calamity." On the contrary, far more good than evil has already come out of it, and is daily developing itself. The great disease of Whiggism, so long and deeply festering in the political body, was brought to a head by it—and has now broken and begun to disperse. The experiment of a change of administration has been made, we imagine, to the sufficient satisfaction of the people. The fiscal question has been settled, and the great reform of the Independent Treasury will now go into operation with the general acquiescence of the mass of all parties. The public mind is undoubtedly in a far more healthy

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and settled state than it would have been had we merely prevailed by the force of majority, over a minority inferior, after all, only by a small fractional difference of numbers. And a very distinct and valuable step forward in the onward progress of the high destiny of our country and system of institutions has been made, which could not have been made otherwise than by those very means, of chastening disaster, which we then regarded, but no longer regard, as so "serious a calamity." This is the extent of what we either meant or said; whether it goes to any such length as to justify the view which Mr. Brownson takes of it, we are content to leave to his own candor to decide.

And after this mutually friendly and frank interchange of explanations and remonstrances, growing out of a certain difference of theory on an important point of political doctrine, yet not in the slightest degree affecting the close relations of party affinity and personal regard which we cherish with equal pride and pleasure in regard to our able and high-minded correspondent, we gladly take leave of the subject, so far as it involves aught in the nature of controversy between him and ourselves in these pages.

NEUROLOGY.

New York, April 10, 1843.

To the Editor of the Democratic Review:

Sir:—In an article in your January Number, under the head of "Neurology," I find the following paragraph:

"The earliest knowledge that we have of these discoveries in Neurology, on the part of Dr. Buchanan, is, that in April, 1841, he was giving public lectures and experiments on the subject, at Little Rock, Arkansas. We are the more particular in referring to this date, as an attempt has been made in the city of New York, to establish a priority of claim, based upon experiments made in the latter part of the same year. But, by this time, the announcement of Dr. Buchanan's discoveries had spread, by means of the journals of the day, over the whole extent of our wide domain."

Now, Mr. Editor, though I do most fully exonerate you from all blame in the premises, as I believe you to be utterly incapable of any design to do injustice to any one, yet, you will feel it a pleasure, I doubt not, to allow me the privilege of offering the following statement to the consideration of your readers:

1. For some years I had been engaged in the collection of facts, illustrating what I called "*Mental Phenomena;*" and, during the summer of 1841, I commenced the publication of a series of articles under this head, in the New York Watchman, of which I was then editor. It was a part of my plan to bring into those articles, the subject of Mesmerism, so called; and, to do it justice, I commenced a course of experiments, which resulted, on the 5th of August, 1841, in the discovery of the *susceptibility of the separate cerebral organs, to the control of the operator by mere manipulation.* This discovery I stated, not when it first occurred, but more than two months afterwards, in the course of my articles on "Mental Phenomena," where it seemed to fall in best with the general subject. That account may be found in the Watchman for October 23, 1841. And I did then suppose, (as I do still), that this was the first ever published, revealing the *method* of controlling the separate cerebral organs, and when I published it, I had never heard of any similar experiments, performed by any one.

This much premised, it must be easily seen, I think, that the above paragraph in your January Number is susceptible of an application to myself, and if so, how it is that it does me great injustice; as I will now proceed to state, very briefly:

1. It places me in a relation to Dr. Buchanan which I have never assumed. I have never attempted to establish any claims of discovery in "Neurology," technically so called, nor of *originality* in operating upon the *separate* cerebral organs, in the waking state. The discoveries of my own, tending to

demonstrate, as I suppose they do, the *susceptibilities* and functions of the human brain, have been quite extensively described in the various papers throughout the country, and especially in the Watchman, and current volume of the Magnet.

2. This paragraph refers to accounts of Dr. Buchanan's discoveries, published in April, 1841, in a way that would lead one who had not seen them to infer that those accounts *disclosed* his *method* of operating. But, so far from this, they leave us perfectly in the dark on this subject, except, indeed, where Dr. Buchanan expressly declares, that he *would not* then tell the public what his *method* was. (See Sketches of Buchanan's Discoveries, page 10.)

At the time I made the discovery as above stated, I had heard of nothing of the kind from any other person; though the same thing may have been thought of years before by others, for aught I know. And, as will be seen from the Edinburgh Phrenological Journal, for October, 1842, similar experiments were performed in the December following. And it may be proper for me to add, in this connection, that although I never attached so much importance to my experiments as some others would seem to do, yet the *true account* of a discovery, as to any *method* of operating on the human brain, or anything else, must be determined by the *published accounts made of it, at the time the discovery was made.* For, when the *method* of doing anything is once before the world, no man who may assume to have made a *similar* discovery could prove that he did not derive his knowledge from that *published* account. And hence we must see that ten thousand reports which might be originated about any discovery, a year or more *after* the account of its origin was published to the world, could not amount to anything.

And I now state again, that if any account of this METHOD of controlling the cerebral organs, was ever *published* previous to mine, above stated, I have neither seen it, nor ever heard of it. We know that some account may be found in Muller's Physiology, of *exciting* the cerebral organs by galvanism, many years ago. The account may be found also in Walker's Pathology, page 131, recently published in this country.

It was not until some time after my discovery above named, that I heard of Dr. Buchanan's experiments, in what he called "Neurology," but even then, I, with others, was at a loss to conjecture even what they were, and for the following reasons:

1. His saying that "he operated by a *galvanoid fluid.*" (See his book, page 10.) 2. His disclaiming Mesmerism, and yet assuming to put persons to sleep. (Ib. page 12.) And 3. His explicit declaration, that he *would not* tell what his method was. (Ib. page 10.) From these facts, it must be clear, that my experiments could not have been originated by the accounts of Dr. Buchanan's discoveries, whatever they may have been. Like the veteran in the revolutionary struggle, I have been operating "on my own hook," and have no rival "claims" to settle with any one.

Respectfully,
LA ROY SUNDERLAND.

The above letter, which claims insertion on the ground of personal injustice, speaks for itself. These experiments of the Rev. Mr. Sunderland do not conflict, as we understand them, with the discoveries of Dr. Buchanan, who admits that the phrenological organs, *in the mesmeric state*, have been repeatedly excited by different persons, within the last few years. This, he says, was done in May, 1841, in Boston, at the suggestion of Dr. Shattuck of that city. Dr. Buchanan, as is admitted by Mr. Sunderland, was the first to operate in the *waking state;* and he contends, that experiments in the mesmeric condition are no fair tests of cerebral excitement, inasmuch as the individual operated upon is under the influence of the *volition* of the operator. But as regards *priority of publication*, without reference to the waking or mesmeric state, Dr. Buchanan maintains that his experiments *before public audiences*, in April, 1841, constitute all the publication that is necessary. But we regard this discussion as quite subordinate to the successful investigation of the phenomena connected with this new principle. Let him who prosecutes the subject most successfully receive the highest praise.

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MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

In advocating those great truths in political economy which have been recognized, and ever practised by the American people through the ascendency of the Democratic party, the dissemination of our views through any channel that may lead to the detection of error and the support of sound doctrine is gratifying; nevertheless, as public journalists, we must claim from other public organs that justice which we would not refuse to any, viz., when our views are quoted in our own language, as in the case of the speech of Mr. Thompson of Mississippi, on state debts, in the House of Representatives; or the results of our labor and research are appropriated, as in the New York American in many instances, we would desire the courtesy of due acknowledgment.

The spring business moves thus far but slowly. The great elements of a re-construction of trade are in motion. That is to say, paper of a doubtful character, which so long has clogged every channel of trade, has perished, and its place is now becoming actively supplied with specie. In our Number for September last, pointing to the unerring indications of the exchanges on a specie basis, and the course of trade, we remarked that "the first impulse of reaction is felt." The current of specie which had then so long been setting towards New York from the interior was beginning to turn. Exchanges had fallen to a point in Europe which admitted of the import of coin, and in August, about $500,000 was received, a sum which has since swollen to several millions. In that month balances due from New Orleans, the chief market for southern produce, were settled, and the exchanges turned in favor of that city. As the crops came forward in increasing abundance, the tide of the precious metals to that point increased in volume, and has since continued, with occasional checks, as the abundance of supply influenced the rate of bills. The amount of specie received at New Orleans, up to the 1st April, was as follows:

Week ending April 17,	1,320,000
Previously, from Sept. 1, 1841,	6,109,122
Total,	$7,429,122

This large amount was received mostly from New York; but large quantities arrived from Mexico, the West Indies, France or England direct. This specie has sought the south in payment of produce, because paper was no longer available for that purpose. New Orleans was the first point of destination, because the southern crops are mostly ready for market in the fall, and continue to flow forward through the winter. The same effect is now about being produced at the west, on which points exchanges, after the lapse of a long winter, are scarcely above par; and now, on the eve of opening navigation, large amounts of bills drawn against produce have been received in this city, and very heavy balances are accumulating here in favor of the west. In usual years when, through the organization of banks and paper credits in the agricultural districts, the farmers can be seduced into consuming more goods than they can pay for, the Atlantic credits are absorbed in the purchases made by the dealers, who derive their means from the banks. Happily, this year this is not the case. The banks of western New York are weak; those of Illinois, Ohio, and Michigan have nearly ceased to exist; and that of Indiana maintains itself with the greatest difficulty. Hence the purchases of goods are very small on credit. The extreme low value of produce, and the descending prices through the year, have left the resulting proceeds scarcely sufficient to meet the outlay in its production: of course there is but little surplus to make cash purchases. Consequently, the sums accumulating here will mostly seek the west and be disseminated in all those little channels of indebtedness which supplied the farmer with the means of getting through harvest. A few millions of specie distributed in this manner will cancel an immense amount of

small claims, and leave a sufficiency of the precious metals in circulation.

Money in this city continues very plenty, and will doubtless remain so for a length of time. Sound stocks, from the scarcity of means of investment, maintain their high rates; but the description denominated sound, is becoming more circumscribed. United States, and New York State and City alone, of the public stocks in this market, maintain their high character. Ohio and Kentucky have been looked upon with favor; but their continuing to borrow when cautious capitalists think they are passing their resources, has injured their standing. Ohio, at the late session of its legislature, authorized a loan of $1,500,000 seven per cent. stock, interest and principal payable in New York in direct contravention of a law of March, 1842, authorizing an issue of $500,000 foreign stock, and pledging the faith of the State, that no more than that amount should be issued. This has had a serious influence upon its credit, added to the doubts about its ability to pay its interest Kentucky never pledged itself by statutory law to issue no more stock, but it was understood that such would be its policy; under which circumstances the appearance of some new bonds bearing date in March, 1843, had an injurious effect. The stocks of both of these States fell. New York and Government stocks alone remain firm.

The abundance of money in the banks has led to a salutary reform in the small Spanish coin in circulation. This coin has been in circulation on an average, thirty years, and is consequently depreciated by abrasion about 8 per cent. The Post Office department and the banks have therefore decided to take them only at their real value. The following will show the actual value of the coins, according to experiments made at the United States mint on large quantities taken promiscuously from the circulation.

REAL VALUE OF SPANISH SMALL COIN, OFFICIAL, AND THE RATES AT WHICH THEY ARE TAKEN BY BANKS AND THE GOVERNMENT.

Pieces.	*Dates.*	*Wgt.* grs.	*Fine.*	*Real value.* c. m.	*Taken at the Bks.* cts.
¼ dol., or 2 shillings,	1772 1821	97	898	23 5	23
⅛ " or 1 "	1772 1821	46	898	11 1	10
1-16 or 6¼ cents,	1772 1821	21	898	5 1	5

Following this movement, many of the small shopkeepers have also refused them, except at their real value. The banks of some of the neighboring cities have pursued the same course. This occasions some loss and inconvenience to the public, but it will be of a temporary nature, and be rewarded by the procuration of a sound American currency. It is a fact, singularly illustrative of the difficulty of rooting out a national currency, that most all the retail trade is calculated in English money, that is, shillings and pence, after a lapse of seventy years since its abolition. So inveterate is habit, that repeated regulations of the rates of postage have uniformly conformed to the denominations of foreign coin floating among us, rather than to the national coins of the United States. Postages for short distances have been 6 , 12 , and 18¾ cents; that is, eighths and sixteenths, the Spanish division, instead of tenths and twentieths, the American fractions of the dollar. The resolution of public bodies to recognize only the United States coinage, will do more to promote the decimal method of calculation in trade, than any other circumstance.

The general condition of trade in the United States displays the anomalous features of a great abundance of money, accompanied by exceedingly low and falling prices, extending over a period of many months. This state of affairs in the United States, arises from the change from a paper to a cash system of business, causing money to accumulate in certain quantities, until it forces its way into the hands of the produce holders; it is temporary in its nature, and is already working its own cure. In Great Britain, however, the same features are apparent in a more marked degree, and are the result of causes, which have been gradually producing that result since the commencement of the present century. These are the

consequence of a burdensome national debt, in connection with the protective manufacturing system. The enormous taxation in Great Britain, amounting to £50,000,000 per annum, over a period of forty years, making an aggregate sum equal to £2,150.000,000, or the incredible sum of $10,000,000,000, has been taken from the industrious masses, and one-half of it given to two hundred and ninety-seven thousand holders of government stock, and the remainder spent in foreign subsidies, supporting armies and navies abroad, and placemen at home. This process has divided the whole mass of the population into two classes; the one a small class, enormously rich, and the other a large class, embracing a vast majority of the people, miserably poor. This latter class is constantly and hourly increasing in number and misery. This condition of the people of England, is made apparent in the increasing manufactured exports of the country, while the imports of raw material do not keep pace with them; showing, that less is consumed within the country, owing to the diminished ability of the people to purchase. Hence the home trade, which the whole protective policy of England for centuries has sought to build up, has been destroyed by the credit system, operating in connection with that "protection." The credit system has entailed enormous taxes upon the people, while the corn laws, to protect landed proprietors, have kept the indispensable articles of food very high. In seasons of scarcity, the price of bread has risen to famine rates, and those prices added to the taxes, have absorbed the whole means of the people, and utterly deprived them of the means of consuming manufactured goods. It has long been a well known fact, that when bread is cheap in England, the home trade is good and work plenty. When bread is dear, the trade falls off, and laborers are thrown out of employ in seasons of scarcity in consequence of that scarcity. During the past year, the exports of England have been very large, while the duties on consumable goods have fallen off alarmingly. This state of things grows out of the fact, that the minority of the English people are agriculturists, and high prices of grain benefit only the few rich. The great mass of the people purchase breadstuffs out of their earnings, and a rise in the price is an additional tax, which is compensated by diminished purchases of goods. The decrease in consumption from this cause accumulates stocks, and the prices fall very low without producing the usual result, viz., encouragement of consumption. When the mass of the consumers are without means, it matters not how low the articles sell. They cannot purchase at any price. The only vent for the goods is then the foreign markets. Thus the increasing distress of the English people has been the most powerful cause of her maintaining her supremacy in foreign markets. The rapid progress of their fall in prices from this cause, is seen in the following table, showing the quantities and value of her leading articles of export, in 1831 and 1841:

QUANTITIES AND VALUE OF THE LEADING ARTICLES OF EXPORT FROM GREAT BRITAIN, IN 1831 AND 1841.

	1831		1841	
	Quantity.	Value.	Quantity.	Value
Cotton Goods, yds.	421,385,303	£ 12,163,513	751,125,624	£ 14,985,810
Cotton Yarn, lbs.	63,821,460	3,975,019	123,226,519	7,266,968
Woollen, pieces,	1,997,368	4,580,902	2,291,273	4,821,820
Woollen Yarn, lbs.	1,592,455	158,111	4,903,291	552,148
Linen, yds.	69,233,892	2,400,043	90,321,761	3,200,467
Linen Yarn, lbs.	110,188	8,705	25,220,290	972,466
Iron, tons,	124,312	1,123,372	360,875	2,877,278
Total Value,		24,409,665		34,676,957
Other articles exported,		12,754,707		16,957,666
Total value of Exports,		£37,164,372		£51,634,623

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These seven articles constitute the principal exports. The fall in price has been enormous, it will be observed. The yards of cotton goods exported in 1841, at the prices of 1831, would have produced £21,907,830, whereas they produced only two-thirds of that sum; or, in other words, the manufacturers gave, in 1841, 219,000,000 yards of cotton cloth more, for the same sum of money, than they did in 1831. Low as were these prices in 1841, they are much lower now. It is very evident that this state of affairs must have an end. The continued reduction of prices cannot go on, and moreover it is no longer of any avail in maintaining the foreign markets, because, imitating the policy of England, six hostile tariffs have been passed by as many different nations during the past year, aiming at the exclusion of British goods from their territories. The export of linen yarn, it will be observed, grew up almost altogether in the ten years embraced in the above table. France was its chief place of destination, and that country last summer excluded it by a tariff which operates as a prohibition, although but 20 per cent. ad valorem. The following is a table, in kilogrammes, of the imports of linen yarn and thread into France, for a number of years.

QUANTITY OF LINEN YARN IMPORTED INTO FRANCE.

	UNBLEACHED.		BLEACHED.	
	From England.	Total.	From England.	Total.
1832	19,400	707,800	11,200	114,600
1833	259,500	1,114,900	65,700	200,700
1834	672,200	1,423,300	108,600	238,200
1835	1,151,900	1,862,900	112,800	213,500
1836	1,697,400	2,414,400	151,800	265,400
1837	2,867,000	3,472,900	297,300	403,000
1838	4,757,700	5,216,700	444,700	534,800
1839	5,552,300	6,076,400	532,600	631,000
1840	5,649,600	6,274,200	469,800	520,900
1841	8,373,800	9,939,400	771,700	825,900

This shows the rapid extension of the linen manufacture in France, and which will receive some check by depriving her manufacturers of their usual cheap supply of yarns from England; but it is a serious blow to the English spinners, as yarns, both cotton, woollen and linen, have increased in export much more rapidly than the goods. These can now be supplied upon the continent, and the manufacturing system of England totters to its base.

In the United States the situation of things is precisely the reverse. Here the large proportion of the population, according to the census, 3,700,000 out of 5,000,000 of active people, are agriculturalists, and these form the great mass of consumers of goods; consequently, when agricultural produce is high, an effect reverse of that in England takes place. More goods are consumed and trade becomes better. The farmers in this country are now in the position of the manufacturers in England; that is, they produce more than the other classes consume, and are both dependent upon foreign markets to take off the surplus. The manufacturers of England want cheap bread stuffs, and the farmers of the United States want cheap goods. Here is a mutual dependence which the citizens of either nation have been debarred from availing themselves of by onerous tariff laws. The English government has, however, been driven into an important step towards remedying the difficulty. It is by permitting the United States' wheat and flour to be admitted into England by way of Canada, at a fixed duty equivalent to 7 cts. per bushel for wheat. The United States' duty on wheat is 25 cts. per bushel. This is a matter of the highest importance to both countries, more particularly the great West, the inexhaustible soil of which is capable of feeding the world. The additional cost of transportation through Canada will make the expense equivalent to a fair duty on wheat from New York, but the great desideratum of a fixed duty is obtained. The importance of a fixed duty may be seen in the fact that four thousand six hundred and seventy-five barrels of flour sent from this city to Liverpool in May, 1841, paid duty, £2,720; a similar lot

in September paid £520; a similar lot in December, £5,133. In this enormous fluctuation there is too much hazard for a regular business; none but speculators engage in it. The demand is never regular; hence even the business of the producer becomes speculative. In estimating the probable effect of the low fixed duty on western produce, we may first recur to the business heretofore done in it with Britain and her dependencies. For this purpose we have compiled the following table:

EXPORTS OF FLOUR AND WHEAT AND PROVISIONS FROM THE UNITED STATES, AND THE VALUE SENT TO GREAT BRITAIN AND EACH OF HER COLONIES, FOR A SERIES OF YEARS.

		G. Britain.	British W. Indies.	N.American Colonies.	Other Colonies.	Total to Brit. and Depen.	Total from U. States.
1841	Flour and Wheat,	1,132.774	1,376,966	2,490,597	333,744	5,334,081	8,582,527
	Provisions,	359,391	233,444	1,368,207	152,457	2,113,499	4,031,270
1840	Flour and Wheat,	4,072,952	1,286,975	3,028,589	123,128	8,511,644	11,779,098
	Provisions,	32,113	161,618	892.027	32,858	1,118,616	2,729,008
1839	Flour and Wheat,	1,337,700	1,046,662	1,085,932	148,521	3,618,815	7,069,391
	Provisions,	18,937	119,552	462.011	26,738	827,238	2,274,416
1838	Flour and Wheat,	62,510	606,623	213,163	37,169	919,465	3,611,424
	Provisions,	73,532	89,247	378,586	16,541	557,906	1,988,768
1837	Flour and Wheat,	6	627,218	201,655	1,202	830,081	3,814.475
	Provisions,	139,682	87,176	400,659	3,339	636,856	1,981.118
1836	Flour and Wheat,	1,134	496,077	282.233	23,625	803,069	3,574,661
	Provisions,	91,848	104,475	309,801	10,335	516,459	2,196,493
1835	Flour and Wheat,	25,241	641,085	454,111	109,090	1,229.527	4,446,182
	Provisions,	57,201	78,994	627,040	8,935	772,170	2,580,302
1834	Flour and Wheat,	96.834	500,399	698,010	141,975	1,437,218	4,560,379
	Provisions,	133,533	99,720	789,585	8,573	1,031,411	2,741,319
1830	Flour and Wheat,	1,577,378	——	739,996	187,317	2,504,691	6,132,129
	Provisions,	161,240	30	457,165	19,521	637,956	2,175,278
1829	Flour and Wheat,	1,641,533		585,790	80,803	2,308,126	5,800,023
	Provisions,	232,193		357,859	19,000	609,052	2,344,789

This trade, it would appear, has almost entirely grown up during the last three or four years of scarcity in the mother country. The exports in 1829-30 were large, because in those years there was also a scarcity. It would appear from these facts that agriculturalists are entirely dependent for a foreign market upon the state of the crops in England. When those crops are short, and prices rise very high, and the duty in consequence is very low, an immediate outlet is found for large quantities. The new regulations ensure a permanently low duty, affording a steady market to the produce of the great west.

Prior to 1830 the quantity of American agricultural produce exported was very small, owing to the restrictions on the trade with the British colonies which then existed. On the 5th October, 1830, Gen. Jackson, being then President, issued a proclamation in accordance with an existing act of Congress, opening the ports of the United States to British vessels and their cargoes coming from British possessions, which were admitted to entry in the ports of the United States, from the islands, provinces, and colonies of Great Britain. The beneficial effect of this liberal policy is seen in the above table, in which it will be observed that the total agricultural export to Britain and her dependencies in 1829, was $2,917,178, or 35 per cent. of the whole export from the United States. This trade gradually increased, until in 1840 and 1841 the average export to Britain and its colonies was $8,500,000, or 63 per cent. of the whole export of the United States. The colonial market for the produce of the farmers grew up almost altogether under the effect of that wise and liberal measure.

The importance of this outlet, aside from the direct advantage to the growers, is immense to the general trade of the country. When a surplus is raised above the wants of the community, and there is no vent for it, the money value of the whole production sinks to an extent far greater than the gross value of that surplus. With a certain market for the superabundant production, prices cannot well go below a point which will yield a profit to the farmers. On that profit depends all the internal trade of the U. States. It is the absence of an excess in the money value of produce above the cost of its production, which is the true cause of the present depression in the

domestic trade of the United States. Hence the short-sightedness of the manufacturers, who, in their eagerness to monopolize the whole trade of the country, procure the passage of a prohibitive tariff, which, by keeping out foreign goods sent to relieve the markets of their surplus produce, retains that surplus upon the market, thereby sinking the money value of the whole so far as to destroy their own markets for manufactures. The country is becoming well supplied with specie, and the destruction of the banking system insures that no more goods, whether domestic or foreign, will be bought than can be paid for, a result that no tariff can ever effect. The quantity of goods that can be purchased depends on the prices which can be obtained abroad for produce. The higher those prices the greater the quantity which will go forward, and the more values will be enhanced at home. These are high prices which enrich the people. Those fictitiously caused by paper impoverish them.

There never was a period when the real wealth of the west was in so rapid a process of development as now. The states are rapidly filling with immigrants, whose collective labor prodigiously swells the volume of produce which is seeking a market. There are now over 350,000 barrels of flour at the different lake ports, besides large quantities of other produce, awaiting the opening of the spring navigation, and any outlet for it is desirable, more particularly one that affords so large and steady a market as is promised by the new regulation of the English government. Nothing can so much promote the lasting welfare of both nations, as an amalgamation of their interests, naturally consequent upon a removal of legal restriction upon the acts of individuals. The proclamation of 1830, although in advance of the movements of the British government, wisely paved the way to that trade, to which the necessities of England and the distress of its people will force its rulers to throw open the door on a liberal footing.

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

The Sinless Child, and other Poems, by Elizabeth Oakes Smith. Edited by John Keese. Wiley & Putnam, New York. W. D. Ticknor, Boston. 1843. 12mo. pp. 177.

The criticism that would not be charmed into a delighted forgetfulness of all its sterner duties, by some of the sweet passages of this Poem, and by the general tone of moral beauty, and high, celestial spirituality, pervading the whole, would be worse than the vigilant ferocity of Cerberus himself; and equally fit and worthy to succeed to the place of that celebrated cur, if he should ever forfeit it by a second nap on his post, such as even he was once betrayed into under the spell of a mortal lyre. For ourselves, having no such ambition, we frankly confess that we have neither eye to see, nor *bark* to reprove, any artistic defects which a less willing and sympathizing reader may find out for himself if he pleases, in this delicate creation of a very sweet and gentle muse. A longer elaboration, with a more severe and sustained effort of the powers which some of its fragmentary beauties sufficiently attest, would have produced a poem entitled to command a higher rank in literature, and a more lasting existence than we pretend to claim for this, and more commensurate with the ambition, and at the same time the poetic capabilities, of the subject. We only hope that the fair author will not be spoiled by the praises which have been already liberally bestowed on it by the press, and be tempted to indulge what is already her besetting danger—that of writing too fast and too easily, for the fugitive demands of periodical publication. She has the Poet in her soul, and we not only hope to see her yet do even a fuller justice to herself than she has thus far done, but claim it from her as a right, created by the exhibition of such promise and partial performance. We would gladly embellish our page by extracting some of the passages which have been marked, in the copy before us, by a fairer hand, guided by a more delicately sympathizing taste than our own; but are compelled by our limits to be content to refer the reader to the beautiful volume itself for the verification of our praise.

The Criminal History of the English Government; from the first Massacre of the Irish to the Poisoning of the Chinese. By EUGENE REGNAULT. Translated from the French, with Notes by an American. New York: J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co. Boston: Otis, Broaders & Co. 1843. 12mo. pp. 314.

Dr. Johnson would have been delighted with the author of this volume—at least so far as regards his capacity of a "good hater." The "natural hostility" which kept France and England at each other's throats for four or five centuries, seems to have found a representative and expression in his person; and the *con amore* with which he denounces all the national crimes and disgraces he is able to allege against the English Government, is almost amusing. Heaven knows we have but little sympathy with the object of his vehement and intensely French invective—and share the indignation justly due to the authors of most of the acts which are here enumerated, as a sort of indictment of England at the bar of the universal judgment of mankind—yet we may be permitted to doubt whether M. Regnault will succeed in his apparent hope of moving another European crusade, to be directed against these hated Islanders, with another cry of "God wills it!"

The Christian Citizen. The Obligations of the Christian Citizen, with a Review of High-Church Principles in relation to Civil and Religious Institutions. By A. D. EDDY, Newark, N. J. New York: J. S. Taylor & Co., 145 Nassau street. 1843. 12mo. pp. 164.

The title of this volume had a particular attraction for our eye, Christianity being indeed the source in which is to be sought the best exposition of those principles we would see applied to the organization and government of society, as well as to the character and life of the individual. A slight examination of its pages sufficed to disappoint the hope with which we had opened them. It is strongly stamped with a spirit of sectarian bigotry and intolerance, for which the degree of ability it evinces is no compensation. The author is very abusive against Jefferson, for his known infidelity—disregarding those causes which so naturally cast that tinge over the general period in which he lived, and were peculiarly calculated to affect minds of that order and kind. That justice, however, to him which he denies to the memory of Jefferson, requires us to say that we have not extended our perusal further than this portion of his volume.

A Gallop among American Scenery, or Sketches of American Scenes and Military Adventure. By AUGUSTUS E. SILLIMAN. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton, 148 Chestnut street. 1843. 16mo. pp. 267.

A little volume, which will make a pleasant pocket companion to not a few of our travelling public during the coming season. The writer tells his stories so capitally, that we are fain to hope that he will himself ere long mount again for another "Gallop," of which, next to the pleasure of accompanying him, we should hope that he will make another report.

Rambles in Yucatan, or Notes of Travel through the Peninsula, including a Visit to its remarkable Ruins. With nearly fifty Illustrations. By B. M. NORMAN. The People's Edition, being the Sixth. New York: J. & H. G. Langley.

It seems almost supererogatory, after the numerous notices which have been given by our contemporaries, for us to do more than simply refer to the *cheap* edition which has just been issued of this popular work. Few books of travel, of recent date, have attained a greater celebrity: this is attributable as much to the interesting *locale* chosen by the tourist, as to the attractive guise with which he has invested his narrative. He has happily interwoven, with the pleasing recitals of his personal adventures, highly graphic and elaborated descriptions of the wonderful and gigantic ruins which so thickly intersect the Peninsula. As the deeply interesting investigation into the origin of these remains, and the history of their founders, has recently received a fresh impetus by the labors of our author, as well as the still more extended one of Messrs. Stephens and Catherwood, of which we have spoken more at large on a former page, we hope that one or all of these enterprising gentlemen will resume their explorations, and that, having furrowed the soil, a prolific harvest will attend the reaping. To those of our readers who may not have regaled themselves with the perusal of this pleasant tome, we would warmly commend it; and as this cheap edition is rendered accessible to all classes, being complete with all the plates for one dollar, we can scarcely believe that any will lose the opportunity now afforded of possessing a copy.

An Inquiry into the Merits of the Reformed Doctrine of "Imputation," as contrasted with those of "Catholic Imputation;" or, the Cardinal Point of Controversy between the Church of Rome and the Protestant High Church: together with Miscellaneous Essays on the Catholic Faith. By VANBRUGH LIVINGSTON, Esq. Recently a Member of the Protestant Episcopal Church. With an Introduction by the Right Reverend JOHN HUGHES, D.D., Bishop of New York. New York: Casserly & Sons, 108 Nassau-street. 1843. 12mo. pp. 242.

The reasons are of course obvious which induce us to confine our notice of a work of this kind to a simple mention of its publication; shunning the danger of entanglement in the inextricable webs of polemical discussion, by abstaining from any expressions of opinion upon the merits of the controversies of which they treat. The author is a convert from the Protestant Episcopal Church to Catholicism—having made the transition through the gate opened so wide by the Oxford Tractarians. As the question is one regarded by most of the Protestant denominations as vital to all Christian character and faith, the interest of the subject, as well as of the circumstances of its publication, will doubtless secure for Mr. Livingston's volume no small number of readers, even beyond the pale of the Church in whose behalf and defence he has felt it a duty thus to come forward in print.

The Introduction by Bishop Hughes—like almost every production of the same active and zealous mind—is a forcible and persuasive paper. He insists that the Oxford movement in the Church of England is one which *must* necessarily, if it remain true to conscience, lead its votaries back "into the bosom of the Catholic Church." From the actual condition of the English people, he thus deduces an inference against the religious experiment it has been making within the last three centuries. Whether this *post hoc propter hoc* mode of reasoning is perfectly sound, we do not undertake to pronounce. The passage is in several points of view a remarkable one, and worthy of quotation, though without any intended adoption of all its positions:

"But the social, as well as religious condition of England, at the present time, is enough to convince wise men that the country requires a spiritual renovation, which the barrenness of Protestantism is incapable of producing. The moral sympathies, that should knit and bind together all classes, have been ruptured or dissolved. The wealthy aristocracy, the poor, and the middle classes, which should blend into each other at a thousand points of social and religious contact, are as distinct and separate, except in the material relations of self-interest, as the castes of Hindooism. Pauperism, unknown in that country during Catholic times, is now universal throughout the land. The domains of the monasteries, and of the Church, were formerly the patrimony of the poor, of which the monks and clergy were as the administrators for their benefit; now these domains belong to the princes of Protestantism; and for the poor, *work-houses* have been constructed from the ruins of the abbeys. In Catholic times, the clergy, by their state of voluntary celibacy, left the resources of the poor almost undiminished; now, the whole church-livings are hardly sufficient for the extravagant modes of life and domestic ambitions of the married clergy. The extent of ignorance among the working-classes, respecting the first principles of Christianity, would be incredible were it not attested by Reports of Parliamentary Committees. So that whether you regard the gilded corruptions of excessive wealth, on the one side; or the squalid depravities of extreme destitution, on the other; or contemplate the ignorance of religion, the infidelity, and desperate confederations of those who occupy the middle ground between them, it will appear evident, that the regeneration of such a people, even under the social aspect, requires the presence and the action of a religion which can infuse into its masses the warmth and vitality of the Christian virtues reduced into daily practice.

"In alluding to these things as betraying, to the eyes of discerning Protestants themselves, the evidences of a moral and religious want, which the established Church is obviously, through its own intrinsic deficiency, unqualified to supply, we would by no means present them as the only, or even a prominent cause, of the general movement which is now going on in England, in the direction of a return to the Catholic faith. No; we would rather believe, humbly, that the progress of this movement is directed through the operation of that Grace which is invoked by the united prayer of millions, for the conversion of the English nation. But neither is it to be forgotten, that God, in His designs of mercy, may make use of outward signs, as well as interior convictions, to hasten the period of their accomplishment. He must be but a superficial reader of *things*, who does not see in the actual condition of England, what a powerful vindication of the Catholic faith has been wrought out by the silent progress of human events—and what a deep stamp of failure has been fixed on Protestantism, as a social and religious experiment, by the same unspeaking, but intelligible test. It can hardly be supposed, that it was the mere learning or piety of the Oxford Divines, that has won for their views the sympathy and approbation of high secular powers in the state. Statesmen, no less than theologians, have advocated, and continue to advocate their views; and although these views do not yet avow the adoption of the whole Catholic truth, still, they are manifestly adverse to the essential principles of the entire Protestant system. Now, it is worthy of remark, that in every defence of these views which they have deemed it expedient to put forth, the moral and social, as well as religious condition of the country, entered into their grounds of justification. Indeed, so much is this the case, that it is avowed in the brief title prefixed to the writings by which they have become so celebrated, 'TRACTS FOR THE TIMES.'

"It is remarkable, under this view of the subject, that the Oxford Divines should have overlooked the matter which is treated of in the following pages. Among all the errors owing their birth to the innovations of the sixteenth century, there is not one so subtle as that which the Reformers adopted on the subject of justification by faith alone. It lies at the root of the whole system of Protestantism. It pervades, with but little modification, the doctrine of all the various sects, comprised under that comprehensive term. To it may be traced the peculiar and distinctive moral,

as well as social features, that characterize every community or nation in which it has prevailed. It has chilled every generous emotion of self-sacrifice, and Christian heroism, which the charities of the Christian religion are wont to excite in the human breast, and which the ancient faith knows so well how to cherish, and ripen into the means of temporal and eternal benedictions to the whole human race. Why is it that Protestantism has produced no institutions for the welfare of mankind, which can be traced to the inward efficacy of any of its principles, acting on the human heart and soul? No universities, no hospitals, no churches, no asylums for the poor. Some of all these, it has unquestionably produced; but there is not so much as one, that can be traced to the inward power of any principle of Protestantism operating silently and secretly in the souls of men. Human legislation will be found to have intervened in all the Protestant countries of Europe; whereas those same countries had been almost paved with such institutions, resulting from the inward operation, without the aid of human laws, of the Catholic faith, in the hearts of men, before Protestantism began. Why has the latter system never produced a Xavier, an Order for the redemption of captives, a Vincent of Paul, or even a Sister of Charity? No one could fill the place of either of these, without being prepared to offer himself a daily sacrifice, or if need be, once for all, for the good of his neighbor, which is only the second part of the LORD's commandment, carried to its point of heroism; and why is it that Protestantism has never been able to inspire this heroism into a single member of its communion? Who has ever heard even of a Protestant Sister of Charity?

"We know, indeed, that such works have a place in the theory of the Protestant system; but in that theory itself, their sphere is restricted; within it, too, they are controlled by an arbitrary rule of divine economy; and even then, they are pronounced utterly unprofitable to the soul of him who performs them! How, then, can the Tractarians realize, in the Anglican communion, so long as this doctrine is not repudiated, those practical results which religion, operating internally on the hearts of men, is constantly producing in Catholic lands? Do men gather figs of thorns, or grapes of thistles?"

The Wives of England: their Relative Duties, Domestic Influence, and Social Obligations. By Mrs. ELLIS, Author of "The Women of England," "The Daughters of England," "The Poetry of Life," &c. New York: J. & H. G. Langley, 57 Chatham street. 1843. 8vo. pp. 116.

Here is one of the numerous indications of another step forward in the revolution of the book trade by the cheap-publication system. This excellent work of Mrs. Ellis, as full of good sense and wise counsel as an egg is of its meat, is placed within the reach of the *hundred thousand* instead of the *thousand* families to which before it would have carried its treasures of useful instruction and entertainment. It is issued by one of the "regular publishers," in very satisfactory typographical dress, for the trifling price of twenty-five cents. Were the price as many dollars, we doubt not that there would be many a family, on which its improving influence may fall, who would soon recognize that it was the best appropriation of money ever made in their lives, and gratefully rise up and call the author blessed. We have had time only to dip into a few chapters at random, that on Confidence and Truth, the Love of Married Life, and one or two others, on the strength of which we feel abundantly justified in recommending the whole cordially to all those whom it may concern more directly than happens to be personally the case with ourselves. Of course, the whole is as applicable to American as to English "Wives." Without much brilliancy of style, it is, like all of its author's writings, lucid and well sustained, and sufficiently vivacious to be a very agreeably readable book "*per se*," independent of the valuable truth and advice of which it is the medium.

A Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines. By ANDREW URE, M. D., F. R. S., &c., &c. Illustrated with 1241 Engravings. New York: Published by Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

This valuable work is at length completed, and we feel bound to take the occasion to renew our former recommendations of it, as one of those books, of study as well as reference, which ought not to be far from the hand of every well-informed reader, as well as persons of the various professions and employments respecting which it embodies so vast a mass of the latest and best extracts, both scientific and practical.

History of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands, embracing their Antiquities, Mythology, Legends, discovery by Europeans in the sixteenth century, re-discovery by Cook, with their civil, religious and political history, from the earliest traditionary period to the present time. By JAMES JACKSON JARVES, Member of the American Oriental Society. Boston: Tappan & Dennet. 1843. 8vo. pp. 407.

We have read this handsomely printed volume with great interest, deriving from its pages a vast amount of information nowhere else to be found; and at no distant day intend to make it the subject of a more full review. There are some points of importance in it on which the author appears, notwithstanding his own disclaimer and effort to the contrary, to take a partizan side, so decided as to create strongly a counter impression that there *must* be much more on the other side of the dispute, to which his national, and perhaps sectarian prejudices, do not permit him to do perfect and even-handed justice. We have sought for the materials for a

still wider view of the subject, and a fair comparison of the conflicting versions of the history, before forming a decided judgment. We allude to the controversy between the Catholic priests backed by the French government on the one side, and the American missionaries in union with the native authorities on the other, on the point whether the residence and missionary labors of the former should be permitted in the Islands. Mr. Jarves, though he went there, as he states in his preface, rather prejudiced against the system of things which he had been led to expect to find, under the controlling influence of the American mission, yet is eventually brought to take side strongly and strenuously with them, entering with a zeal seemingly scarce inferior to that of any of their own number, into the details as well as the general features of the contest. His book is written with highly creditable ability, and will well repay, to all who would not be ignorant of a very interesting portion of general history, both purchase and attentive perusal.

Pictorial History of the United States. By JOHN FROST, A. M. Published by E. H. Butler. Philadelphia, 1843. Vol. I. No. 1. To be completed in 20 Parts, issued monthly. Price 25 cents.

This first number of the above named work, promises excellently. Paper and typography—all are liberal and beautiful, while the illustrations are numerous and full of spirit. There are to be upward of 300 engravings (for the most part capital wood cuts), from original drawings by Croome; the engravings being by Croome himself and Waitt. Among those of the present number are good and spirited portraits of Columbus, Cabot, De Soto, Charles V., and Ponce de Leon. Of the literary execution, we feel hardly yet entitled to speak; but it seems fair and satisfactory, though not aiming, however, at any highly ambitious elegance or brilliancy of style. From the present promise of this undertaking—and the publisher's private assurance that it shall be fully sustained by the succeeding numbers—it is richly worthy of an encouragement which ought to be national.

Judah's Lion. By CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH. New York: Published by M. W. Dodd, Brick Church Chapel, opposite the City Hall. 1843. 12mo. pp. 406.

The same. By J. S. Taylor & Co., 145 Nassau street.

The general popularity of the writings of this author will no doubt insure success even to the two rival editions of the present tale, which have thus, through some misunderstanding between the publishers, made their appearance together. It is a religious story, of which a Hebrew youth, who becomes a Christian, is the hero. A part of the scene being laid in Syria and Palestine, opportunity is afforded for incident and adventure, which, combining with the other and higher purposes of the author, serve materially to increase the interest of her work. So far as a rapid glance over a few detached pages can enable us to judge, it is written in an agreeable and sprightly narrative style. It asserts strongly the worth and dignity of the Jewish nation, and concludes with an anticipation of the day, as not far distant, when they will be re-assembled in the land made for ever "holy" by its past history.

A Memoir on Ireland, Native and Saxon. By DANIEL O'CONNELL, M. P. Vol. I. 1172–1660. New York: Casserly & Sons, 108 Nassau-st. 1843. 16mo. pp. 312.

O'Connell intends, we believe, to make the present the "Repeal Year," if energy, activity, and combination national in its extent, can effect it. With this view he has issued this, the first volume of a historical review of the connexion between Ireland and England, speedily to be followed by the second, so soon as the stomach of the public sense shall have had time to digest this first half of his strong prescription of truth and facts. At the first glance, it appears something like a comet, or like O'Connell himself in the British Parliament, in the vast prolongation of "tail," attached to a nucleus or head. The Historical Memoir, dating back to the commencement of the English dominion in Ireland in 1172, and brought down to the present day, occupies less than forty pages, while the "Observations, Proofs and Illustrations," added in the nature of Notes upon the preceding part, not only fill out the rest of the present volume, but are to constitute the entire body of the second one yet forthcoming. The first portion is, as it were, the brief, or outline of points, of a lawyer's argument, of which the latter is the filling in, with the evidence and arguments—evidence and arguments, conclusive indeed, and overwhelming. The publication of this work must have a powerful influence in concentrating and stimulating the already strong national feeling in Ireland, in favor of a repeal of the legislative union between the two countries. It fully explains and justifies the whole force of the Irish repugnance to the English rule, which has never been

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anything but plunder, cruelty, faithlessness and abuse, from first to last. These old "by-gones" of past history would indeed be of little importance, and we should otherwise only regret to see them unnecessarily dug up to the light of day, and to the shuddering disgust of present generations, had they not indeed still an important bearing on the present state of the question. They show how there have gradually been fostered, through the long education of centuries, such mutual feelings between the Irish nation and the families and interests constituting the dominant "English Ascendency," as make it impossible for the former ever to rest content under the continued pressure of the latter, and render it clearly the part of wise policy, as well as of national justice, that the legislative separation so strongly and loudly called for, for the purposes of internal self-government, though under the same common executive head, should be granted without further delay. O'Connell is certainly the model of a powerful, while perfectly peaceful, 'Agitator.' Strong thoughts, deep feelings and glowing words, his only weapons, he brings to bear a tremendous force of moral weight upon the point of his aim, at the same time that he disclaims and utterly discountenances, with abhorrence and contempt, all use of the baser means of physical violence. Deeply penetrated with a regard for the sanctity of human life, he openly avows his principle that everything ought to be borne, rather than redress or avenge it with one drop of blood. As we intend to recur to this book on a future occasion, at greater length, we confine ourselves here to the expression of our heartiest sympathy with its object, and our hope that the efforts of its great author may, ere long, be crowned with the triumph they and he so well deserve.

MONTHLY LITERARY BULLETIN.

AMERICAN.

A new work by Mrs. Ellis, "The Wives of England," has just appeared. The productions of scarcely any female writer of the present day have been welcomed with such enthusiastic admiration, as those which have emanated from the elegant and instructive pen of Mrs. Ellis. Her recent works, "The Women of England," "The Daughters of England," &c., have been, it is well known, immensely popular, both in Europe and in this country; and even a success worthy of so favorite an author attended her earlier volumes, "The Poetry of Life," "Pictures of Private Life," &c., published prior to her marriage, under her maiden name, Sarah Stickney. This work has been printed from the early proof sheets and manuscripts, received per steamer from the English publishers. It is issued in beautiful style, in an ornamental French cover, price only twenty-five cents; its exterior excellence vying with its literary merits, and constituting it fully worthy a niche in the library, or fit to grace the centre table of any lady in the country. Langleys, Publishers.

The experiment has succeeded to a charm, with the recent *cheap* edition of "Norman's popular work on Yucatan," the demand for it having been unusually great; the first impression indeed was taken up the second day after its appearance. *Forty such plates for a dollar*, is cheap enough in all conscience, especially on such a subject.

Saxton and Miles have in press, "Neander's Church History," translated by Rose, a work of high merit, forming the first of a religious series to be called the "Biblical Cabinet;" also, "The Early Planting and Framing of the Churches," translated by Ryland.

J. S. Taylor & Co. are printing a new volume by the author of "Peep of Day," to be entitled "Precept upon Precept." "Line upon Line," from the same pen, has recently appeared, and is, like its predecessor, a great favorite in the religious world.

The beautiful pictorial edition of the "Common Prayer," No. 3, now published, is in the same style of typographical beauty as its predecessors.

Adams's beautifully illustrated Bible is at length about to be published by the Harpers in monthly numbers, at 50 cents each, making in all about 20 numbers. The work, which will be quite unique as to its typography and embellishments, is to be in the folio form.

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Harper and Brothers have in press "History of Women in England," by Miss Lawrence; "Life of Addison," by Lucy Aiken; "Voyage around the World, in H. M. Ship Sulphur," by Capt. Sir E. Belcher; "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature," "Miss Pen and her Niece," by Mrs. Stone; "Ragland Castle," by Mrs. Thomson; "Devereux, Earl of Essex," by Charles Whitehead; "Lives of the Princes of Wales," by F. Williams; "Melanthe," by Mrs. Maberly; "Windsor Castle," by Ainsworth; "The Home; or, Family Cares and Family Joys," by the author of "The Neighbors;" "Hargrave, or, The Man of Expedients," by Mrs. Trollope.

Sears' "Family Magazine of General Knowledge," goes prosperously forward —its circulation already is 6000 copies monthly—a well deserved popularity.

Professor Frost has just commenced a "Pictorial History of the United States," to be completed in about twenty numbers, price twenty-five cents each; the illustrations are designed by Croome. Saxton and Miles are the Publishers. This is a work precisely adapted to the tastes and requirements of the day, and will doubtless be in great demand, as it is well done.

Mr. Griswold has just put forth a most admirable volume, expressly designed for schools and family use, consisting of choice "Readings in American Poetry" —a work greatly needed, and one that merits the largest patronage—there being no similar work extant, all other selections being from foreign pens, and therefore, to a great extent, inapplicable to the purpose, as they afford no reflex of national character or national scenery. The work is beautifully prepared by the Publisher, Mr. Riker, of this city.

Carey & Hart have just issued, in cheap style, "Personal Narrative of a Journey and Residence in Cabool," by the late Sir Alex. Burnes.

A complete series of the "London Lancet," comprising forty-two volumes, and embodying an immense amount of curious, anomalous and extremely valuable illustrations in the several departments of Medical Science, is offered for sale very cheap. To any member of the Faculty, this choice work will prove a most valuable desideratum. Address (post-paid) J. & H. G. Langley, 57 Chatham street.

Mr. Park Godwin's new paper, the "Pathfinder," on the plan of the "Plaindealer," has reached its seventh number, and we deviate from our rule in inviting attention to its distinguishing merits.

Dunigan of this city has just ready, a series of twelve highly attractive juveniles, on an entirely novel plan, forming a succession of transformations, to be entitled "Dame Wonder's Transformations." He announces also, a new, improved, and very beautiful edition of "Letters to Ada," on the Doctrines of the Catholic Church, &c., from the distinguished pen of the Rev. Dr. Pise of this city.

ENGLISH.

The following are some of the most recent English publications:—

"Titian, a Romance of Venice;" by R. Shelton Mackenzie, LL. D. "The Scottish Heiress." "Charades for Acting," by Miss Pickering. "Strutt's Domestic Residence in Switzerland," 2 vols. "Strutt's Pedestrian Tour through Calabria and Sicily," 1 vol. "The Pope and the Actor;" a Novel, 3 vols. "Taylor's Scenes and Adventures in Affghanistan," 1 vol. "The Pictorial Miscellany for Intellectual Improvement:" Part I., illustrated with numerous highly-finished wood engravings, maps, &c. Edited by W. Pinnock, author of "Pinnock's Catechisms." "Home; or Family Joys and Cares," translated by Mary Howitt. "Second Causes; or Up and Be Doing," by Charlotte Elizabeth. Mrs. Trollope's Story of the New Poor Law, entitled "Jessie Philips," Part III., to be completed in twelve monthly parts. "Voyage Round the Coasts of Scotland and the Isles, in the Summer and Autumn of 1841; by James Wilson, F.R. S. E., M.W.S. &c., author of the "Treatise on Angling," in "The Rod and the Gun." "Lives of the Kings of England," uniformly printed and illustrated, with Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England." "History of the House of Commons, from the Convention Parliament of 1688–9, to the Passing of the Reform Bill in 1832;" by Wm. Charles Townshend, Esq., M. A. "Burke's History of the Landed Gentry." A new edition, with considerable additions and improvements. "The History of Woman in England, and Her Influence on Society and Literature;" by Miss Lawrence. "Frederick the Great, His Court and Times;" edited by Thomas Campbell, Esq.—the third and fourth volumes completing the work. The third volume of "Letters of Mary Queen of Scots," illustrative of her Personal History, with an Introduction by Agnes Strickland.

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NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Tuesday Evening, April 4th.—The regular monthly meeting took place at the rooms of the Society, in the New York University. Amongst the invited guests present, were William L. Marcy, LL.D., late Governor of the State of New York, Hon. John Savage, late Chief Justice of the New York Supreme Court, Professor John McVickar, D.D., of Columbia College, Judge Oakley, of the Superior Court, and others. The President, Hon. A. Gallatin, took the chair at half-past 7 o'clock, and the Recording Secretary, John Jay, Esq., read the minutes of the last meeting. The President then announced the following gentlemen as members of the Executive Committee: Gen. P. M. Wetmore, Hon. G. C. Verplanck, Prof. E. Robinson, D.D., John L. Stephens, William L. Stone, and Erastus C. Benedict, Esquires.

Gen. Wetmore, from the Committee to invite Chancellor Kent to pronounce an eulogy on the late President of the Society, Peter A. Jay, Esq., presented the following letter in answer to the invitation:

"*New York, March* 8, 1843.

"GENTLEMEN:

"I acknowledge with gratitude the honor you have done me, by the invitation to pronounce before the Society an eulogy on the life and character of the late Mr. Jay, and I extremely regret that I am constrained to decline the acceptance of that task. I know that I am greatly indebted to the Society, not only for this flattering mark of their respect, but for the distinguished honor which I have formerly received from the same source. Had not my age, and the habits of retirement which it inculcates, and the admonitions which it gently but increasingly tenders, produced a fixed resolution not to appear again in any such capacity, I should have been obliged to yield on this occasion; but this cannot be done, and I must therefore respectfully beg leave to be excused. I ought not however to conclude without availing myself of the occasion to observe, that I have always felt and cherished the highest respect and esteem for the public and private character of Mr. Jay. I consider him to have been among the most useful and practical of the eminent public men of the state and city in which he lived. He appeared often at the bar, and with reputation and honor, when I was upon the bench. I was an associate with him as one of the Governors of the New York Hospital, and also as a member of the Convention of this State. In every station which he filled, and every duty which he assumed, he was faithful and true. He preserved the greatest modesty and simplicity of character, with polished manners and the accomplishments of various learning. He displayed throughout every portion of his life strong talents, profound knowledge, unostentatious firmness, the purest integrity, an ardent love of justice, and the graces which accompany an humble and fervent spirit of Christian faith and devotion.

"On such a character who would not delight to dwell? I deeply lament the loss of him as a friend, with whom I had many bonds of sympathy, and I am happy to believe that there are many generous and highly gifted members of your Society who would cheerfully supply my place, and do ample justice to the interesting theme.

"I have the honor to be, gentlemen, with very great respect and esteem, your obedient servant,

"JAMES KENT.

"Messrs.—
WM. B. LAWRENCE,
PROSPER M. WETMORE,
FREDERIC DE PEYSTER,
GEORGE FOLSOM, and
GEORGE GIBBS, } Comm. &c."

Mr. John Jay, from the Committee appointed in 1841 to make request in behalf of the Society, to the several States, for copies of all Executive and Legislative documents, to be deposited in their library, made a brief statement of the results already obtained. The letter addressed by them to the Governors, drafted by Archibald Russell, Esq., with whom the plan originated, had set forth with great clearness the advantages to result to the American scholar, statesman, and historian, from a complete collection, in so important and central a city as New York, of the Legislative acts and proceedings of the separate States. Courteous and encouraging replies were received from Mississippi, Vermont, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Maryland, North Carolina, and Missouri; and the required appropriation of State Papers has been made by New Jersey (who added also her Chancery Reports and Elmer's Digest), Maryland, Vermont, and New Hampshire. The gift of Maryland. amounting to fifty-three volumes, and those of New Jersey, have

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been received. The others are waiting the order of the Committee. Mr. Jay offered the following resolutions, which were adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of the New York Historical Society be presented to the Legislatures of Vermont, New Hampshire, New Jersey, and Maryland, for the appropriations made by them of State and Legislative documents for their library.

Resolved, That the Committee appointed to make application to the Governors and Legislatures of the several States for the documents and proceedings published under their supervision, be authorized to renew the application in all cases where it has not been satisfactorily responded to, and to take such measures as in their discretion shall seem fit for procuring the appropriations which have been already made.

Professor Edward Robinson * then favored the Society with a paper on the subject of the Druzes. He began by describing the geographical features of the country inhabited by that singular people, lying on the eastern coast of the Mediterranean sea, north of Palestine. A chain of mountains pervades this part of Asia, extending through all Syria and Palestine, quite to the Red Sea, known chiefly under the names of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon. As seen from Beirût, or as more commonly written, *Beyroot*, (a port on the Mediterranean, whose inhabitants are for the most part Druzes), the mighty wall of Lebanon, said Professor Robinson, rises in indescribable majesty to the height of nine or ten thousand feet, impending over the city; as its ridges here present themselves to the eye, one is immediately struck with the reason and propriety of the name *Lebanon*, signifying in Hebrew, the "White Mountain;" for the whole mass of the mountain consists of whitish limestone; or, at least, the rocky surface, as it reflects the light, exhibits everywhere a whitish aspect. The mountain teems with villages, and on this side, is cultivated more or less to the very top. Yet so steep and rocky is the surface, that the tillage is carried on often by terraces, built up with great labor and covered above with soil. The vegetation on these terraces is not visible from below, and no one would suspect the existence of a multitude of thriving villages on the rocky sides of the mountains, with a numerous population of mountaineers, hardy, industrious, and brave. The inhabitants of the ridge of Lebanon alone, north of Sidon, not including Anti-Lebanon nor the valleys, are estimated at two hundred thousand souls, consisting of Christians and Druzes, the latter constituting about one-third of the whole. The Christians are chiefly of the sect called Maronites.

The origin of the Druzes was for a long time shrouded in darkness; even the learned D'Herbelot, to whom oriental history is under such lasting obligations, had nothing more to relate of this singular people, than the fable of their being descended from some of the French warriors, who accompanied Godfrey of Bouillon, in the first crusade. Later writers have gone further, and specified a certain Marquis de Dreux (or Dreuse), as the founder of the race; and French vanity was flattered by the eager reception of this absurd legend among the Druzes, whose princes thus claimed a relationship and alliance with the "great nation." But it was reserved for a French scholar in our own day, to sweep away this cobweb of fable; the illustrious De Sacy published in the last days of his long and learned career, an elucidation of the origin and the religion of this people, drawn up many years before, and in respect to these two points, his work exhausts the subject.

Dr. Robinson then proceeded to trace the origin of the Druzes and their religion to the early part of the eleventh century, in a Mahometan sect that arose in Egypt at that period, under the auspices of the Khalif Hakim, who gave himself out as the prophet and God of a new religion. This prince was a wild and visionary fanatic, and his whole reign was a series of violence and inconsistencies. At one time, he set on foot a furious persecution of the Christians, both in Egypt and Palestine, compelling them to apostatize or suffer death, when many preferred the latter alternative. He caused at the same time the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem to be rased to the ground. Entertaining the idea of passing for a prophet, he exacted from his people, that no one should pronounce his name without prostrating himself, and hence, in public assemblies and elsewhere, when his name was uttered, all bowed themselves down and kissed the ground in token of respect. At length, there appeared in Egypt a religious emissary of a Persian sect, who held the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and attaching himself to the service of Hakim, encouraged him in his fanatical notions. This man's name was *ed-Derazy*, which is now in its plural Arabic form, *ed-Deruz*, the general name of the Druzes. Such is the origin of their name. Derazy became the prophet of Hakim, and pub-

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* Author of "Researches and Travels in Palestine," &c.

lished a book that taught his divine nature by transmigration, and urged the people to worship him as God, the Creator of the Universe. But although treated by the Khalif in the most familiar manner, Derazy failed to secure the popular belief in Egypt, and was compelled to seek refuge in the recesses of Mount Lebanon, where he laid the foundation of the present race of Druzes, by spreading his doctrines amongst the rude and ignorant mountaineers. He read his book to them, invited them to recognize Hakim as God, distributed to them money, taught them the doctrine of metempsychosis, permitted the use of wine and the practice of fornication, and gave up to their will the property and lives of those who refused to embrace their faith. Other adventurers followed the example of Derazy in propagating the new faith, and in the course of time the believers in the divinity of Hakim increased rapidly, and at this day they amount to several hundred thousand souls. Dr. Robinson cited several Arabic writers to show the condition of this people at different periods, and to establish the truth of his account of their religion and origin.

Great secrecy is observed by the Druzes in regard to their religion, and it is only of late years that the writings of their prophets have by accident and the fortunes of war found their way into the libraries of Europe, and from them a summary of their doctrines has been compiled by De Sacy. Four volumes of these sacred books, forming a connected series, are in the Royal Library at Paris; and other copies exist in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, in the Vatican at Rome, and also at Vienna and Leyden. In the course of the insurrection that took place five years ago, the Egyptians, as they sacked and laid waste the towns and villages of the Druzes, seized also many of their sacred books; one or two of which were purchased by the American missionaries at Beyroot.

Dr. Robinson did not conclude the reading of this valuable paper, owing to its great length, but is expected to finish it at the next meeting.

A communication from Hon. William Jay, of Westchester, accompanying the donation of a valuable mass of English Parliamentary documents, relating to the suppression of the slave-trade, the right of search, and the culpable neglect of the Spanish authorities of the Island of Cuba, or rather their open connivance at this shameful traffic in human flesh, was then read in part, and the remainder reserved for the next meeting. The Society then adjourned.

Saturday Evening, April 15th.—A special meeting, convened by order of the President, was held on Saturday evening at the Historical Rooms. At half past seven o'clock, the Vice President, Mr. Lawrence, took the chair; and a number of gentlemen, who had been previously nominated as honorary, corresponding, and resident members, were elected. The principal objects of the meeting being to hear a paper of Mr. Gallatin in reference to "the Jay map," the Society, about 8 o'clock, on the arrival of the President, and of Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, adjourned to the Chapel of the University, where a large assemblage of gentlemen, who had been admitted by tickets, were already gathered. Mr. Gallatin and Mr. Webster, on entering the Chapel, were greeted with loud and continued applause.

The venerable President, after stating that the discovery of this map, which had till his death been in possession of his predecessor in office, Peter A. Jay, was now principally important, the boundary question having been definitively disposed of, as a set-off to the supposed map of Dr. Franklin, stated to have been discovered in Paris, and of which it has been attempted by the English press to make a use prejudicial to the frank dealing of the United States. He then made a number of preliminary remarks requisite to a full understanding of the bearing of the map, by presenting the points which had been at issue in the controversy. Our limits will not enable us to follow in detail the statements of this elaborate argument, part of which was read by the Secretary, Mr. John Jay; but we will notice it when published.

Mr. Gallatin having finished the reading of his paper, the first Vice President, Wm. Beach Lawrence, Esq., rose, and after a few appropriate remarks, invited Mr. Webster, on behalf of the Society, to favor the meeting with such remarks as he might deem suitable to the occasion. Mr. Webster thereupon rose, and addressed the Society for about half an hour on the subject of the history of this question, and its recent final adjustment by the Treaty at Washington. His address was received with great applause; and after its conclusion, the thanks of the Society were unanimously tendered, the question being put by the Vice President, to the President and to Mr. Webster, and they were requested to furnish copies of their remarks for publication, and the Society adjourned.

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THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. XII. JUNE, 1843. No. LX.

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SEVEN SHEETS.

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Prospectus

FOR THE

NEXT YEAR OF THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW, VOLUMES XIII. AND XIV.

THE Thirteenth Volume will commence with the next Number—being the commencement of the third year of the New Series. It is sufficient to say that there will be no remission of the same punctuality and efficiency which have heretofore characterized the arrangements of its publication.

The approaching great struggle of parties, in a Presidential canvass, together with the assembling of a Democratic Congress, will reawaken a new interest and excitement in the political elements, in which there has been for the past year a comparative stagnation. Every indication portends that the contest is to be as stern and severe, as its consequences will be momentous to "the Good Old Cause." That department of the Review will of course experience and reflect this stimulating influence. It is hoped that the friends of the work and of its principles will see the peculiar necessity created by the occasion, of giving it a support, not only continued, but extended, for the promotion of that vigorous efficiency which it is fully intended shall not be wanting on its part. Of its merits or claims, whatever they may be, it is not deemed proper here to speak. But if the numerous letters received from all parts of the country, expressive of approbation, encouragement, and of the sense of its value and importance entertained by the writers—(added to the testimonials of the press, including not a few liberal journals even of opposite political sentiments)—afford any just indication of the disposition generally entertained toward this work by its subscribers, the request may certainly be advanced, with confidence of a friendly reception, that they would adopt the easy and simple mode of promoting its prosperity and securing its successful permanence, by procuring for it additional subscribers. If each would thus procure one—while many could without difficulty procure a considerable number—a very important benefit would be rendered to the Review, and some service, it is hoped, to higher objects than its welfare.

The Editor will be assisted by not a few of the finest and ablest pens that our country can boast.

Among the engravings with which it is intended to embellish the Numbers of the ensuing year, will be portraits of Mr. RITCHIE, of Virginia, Col. JOHNSON, Mr. BENTON, Governor CASS, Mr. STEPHENS, the traveller, Col. YOUNG, of New York, and others. Other embellishments are also in contemplation, which will speak for themselves. A new font of type will be used in the printing. For further particulars of the business arrangement of the publication, see the Prospectus on the cover of the present Number.

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THE CHRISTIAN UNION.*

THIS is indeed a glorious age we live in!—glorious, that is to say, in certain aspects and to certain orders of minds; though a sad one in some points of view; and a most uncomfortable one, it must be confessed, to many very worthy and decent people. The present actually around us is in itself sad enough, in the frightful spectacle everywhere visible of wrong and wo; and yet glorious indeed in the manifestation equally visible, of a Spirit at work, under the whole and through the whole, actively and powerfully busy in the mission for which it was sent from God, to regenerate and redeem. We have reached a point, in the development of our civilisation, in the progress of the race, at which its best and highest minds are beginning to perceive, to *realize* (to use a very good Americanism), the impossibility of getting along much further in the old way, and the absolute necessity of setting earnestly about the task of solving this vast and world-old problem of Human Society—of finding out the true principle of its organization, and of applying it to a fundamental reconstruction of the old fabric now worn out and out-grown. This spirit is that of the Christian Gospel—working sometimes most powerfully through many of those who are the most unconscious of the source from which their inspiration and stimulus have been derived. A vague idea of this truth is beginning, too, to descend and diffuse itself, fast and wide, among other minds, than those which stand in the midst of society like the high mountain-tops, commissioned to receive and reflect to the rest of the earth the first rays of the coming light. The reaction of the age back from that state of doubt and infidelity, which was the leading characteristic of the one immediately preceding—or rather we should say, its forward progress and passage out of that state—is too manifest to every eye, to need more than an allusion to it as an understood fact. The general revival of Christianity, apparent throughout all Christendom, is the most interesting moral phenomenon of the century. At no period since that of its promulgation to the world, has it exhibited a higher, warmer, or more vigorous life, than is now beginning to show itself, in various degrees and modes, throughout all the denominations into which the common body of the Church

* A Statement of the Principles of the Christian Union. New York: Press of Hunt's Merchants' Magazine, George W. Wood & Co., Printers. 1843.

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is divided. And in the midst of all this new activity, of all the many sounds and voices in which it is everywhere working and crying aloud, there is one voice which makes itself heard high and clear above them all, as though the utterance of a silver trumpet, held by an unseen hand, and breathed forth upon the air by other than human lip. It is the solemn rebuke of Christianity against that awful state of misery and evil, moral and material, in which in this, our grand Civilisation of Selfishness, even in the communities seemingly freest and happiest, the great mass of mankind is kept chained and grovelling. And this rebuke is also a command, to which it must be impossible much longer to withhold attention and obedience, that this practical denial and mockery of Christianity must not be suffered to continue,—that some mode must be discovered by which it may be practicable to apply the principles of the Gospel to the constitution and government of society; and for individuals to do that which is now an utter impossibility to the best and purest, namely, to conform the regulation of their private daily walk of life to the standard of those principles. In every direction do we see individuals starting up under the power of this rebuke, earnest to do what may in them lie, each in his little sphere and on his particular point of action, in obedience to this command. How they preach, and toil, and strive, and devote themselves, in their respective and manifold ways, to that which they feel to be to them the highest and holiest of duties, for that is their mission, their allotted field of labor, their appointed post in the advancing movement of the great army of the race. Each has his particular good to be done—evil to be removed—truth to be taught—error to be corrected. Each is full of his own idea; and perhaps in nine cases in ten, its proximity to his eye may shut out the view of all others, and his enthusiasm may pass into a fanaticism. What then? In Paul's words, "It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing." These fanaticisms never get strength to do any great harm. They exhaust themselves, and counteract each other. They can never singly get such hold upon the general mind as to be dangerous,—even if the sluggish *vis inertiæ* of society, which makes it so difficult to rouse and move it at all, presented a less heavy resistance than it does to all their passionate impulses. And what though all these various classes of reformers—each at work on his own stone, in that huge pyramid of Evil which is destined, however slowly, to disappear under the eventual influence of their common efforts?—what though they misunderstand, and abuse, and persecute each other? In Hawthorne's beautiful apologue of "The Procession of Life," published in our Number of April last, he thus finely expresses that pervading harmony which is made up out of the very conflict of all their discords:

"But let good men push and elbow one another as they may, during their earthly march, all will be peace among them when the honorable array of their procession shall tread on heavenly ground. There they will doubtless find that they have been working each for the other's cause, and that every well-delivered stroke, which, with an honest purpose, any mortal struck, even for a narrow object, was indeed stricken for the universal cause of good. Their own view may be bounded by country, creed, profession, the diversities of individual character—but above them all is the breadth of Providence. How many, who have deemed themselves antagonists, will smile hereafter, when they look back upon the world's wide harvest-field, and perceive that, in unconscious brotherhood, they were helping to bind the self-same sheaf!"

To our view and our sympathies, one of the most interesting of all the thousand indications in every direction visible, of the presence and working of this spirit, is the formation of the Society whose name constitutes the title to this Article, and whose principles and objects are set forth with equal eloquence and condensation in the pamphlet above referred to. It is from the pen of William H. Channing, a worthy nephew of the great and good man who has given that name its consecrated celebrity. We quote from it the following statement of its view of that condition of society out of which has grown the movement of which it is the first expression:

"The spirit of reform which is animating the hearts of men in this generation,

of every class, radical and conservative, through church and state, with a greater hope than the world has ever known, prompts a threefold movement against three classes of prevailing evils.

"1. *The contrasts in condition, intelligence, and character*, which are produced by our modes of domestic, industrial, and social life, are felt to be at utter variance with our faith as Christians and as men. Professedly we believe, that all are born to be children of God, to grow up in love, and truth, and joy; to enter upon a spiritual existence; to be united as brethren by interchange of blessings received from one Father; practically we are separated into castes, reared upon accidents, upheld by caprice, mutually jealous of each other's encroachments, and tenacious of conflicting rights. Excessive wealth, exclusively possessed, is side by side with abject want; leisure that breeds frivolity with exhausting toils; incitements to intellectual culture with necessities which fetter the noblest powers; influences well fitted to refine and purify, with degrading relations exhaling an atmosphere of vice. Masses are crowded into narrow places, foul airs, and situations engendering disease. Society expends in the punishment of criminals, sums, which justly shared, and wisely used, would have insured the virtue of these victims of neglect. All suffer for the common wrong. There is a general temper of restless discontent; a worldliness exhausting the finest energies in anxious struggles for subsistence; a collision prolific of fraud; a selfish indifference to the unfortunate, and as selfish exultation in success; a contempt of the weak, and a flattery of the strong; an over estimate of conventional refinements, a prejudice against honest toil, an indiscriminate standard of the value of services; a distrust repelling man from man, and class from class; a general exercise of constraint and force; which are as fatal to individual purity and happiness, and to social prosperity and peace, as they are hostile to that law of love, so universally acknowledged, and so universally broken. Men can rest content no longer under these violations of the will of impartial Providence. A new sense has been born of the worth, rights, and capacities of the human being. Necessity and the tendencies of the commercial world co-operate with the spirit of freedom, and of Christian humanity, to stimulate us in the solution of this problem of injustice. The resources opened by science, the wonderful inventions of art, give timely aid. And society at large seems gathering up its strength for some effectual effort, so to organize its institutions, as to secure for every individual, man, woman, child, the freest exercise of its powers, and its just share in the privileges of life. The resistless tendency of the age is towards united interests.

"2. The *confusion of existing opinions*, upon all subjects, religious, moral, practical, is seen to be as unnatural as it is harmful. Fundamental truths, established principles, clear views of divine order, are nowhere expressed in forms that command universal assent; and in their place we have perplexity and doubt. Time justly due to useful labor, to friendship, self-culture, and enjoyment, is wasted in fruitless speculation; powers best developed in fervent action pine for want of ends steadfastly believed in, strongly comprehended, and worthy of devotedness; feeling is chilled by indecision; conscience blinded by sophistry; theories withdraw regard from natural laws; servile attachment to systems takes the place of convictions, widening with experience and growth; and the dogmas of past ages usurp the reverence which man owes to God's ever present glory. Hence, endless controversies, wasting the means, paralyzing the enthusiasm which should be consecrated to the universal good; and the church designed to be a living body, with one heart and will of love, is sundered into disputing sects. But a great change is spreading over men's spirits. Disgust is becoming general at this jargon of barren polemics. The multiplicity of opinions which first drove men into an extreme freedom of inquiry, has resulted at length in mutual deference and respect for the combined judgments of the race. It is seen that no man, that no age can know the whole of truth, but only such of its phases as their peculiar character fits them to perceive; and that in the constantly unfolding wisdom of mankind alone is there any approximation to infallibility. The era of denial and scoffing has passed; we long for affirmations; there is a new confidence in the universal presence of the Spirit of Truth. We begin to perceive that through all varieties of creeds, through the thousand-fold forms of mythology and theology, through the systems of philosophers and the visions of poets, has spoken more or less audibly one Eternal Word. Sublime analogies present themselves between the spiritual and natural worlds. Christianity comes to be recognized as the pure outshining, through a soul made transparent by inspiration, of those heavenly laws which have more or less brightly illumined all sages and saints; the various modes of Christian belief, formed by the partial comprehension of different eras, appear as refracted rays from one central sun; and long severed dissenters at length are reconciled as fellow seekers of the Unity of Faith.

"3. The *tone of religious feeling* in so-

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ciety and individuals—the habitual modes of devout expression—above all, the prevailing forms of worship—fail to embody the ideal of good, which impels all denominations to seek a deeper revival of holiness. Many of the most devout have withdrawn from our churches, and are watching in secret for the Day Spring. It is felt that rituals have too commonly been substituted for rectitude; that consecrated places have too often been considered as fitter temples for the Omnipresent, than humble hearts and societies sanctified by love; that the ministry of truth, the offices of kindness, the expressions of reverence, which God gives in commission to every sincere soul, have been too much delegated to the select few. Unnatural mystery has been thrown around the most vital and universal experience of life; forms have choked the spontaneous aspiration after that peace which comes in wills made one with God; asceticism sacrificing natural feeling, and longing for futurity, has been thought more spiritual than thankful joy in present blessings; fear has cast gloom over the confidence which a creature should repose in divine benignity, until the very influence most fitted to purify and expand affection, and set free every power, has been turned to an instrument of constraint; and character has been dwarfed when it should have been perfected. But the Spirit of Christ, animating the hearts of his true followers and friends in all ages of the church, makes itself more and more distinctly known. The divinity which filled and transfigured Jesus, till it made him "the brightness of God's glory, and the express image of his person," reveals itself as that inspiration of goodness which visits all who are pure in heart. He was one with Him whose name is Love, through his own devoted love. And his disinterestedness, by the sympathy it awakens, brings ever nearer the fulfilment of his prayer, "as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, may they be one in us." Throughout the church and society is working a sublime hope of an era near at hand, when men shall receive and diffuse in healthy bodies, warm affections, simple thoughts, glad tempers, and efficient deeds, a heavenly life; and when justice, guided by eternal models, shall build a beautiful temple of order, where the whole of life may be worship.

"This three-fold movement of reform, which all thoughtful men are observing with awe, is the spirit of prophecy, the present wisdom and power of God, announcing to this generation his purposes of good. Our highest anticipations shall be more than fulfilled. Our conceptions of beauty, our longings for blessedness, ur visions of perfection, are not given to antalise. They are the germs of a glorious reality to bloom and bear fruit in the fulness of time. These sickly, short-lived forms, these fickle passions, these sluggish faculties, these unsteady energies ending in misfortune, cannot be the Divine ideal of man. These nations girded with armies, dotted with prisons, inwardly convulsed, outwardly warring, bankrupt in their governments, wretched in their people, cannot be God's ideal of the human race. Past progress points to an accelerated future progress. The spirit of growth, reform, and diffusion, which Christianity everywhere quickens, is the pledge of a redeemed earth. The schemes of legislators, the dreams of poets, the prayers of saints, the promises of prophets, shall be a hundred-fold accomplished."

Of the other objects of this society, as a religious one, it is not proper for us here to speak—further than to state that they do not recognize any regularly constituted and paid priesthood; that while one of their weekly meetings (that of Sunday morning) is given to worship, under the guidance of one individual invited for that purpose—a worship conducted with great simplicity, but much as in other religious assemblages, consisting of prayer, scripture readings, singing and a discourse—there are two other meetings, one on Sunday evening and the other on Thursday evening, at which any individual is free to speak, and at which (especially at the latter) questions of spiritual progress, and of the application of the principles of religion to the great practical object of the melioration and elevation of society, are the subjects of consideration. The Rev. Mr. Channing, already referred to above, was the originator of this society, and has filled the part of the leader in its services, with an eloquence of a singular beauty and fervor. As a society, it has no distinctive sectarian creed, its members consisting of all denominations, with no particular obligations or responsibilities incident to membership, and meeting on one open platform of unrestricted moral freedom, a common equality, and a pervading spirit of that mutual respect and love appropriate to the name selected as their designation. With all these features in their organization, we repeat, we have nothing here to do. The suggesting motive of our notice of it, and interest in it, is found in that idea which is its animating life—namely, the grand tendency and mission of Christianity to reform and reorganize the present woful chaos of

wretchedness—(comparatively, that is to say, with what might be and ought to be)—in which society is sunk. The Church has heretofore miserably neglected its high duty to interpret and apply this profound and vast meaning of the religion it has so little understood, so little felt. It has made itself, on the contrary, as a general rule, the most formidable impediment in the way of all liberating, elevating and progressive reform. Democracy has lately been earnestly pleading with Religion, to come forth from the indolent inertness in which it has been so long sleeping, within the dim shades of the sanctuary, lulled by the soporific monotony of a well-paid preaching, and to walk abroad hand in hand together, in a lovely and holy sisterhood, indissoluble henceforth in the unity of a common origin, authority, and aim. And the latter is beginning to listen to the voice once so abhorred and dreaded. If Democracy was infidel in the last century, there was much to cause and to excuse it; but it is now profoundly, earnestly Christian; and the truest and highest Christianity is democratic. Long estranged, they are again coming together, in spite of all the efforts of many of the votaries of each, still blind in their ancient prejudices against the other, to keep them asunder. And behold them now bending over the same sacred page, where they not only read the divine record of their own common original, but those principles and those precepts of Him who spoke as never man spake, which it is henceforth the joint and blessed mission of both to apply in practice to the regeneration of human society, to realize that inconceivably glorious result, of the coming of the Kingdom of God upon the earth, of which He himself promised the attainment, as well as taught the way.

THE SCULPTOR IN HIS STUDIO.*

WHAT sweet imaginings have haunted me!
Divinities of old, and demi-gods,
With all who peopled grove, and fount, and stream!
Morn's purpled brightness, twilight's shadowy veil,
Night with her stars, and Dian's gentle beam,
Brought with them lyre-sounds, and ideal shapes
Of matchless beauty, and the fearful realms
Solemn and dread, where Pluto reigns in awe.
Ever before my vision Orpheus stood,
Seeking his lost Eurydice. I gazed
Till my brain reeled with faintness, trembling then
I poured my soul into the work, and wished
For spark Promethean, that the form might start
At once to god-like motion and to life!
When in the days of old, Olympian Jove
Arose majestic from the Athenian's hand,

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* As well for its own interest as for the illustration of the above lines, we add in a note the following extract from the letter enclosing them.—ED. D. R.

"The accompanying lines were suggested by the following passage, in a letter from Mr. Crawford to his sister, accompanied by an engraving of the 'Orpheus:'

"'I am writing,' says he, 'in the midst of a terrible thunder storm, and can scarcely proceed, for the incessant flashes of lightning which dart every moment into the window of my studio; my statue of Orpheus is before me, and when I look upon it in the midst of this thick darkness, which is brightened occasionally by a glare of rapid red light, it is difficult to persuade myself, that this inanimate creation of mine is not starting from its pedestal, and actually rushing into the realms of Pluto. The thunder is getting really awful, and I must stop to compose myself. I have been thinking of the story about Phidias and his wonderful statue of Jove. You know that upon finishing it, he requested some sign from the god, to know if he were pleased with the representation; it seems the nod was given, for at that moment the statue was circled by lightning, which came and passed off with such a noise as could only be produced

For one approving sign the artist prayed;
Swift flew the lightning forth, with fiery wreath
Circling the statue's brow; deep thunder rolled,
Peal echoing peal, till shook the gorgeous fane,
While Phidias stood, awe-struck yet proud, and felt
Immortal triumph in that hour of fame!
  Were ours the age for such high fantasies,
I too would hope. Hark to the wild uproar!
The sky of Rome is darkened o'er with clouds,
Chasing like storm-waves o'er the troubled deep,
Bright lurid flashes light the darkness up,
And 'mid this awful elemental strife,
Mine own inanimate creation seems
About to dare a deeper gloom, and rush
Impetuous onward through the gate of Hell!

Fond dreamer! what glorious visions are thine,
  A worshipper, thou in wild rapture hast bowed,
At each soul-thrilling, hallowed, and beautiful shrine,
  Round which loveliness floats like a glory-hued cloud.
Thou livest in light, in a world of thine own,
Gemmed with stars of the past, which resplendently shone,
In those days when mount, river, and valley, and grot,
Were each teeming with beauty, a wild haunted spot.
  Fond dreamer! might each ideal form
    To rapt enthusiast dear,
  Wearing a halo bright and warm,
    For ever linger near.
Couldst thou still dream of fame-wreaths wove
Around thy brow by hand of love,
Soar on through cloud-land and yet live,
Without the pangs deep feelings give.
  Vain wish! the fire that lights the soul,
    And upward sends each piercing ray,
  The thoughts that spurn earth's dull control,
    Like birds that heavenward shape their way,
  Too oft like love-fraught censers fling
    Their treasure on a heartless shrine,
  Too often plume their spirit's wing
    To fall, as falls the mountain pine,
By lightning blasted and upturned,
Beneath the lowly shrub it spurned.
  Pray God, a happier fate be thine,
    Than aught that's emblemed here,
  And may thy spirit's light divine,
    Caught from a high and heavenly sphere,
Burn on, till earth's bright forms shall be
Dimmed, lost, in Immortality. J. C.

---

by heaven's artillery. Were we living in that age, or were ours the religion of the ancient Greeks, I too might interpret the sign in my favor.'

"In a letter received a short time since, the artist states that 'the Orfeo will be in Boston this summer.' Another group now in his studio, 'Hebe and Ganymede,' has, both from Thorwaldsen and others, elicited the warmest praise. There are also three noble designs for statues of Washington, Jefferson, and the late Dr. Channing. The writer of this, has a tracing of the *bas-relief* for Mr. Tiffany of Baltimore, mentioned by Mr. Sumner, and also one illustrative of the sixty-second Ode of Anacreon, designed for the Boston Athenæum. It would exceed the limits of a note, to mention the designs for many works, some of which have been ordered by private individuals. The artist has commenced the publication of a series of engravings in Numbers; each of the Numbers will contain three engravings, illustrative of designs which he has executed while in Rome; the first of these is about being published.

"There is a mistake in the note to your paper on the Orpheus. Crawford was born

REMARKS ON UNIVERSAL HISTORY.

SECOND ARTICLE.

BY O. A. BROWNSON.

In a former article on Universal History, we stated that the History of Humanity is subjected to a plan, that Providence is realizing in it a prescribed end, in reference to which it should be studied and written; and that because so subjected it is capable of scientific exposition. Without going into any particular consideration of this plan, or the end for which man and men exist, we assumed man's progressiveness as our point of departure, and opened the inquiry—In what does progress consist, and by what agencies is it effected? We then proceeded to discuss, 1. The War Theory, which places progress in the struggle with, and in overcoming, as far as possible, outward and eternally irreconcilable enemies; 2. The Humanitarian Theory, which places the principle of change, and therefore of progress, in human things, in the human intelligence alone; and 3. The Rationalistic Theory, which finds this principle, and therefore the origin of the facts of human history, in the Spontaneous or Impersonal Reason, reservation being made in regard to nature, the theatre on which it displays itself. In accordance with the promise at the close of that article, we now proceed to discuss another theory, which we shall denominate

THE PROVIDENTIAL THEORY.

The Providential Theory, which probably in some form is recognized or intended to be recognized by all philosophers, may be contemplated under two different points of view:

I. The Pantheistic view.
II. The Religious view.

In what we have to offer on each, we shall make M. Cousin our representative of the first, and Bossuet of the second.

I. M. Cousin is a professed Eclectic, and it is the boast of his system of history, that it excludes no element from its appropriate share. Under a certain point of view, he assuredly does admit all the elements that can be conceived of as at work in human affairs. But granting that he admits all the elements, does he in his account of them, recognize and describe them all in their true character? In order to answer this question, we must return upon his system for a few moments, and contemplate it under a different point of view from that under which we contemplated in our former article. He recognizes five elements in human history, five original ideas, whence have proceeded, and to which may be referred as their source, all the facts of the life of humanity considered collectively or individually.

1. The idea of the Useful;
2. The idea of the Just;
3. The idea of the Beautiful;
4. The idea of the Holy;
5. The idea of the True.

The first creates Industry, and the mathematical and physical sciences; the second, the State, government, jurisprudence; the third, the Fine Arts; the fourth, Religion (*cultus*); the fifth, Philosophy, which clears up, accounts for, and verifies the other four. That these five elements exhaust human nature, there can be no doubt; that all the facts of human history in time and space, however various or complex, can be all included by the historian under the respective heads of industry, politics, art, religion, and philosophy, is unquestionably true; and so far M. Cousin's boast of having in his Eclecticism overlooked no element of human life, is well founded. But in the creation of industry, politics, art, religion, philosophy, does humanity work alone and on her own funds; or does Providence come to her assistance? If Providence intervenes, is it in the form of a fixed, permanent and necessary law of humanity; or in the form of a free, sovereign power, distinct from humanity, graciously supplying her from time to time with new strength and materials to work with? Here lies the whole question between Providence in the pantheistic sense, and Providence in the religious sense.

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Under the point of view we are now considering the subject, M. Cousin is to no small extent a disciple of John Baptist Vico, born at Naples 1668, educated in the study of the ancient languages, the scholastique philosophy, theology, and jurisprudence, known as the author of the *Scienza Nuova*, or New Science, a work of vast compass, of immense power, and a mine of rich and profound thought, too little prized and studied by even our best scholars. Vico, though recognizing religion, and the action of Providence, yet starts from the principle that humanity is, so to speak, her own work. God acts upon the race, but only by it, in its instinctive operations. He explains nearly all the facts of human history from the political point of view; but he traces the various laws of nations, the manners and customs, and all the materials which enter into the history of humanity, to the "common sense of nations." Humanity is divine, but there is no divine man. The great men of ancient history, poets, prophets, sages, legislators, are not to be taken as individuals. They are mythical personages, creations of the national thought of their respective nations and epochs, formed by the slow accretions of centuries. God does not speak to men by special messengers, does not guide and govern them by outward religious establishments; but he speaks to the race in its own instincts, and out from these spring up all the religious, artistic, philosophical and political institutions of all nations and epochs.

The only objection we can find that M. Cousin makes to this doctrine is, that Vico takes, in his explanation of the facts of history, too exclusively the political point of view, and makes too much depend on the government and the laws;—an objection which we feel is well founded. But Cousin agrees with Vico, if not in deducing all from the "common sense of nations," at least from what amounts to the same thing, the common instinctive wants and aspirations of the race. God undoubtedly is; and undoubtedly is in all the events of history; for it is in Him that we live, move and have our being: but He enters there only in and through the instincts, or spontaneous intelligence of humanity. Ascertain what is common to the race, regular, permanent, reproduced with each new generation, and you have ascertained the word, the law, and the providence of God so far as concerns human beings. Whatever of wisdom, energy, power, there may be for good, to aid us in achieving our destiny, in the spontaneous reason which lies at the basis of human life, so much aid we receive and continue to receive from our Maker, but no more.

To justify us in this statement, we translate his own account of "History as a manifestation of Providence."

"History reflects not merely the movement of humanity; but as humanity is the *résumé* of the universe, which is a manifestation of God, it follows that, in the last analysis, history is and can be only the last counterstroke of the Divine Action. The admirable order which reigns in it is a reflex of the eternal order; the necessity of its laws has for ultimate principle God himself—God considered in his relations with the world, and particularly with humanity, the last word of the world. *Now God considered in his perpetual action on the world and on humanity is Providence.* It is because God, or Providence, is *in nature*, that nature has its necessary laws, which the vulgar call fatality; it is because Providence is *in humanity* and in history, that humanity has its necessary laws, and history its necessity. This necessity, which the vulgar accuse, and which they confound with the exterior and physical fatality which does not exist, and by which they designate and disfigure the Divine Wisdom applied to the universe,—this necessity is the unanswerable demonstration of the intervention of Providence in human affairs, the demonstration of the government of the moral world. The great facts of history are the decrees of this government revealed to humanity by its own history, and promulgated by the voice of Time. History is the manifestation of God's providential views in relation to humanity; *the judgments of history are the judgments of God himself.* If humanity has three epochs, it is because Providence has so determined; if these epochs follow one the other in a given order, it is still by an effect of the laws of Providence. Providence has not merely permitted, it has ordained (for necessity is everywhere its proper and essential characteristic) that humanity

should have a regular development, so that this development should reflect something of itself; something intellectual and intelligible; because Providence, because God is intelligence in his essence and in his eternal action, and in his fundamental moments. If history is the government of God rendered visible, all is in its place in history; and if all is in its place, all is good, for all conducts to an end prescribed by a beneficent power. Hence the lofty *historical Optimism*, which I do myself the honor to profess, and which is nothing else but civilisation placed in relation with its first and last principle, with Him who has made it in making humanity, and who has made all with weights and measures for the greatest good of the whole. Either history is an insignificant phantasmagoria, and therefore a bitter and cruel mockery, or it is reasonable. If it is reasonable, it has its laws, and necessary and beneficent laws; for all law must have these two characters. To maintain the contrary is to blaspheme existence and the author of existence."*

We do not choose to interpret this passage without considering it in the light of M. Cousin's subsequent explanations and modifications. We assuredly, in designating his view of Providence the Pantheistic View, do not wish nor intend to prove him a pantheist, which he is not, save in certain tendencies, against which he always seeks to guard, though in our judgment not always with complete success. Pantheism consists in absorbing the universe in God; in making the universe, not an image of God, the visible outshadowing of the Invisible, but identical with God; in making the finite and relative forces at work in the universe, not merely work after laws originally impressed upon their natures, and which are indistinct copies or transcripts of the law of the Divine Activity itself, but in making these finite and relative forces identical with the Infinite Force; so that, strictly speaking, there is throughout the universe only one and the same Force displaying itself. M. Cousin protests against this view time and again, almost to weariness, and in general succeeds in escaping it.

Nevertheless, this view of Providence which we have given as his, and which we find distinctly stated in the passage we have introduced, is, if not pantheism, at least on the declivity to pantheism; inasmuch as according to it, it is only *in* the inherent and necessary laws of nature, that we can find the Divine Action *on* nature, and only *in* the inherent and necessary laws of humanity, that is, in humanity itself, that we can find the Divine Action *on* humanity. This resolves Providence into what Vico calls the common sense of nations, into what we commonly call the instincts of the race, and identifies it with the Spontaneity, the source and principle, according to Cousin, as we showed in our former article, of all the facts of the life of humanity. Now, we are far from contending that in the life of humanity, we can always separate by a broad and continuous line the Divine Action from the human; but, nevertheless, we must not confound or identify the two actions, if we mean to escape the error of pantheism. But where, on the ground here taken, shall we find in the facts of human history, not the *separation*, but the *distinction* between the Divine Action and the human; or where find the force properly and strictly human, and the force properly and strictly Divine?

It is a capital objection to this theory of Providence, that, while it is brought forward to show, among other things, a safe and solid ground in the very wants of the human soul, and instinctive indications of the race, for religion, it is, when once admitted, fatal to all religious exercises. According to Jouffroy, religion belongs only to the human intelligence in a *given stage of its development;* Vico has the air of confining it to the first of his three epochs, which is the epoch of ignorance, of infancy; and Cousin himself places philosophy *above* religion, of which he makes it the judge. The moment we have learned through philosophical culture that religion is a creation of an original and inherent want of the human soul, and that religious institutions are only the result of the instinctive efforts of the race to meet and provide for this want, religion and religious institutions lose all their authority, all

* Introduction à l'Histoire de la Philosophie, Leçon VII., pp. 37–39. Paris, 1828.

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their appropriateness, and are inevitably rejected. If God intervenes in human affairs only through the transcendental side, only in the inherent and necessary laws of human nature itself; if he be only the fixed, the permanent, the necessary in human action, where is the room for prayer, praise, sacrifice, or devotion? Who could pray to his own instincts, sacrifice to the spontaneity of his own nature, or build temples to the permanent, fixed, and necessary laws of his own activity? There would be no Divine Will to propitiate, no sovereign and efficacious Grace to supplicate, no extra-human Aid to be implored or to be hoped for; no Divine Sympathy for us in our trials, no solace in our afflictions; no Divine Counsel to direct us in our doubts, and to guide us through the darkness which at times envelopes us, to the clear radiance of Truth and Love. Do the proud oppress; do the haughty insult; do the wicked triumph, and trample the righteous in the dust; are the poor neglected, and left to perish? there is no appeal to the Divine Justice which may interpose, to a righteous God who may come to the rescue of the poor and the oppressed, and overwhelm the wrong-doers with his judgments, and chastise them for their insolence and want of love to their brethren; for God intervenes only in the common sense of nations, the instincts, or the spontaneous aspirations of the race, and these are always the same, invariable in time and place; and, therefore, since impotent to prevent iniquity, of course impotent to redress it. Evidently, then, religion can be a fact of human history, only so long as we are destitute of philosophy. We must cease to be religious the moment we are sufficiently enlightened to comprehend the origin, nature, and tendencies of religious institutions. This is what M. Cousin himself, on more than one occasion, significantly hints, and it is what his friend and pupil Jouffroy expressly asserts.

We see here the fundamental vice of modern philosophy itself, and in its later as well as in its earlier developments. Its grand error is found in the point of departure of Cartesianism. Des Cartes assumes the sufficiency of Reason, as manifested in the individual consciousness, to account for all that can appear in the life of humanity. Obviously, then, nothing can be admitted as an integral, an essential, or as a permanent and necessary part of human life, that does not come in through humanity as the operating cause. The old French philosophers, a much wiser and worthier set of men than we commonly allow—plain, straightforward, outspoken, and the sworn enemies of all cant and humbug,—saw very clearly, that *on this principle*, religion, since its very essence is in the recognition and worship of a supernatural and superhuman Providence, could not subsist a moment after men had once come to see whence had originated their religious institutions, faith, and disciplines; and, therefore, they said all plainly that religion originates in human weakness and ignorance. They considered religion, therefore, a reproach and a shame, and as such condemned it, and labored to teach men philosophy; so that they should be able to cast it off, and live without it. The Germans saw this, but shrunk from the conclusion. Warm, and somewhat devout of heart, they would retain religion; subtle of brain, and speculatively inclined by temper and education, they would retain philosophy; so they set themselves with right-down German earnestness at work to reconcile the two. They sought the source of religion, as a fact of human history, in human nature itself, and found man endowed by nature with a religious sense or faculty, which some of them called *Religiosity*. Now, said they, the controversy must end. Here is religion a very element of man's nature; it grows out of a fundamental want of his being, and therefore religion he has, and must, and will have, as long as he continues to be human. This philosophy was imported into France by Madame de Staël and Benjamin Constant, and in a modified form was accepted by MM. Cousin and Jouffroy. But, after all, this was merely a new version of the very doctrine of the old *philosophes*. At first, it seemed to be something else, and many an inquirer thought he had found what he was looking after. But alas! the discovery of the origin of religion *in human nature* destroyed the possibility of *religiousness*. The *religiosity* was struck from the list of human faculties, the moment it was discovered to be a faculty; because then it lost all its character of sacredness and authority, and men who understood the secret, could

regard only as a mere sham or pretence all religious exercises. Religion was no longer a law imposed on me by a lawgiver, but something growing out of my nature, standing on a level with industry, politics, art, and the like. Here was no God to worship, but an instinct to follow; no extra-mundane sovereign to obey, but an internal law to develope. There was something like mockery in kneeling down to pray, for who should hear our prayers? How could I, as an honest man, bring my gift to the altar? The pious feeling, the religious state of mind, was no longer possible. Our knowledge banishes our religion, on the German system, as well as on the old French system. There can be religion only where there is not only the belief in God, but a belief that God intervenes in human affairs through the side of the Actual as well as through the side of the Transcendental; for then only can there be any room for religious exercises.

Unquestionably God intervenes in human affairs through the necessary and invariable laws of nature and of humanity—what we call his intervention through the side of the Transcendental; but this intervention is not what we call, nor what the religious world has always called, PROVIDENCE. This intervention is ontological, and the relation it implies is not that of Providence, but that of Creation. Unless we adopt pantheism outright, and make the action of man and of God one and identical, to say that God intervenes only under the relation of Creator, is to assume that he has in creating man given him all that he ever gives him, made in the very elements of his nature all the provision for his whole life, here or hereafter, that man needs, or that he does or will make for him. Now, this is precisely what we understand, not by Providence, but by the *denial* of Providence.

But as we showed, in our former article, though from another point of view, this theory of the non-intervention of Providence, save through the fixed and permanent laws of human nature, will not suffice to explain and account for the facts of human history. By it we may explain and account for what is fixed, permanent, uniform in history; but how explain by its light, or account for what is exceptional, variable, individual, diverse? Vico, by his "common sense of nations," can only explain what is common to all nations; not by any means what each nation has in its life that is peculiar to itself. We have seen that we cannot do it merely by the aid of climate and geography. The difference of races may do somewhat; but if we assume, or even if we do not assume, that all the varieties of the human race have sprung from the same family, this difference will be insufficient to account for all the diversities which we find in the lives of different nations and individuals. On this ground, we ask again, what shall we do with PROVIDENTIAL MEN, who come at long intervals of time and space, and by their superhuman virtue, intelligence, wisdom, love, and power of sacrifice, found systems and eras, redeem and advance their race? History presents us, at least *tradition* presents us, these men standing by the cradles of all nations, as the founders of their respective civilisations. These men cannot come as the ordinary developments of humanity, for humanity cannot of itself surpass its uniform type. What shall we say of them? Shall we boldly deny their existence as individuals, and with Vico declare them vast collective beings; understanding by Homer, not

"The blind old bard of Scio's rocky isle,"

but a long series of bards and rhapsodists, the Homerides; nay, not the Homerides merely, but the whole Greek people embodying itself and history, through the whole epoch of its earlier and heroic life, in a sublime Iliad, and a didactic Odyssey? Shall we say that there was no Moses, but the Jewish people, emancipating themselves from servitude, who obtain after various trials and vicissitudes a country, and establish a fixed code of laws, political, civil, and religious? And Zoroaster, and Pythagoras, and Plato, and Confucius, the heroes, sages, poets, prophets, and philosophers, founders of states and empires, the benefactors of the race, whose very names cast a spell over us, and make us thrill with the love of glory—must these all dissolve at the first touch of criticism, as spectres at the approach of morning light, and leave us to be dissipated and deadened in the vague and indeterminate masses heaving and rolling in a wild, madden-

ing chaos, borne blindly, without perceiving why or wherefore, hither and thither, by every wind that sweeps over them? As well strike the Divinity from heaven, as dispeople the earth of its heroes. No; these Providential Men, these Angels of God, these Messengers of truth and love, were not mere fictions, the mere impersonations of the thoughts, feelings, and deeds of the masses in their respective nations; but they were great and glorious REALITIES, almost the only realities on which the eye can seize and repose, through all the long vista of the past. No; critics and philosophers, having spoiled us of our God, do in common charity spare us the glorious army of saints and martyrs, heroes, prophets, apostles, and sages, by whom our race has been redeemed and blessed. To spare us these is not to rob the masses of their glory, for their glory is that they love, and reverence, and cherish the memory of these, and profit by their diviner lives.

Moreover, this theory which recognizes God, not in the exceptional, the individual, and the diverse, but merely in the fixed, the uniform, the identical, and the necessary, in human history, refutes itself. Nothing is a more uniform, universal, and permanent fact of history, than this very belief that Providence intervenes in human affairs on the side of the ACTUAL, as well as on the side of the Transcendental. All ages and nations have believed in not only a general but a special Providence —a Providence intervening for individuals and nations, and through specially appointed nations and individuals as agents, or ministers. According to the theory in question, this belief can have resulted only from the presence of God in human nature, and therefore must have the highest stamp of truth the theory does or can recognize. If the theory be true, this belief must be true; therefore, if the theory be true, the theory itself must be false.

The error of the advocates of this theory, arises from their assuming that all in the life of humanity must be a development of humanity itself. But humanity does not suffice for itself. The Creator has not merely created man, placed him here, and left him to the natural workings of the original principles of his being, as the Epicureans teach, but he remains ever near him, watching over him with a tender love; and intervenes to aid his growth, and the accomplishment of his destiny. This brings us to

II. THE RELIGIOUS VIEW OF PROVIDENCE. In our former article we objected to M. Cousin's doctrine that it gave no place to human freedom; we object to it now, that it gives no place to the Divine freedom. Unquestionably, M. Cousin asserts that the human me, as Leibnitz contends, is a force, a cause, and really is no further than it is free; but in tracing virtually, if not expressly, all the facts of history to the Impersonal Reason, and assigning to the reflective reason, in which alone the me intervenes, only a retrospective agency, he renders this liberty of the me altogether unproductive, and therefore as good as no me at all. Unquestionably also, he asserts, and it is a capital point in his philosophy, that God is cause, and substance, or being, only in that he is cause; therefore necessarily asserting his freedom, for a cause not free is no cause—the cause being not in *it*, but in that which binds or necessitates it. But in his account of the Divine intervention, he recognizes that intervention only in creation. It is, as we have seen, solely an ontological intervention, coming through the side of our permanent nature, affecting us in the fixed and unalterable laws of our being, and not through our life, our actions, and reaching our substantive existence through our phenomenal existence. Therefore, whatever freedom there was in creating us, there can be none in governing or controlling us. The Divine Action is limited, restrained by the laws or nature of the creature. God can act only in these laws; nay, these laws are *his* action. There is and can be no Divine influx but these laws themselves. Consequently, God is not and cannot be free to correct their action, or to give them a new direction, or an *additional* force, as may be required for the greatest good of the race, unless we lose them entirely and fall into absolute pantheism. From the first point of view, we lose man, from the last, we lose God.

The simple objection we here raise to M. Cousin is that he recognizes the Divine intervention in human affairs only in the nature with which he has created or creates us. As this nature, according to him, is fixed and unalter-

able, we have and can have no *free* intervention of Providence in the actual affairs of individuals or of nations. It seems to us that a little attention to the language of an Apostle would have rectified this theory. It is, says St. Paul, whom we dare quote as a philosopher as well as an inspired apostle, if indeed the former is not presupposed in the latter—it is in God that "we *live* and *move* and have our being." M. Cousin says it is in God that we have our *being*. Our ontological existence given, our whole phenomenal existence is given. But if this were so, why did the Apostle not stop with saying, "in God we have our being?" But our ontological or substantive existence being given, our whole phenomenal existence, that is to say, all the facts of our lives, all that we can exhibit in our actual living and acting, is *not* given. *All does not flow out of the laws of our own being or the original principles of our nature.* Our actual lives exhibit the presence of other principles and agencies, and among these is that to which all the world gives the name of Providence. "In him we *live* and *move*." We depend on God for our being; he, as it were, stands under us, and upholds, continues us in being by the continued presence—active presence, for God is never a mere looker on—of his creative energy. So far M. Cousin. But we, who are thus created, constituted, as active forces, are yet unable to act, or to produce in our own sphere, that is, to live and move. We are equally dependent on God, on the other side, on the presence, the *active* intervention of God for the conditions of life and motion. This last intervention, inasmuch as it is *super*-natural, not restricted to our mere natures, but comes in and affects our lives, and the principles of our nature through our living, and therefore not bound by them, is the true providential intervention. It is a free intervention, and therefore implies the Divine Sovereignty. It enables us to feel that God is free at any moment to intervene in our behalf, to reward us for our virtues, to console us in our afflictions, to redress our grievances, and to punish us for our offences.

We have made Bossuet, a celebrated Catholic Bishop, author of the *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle*, the representative of this religious view of Providence, because it is from it, as his point of sight, that his history is conceived and written; also because he is among the earliest of those who have attempted a universal history. This work has had a great reputation, and it must be owned that it is written with great eloquence and power, with the force and dignity becoming an eminent prelate of the Church; yet regarded as a history, it is unquestionably very defective—defective considering the state of historical knowledge at the time it was written, and much more so now. Its merit is that it is written from the point of view of Providence, and designed to show the active intervention of Providence in the affairs of this world to reward and to punish, to solace and to succor, and especially its intervention in the rise, progress, and decline of states and empires. But the Prelate sees seldom the *people*,—seldom condescends to bestow a thought on the domestic and every-day life of the masses; he dwells in the Temple, or follows the Court and the Camp.

The French claim for Bossuet the high honor of having been the first to conceive the plan of a universal history, written in a philosophic spirit, from a given point of view; but possibly without sufficient foundation. Bossuet's originality is more in the execution than in the conception of his work, the plan of which was given him by the Church itself, was indicated in Genesis, and had been rough-sketched, at least, by St. Augustine in his *Civitate Dei*. Moreover, the *History of the World*, by Sir Walter Raleigh, which preceded the *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle* by more than half a century, is conceived in the same spirit, written from the same point of view, and with virtually the same thought. Sir Walter finished only a third part of his work as originally designed; but he has, in the masterly preface to the part completed, sketched the plan of the whole. As a mere history, though by no means without its merit, it unquestionably falls far below the work of the Catholic Prelate; but the Preface and Introductory Chapters, philosophical and theological, are written with great vigor and majesty of thought, with a pathos, a richness and a magnificence of style and language, hardly surpassed, if equalled, by anything of the kind we are acquainted with, and show, among other things, how little philoso-

phy has really advanced since the pretended reforms introduced by Bacon and Descartes.

But if Sir Walter, as is the case, asserts the fact of Providence, and undertakes to write the History of the World, in order to establish its certainty, and to illustrate its operation in human affairs, and must, therefore, take precedence of Bossuet; he does not, it must be admitted, seem to have clearly and distinctly conceived of history itself as the realization of a grand Providential Scheme, and therefore cannot with strict propriety, notwithstanding his philosophy and philosophic spirit, be ranked among philosophical historians. Perhaps, after all, Bossuet is the first not to conceive of history as the realization of this providential scheme, for that, as we have said, was given him by the Church, and to some extent by the Jewish History recorded in the Scriptures; but the first, while asserting the supernatural intervention of Providence, to develope the systematic character of this intervention, and to give a regular and continuous history of it, in its relations and connexions with the more mundane history of states and empires.

Saint Augustine had conceived, and to some extent sketched the history of the rise and progress of TWO CITIES, one of which he called the "City of this world," whose end is destruction, the other of which he called the "City of God," whose end is to remain for ever the empire of the saints, and the habitation of the just. Here is unquestionably the germ of the *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle.* But Saint Augustine wrote not as the historian, but as the polemic and the dogmatist; while Bossuet writes almost always as the simple historian, only as the historian of principles rather than of mere facts and details. He is writing for the instruction of the Dauphin, and his design is indeed to prepare his royal pupil, should Providence call him to the throne, for the proper discharge of his duties as sovereign of France. He writes, therefore, from the point of view of religion and politics, with the evident design of showing from the history of God's providence, and that of renowned states and empires, that no policy of a prince, however wise to mere human apprehension, can ever be successful, if it in any respect runs counter to the laws of God, as displayed in his providential dealings with mankind. He sought to inculcate the wholesome lesson, always inculcated by the Catholic Church, and always needing to be inculcated, whether the political sovereignty be vested in the one, the few, or the many, that there is a King of kings, a Power above the state, who is the true Sovereign, and whose laws can never be transgressed with impunity. Nor this only; he everywhere sought to show, by implication, however, rather than by express assertion, what the English Solomon, James the First, in his Remonstrance for the Divine Right of Kings, in reply to an Oration of the Cardinal du Perron, undertakes to controvert, namely, that this true Sovereign, this King of kings, Law of laws, to which the civil magistrate owes allegiance, has on earth even, a visible embodiment, and a representative, other than that which may be conceived of as existing in the state itself. He therefore contends for TWO EMPIRES—

1. The Empire of the People of God, the RELIGIOUS.

2. The Empire of men, the POLITICAL.

In his view, these TWO EMPIRES are not co-ordinate, though co-existing; nor does he make the first subordinate to the second, raising the civil power over the ecclesiastical—the human over the Divine—as do the Anglicans in their theory of the Reformation; and as does James, especially in his Remonstrance, or defence of kings; but he makes the Religious Empire, which derives its authority immediately from God himself, supreme, and proclaims it from his episcopal chair as the law of the political power;—a doctrine humbling to the pride of kings, and which, through the long period from the establishment of the Barbarians on the ruins of the Roman Empire down to the Reformation in the sixteenth century, had caused an almost unbroken war between the civil government and the ecclesiastical. Protestantism, under its social aspect—not to speak of it under its theological aspect, with which we have now no concern—is the successful protest on the part of the civil magistrate—civil governments—against this doctrine, then asserted by the Church, and still its doctrine, though for the present suffered to lie in abeyance.

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From this point of view, Bossuet proceeds to sketch the two Empires, but more especially the Religious Empire, and to trace the uninterrupted succession of the PEOPLE OF GOD, the depositaries of the Supreme Law. In the History of this Empire he finds the history of God's providential intervention in human affairs. The Design of this providential intervention is to raise up, educate, and conduct to truth, and justice, and love, an elect people, eminently and strictly the PEOPLE OF GOD. Bossuet traces the history of this people from the Creation, down through Seth, Noah, the Patriarchs, Moses, the Jewish nation, to the coming of Christ, and then no longer in a single nation, but in the Apostles and the Church, gathering and forming into one compact body the People of God from *all* nations; for in the seed of Abraham, which is Christ, all the families, kindreds, and nations of the earth were to be blessed.

It will be seen from this statement, that the Catholic Bishop writes his History solely from the point of view of the Christian Church. His point of departure is in Genesis, and his point of arrival is the consummation of the People of God in Jesus Christ, through the Gospel. We, of course, have no fault to find with this point of view. It is the only point of view from which the History of Humanity can be written, or should be written. But, then, we must understand it well, and be careful that we overlook nothing which it permits us to see. Undoubtedly, Providence intervenes through the medium of an elect people; undoubtedly, too, the Jewish people prior to the coming of Christ, and the Christian Church, are to be regarded as standing at the head of this people; but it would be unjust to leave all the rest of mankind to the mere law of nature, and untrue, to say that no rays of Divine light had penetrated to them but through the inherent and necessary laws of nature and humanity. The false religions of antiquity were not altogether the creations of the devil, but corruptions, or imperfect, incomplete embodiments of the true religion. The grand defect of Bossuet is in not comprehending, except in its theological sense, the spiritual communicability or transmissibility of Life. The fact of this communicability in the City of God, or in the history of the People of God, he recognizes and asserts, as the Church has uniformly done, under the dogmas of Communion and Apostolic Succession. But, though the Life communicated from one subject to another, is supernatural, yet that it is communicated by a natural, not by a supernatural law—this is what this eminent Prelate does not seem to have learned. But we are so made that we do transmit our lives to others by another mode than that of natural generation. We will try and explain this fact, though at the expense of repeating what we have said on several former occasions.

Life is the term by which, when men are the subject of it, we express all the phenomena which a human being exhibits in time and space. Life, predicated of the supernatural agent sent to redeem, enlighten, and sanctify us, is the phenomena exhibited by that agent; but when received by us, it becomes in us, not life, but the *power* of life. Hence, the life of Moses became, when communicated, the power of a higher life to the Jews; so the Life of our blessed Savior communicated to us, becomes in us the power of life, or the power of God in the soul, to live a higher and a truer life.

Life is communicated from one subject to another, between which there is intercourse, by virtue of the fact, that no subject lives but by communion with an object. I cannot *see*, when or where there is nothing but me to be *seen*. Yet to see is a fact of life. Seeing, if decomposed, will be found to be compounded of two elements, one of which is I myself, the subject; the other is that which I see, namely, the object. The *seeing*, that is, the fact expressed by the word, will vary as you vary either of these elements. Change the subject, or change the object, and the fact itself assumes a new character. Take another fact of life, namely, *love*. Now I may, perhaps, experience the *want* to love, where there is no object to be loved; but this want or *need* of loving is not love. I love only where there is something loved. Love, then, as a fact of life, is compounded, in like manner as seeing, of two elements—the subject loving, and object loved. Now, change me, the subject loving, and you change the character of the love; change the character of the

object loved, and you equally change the character of the love. So of any other fact of what I call my life. Now, from this, I obtain the important conclusion, *that what I call my life, or my act,* IS NOT ALL IN MYSELF, DOES NOT ALL DEPEND ON MYSELF, NOR DERIVE ITS WHOLE CHARACTER FROM MYSELF, BUT DEPENDS JOINTLY ON ME AND ON THAT WHICH IS NOT ME, *and derives its character* JOINTLY *from me and from the object in conjunction with which I live or act.* Here is the profound significance of the Christian doctrine of COMMUNION.

Now, assume a Providential Man, that is, a man qualified by the special interposition of his Maker, to exhibit to the world a higher order of spiritual and moral life than the world had hitherto known or been capable of. They who should come into personal communion with him, would live by him, and their life would partake of his fullness. He would be the object—not the *end* in reference to which—but the object *in conjunction* with which, they would live; consequently his higher and diviner character would be communicated to their acts, so that in acting they would act him as well as themselves, would literally live his life. Here is the secret of the well-known influence of example. The *fact* of this influence has always been known and insisted on; the *law* or *philosophy* of this fact has not, till quite recently, been discovered. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Wherefore? Because our life is composed of two elements, one the subject, which is myself, the other the object I am in relation with, which is not me; and as the life partakes of the character of both the subject and the object, it follows necessarily that, if the object be corrupt, that part of my act depending on it will also be corrupt. So good communications have the opposite effect, and purify our manners, and for the same reason. The object in relation with which I live being better than I am, more elevated and holy, evidently, as my acts must derive somewhat from it, my life will be purified and elevated. The fact here stated everybody knows; the *reason* of the fact is all that is novel in the statement. Who of us have ever conversed for one half-hour with a really great and good man, but have felt that a virtue has come out of him to us, and that we ourselves are lifted up, and are no longer, and never can be again, what we were before? This law, which we call the spiritual communicability of Life, creates what we denominate, from a French legal term, the mutual *solidarity* of the life of the human race. By this all are not only ontologically, that is, in the common principles of their nature, members of one race; but all are members of one and the same community, and members one of another, living, in their various degrees, one and the same *life*.

Now, admitting the providential intervention to be in the form and manner asserted by Bossuet, that is, through a peculiar, an elect people of God, it does not follow that it was necessarily confined to that people. We admit the insulation of the Jewish people, for a long series of years, that is to say, from their settlement in Palestine under Joshua to the Babylonish Captivity; but the providential intervention was not delayed till Moses. The name of Abraham is spread all through the East, and reappears in the Brahma of the Hindoos—a sure evidence that this Patriarch was not the patriarch merely of a petty tribe, living isolated from the human race. The memory of Noah is preserved in the universal traditions of the Asiatic, and in fact of the ancient European world. The *Bereshith* is a compend of a divine philosophy, which evidently was diffused far and wide long before Moses—at least in a form more or less pure. Moreover, man had no sooner fallen, than the gracious Creator interposed in his behalf, and commenced the Divine Economy that was to effect his final recovery and exaltation to a state far above that which he had lost by his expulsion from Eden. The evidence of this is in Genesis. "Adam also knew his wife again, and she brought forth a son, and called his name Seth, saying, God hath given me another seed for Abel whom Cain slew." The meaning of the word Seth is "*Repairer*," and strictly, "repairer by way of knowledge;" thereby indicating that the work of *reparation* had commenced, the divine knowledge was communicated to the race which was finally to grow brighter and brighter till it deepened and broadened into the Sun of Righteousness, through whom the race was to be renewed and sanctified.

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This Divine Economy for the recovery of man, commenced in the infancy of the race, before the Flood. The light is transmitted through the line of Seth, or people of God, till the Flood, then continued through Noah and his Sons, who commence, as it were, a new series for the human race. But this was before the building of Babel, and the Dispersion of mankind, and consequently while the whole race dwelt together and spoke one and the same language. They lived then all in communion one with another, and consequently all must in some degree have partaken of the divine life which had been renewed after the Fall, and which was still preserved among them. All communication was not cut off even by the Dispersion, which took place at the building of Babel, as we learn from the universal reverence paid to the Patriarch Abraham. Consequently, keeping in mind the spiritual communicability of life, we may reasonably infer that the providential life deposited with the children of Seth, was communicated even to the Gentiles, and was the seed of whatever was true, beautiful and good in their respective traditions. We are loath, then, to believe that the Gentiles were disinherited by their heavenly Father, and left exclusively to the dim and flickering light of the law of nature. Placed as the people of God were in the midst of the empires of the world, the law of human life must have been miraculously changed, if they had not communicated to even the heathen somewhat of their own divine life.

So, too, when we come down to the times of the People of God under the Church. We unhesitatingly admit the Church to have been the depositary of the faith, of the sacred traditions; in one word, of the New Life, communicated to the human race by him who was the Way, the Truth, and the Life; and that it was only through it the Life could spread out and permeate and renew the mass of men in time and space. But by this very law of which we speak, placed as the Church was in every land, as an illuminated city, its light must spread beyond the boundaries of the city itself. The Church and those, not in a Protestant sense, technically of it, must necessarily meet at a thousand different points in the general commerce of life, and therefore must the New Life be communicated and diffused; so that the grace of God which bringeth salvation would in some sense, and to a certain extent, really appear unto *all* men. Who will undertake to say that there is, at this moment, a single people on the globe, to which more or less of the Life of Christ, by virtue of the communion of the human race, has not been communicated?

While, then, we accept the Prelate's general point of view, and readily admit that Providence is specially manifested in the Religious Empire, represented by the Jewish people prior to the coming of Christ, and by the Christian Church since, yet we are not willing to regard the effects of this providential interference as shut up within the limits of this Empire, or as confined exclusively to the peculiar people of God. The Patriarchs, the Jews and the Church were made the depositaries, so to speak, of Providence, not for themselves as ends, but as the instruments and ministers of God in accomplishing his purposes, which concern the entire human race. In explaining what is called profane history, as well as in explaining sacred history, we are to recognize, in its true *religious sense*, the providential intervention, mediate at least, if not immediate.

We have here another objection to the Discourse on Universal History. If we have not mistaken its scope and design, the end it represents Providence to have in view in his intervention in human affairs, is the rearing up and growth of the Religious Empire. This was already asserted in Saint Austin; it is repeated still more emphatically in the *Philosophy of History*, by Frederic Schlegel—a work unduly praised by some, and unjustly decried by others. Schlegel represents God as having in view in the whole life of humanity solely the manifestation, the glory, and, so to speak, the realization, of the WORD. To this all is subordinated, and made subsidiary. We do not question the truth of this, under a certain point of view. But what we do question, is the assumed fact that the People of God are selected out from the world, placed under the Religious Empire, solely for their own exclusive good. That the end is the revelation, the glory, and the realization in humanity of the divine WORD, which selects the people of God,

and is their power of life, we freely admit; but we venture, with all deference, to affirm, that the true sense of the Church is and always has been, that the People of God in this world are selected as the *medium* of God's providence to the race,—not merely that the divine life may be communicated to the chosen people themselves, but that through them it may be communicated to all men. The Jews before, and the Church since the coming of Christ, are to be regarded as the depositaries of the faith, the witnesses to the truth, the agents and ministers of God in effecting or carrying on his purposes of love and mercy towards all mankind; for God is no respecter of persons, but the God and father of all, over all, blessed for ever more.

Leaving now all further criticism by the way, passing over Herder, who, in his *Reflections on the Universal History of Humanity*, is an inveterate Rationalist, and may be read with more pleasure for his poetry than for the light he sheds on the philosophy of history, we proceed to sum up, and set forth, briefly, but distinctly, our own answer to the question which now concerns us, namely,—By what agencies is progress effected?

The historian, who wishes to give really a universal history of mankind, must unquestionably treat that history under the five-fold division of Industry, Politics, Art, Religion, and Philosophy, as contended by M. Cousin, for these are all indestructible elements of the *life* of humanity; but in considering these in relation to their origin, their cause, their progress, it will not be enough to consider them as originating in certain permanent and indestructible wants of human nature. In other words, Nature given as their theatre, and man also given with his inherent and permanent wants, still all the facts of the life of mankind would not be given; we should yet have no industry, no politics, no art, no religion, no philosophy. It is here where we separate from M. Cousin. If we understand him, since Providence intervenes only in nature, and in the permanent laws of humanity, nature and humanity given, all the facts of human history are given. This we deny. Human history is explained only by the recognition of three elements as at work in its production.

1. Nature;
2. Humanity;
3. Providence.

Jouffroy excludes Nature and Providence; for he finds the principle of change in human things only in the human intelligence; Cousin, by tracing all to the Impersonal Reason, and recognizing the Divine Action only in the fixed, the permanent, and the necessary, virtually, while contending for them, excludes both Humanity and Providence; Bossuet takes no note of Nature, and makes quite little of Humanity, and therefore gives us an exaggerated view of Providence. But neither can be excluded without vitiating our philosophy of history.

Nature is not the mere passive theatre on which man is placed to display his activity, but is herself an active force, and progressive even. M. Cousin, after Leibnitz, has demonstrated—and we also, in our Synthetic Philosophy, have done the same to all who understand us—that no being or object is conceivable by us but under the category of cause, and only in and so far as it is a causative force. The grain of sand on the sea-shore is cognizable by us, conceivable even, only in that it is a force, producing in conjunction with our activity an effect on us. The Atomic theory of matter is not sound, and must give way to the Monadic, as it already has in the minds of the most eminent cultivators of science. The physics taught in our schools need revising still more than our metaphysics; and the time, we trust, is not far distant when we shall cease to talk of the *vis inertiæ* and the *infinite divisibility* of matter. The chemist will find that the resolution of all material forms into the gaseous is not the last word of analysis, and does by no means bring him to the ultimate, the primitive ἐντελέχειας, *entelechias*, or active forces, of which matter is but the compound. All substance, in the last analysis, will be found to be immaterial, possessing inherent activity, capable of making an effort (*conatum*) from its own centre.

Nature is not only active, but progressive. This is demonstrable from the very conception which we have, and cannot but have, of God, if we conceive of him at all. Our only conception of God is of him as cause, crea-

tor, but as an infinitely powerful, wise, and good cause. He is essentially cause, and not merely a potential cause, but actually, eternally, and universally a cause. In causing or creating, he is realizing his own Infinite Ideal in space and time. But space and time are limited, and can contain only the finite. Creation, therefore, or the universe, viewed either as a whole or in detail, must be incomplete—can be only a finite realization of the Infinite; consequently, only an *imperfect* realization of the Divine Ideal.

It must be now and always an imperfect, that is, incomplete realization of the Divine Ideal, because, if it were not, the Ideal being infinite, the creation would be infinite. An infinite creation is an absurdity. The creator cannot create that which surpasses himself. If Creation were infinite, it would, as there can be but one infinite, be greater than the Creator himself. Then a finite creator would be equal to the work of an infinite creation, which, of course, no one can admit. That which can be defined, bounded, is finite. The universe must needs be bounded, defined, by the power and wisdom of the Creator, and, therefore, must always be assumed to be finite.

But God is essentially a creator, always and everywhere a creator. His Ideal is infinite, and he never relaxes, so to speak, the creative effort to realize it. Consequently, the realization must be for ever becoming nearer and nearer complete; which implies, through the continuous creative energy of its author, a continuous PROGRESS of the universe towards the full and perfect realization of the Infinite Ideal. Hence, the progressiveness of Nature herself. Not that Nature is internally progressive by her own agency, regarded as distinct from the Divine Agency; but progressive by virtue of the continuous creative effort of its Original Author.

The same conclusion, to a given extent, is obtained also empirically. They are very careless observers, as well as unsound reasoners, who say that all in God's universe is perfect, all but man, whom they usually except.

"Look on yonder earth;
The golden harvests spring; the unfading sun
Sheds light and life; the fruits, the flowers, the trees,
Arise in due succession; all things speak
Peace, harmony, and love. The universe
In nature's silent eloquence, declares
That all fulfil the works of love and joy,—
All but the outcast man. He fabricates
The sword which stabs his peace; he cherisheth
The snakes that gnaw his heart; he raiseth up
The tyrant whose delight is in his woe,
Whose sport is in his agony."

This is not true. Man is not the only blot on the fair face of creation. Of all the Creator's works he is acquainted with, man is the most perfect, for he confessedly stands at the head of this lower creation. Would-be poets and sentimental lovers of Nature may speak of his littleness, of his weakness, meanness, and of the grandeur of interminable forests, of mountains and cataracts, of extended plains and boundless oceans; but what are these, in contrast with the human soul, the free thought, the disinterested affection, the heroic deed? They who, standing by the Falls of Niagara, profess to feel their own littleness before the huge mass of waters pouring over a ledge of rocks, know very little of the grandeur of the human soul; for there is more sublimity, did they but know it, in the faintest aspiration after God than in all that mass of waters a thousand times over.

But we see nowhere in Nature the perfection boasted. The earth on which we stand—of what is it constructed but of the ruins of a prior world? Are there no pestilential damps, no noxious effluvia, no earthquakes, volcanoes, blights, mildews, abortions? "The whole creation," says Saint Paul, "groaneth in pain." Religious men have everywhere noted these marks of imperfection, and have accounted for them by supposing that when man sinned, all creation fell with him, that all nature for his sake was cursed. This way of accounting for these imperfections may or may not be satisfactory—a point on which we are not now called to decide—but its popularity proves, at least, that the experience of mankind is against the hypothesis of the perfection of all the Creator's works.

Then, on the other hand, in some measure, we are able to trace, as we have said, empirically, the progress of

the earth, of man, and of several races, beside man. Geology, imperfect as we regard that science as yet, shows us the gradual formation of the globe, and in the several strata it discloses marks the successive steps of its progress. The earliest remains of organic life are those of coarse vegetables, spreading out their broad leaves as huge lungs, and deriving their nourishment solely from the atmosphere. These decaying, form a mould on the hitherto naked rocks, whence may spring finer, more delicate, and more complicated organizations, till we come to the present stage where we ourselves are. Everywhere does Nature seem to begin rude, coarse, with an "apprentice hand," and to be everywhere and always improving upon her own types. The same progress may be traced in the animal races. It is not true to say that the beaver of to-day is no wiser than the beaver of four thousand years ago. We may observe, too, the great improvements effected in domestic animals, and their superiority, under various aspects, over those of the same families which have continued untamed, or that have relapsed into the savage state.

Man, in consequence of his being made to live in a body, lives in intimate union with nature. He feels and responds to every change in the atmosphere that surrounds him. As nature advances in her own organization, so does he advance in his; which advance in his bodily organization is reproduced in his moral and intellectual phenomena. It is sometimes contended that the physical man has degenerated. That this is true in some localities, in consequence of the artificial life to which individuals are driven by the extremes of luxury and poverty, we need not question; that in some favored tribes or families among the ancients, as the Eupatrids among the Greeks, and the Perses proper from whom were taken the Persian kings, the human body was, through physical education, brought to a greater degree of perfection than is the case at present with the general average, we do not deny; but if we take the great mass of the population of the globe, we shall find that the human body has improved in its beauty, strength, and symmetry, and still more in the delicacy of its organization. Especially will this be true, if we confine our remarks to those who are the children of Christian civilisation. This is evinced again in the more generous and humane sentiments and delicate sensibility which the Christian world possess over the ancient Pagan world, demanding in Art the life and movement of Painting, rather than the silence and repose of Sculpture.

The constant amelioration of physical nature, effected by the continuous realization by the Creator in it of more and more of his infinite Ideal, and by the re-action of man in cultivating and embellishing, through industry and art, the world in which he is placed, is among the causes, under Providence, of human amelioration and progress. The historian, as we said, on a former occasion,* of the philosopher, must take into view the history of the globe itself, trace its changes and ameliorations, and their connection with the phenomena of human life. This is a branch of History that has as yet been but slightly cultivated; but it opens to a field of vast extent, rich in facts, prolific in instruction, and affording no little food for speculation.

2. Humanity. While we reject the notion that all in the life of humanity is *developed* from itself, and is nothing but its own creation in answer to its own inherent wants, we must still recognize humanity in every fact of human history, and there too as a free, active, productive cause, though a limited cause, working in conjunction with other causes, never alone. To a great extent, human history depends on human volition. If Miltiades had not defeated the Persians at Marathon, or if Themistocles had not destroyed the Persian fleet at Salamis, the whole course of ancient History would have run differently; and yet this depended, to no inconsiderable extent, on the skill and bravery of a few Greek leaders and a mere handful of followers. Shall we, under pretence of exalting the race taken as a mass, or even in our humility before Providence, rob those brave Greeks of their glory, who stood in the gap and repelled the armed millions which Asia would pour in to crush young European Liberty? No; we who live to-day are their debtors; and

* Review of Schmucker's Psychology, Democratic Review for October, 1842.

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it is not too much to say that Marathon, Platea, and Salamis, prepared Bunker Hill, Saratoga, and Yorktown. These Greeks might have proved cowards and traitors, been false to themselves and to humanity; and had they been so, we should all have fared the worse. If Alexander had not invaded Asia and Africa, and by so doing founded the Egypto-Grecian and the Syro-Grecian empires, who will say that the course of human history would have flowed on all the same? Or if Cæsar had not conquered Gaul and Britain, and with his Celtic legions crossed the Rubicon? And did the failure of Porsena to dismantle Rome, or of Hannibal, after the battle of Cannæ, to march upon the city, change nothing in human history? A little more concert, skill, and bravery on the part of the Anglo-Saxons, prior to and at the battle of Hastings; or on the part of the Burghers at Rosebeck; or more prompt obedience on the part of some of Napoleon's officers at Waterloo; or less firmness in sustaining a murderous fire on the part of the English, and how different would have been the history of the world! Or if General La Fayette placed at the head of the French Revolution of 1789, at the head of the Legislative Assembly in 1815, or at the head of the nation in 1830, had been at all equal to his position at either of those epochs, who sees not that the course of events would have been very different from what it has since been? The wisdom and virtue of individual statesmen and leaders, of nations, and of private citizens or subjects, must count for much in human history; and it is permitted to hold in execration the traitor who, like Dermot M'Morogh, sells his country to the foreigner, or like Burke turns renegade to liberty, and prostitutes his powerful intellect and gorgeous eloquence to the cause of the tyrants and oppressors of the people, as this great man did in his attack on the French Revolution.

3. Providence. Providence undoubtedly intervenes so as to secure in the details of history, the execution of the Divine purposes; but it does not follow from this that nothing is to be found in human history not there by the express will and appointment of God. For were it so there would be small space left for human agency, and there would and could be no *crimes*. Human action on the large scale on which history contemplates it, as well as on the narrow scale on which it is contemplated by practical ethics, is alike the action of individuals. In a former number of this Review, when discussing the Community System, and going back to the origin and ground of society itself, we showed that humanity, though itself transcending all individuals, yet lives and actualizes itself only in individuals. All human action then is individual action, and is subjected to the laws of individual action, and each individual is accountable, in his individual capacity, for his share of that action, whether it be good or whether it be evil. A nation can be rewarded or punished only by rewarding or punishing the individuals that compose it; therefore we protest against any ethical rule that would declare the action of a given nation good, moral, right in relation to the national will, but morally wrong in relation to the individual volitions of which it is the aggregate. No people can be separated from its government. The individuals which compose the nation, just in proportion to their co-operation or acquiescence in the action of the government, share its merit or its blame. If then we acquit, with M. Cousin, the History of Humanity of all blame, so must we acquit all individuals of all blame in their private as well as their public capacity, which would be to assert contrary to the universal convictions of the race, that there is never in human action any sin, iniquity, or transgression of the laws of God.

In recognizing the intervention of Providence, then, we must not so recognize it, as to imply that all goes on in obedience to the laws of God, as if man and men were at every moment doing what God wills or commands them to do. The purpose of God, it is admitted, is not frustrated; but this purpose is to leave man free within given limits, and to reward him if he exercise his freedom properly, and to chastise him if he abuse it. Providence is unquestionably to be found in all the facts of human history, but not there to contravene human freedom, and by a sovereign agency to compel men to do this or to do that. He is there to make the very wrath of man to praise him, and to restrain indeed the effects of that wrath so far as it cannot

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be made subservient to the Divine Economy for the government of humanity. The general course of humanity is onward, towards the realization in individual and social life of the perfect law of liberty. When the Jews refuse to perform a certain work in this progress, God rejects them and calls the Gentiles. He has given us Americans a certain work, for humanity; he is with us ready to grant us all the assistance we need in executing it; but if we refuse to do it, he will cast us off, and raise up another people to inherit the glory that might have been ours. Whether we execute this work or not, will depend on ourselves, on our own intelligence and virtue.

The true view of providential intervention in human affairs is that taken by Lessing in his tract on the Education of the Human Race, which represents our heavenly Father intervening as an educator, giving us now one lesson, and now another, according to our wants and proficiency. But the educator does not do all. The pupil must work; and if he exert not his own faculties, the lessons and offers of assistance of the educator will prove unavailing.

The fact of providential intervention is established by all history, in the fact that in all ages, among all nations and tribes however rude and barbarous, we find some form or forms of religious worship. The universal existence of religious institutions is taken, we own, by our modern philosophers, to be only a proof of the universality and innateness of the religious sentiment. This is to some extent the doctrine of Benjamin Constant in his work—a great work too—*De la Religion Considérée dans sa Source, ses Formes et ses Développements*, and which is set forth with much eloquence and a good deal of learning, but without any sound philosophy or true reverential feeling, by Mr. Theodore Parker, among ourselves, in his huge volume entitled *A Discourse on Matters Pertaining to Religion.* But the religious sentiment is a fact of *human life*, not an element of man's *nature*, and, therefore, cannot be innate, that is to say, born with us. Man is not naturally religious, in the sense the lion is carnivorous, and the sheep gregarious, that is, by virtue of an indestructible and essential law of his nature. But inasmuch as religion, in some form, is a *fact* of the universal life of humanity, since no fact of life is the product of a single factor, it follows that everywhere the object of the religious sentiment, to wit, the Divinity, must be universally, to a greater or less extent, immediately or mediately present with humanity, and cognizable, or rather perceptible, by the human intelligence. The universal belief in God becomes therefore a proof of the fact that God is; as the universal belief in his providential intervention becomes a proof of that intervention.

They who question Providence, and undertake to explain all on the theory of DEVELOPMENT, the theory in vogue with our American Transcendentalists, and which is reproduced in nearly all our works on education, proceed on the hypothesis that man natural aspires. This natural aspiration, the theatre being given, suffices for all. If this were so, a doubt might indeed be cast on the reality of providential intervention. Man, we admit, aspires, and is progressive because he aspires. But man is not naturally progressive, saving progress only as he is carried along with the onward course of the universe itself, which, as leaving him in the same relative position in the universe, is not recognizable by us as progress. Savage tribes are not progressive. Hence we infer that they do not aspire. If they did naturally aspire, we should sometimes see them by their own unassisted efforts coming out of the savage state, and indigenous civilisation springing up. But this is never the case. We have no record of a savage tribe emerging, by its own spontaneous efforts, from the savage state and coming into the civilized state. This is admitted by Constant, and asserted by Niebuhr, either of whom on this point is a competent authority.

Moreover, the traditions of every civilized people—and we own that we are disposed to regard all traditions as of great historical value—uniformly ascribe the civilisation to foreign influence, never to indigenous and spontaneous effort. It is always a sacerdotal, military, or industrial colony from a people already civilized; some providential man; some divine interposition, a Vishnou, a Boudha, a Thoth, a Bacchus, or a Ceres; a Minos, a Moses, a Pythagoras, or a Zoroaster, that quickens their faculties, commences their education, leads them out of the savage

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state, and sets them forward in the path of civilisation. The facts in the case, so far as we can come at them, prove that if man has the natural capacity to aspire, he does not naturally aspire; that is, not by the simple force of his nature. And this follows necessarily from the fact we have so often insisted upon, that man cannot perform a single act save in conjunction with an active force which is distinct from that active force which he calls himself. And that this other force is not external nature, is established by the fact already stated, that the savage, left to his own nature and the external universe, is not progressive, does not come out of his savage state. In order to make the savage aspire, a foreign influence is necessary; for he is, so far as we know him, *naturally* indolent, careless, improvident, averse to all exertion, shrinking from all continued effort. His chief luxury is to eat and to sleep. If the sense of hunger, or some outward circumstances, arouse him to a sudden effort, the immediate demand complied with, he relapses without delay into his former torpid state.*

Taking this view, rejecting the theory of Development, as worthy only of the genius of the author of the *Doctrine and Discipline* of Human Culture, and the *Orphic Sayings*,† and recognizing, as an unquestionable historical fact, that man and nature combined, are not sufficient to bring men out of the savage into the civilized state, civilisation itself becomes a proof, as religious people have always considered it, of the intervention of Providence in human affairs. History becomes then a proof of Providence, and *à fortiori* of the existence of God. Here is a fact which we commend to our Natural Theologians. They seek in the order, harmony, and beauty of nature the evidences of Design from which they pass by induction to an Original Designer; without finding fault with them for this, though some question the value of their argumentation, we may tell them that in the course of history, in the passage of man from the savage to the civilized state, in the numerous facts everywhere recorded and everywhere attested, transcending the combined powers of man and nature, they may find evidence much more to their purpose, altogether more striking and more conclusive. The works of Providence are a far better demonstration of the existence of God than the works of Creation.

But we must bring our remarks to a close. If we find in human history three agencies at work, namely, Nature, Humanity, Providence, we must bear in mind that these all three intervene and work after one and the same Original Law, Type or Model, eternal and *essential* in the Infinite Mind or Logos. This follows from the doctrine of CORRESPONDENCE which Swedenborg after Leibnitz, Leibnitz after Plato, and Plato after Pythagoras and Moses, insists upon, and which is reproduced by Schelling in his doctrine of the Identity of the Real and the Ideal. In the Article in our Number for May already alluded to, and especially in the Essay on the Community System, in our Number for February last, to which we refer the reader for further developments, we believe ourselves to have demonstrated, that the Original Idea, or Type, of all creation is eternal, essential in God the Creator, and that it is represented by each order of creatures, and each individual creature, each in its own degree, and from its own special point of view. Creation is God himself revealing and realizing out of himself, his own Eternal, Consubstantial WORD. Each creature speaking out from its own centre echoes it, and thus it continues to be echoed, though fainter and fainter, through all actual existence till we approach the infinite Void. Could we but hear the voice of the veriest grain of sand, we should hear the same WORD that in the beginning said, "Let there be light and there was light," or that, clothed with flesh, over the wild tempestuous sea of Galilee, said to the winds and waves, "Peace, be still," or at the grave of Lazarus to the sleeping dead, "Come forth."

* Boston Quarterly Review, Vol. v., pp. 153, 155, and 446–453. The last reference is to a complete theory of inspiration, which perhaps is not altogether unworthy the consideration of our divines and philosophers.

† A. Bronson Alcott, whom a shrewd Englishman, lately come among us, is trying to persuade us to receive not only as *the* great man of America, but of the age, and who himself boasts of being to the nineteenth century what Jesus was to the first.

In consequence of this great fundamental fact, the three Agencies, Providence, Man, and Nature, harmonize in their operations, as three different voices in unison singing the same divine melody, and uniting to swell the same sublime chorus of praise to Him, who is all and in all. Nature operates upon us without contravening the laws of our being, and Providence in harmony with our natural constitution. Here is a refutation of the fallacy of Hume's Argument against Miracles. Miraculous interposition is not a contravention of the laws of nature or of humanity, and is therefore in itself as provable and as credible as any other actual or possible fact of human life. Miracles,—which are nothing but a providential intervention in human affairs,—do not contravene nature and humanity, but simply *transcend* them. They come from an agency or active force far above Man and Nature, and are therefore *super*natural, and *super*human, but they blend in with the natural laws, and operate in accordance with and even by virtue of them. All then that we need in order to prove a miracle, is to establish historically a fact of human life, at a given epoch, transcending the natural ability of man acting merely in conjunction with nature at that epoch to produce. The moment you have proved that the Life of Jesus transcended the natural life of humanity in his epoch, you have proved its superhuman and miraculous character.

Now, inasmuch as the action of the three Forces we have enumerated, do all follow one and the same Original Law, history, which is the product of their union, becomes, so far as its law is concerned, capable of scientific exposition. We shall also obtain the same general result, whether we undertake to explain it from the point of view of Humanity alone, Nature alone, or Providence alone. This is wherefore M. Cousin, in dividing history into three epochs, and characterizing each epoch, in the manner we have seen, is substantially correct. Wherefore, too, Bossuet seizing solely upon the providential point of view, yet gives us the true law of history. But, this general exposition of history must not be taken for more than it is worth. It gives us after all only abstractions, the mere skeleton, not the living body, the warm flesh and blood of history. We cannot in this way arrive at the *facts* of history, but merely at the *law* which governs the facts; which facts, owing to the element of freedom, we recognize in both Man and Providence, can be learned only empirically. The freedom of man gives to the course of history in a certain epoch or country a certain direction, which while it alters not the law of Providence, will yet determine in some sense the character of its application. The same Providence that interposes to assist and further, may now interpose to obstruct, and to chastise; and the actual facts of history must be different in the one case from what they would be in the other.

In conclusion, if we have made intelligible the thought with which we have written, we may say that the course of human history depends in no slight degree on the voluntary activity of individuals. Nature and Providence are in it, but men may by their wickedness pervert its course, though not with impunity; and by their wisdom, and virtue, and energy, they may aid it onward in obedience to the will of God, and the good of their race. Here we find, what theorists have denied us, the room, the motive, and the sanction needed for human virtue. The *room* is, in the space we allow in history to human freedom; the *motive* is obedience to God, and the welfare of humanity, which last must always receive damage from individual ignorance, vice or crime; and the *sanction* is in the ever present Providence to aid and reward us in well-doing, and to chastise us, or to cut us off, as a people, or as individuals, in evil-doing. Here we are free to counsel, to warn, to rebuke. Humanity lives only in the life of individuals. Then let statesmen, kings, emperors, priests, philosophers, and scholars, nay all individuals, whatever their degree, position, or ability, lose no time in making all possible efforts to enable and to induce all men, in public or in private, to live in strict obedience to the Perfect Law of Liberty; and in making these efforts, let them know that God and Nature work with them, and they may do all things. And let them know also that if they will not make them, not only shall all humanity fare the worse, but the Judge of all the earth will do right, and will one day demand of them wherefore they have been unprofitable servants.

THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM.

IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.

BY ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.

Burger's *Lenora* is acknowledged, by all who are familiar with German poetry, to be the masterpiece of ballads. No composition of the kind in the German, or perhaps any other language, can be compared with it for effect. It is rather remarkable that the works of a poet who was capable of producing it, should be so scanty, and generally of so little value. With the exception of the *Wild Huntsman* (*Wilde Jaeger*), another ballad of great power, though not equal to the *Lenora*, the contents of his little volume are almost wholly destitute of interest.

There is a fine translation of the *Wild Huntsman* by Sir Walter Scott. The *Lenora* has been several times attempted, but without much success. The poem, which is published in Sir Walter's works under the title of *William and Helen*, though founded upon that of Burger, can hardly be said with propriety to be a translation, or even an imitation of it. It was written by Scott after having heard a friend relate the substance of the ballad, as he had heard it read by a lady in the translation of Mr. Taylor, at the house of Dugald Stewart. That, with so little knowledge of the original, Scott should have approached it as nearly as he did in *William and Helen*, is a fact which does credit to his memory as well as to that of his *relator*. There are, however, great deviations, not only in the language, but in the narration; and the poem, in general, has but little merit.

Among other alterations, Sir Walter has changed the time to that of the Crusades, and the scene from the common walks of life to those of knighthood and romance. This change, as Mr. J. Q. Adams has justly remarked in a letter to the late Dr. Follen, injures the effect. It was a part of the author's plan to give an air of reality to his wild machinery, by placing it among ordinary characters and incidents. For the same reason he makes the language, which is exceedingly bold, striking, and poetical, at the same time colloquial and familiar. I have attempted, to the extent of my limited powers, to combine the same classes of characteristics, and also to bring out more distinctly than is done in some of the other translations, the sneering, Mephistopheles tone of the spectre.

I.

At the first sight of dawning light
  Lenora left her bed:
"Oh William! William! art thou false
  To me, or art thou dead?"
The youth had gone with Frederic's bands
To fight in far Bohemian lands,
And ne'er had written home, to tell
His love if he were sick or well.

II.

At length, the king and empress queen,
  Quite surfeited with strife,
Resolved to make their quarrel up,
  And lead a quiet life;
And both the armies, gaily drest
In garlands green and all their best,
With bugles braying, beat of drum,
And flying colors, hurried home.

III.

And wheresoe'er they took their way,
  To meet the joyous rout,
Forth came the people one and all,
  From every village out.
"Thank God!" each grateful mother cried;
"Thrice welcome, dearest!" many a bride;
A happy meeting seemed in store
For all, except the poor Lenore.

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IV.

As on they journeyed, troop by troop,
  She sought through all the train,
And questioned each, "Is William here?"
  And questioned all in vain.
When now the long parade was o'er,
She stormed, and wept, and wildly tore
Her raven tresses, till the curls
Were scatter'd like a crazy girl's.

V.

Her mother clasped her in her arms,
  And kiss'd her o'er and o'er—
"The Lord have mercy on thee, child!
  What ails my poor Lenore?"
"Oh mother! mother! woe is me!
Oh day of blackest misery!
My love is lost; my life is o'er;
God has no mercy for Lenore!"

VI.

"Nay, dearest daughter! say not so,
  But rather pray for grace:
The ways of God are always just,
  And full of tenderness."
"No, mother! no: they are not so:
His ways to me are wrath and wo;
The many prayers I prayed before,
Were all in vain—I'll pray no more!"

VII.

"Oh, dearest child! thy talk is wild,
  And thou art mad with grief;
Partake the blessed sacrament,
  And that will bring relief."
"No, mother! no: it will not so:
No sacrament will cure my wo,
Unless the sacramental bread
Could raise my William from the dead."

VIII.

"Nay, listen, child! perhaps beguiled
  By some bright Magyar dame,
Thy faithless spouse has broke his vows
  And found another flame.
Then let him go, the treacherous friend!
He'll rue his falsehood in the end:
Tormented for his base desires
Hereafter in eternal fires!"

IX.

"Oh, mother dear! he is not here!
  Oh most unhappy morn!
Would God that I were in the grave!
  That I had ne'er been born!
Oh, would to God that I could be
At once put out of misery,
And never see the day-light more:
God has no mercy for Lenore!"

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X.

"Oh, gracious Father! do not heed
The poor unhappy thing!
Her senses have deserted her:
She's mad with suffering!
Dear child! forget these earthly ties,
And think of God and paradise:
That thus the blessed Lord may be
Thy spouse through all eternity."

XI.

"Oh, what care I for future bliss?
'Tis all an idle dream!
'Tis paradise where William is,
And hell away from him!
Oh, would to God that I could be
At once put out of misery,
And never see the day-light more:
God has no mercy for Lenore!"

XII.

Thus, in her transports of despair,
She ventured to deny
The Almighty goodness, and condemn
The ways of the Most High;
Continuing still to rage and moan
All day, until the sun went down,
And night, with starry gems besprent,
Rode darkling up the firmament.

XIII.

When, hark! a horseman, tramp! tramp! tramp!
Comes prancing to the door,
And straight alights, with jingling stamp,
Upon the step before.
The door-bell next, with gentle ring,
Is softly sounded, kling-ling-ling,
And, through the passage clearly heard,
Thus spoke the horseman, word for word:

XIV.

"What ho! what ho! unlock the door!
Ho! lady bright! awake!
Art fast asleep, or dost thou watch
And weep for William's sake?"
"Ah, William! thou? so late at night?
I've watched and wept since morning light:
But tell me, dearest! whence you come,
Alone, at midnight, travelling home."

XV.

"We mount for flight, at dead of night;
Our courser's fleet and black;
I come from far Bohemian lands,
And take you with me back."
"Nay, William, rest, at least till morn!
The wind blows wildly through the thorn;
Come! rest thee from its loud alarms
Till morning in thy true love's arms."

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XVI.

"Blow high or low! blow sleet or snow!
  Blow tempest, rack or rain!
My steed is dight; my time is night:
  I must not here remain.
Come! hurry! hurry! don your sack,
And jump upon my charger's back!
We have to ride, my lady bright,
At least a hundred leagues to-night."

XVII.

"What, William!—ride a hundred leagues
  Before the crow of cock?
Already by our village chimes
  'Tis past eleven o'clock!"—
"Past fiddle-stick!—why let it strike!
We ride, I tell you, spectre-like!
I'll bring thee, sweetheart,—never dread!—
By morning to our marriage bed."

XVIII.

"Sweet William, say!—this marriage bed!—
  What is it you intend?"
"Six boards in length, and one short piece
  Across at either end."
"So little room?"—"Enough for both!
Come, jump upon my saddle-cloth!
The wedding party is prepared,
And our bed-chamber nicely aired."

XIX.

Up sprang that lovely maiden then
  Upon the steed behind;
And closely in her snowy arms
  The darling rider twined.
Then off they go: hurra! hurra!
'Tis gallop! gallop! all the way!
The horse and horseman pant for breath;
The pavement sparkles underneath.

XX.

On either side, as on they ride,
  Away the houses fly;
The bridges thunder under foot,
  The moon is bright on high.
"Art frightened, love?—Down dale! up dike!
Hurra! we go it, spectre-like!
Dost fear the spectres, sweetheart?" "No!
But, dearest William, talk not so!"

XXI.

What sound is there upon the air?
  The crows are on the wing;
The passing bell tolls out a knell,
  And, lo! the mourners bring
A coffin placed upon a hearse,
And chant a sort of funeral verse,
Much like the wolf's terrific howl,
Or shrieking of the midnight owl.

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XXII.

"Enough! enough of this vile stuff!
I've other sport in quest!
I wed to-night my lady bright,
And bid ye to the feast.
Come, Chorister! with all your throng,
And warble us the wedding song!
Come on, Sir Parson! we shall need
A blessing for our marriage bed."

XXIII.

The chant is done;—the bier is gone;
And, at the horseman's call,
Procession, Parson, Chorister,
They follow, one and all.
Again, away! hurra! hurra!
'Tis gallop! gallop! all the way!
The horse and horseman pant for breath;
The pavement sparkles underneath.

XXIV.

On either side, as on they ride,
The hills, and everything,
Trees, houses, cities, villages,
Are all upon the wing.
"Art frightened, love?—Down dale! up dike!
Hurra! we go it, spectre-like!
Dost fear the spectres, sweetheart?" "No!
But, dearest William! talk not so!"

XXV.

"Stay! stay! I see the gallows tree;
And footing it about,
Half out of sight, by the moonlight,
An airy rabble rout.
What ho! you rabble! here! come here!
You rabble! to the wedding cheer!
And show us, as we change our rings,
Your pirouettes and pigeon-wings."

XXVI.

The dance is up; the rabble troop
Come after with a rush!
Like whistling breeze through thick pine-trees,
Or through the hazel-bush.
Once more away! hurra! hurra!
'Tis gallop! gallop! all the way!
The horse and horseman pant for breath;
The pavement sparkles underneath.

XXVII.

As on they ride, on either side,
The world is hurrying past;
Moon, stars, and planets in the sky,
Are hurrying on as fast.
"Art frightened, love?—Down dale! up dike!
Hurra! we go it, spectre-like!
Dost fear the spectres, sweetheart?" "No!
But, dearest William! talk not so!"

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XXVIII.

"What ho! what ho! the roosters crow!—
  We've had a pretty chase!
Your work is sped, my gallant steed!
  For we are at the place.
'Tis time; I scent the morning air;
The wedding company is there;
And all is ready for the show;
Come on, my charger! in we go."

XXIX.

A lofty gate of iron grate
  Athwart the passage rose;
At his whip-stroke back springs the lock,
  Away the cross-bar goes;
The churchyard portals open wide,
And, helter-skelter! in they ride;
The horse's hoofs, in tramping on,
Struck fire from many a burial-stone.

XXX.

Look! look! what now? A pretty show!
  What miracle is this?
See! see! the horseman's drapery
  Is falling piece by piece!
Off go at once his flesh and hair!
His skull and all his bones are bare!
A naked skeleton he stands,
With scythe and hour-glass in his hands.

XXXI.

Uprears the horse with wildest force,
  And snorts a fiery stream;
Then wheeling round sinks in the ground
  Directly under them.
There's howling in the upper spheres!
There's wailing from the sepulchres!
Till poor Lenora well may doubt,
If she be in the flesh or out.

XXXII.

Around her then the spectre train
  A ghostly dance prolong,
And capering in airy ring,
  They howl a parting song:
"Be patient, though your heart should break!
And never—never undertake
God's holy purpose to control:
The Lord have mercy on your soul!"

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THE STORY OF THE MUCH-WRONGED MAN.

EDITED BY WILLIAM M. GOUGE.

CHAPTER I.

WAS born——no matter when, and o matter where. Neither is it of any onsequence who my father was, much ess my grandfather. It has been said hat in this republican country of ours, ny man who can go back for three enerations without stumbling over a obbler's stool, is a nobleman. For ny part, I think it the height of arisocratic presumption for any man in his country to have had a grandather, or, at least, if he has had one, o know anything about him.

And yet, if disposed to boast of my arentage, I might, perhaps, excite the envy of some of those who plume hemselves most on the gentility of heir descent. What would they say, if I should tell them that my father's hief residence was a noble castle, on a most delightful site, called Cherry Hill!* And that he had another residence in a place known by the romantic name of Moyamensing!† The front of his castle in the latter place, (it is still standing), is the most beautiful specimen of the Gothic in the country, with the exception of the New York University.

But I waive all titles to distinction founded on my illustrious ancestry. As little am I disposed to boast of my education, though I received the greater part of my literary tuition at a celebrated boarding-school in Howard-street.‡ My own wrongs are quite sufficient to entitle my name to immortality. It is said that they who boast of their ancestry, are like the potato-plant, the best part of which is under ground. I am not of that number of vain-glorious fools. I rest my claims to distinction on my own doings, or rather on my own sufferings.

These sufferings commenced very early. The appetite for fruit is very strong in children; I endeavored to gratify it in the natural way, by seizing on fruit where I found it most abundant; that is, in the public market-place. In so doing, I practised a truly Spartan policy, in being as secret as possible, for I wished to give no offence to either Jew or Gentile. But I was sometimes discovered, and as the market-women knew as little of ancient history as they did of natural philosophy, many were the kicks and cuffs I received from them, merely because I gratified my natural appetite in a natural way, by munching a few apples, or it may be a few pears.

The cruelties I suffered in the city, drove me into the country. But the farmers, when I attempted to pick a few cherries or a few plums, assailed me with sticks and stones, and sometimes set their dogs upon me. They were quite as inhuman as the market-women, and, I firmly believe, knew

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* We know of no place in Pennsylvania, called Cherry Hill, except the site of the Eastern Penitentiary. The Penitentiary building is, indeed, a noble structure, having a front of six hundred and fifty feet, with turrets at the corners, and a fine tower in the centre edifice, but we presume this cannot be the castle to which "The Much-wronged Man" alludes.

† Moyamensing is the name of an incorporated district having the city of Philadelphia proper on the north, and Southwark on the east. There are in it two very fine castles, one in the Egyptian style, for insolvent debtors, the other, which has a Gothic front, is used as a county prison.

‡ The only building on Howard-street, Spring Garden, Philadelphia, is the House of Refuge. But, no doubt, there are in other cities, other Howard-streets, having in them other boarding-schools. There is no reason for believing that "The Much-wronged Man" was born in Pennsylvania.

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quite as little of ancient history and of natural philosophy. Why else should they have objected to a poor, innocent child like me, gratifying his natural appetites in a natural way?

Since I have come to have orchards, and fruit-gardens, and graperies of my own, I confess that a new light of philosophy has broken upon me. But there are, I will maintain, *two* philosophies: one proper to shirtless and penniless boys, the other proper to men of wealth and station. I believe in both, and have in my time lived up to both. I should like to see the boy that would venture to take an apple or a pear from one of *my* trees. I would soon teach the young rascal the difference between *meum* and *tuum*.

I was born for a hero. I always knew I was. The story of the Spartan youth, who stole a fox, and then suffered it to eat out his own bowels rather than confess the theft, early excited my emulation. The noble Spartans encouraged their youth in stealing, and made the whole offence consist in being *found out*. The Spartans were true philosophers. Throughout my life I have endeavored to act on Spartan principles.

The histories of Pizarro and Cortez used to delight me exceedingly; and often did I regret that I could not, like them, act out my true character. This is, as the great German poet, Goethe, says, the end of our being, and I agree with him. Circumstances were against me; but I did what I could. I used to stand at the doors of the theatres, and appropriate to myself every now and then a pocket-handkerchief, and occasionally a pocket-book. Shall I relate what I suffered in consequence from inhuman and unphilosophic watchmen and constables, to say nothing of aldermen and other committing magistrates? I will not. I fear the details would be too much for the feelings of the sympathizing reader.

Spartan heroism of this kind is little esteemed in modern days. Could I get the ears of the rising generation, I would, from my own sad experience, caution them to beware of its exercise. Beloved youth, listen to one who loves you as a father. There is a pleasure, I know, in picking pockets at the theatre, and sometimes a profit. But danger attends it. Besides this, it is not respectable.

Think not I wish to deprive you of the opportunity of gratifying your natural appetites in a natural way. I am not so unphilosophical. Man was not born to labor or to save. It is evident that he was not, for otherwise he would have been born *naturally* industrious and economical, as is the ant or the bee. View human nature as it is, and you cannot but be convinced, that man was born that he might enjoy the fruits of other men's labors, if he has dexterity enough to appropriate them to his own use. This is the true end of our being. To eat or to be eaten, is the first law of nature. If we do not eat, the worms will eat us. So, to cheat or be cheated, is the first law of civilized society. In one or other of these two categories do all mankind arrange themselves. Let the youthful reader bear this in mind. He will find it of more practical value than all the philosophy that has ever been written.

CHAPTER II.

One of the most beloved friends of my youth was named Snooks—Jerry Snooks. My own name is Scroggins—Giles Scroggins. So intimate were we, that our companions used to say that Orestes and Pylades could never have been more closely united than were Snooks and Scroggins. We suffered about equally from the inhuman market women, and the no less inhuman farmers, when endeavoring to gratify our natural appetites in a natural way, and were united in affliction when brought before committing magistrates for our exploits at the doors of theatres.

As we grew older, we looked out for wider and for nobler fields of action. We were not long in discovering that certain persons in the country had stored away large amounts of hard money. "This is absolutely too bad," said Snooks. "Instead of investing their money in Vicksburg or United States Bank stock, as sensible men would do, these curmudgeons are hoarding it where it is of no more use, either to themselves or others, than so much money at the bottom of the sea. Let us *remove the deposits*." "With all my heart," said I. "Nothing can be more patriotic than to bring this hoarded treasure into circulation. And

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while we are thus benefiting our country, we shall do an essential favor to the present possessors of the money by relieving them from a load of care."

With these praiseworthy and truly Christian-like sentiments, we went to work, and removed a considerable amount of gold and silver from a place in his barn-yard, where a German farmer had deposited it for safety, to what we considered a place of far more security, namely, our own pockets. But, oh! the ingratitude of the world in general, and of German farmers in particular! Though we relieved this man of a load of care, he cried out against us as if we had injured him sorely. And the world in general, though we were benefiting it, by increasing the amount of *active* circulating medium, pursued us as thieves and robbers, brought us before courts and magistrates, had us convicted, and sentenced us to a long imprisonment. Yes, they imprisoned us, both Snooks and me!

When we were released from confinement, my beloved friend and myself took counsel together as to what way we should next attempt to serve our country, and render our own names illustrious. "Let us show to the world," said Snooks, "that the age of heroism is not past. Let us become knight-errants." "Nobly advised!" said I. "Lord Byron used to say that if the stocks failed, he meant to take to the highway, for that was the only course now left for honest men. Our case is precisely that which Lord Byron supposed might be his. We have no stocks, and we are honest men. Therefore, let us do what his lordship said he would do, if he were in our condition."

To the highway we accordingly took, and our feats of prowess were such as might in former ages have been rehearsed by many a bard. But alas! in these degenerate days, knight-errantry is called by the vulgar name of highway robbery, and punished as an offence against the statutes. Again we were pursued, again caught, again convicted, again imprisoned.

When released from confinement, we held another council of war. "You and I," said Snooks, "are two little Julius Cæsars, or two little Napoleon Bonapartes. The only difference is, that their operations were on a more extensive scale than ours. They plundered nations. We plundered only individuals. They spread devastation through whole countries. We have done nothing more than keep a single county in a state of alarm. The world is very inconsistent. Conduct which is precisely the same in principle, it applauds in them, and condemns in us."

"Yes," continued I, "and what an utter disregard is paid to the much-vaunted principles of 'free trade,' in our particular case! What the world is pleased to call thieving and robbing, is our *trade*. It is the one to which we were apprenticed, and affords the only way in which we know how to get an honest livelihood. The political economists of highest repute, from Adam Smith to Condy Raguet, all agree in declaring that every trade and profession is best regulated if left to itself. Why, then, make a particular exception in regard to our business? Can any one say that it is more injurious to the community than the trade of a distiller, or many other trades that might be mentioned? Surely, surely, we are both of us much-wronged men."

"We are indeed," replied Snooks. "But there is no use in contending with the prejudices of mankind. 'There are,' says Dr. Franklin, 'but three modes of acquiring wealth. The first is by agriculture, the only honest way. The second is by robbery, the course the Romans pursued. The third is by commerce, which is generally cheating.' We have tried the Roman way, and found it not acceptable to our compatriots. We must accommodate ourselves to the age in which we live, and the country in which we dwell. What do you say, Scroggins, to our aiding the operations of commerce by establishing a *money manufactory?*"

"What, counterfeiting!" I exclaimed. "Oh, Snooks! conscience! conscience!"

"Now, Scroggins," said he, "don't make a fool of yourself. I have as much regard to conscience as you or any other man living has. If you will listen to me candidly, I will prove to you that the undertaking I propose is not only innocent, but highly laudable."

"Do it," I replied, "and I will at once become your partner."

"Well, then," said he, "is not money something entirely *conventional?*"

"I cannot say but it is," rejoined I.

"Does it not owe its whole value to the tacit agreement of men to receive it from one another in exchange for commodities?"

"It is so declared," said I, "in the Whig newspapers, and you and I are both good members of the Whig party."

"Well, then," resumed he, "if you and I should fabricate notes so much like those at present in circulation that the difference between them could not be discovered, would not the one kind answer the purposes of trade as well as the other?"

"I cannot see," said I, "why they should not. Every counterfeit, till its true character is discovered, performs the same functions as a genuine note. When the circulation of small notes was suppressed in Pennsylvania, it was found that many of the dollar notes which had for years formed part of the currency of that State, were counterfeits. Yet exchanges were effected by them as well as they could have been by genuine notes, or even by silver dollars. As they performed all the uses of money, the original issuers of them rendered a benefit to society; while they who proclaimed them counterfeit, caused a destruction of value exactly equal to the amount of notes that were in consequence withdrawn from circulation."

"They acted more sensibly," continued Snooks, "in certain districts of New Jersey, where, as I am credibly informed, the whole circulating medium, some years ago, was made up of counterfeit notes. Everybody knew they were counterfeit; but as everybody consented to receive them, they answered the same purposes in trade that genuine notes did in other parts of the country."

"As money is something entirely *conventional*," rejoined I, "it is evident that *if people will only consent to take them*, counterfeit notes will serve the same purposes as genuine. And if we can make our counterfeit notes so much like the genuine that it will be difficult to distinguish the one from the other, I can see no great harm in engaging in the business. It is *innocent*, I know: but how will you prove it *laudable?*"

"Well, now, Scroggins," said he, "you a Whig, and a subscriber to the 'New York Courier and Enquirer,' to ask such a question! For what other object is our party laboring than to increase the amount of circulating medium? Do not all our Whig orators and Whig editors unite in declaring that scarcity of money is the cause of all the calamities the country is suffering? Are they not equally unanimous in declaring that paper is, as a material for money, far preferable to gold and silver?"

"You need say no more," I replied. "I see the force of your argument. Want of circulating medium is the great want of the country. It is this that has caused the fall in the prices of labor and of produce, of stocks and of real estate. We have plenty of land, plenty of pork, plenty of cotton, plenty of great men, plenty of everything, in short, except money. Let us go to work to supply this deficiency."

CHAPTER III.

For a time the money manufactory that was established by Snooks and myself was highly useful to the country. Our issues, which were abundant, answered as good a purpose as could have been answered by silver dollars or golden eagles. If we had only been "let alone," we should have produced that rise of prices which is the devout object of all Whig aspirations. Some malicious Loco-Focos saw this, and to frustrate our patriotic intentions, they had us again arrested.

I must confess that on this occasion my spirits sunk within me. Here was I, laboring to the best of my ability to promote an object which the whole Whig party had long been endeavoring in vain to effect, and my ungrateful countrymen, instead of rewarding me for my pains, were for punishing me as a felon. So disgusted was I with mankind that I would, if I could, have fled for refuge to the deserts of Arabia; but even this small consolation was denied me. I was shut up within the four walls of a prison, there to await my trial.

Such were my feelings at the time; but we little know the uses of affliction.

Feeling the want of religious conso-

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lation, I sent for that dear, good old man, Deacon Grab-all. I know not what it was in my letter that interested him in my favor; but he came immediately.

"My dear child," he said, "I grieve to see you in such a condition."

"Rather grieve, Deacon," I replied, "at the depravity of the age in which we live. You see one here who is persecuted for righteousness' sake. My whole object has been to increase the wealth of the country by adding to the amount of circulating medium, and behold my reward."

"Your object was truly praiseworthy," replied the good old man, "but perhaps you did not rest your issues on a *specie basis.*"

"As much of a specie basis," I rejoined, "as half the banks in the country can boast of. And even the best of them, as you know, Deacon, for every dollar they issue on such a basis, issue two without any. Where is the difference between their issues and mine? My notes performed all the functions of a circulating medium as well as theirs."

"Aye, aye, my child, but perhaps you had not a *charter* for your doings. This is a country of *laws*, and actions which are identical in principle, are innocent or criminal, according to the way in which, and the men by whom they are performed."

I need not relate all the arguments the Deacon had recourse to. to expose the sophistry with which Snooks and I had beguiled ourselves. This Christian philanthropist never desisted from his labor of love till he had fully instructed us in the principles of *modern morality.* Nor did his kind offices cease here, for, finding us, as he said, now well qualified to be useful members of society, he exerted his influence in our behalf so well, that we were released from confinement without being subject to the ignominy of a public trial.

Immediately afterwards I joined the church, and my life since has been so much like that of other respectable people, that I need not give it in detail. I am now fulfilling the true end of my being. I am living without labor and without economy, and in the enjoyment of all that respect which is accorded to great wealth when united with great piety. For years past I have had the benefit of acts of Assembly made especially in my own favor, and that of my associates. My money manufactories are now carried on under *charters*, and I have the pleasure of adding to the circulating medium of the country, *according to law.* Still I cannot but regard myself as A MUCH-WRONGED MAN.

There was, for example, "the Specie Circular." At the time this was issued, I had an interest in several western banks, and was engaged with some of my associates in exchanging bales of paper for square miles of territory. The business was both pleasing and profitable, and would have been more so, if government had not interfered with us, by refusing to receive our money at the land offices. In vain did we cry out that all we wanted of government was, to "let us alone," and not be "tampering with the currency." Its impertinent intermeddling with our affairs, in refusing to receive our notes in payment for public lands, did me and my associates much injury.

Then came the suspension of specie payments, and government did further injury to me and mine, in refusing to receive our notes in payment of postages. As the Hon. Abbot Lawrence said, in substance, on that occasion, at a public meeting in Boston, "I firmly believe that this is the most despotic, most oppressive government, and the most injurious to the welfare of the people, of any on the face of the earth." Oh, the immense amount of money I have had to pay for specie to satisfy the demands of this tyrannic government for duties and postages.

Then government, not satisfied with this, must do further injury to me and mine, by compelling us to resume specie payments.

Then Government has done me further wrong, in refusing to assume the State Debts. I have large amounts of Illinois, Indiana, and other State stocks, which are now nearly worthless, but which would soon receive their full value, if the United States Government would only assume the duty of paying them.

Then there is my factory interest. On nothing which I am engaged in manufacturing, do I enjoy a higher protective duty than one hundred and fifty per cent., while my rival manufacturers in other countries, are pro-

tected by duties of four, five, or even six hundred per cent. Here again, I am a much-wronged man.

But I will not go through the catalogue of my wrongs. Nor is it necessary. Are not the Whig papers full of them? My name, indeed, is not mentioned in them, because Snooks and I, before we joined the church, in order to avoid giving scandal to the cause of religion and respectability, dropped our patronymics. We are now known by other names, in church and on 'change. But this change in my name does not in the least diminish my wrongs. I am still "The Much-Wronged Man." And such, I fear, I must continue to be, so long as the pestilential principles of Democracy have any sway in the land.

COLE'S IMAGINATIVE PAINTINGS.

BY CHARLES LANMAN,

AUTHOR OF "ESSAYS FOR SUMMER HOURS."

THOMAS COLE is unquestionably the most gifted landscape painter of the present age. In our own opinion, none superior to him have ever existed, when we consider, in connection with his felicity of artistic execution, the poetic genius which his productions display. Having for years been a student of his art, and a warm lover of his pictures, we propose in the present paper to describe and comment upon some of the imaginative works of this Poet-Painter. First, however, a few words about the man himself.

Thomas Cole was born in England, but brought to this country in childhood. As his parents, before his birth, had resided in the United States, it is with the fullest propriety that he is called an American painter. At any rate, his attachment to this country is so strong, that he has been heard to remark: "I would give my left arm, could I but identify myself with America, by saying that I was born here." The incidents of his youth and manhood, as recorded in "Dunlap's History of the Arts of Design," are among the most interesting things of the kind, and it is with reluctance that we refrain from inserting them in this place. Let it suffice, however, to state that the genius which was born with him, was fostered by intimate and long continued acquaintance with the scenery of the Western States, when as yet they were a comparative wilderness. While toiling for a reputation, he resided for a few years at a time in Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Chillicothe, Steubenville, and New York city; and, having visited Europe a number of times, established his reputation, and married a wife, he retired to the beautiful town of Catskill, on the Hudson, where he now resides, one of the most amiable of men, the best of husbands and fathers, and the most talented of living landscape painters.

The number of his imaginative paintings is about twenty, and his actual views somewhere between fifty and a hundred. Out of the former, we intend to select our especial favorites, of which we shall attempt to convey the best idea in our power for the benefit of those readers denied the privilege of access to them—namely, The Course of Empire, The Departure and Return, Dream of Arcadia, Past and Present, and The Voyage of Life. On these alone are we willing to base our previous assertion, that no landscape painter superior to Cole has ever lived. Of his other productions we shall say nothing, only giving the names of those which we have seen, by way of making the reader acquainted with the character of his subjects. They are as follows: The Architect's

Dream, Paradise, Scene from Manfred, Expulsion from Eden, Angels appearing to the Shepherds, Heroic Composition, Notch of the White Mountains, Italian Scenery, View of Florence, View in Rome, Schroon Mountain, Tornado in an American Forest, Mount Holyoke after a Storm, A Roman Aqueduct, Niagara, Mount Ætna, Lake George, New England Scenery, Distant View of the Catskill Mountains, and a number of smaller views among the mountains.

The Course of Empire is a series of five paintings, representing the History of a Scene—an epitome of that of Man. None but a great mind would have dared to choose so vast a subject, requiring the united attributes of poet, philosopher, and painter; and very few could have accomplished it so successfully.

In the first picture we have a perfectly wild scene of rocks, mountains, woods, and a bay of the ocean, reposing in the luxuriance of a ripe Spring. The clouds of night are being dissipated by the beams of the rising sun. On the opposite side of the bay rises a lofty promontory, crowned by a singular isolated rock, which would ever be a conspicuous landmark to the mariner. As the same locality is preserved in each picture of the series, this rock identifies it, although the position of the spectator changes in the small pictures. The chase being the most characteristic occupation of savage life, in the foreground we see an Indian clothed in skin, pursuing a wounded deer, which is bounding down a narrow ravine. On a rock, in the middle ground, are other Indians, with their dogs, surrounding another deer. On the bosom of a little river below are a number of canoes passing down the stream, while many more are drawn up on the shore. On an elevation beyond these is a cluster of wigwams, and a number of Indians dancing round a fire. In this picture we have the first rudiments of society. Men are already banded together for mutual aid in the chase. In the canoes, huts, and weapons, we perceive that the useful arts have commenced, and in the singing which usually accompanies the dance of savages we behold the germs of music and poetry. The Empire is asserted, to a limited degree, over sea, land, and the animal kingdom.

Ages have passed away, and in the second picture we have the Simple or Arcadian State of Society. The time of day is a little before noon, and the season early summer. The "untracked and rude" has been tamed and softened. Shepherds are tending their flocks; a solitary ploughman, with his oxen, is turning up the soil; and in the rude vessels passing into the haven of a growing village, and in the skeleton of a barque building on the shore we perceive the commencement of Commerce. From a rude temple on a hill the smoke of sacrifice is ascending to the sky, symbolizing the spirit of Religion. In the foreground, on the left hand, is seated an old man, who, by describing strange figures in the sand, seems to have made some geometrical discovery, demonstrating the infancy of Science. On the right hand is a woman with a distaff, about crossing a stone bridge; beside her, a boy is drawing on a stone the figure of a man with a sword; and beyond these, ascending the road, a soldier is partly seen. Under some noble trees, in the middle distance, are a number of peasants dancing to the music of pipe and timbrel. All these things show us that society is steadily progressing in its march of usefulness and power.

Ages have again passed away, and in the third picture we have a magnificent city. It is now midday, and early Autumn. The Bay is now surrounded by piles of architecture, temples, colonnades, and domes. It is a day of rejoicing. The spacious harbor is crowded with vessels, war-galleys, ships, and barques, their silken sails glistening in the sunshine. Moving over a massive stone bridge, in the foreground, is a triumphal procession. The conqueror, robed in purple, is mounted on a car drawn by an elephant, and surrounded by captives and a numerous train of guards and servants, many of them bearing pictures and golden treasures. As he is about to pass the triumphal arch, beautiful girls strew flowers in his path; gay festoons of drapery hang from the clustered columns; golden trophies glitter in the sun, and incense rises from silver censers. Before a Doric temple, on the left, a multitude of white-robed priests are standing around on the marble steps, while before them a religious ceremony is being performed before a number of altars. The statue of Miner-

va, with a Victory in her hand, stands above the building of the Caryatides, on a columned pedestal, near which is a company of musicians, with cymbals, "trumpets also, and shawms." From the lofty portico of a palace, an imperial personage is watching the procession, surrounded by her children, attendants, and guards. Nations have been subjugated, man has reached the summit of human glory. Wealth, power, knowledge, and taste have worked together and accomplished the highest meed of human achievement and Empire.

Another change—and lo! in the fourth picture, the Vicious State, or State of Destruction. Behold the consequences of luxury, in the weakened and debased condition of mankind. A savage enemy has entered the once proud and happy city; a fierce tempest is raging; walls and colonnades are lying in the dust, and temples and palaces are being consumed by the torch of the incendiary. The fire of vengeance is swallowing up the devoted city. An arch of the bridge over which the triumphal procession had before passed, has been battered down, and broken pillars, ruins of war-engines, and the temporary bridge which has been thrown over, indicate that this has been the scene of direst contention. Now there is a terrible conflict on the bridge, whose insecurity accelerates the horror of the conflict. Horses, and men, and chariots are precipitated into the raging waves. War-galleys are contending; others in flames; and others still, sinking beneath the power of a superior foe. Smoke and flames are issuing from the falling and prostrate edifices; and along the battlements and in the blocked-up streets the conflict is dreadful indeed. The foreground is strewed with the bodies of the dead and dying. Some have fallen into the basin of a fountain, tinging the water with blood. One female is sitting in mute despair over the dead body of her son; another leaping over a battlement, to escape the grasp of a ruffian soldier; and other soldiers drag a woman by the hair down the steps that form the pedestal of a mutilated colossal statue, whose shattered head lies on the pavement below. A barbarous enemy has conquered the city; Carnage and Destruction have asserted their frightful Empire.

The last and most impressive picture of this series is the scene of Desolation. The sun has just departed and the moon is ascending the twilight sky over the ocean, near the place where the sun rose in the first picture. The shades of evening are gradually stealing over the shattered and ivy-grown ruins of that once great city. A lonely column rises in the foreground, on whose capital a solitary heron has built her nest, and at the foot of it her mate is standing in the water, both of them apparently conscious of being a living mockery. The Doric temple and triumphal bridge may still be identified among the ruins which are laved by the waters of the tranquil sea. But though man and his works have perished, the steep promontory with its isolated rock, still rears itself against the sky, unmoved, unchanged. Time has consumed the works of man, and art is resolving into its elemental nature. The gorgeous pageant has passed, the roar of battle has ceased, the multitude has mingled with the dust, the Empire is extinct.

The first, second and last of these paintings are considered the best of Mr. Cole's productions, not only in the poetry they portray, but in their execution. The style is more varied and natural, and has less the appearance of paint than in many of his late productions. As to the third and fourth paintings, the conception of both is exceedingly fine and poetical, but deficient in execution. The architecture is admirably done, but the numerous figures which it was necessary to introduce are poorly drawn and arranged. It would be, perhaps, too much to ask that an artist should be a great painter of scenery and also a master of the human figure. As a whole, the Course of Empire is a work of art worthy of any nation or any painter of woman born. These pictures were painted for the late Luman Reed, at a cost of eight thousand dollars. Surely it were a blessing to the Fine Arts in this country were such patrons a little more frequently found.

The Departure and Return exhibit a poetical representation of the Feudal times. The Departure represents early morning in spring. As you look upon the picture, you can almost hear the fall of waters, and feel the pleasant breeze of the hour and season. In the

distance is seen a church, whose spire is gilded by the beams of the rising sun; and in the foreground is a magnificent castle, looming to the sky, the seeming lord and guardian of the world. Coming forth from one of its massy gates is a band of mounted cavaliers, who are going to the wars, full of life and hope and gladness. The leader, in a splendid dress, is mounted on a noble charger, whose flashing eye and extended nostrils show that he is impatient for the fight. Turn your eyes away, and they are gone.

Imagine that months have passed, and look upon the Return. It is now evening, the season autumn, but the same section of country. The castle is now in the distance, and the church in the foreground. Toil-worn, a few only are returning home by a woodland path; and their leader, dying or wounded, is conveyed home upon a litter carried by men. His steed, with heavy step, is following behind. As they approach the church a party of monks are seen coming out, and are taken by surprise, to meet the small remnant of brave warriors just returned from a long and tedious campaign.

How simple and yet how complete is the story here revealed! As these are among the artist's early pictures, they are distinguished for their truth and unmannered style; and as compositions, are unsurpassed.

The "Dream of Arcadia" is the perfect personification of the sweetest dream of poetry and romance. It is composed of temples, vine-clad mountains, streams, cascades, trees, shepherds and minstrels, everything in fact which poets have described as making Arcady the most beautiful land under the sun.

The "Past and Present" consists of two pictures. The first is a tournament near a castle. The second is the same spot, but with the castle gone to decay. On the field where we beheld the brave deeds of chivalry, a single shepherd boy is tending his sheep. The first of these we think poorly managed, but the last is without a single fault,—it is superb.

The "Voyage of Life" is a series of fine pictures, allegorically portraying the prominent features of man's life, viz., childhood, youth, manhood and old age. The subject is one of such universal interest, that it were almost impossible to treat it in an entirely original manner, but no one can deny that the conception of the painter displays a high and rare order of poetical power.

In the first we behold the dawn of a summer morning. A translucent stream is issuing from an unknown source out of a deep cavern in the side of a mountain. Floating gently down the stream is a golden boat made of the sculptured figures of the Hours, while the prow is formed by the present hour holding forth an emblem of Time. It is filled with flowers, and on these a little child is seated, tossing them with his upraised hands, and smiling with new-born joy, as he looks upon the unnumbered beauties and glories of this bright world around him; while a guardian angel is at the helm, with his wings lovingly and protectingly extended over the child. Love, purity and beauty emanate like incense from the sky, the earth and water, so that the heart of the gazer seems to forget this world and lose itself in a dream of heaven.

A few fleeting years are gone, and behold the change! The Stream of Life is widened, and its current strong and irresistible, but it flows through a country of surpassing loveliness. The Voyager, who is now a youth, has taken the helm into his own hands, and the dismissed angel stands upon the shore looking at him with "a look made of all sweet accord," as if he said in his heart, "God be with thee, thoughtless mortal!" But the youth heeds not his angel, for his eyes are now riveted by an airy castle pictured against the sky, dome above dome reaching to the very zenith. The phantom of worldly happiness and worldly ambition has absorbed the imagination and the eager gaze of the wayward voyager, and as he urges his frail bark onward, he dreams not of the dangers which may await him in his way. To the boat, only a few flowers are now clinging, and on closer observation we perceive that the castle in the air, apparently so real, has only a white cloud for its foundation, and that ere long the stream makes a sudden turn, rushing with the fury of a maddened steed down a terrible ravine. The moral of the picture it is needless for us to attempt to elucidate.

Another change, and lo! the verge of

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a cataract and a fearful storm. The rudderless bark is just about to plunge into the abyss below, while the Voyager (now in the prime of manhood) is imploring the only aid that can avail him in the trying hour, that of heaven. Demoniacal images are holding forth their temptations in the clouds around him, but he heeds them not. His confidence in God supports him, the previous agony of his soul is dispelled or subdued by a reflection of immortal light stealing through the storm, and by the smiles of his guardian angel, visibly stationed in the far-off sky.

The Voyage of Life is ended, and our voyager, now white with hoary hairs, has reached that point where the waters of time and eternity mingle together—a bold conception, which is finely embodied by the daring genius of the painter. The hour-glass is gone, and the shattered bark is ready to dissolve into the fathomless waters beneath. The old man is on his knees, with clasped hands and his eyes turned heavenward, for the greenness of earth is for ever departed, and a gloom is upon the ocean of Eternity. But just above the form of our good voyager is hovering his angel, who is about to transport him to his home; and, as the eye wanders upward, an infinite host of heavenly ministers are seen ascending and descending the cloudy steps which lead to the bosom of God. Death is swallowed up in life, the glory of heaven has eclipsed that of the earth, and our voyager is safe in the haven of eternal rest. And thus endeth the allegory of Human Life.

With regard to the mechanical execution of these paintings, we consider them not equal to some of the earlier efforts of the same pencil. They are deficient in atmosphere, and have too much the appearance of paint. The water in the first, second and third pictures, is superior, and the knowledge of perspective in the last of them is masterly. In all of them the figures are very fine, considering the difficulty of managing such peculiar characters. In the first we are pleased with the simplicity of the composition; in the second with the variety, there being portrayed the elm of England, the plane of Tuscany, the palm of tropic climes, the mountains of Switzerland and the oak of America; in the third, with the genius displayed in using the very storm to tell a story; and in the fourth, with the management of the light, and the apparent reality of those rays of glory. These pictures were painted for the late Samuel Ward, of New York, and the price received for them was five thousand dollars.

Thus have we attempted to describe the prominent imaginative paintings of Thomas Cole, with the object in view, of making the public at large acquainted with the fact that great acquisitions have been and are being made to the Fine Arts, even in our own country. His is a name which we should not willingly let die. A man of fine, exalted genius, by his pencil he has done a great deal of good, not only to his chosen art, by becoming one of its masters, but also in a moral point of view. And this reminds us of the influences which may be exerted by the landscape painter. That these are of importance no one can deny. Is not painting as well the result and expression of thought as writing? What though, instead of pen, ink and paper, the painter uses canvass, a pencil, and the colors of the rainbow, yet these, if he is a poet in his soul, can display his power to scarcely less effect than though, to give utterance to his "thoughts that glow," his means were the "words that burn." With these, if he is a wise and good man, he may portray, to every eye that rests upon his canvass, the loveliness of virtue and religion, or the deformity and wretchedness of a vicious life. He may warn the worldling of his folly and impending doom, and encourage the Christian in his pilgrimage to heaven. He may delineate the marvellous beauty of nature, so as to lead the mind upward to its Creator, or proclaim the ravages of time, that we may take heed to our ways and prepare ourselves for a safe departure from this world into that beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death. A goodly portion of all these things have been accomplished by Thomas Cole. As yet, he is the only landscape painter in this country who has attempted imaginative painting, and the success which has followed him in his career, even in a pecuniary point of view, affords great encouragement to our young painters in this department of the art. Cole has indeed done some great things, but a thousandfold more he has left undone. He has

but set a noble example, which ought to be extensively followed. Mind, we do not mean by this that his subjects ought to be imitated. Far from it, because they are not stamped with a national character, as the production of all painters should be. Excepting his actual views of American scenery, the paintings of Cole might have been produced had he never set foot upon our soil. Let our young painters aspire to something above a mere copy of nature, or even a picture of the fancy; let them paint the visions of their imagination. No other country ever offered such advantages as our own. Let our young painters use their pencils to illustrate the thousands of scenes, strange, wild and beautiful, of our early history. Let them aim high, and their achievements will be distinguished. Let them remember that theirs is a noble destiny. What though ancient wisdom and modern poetry have told us that "art is long and time is fleeting!"—let them toil and toil with nature as their guide, and they will assuredly have their reward.

BOOKS FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY MISS ANNE C. LYNCH.

"Let there be light."

LIGHT to the darkened mind
Bear like the sun the world's wide circle round,
Bright messengers that speak without a sound!
Sight on the spirit-blind
Shall fall where'er ye pass; your living ray
Shall change the night of ages into day;
God speed ye on your way!

In closet and in hall,
Too long alone your message hath been spoken;
The spell of gold that bound ye there is broken,
Go forth and shine on all!
The world's inheritance, the legacy
Bequeathed by Genius to the race are ye;
Be like the sunlight, free!

A mighty power ye wield!
Ye wake grim centuries from their deep repose,
And bid their hoarded treasuries unclose,
The spoils of time to yield.
Ye hold the gift of immortality;
Bard, sage, and seer, whose fame shall never die,
Live through your ministry.

Noiseless upon your path,
Freighted with love, romance, and song, ye speed,
Moving the world in custom and in creed,
Waking its love or wrath.
Tyrants, that blench not on the battle-plain,
Quail at your silent coming, and in vain
Would bind the riven chain.

Shrines that embalm great souls!
Where yet the illustrious dead high converse hold,
As gods spake through their oracles of old;
Upon your mystic scrolls
There lives a spell to guide our destiny;
The fire by night, the pillared cloud by day,
Upon our upward way!

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Providence, R. I.

BUDS AND BIRD-VOICES.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

BALMY Spring—weeks later than we expected, and months later than we longed for her—comes at last, to revive the moss on the roof and walls of our old mansion. She peeps brightly into my study-window, inviting me to throw it open, and create a summer atmosphere by the intermixture of her genial breath with the black and cheerless comfort of the stove. As the casement ascends, forth into infinite space fly the innumerable forms of thought or fancy that have kept me company in the retirement of this little chamber, during the sluggish lapse of wintry weather;—visions, gay, grotesque, and sad; pictures of real life, tinted with nature's homely grey and russet; scenes in dream-land, bedizened with rainbow hues, which faded before they were well laid on;—all these may vanish now, and leave me to mould a fresh existence out of sunshine. Brooding meditation may flap her dusky wings, and take her owl-like flight, blinking amid the cheerfulness of noontide. Such companions befit the season of frosted window-panes and crackling fires, when the blast howls through the black ash-trees of our avenue, and the drifting snow-storm chokes up the wood-paths, and fills the highway from stone-wall to stone-wall. In the spring and summer time, all sombre thoughts should follow the winter northward, with the sombre and thoughtful crows. The old paradisiacal economy of life is again in force; we live, not to think, nor to labor, but for the simple end of being happy; nothing, for the present hour, is worthy of man's infinite capacity, save to imbibe the warm smile of heaven, and sympathize with the reviving earth.

The present spring comes onward with fleeter footsteps, because winter lingered so unconscionably long, that with her best diligence she can hardly retrieve half the allotted period of her reign. It is but a fortnight since I stood on the brink of our swollen river, and beheld the accumulated ice of four frozen months go down the stream. Except in streaks here and there upon the hill-sides, the whole visible universe was then covered with deep snow, the nethermost layer of which had been deposited by an early December storm. It was a sight to make the beholder torpid, in the impossibility of imagining how this vast white napkin was to be removed from the face of the corpse-like world, in less time than had been required to spread it there. But who can estimate the power of gentle influences, whether amid material desolation, or the moral winter of man's heart! There have been no tempestuous rains—even no sultry days—but a constant breath of southern winds, with now a day of kindly sunshine, and now a no less kindly mist, or a soft descent of showers, in which a smile and a blessing seemed to have been steeped. The snow has vanished as if by magic; whatever heaps may be hidden in the woods and deep gorges of the hills, only two solitary specks remain in the landscape; and those I shall almost regret to miss, when, to-morrow, I look for them in vain. Never before, methinks, has spring pressed so closely on the footsteps of retreating winter. Along the road-side, the green blades of grass have sprouted on the very edge of the snow-drifts. The pastures and mowing fields have not yet assumed a general aspect of verdure; but neither have they the cheerless brown tint which they wear in latter autumn, when vegetation has entirely ceased; there is now a faint shadow of life, gradually brightening into the warm reality. Some tracts, in a happy exposure—as, for instance, yonder south-western slope of an orchard, in front of that old red farm-house, beyond the river—such patches of land already wear a beautiful and tender green, to which no future luxuriance can add a charm. It looks unreal—a prophecy—a hope—a transitory effect of some peculiar light, which will vanish with the slightest motion of the eye. But beauty is never a delusion; not these verdant tracts, but the dark and barren landscape, all

around them, is a shadow and a dream. Each moment wins some portion of the earth from death to life; a sudden gleam of verdure brightens along the sunny slope of a bank, which, an instant ago, was brown and bare. You look again, and behold an apparition of green grass!

The trees, in our orchard and elsewhere, are as yet naked, but already appear full of life and vegetable blood. It seems as if, by one magic touch, they might instantaneously burst into full foliage, and that the wind, which now sighs through their naked branches, might make sudden music amid innumerable leaves. The moss-grown willow-tree, which for forty years past has overshadowed these western windows, will be among the first to put on its green attire. There are some objections to the willow; it is not a dry and cleanly tree, and impresses the beholder with an association of sliminess. No trees, I think, are perfectly agreeable as companions, unless they have glossy leaves, dry bark, and a firm and hard texture of trunk and branches. But the willow is almost the earliest to gladden us with the promise and reality of beauty, in its graceful and delicate foliage, and the last to scatter its yellow yet scarcely withered leaves upon the ground. All through the winter, too, its yellow twigs give it a sunny aspect, which is not without a cheering influence, even in the greyest and gloomiest day. Beneath a clouded sky, it faithfully remembers the sunshine. Our old house would lose a charm, were the willow to be cut down, with its golden crown over the snow-covered roof, and its heap of summer verdure.

The lilac-shrubs, under my study-windows, are likewise almost in leaf; in two or three days more, I may put forth my hand, and pluck the topmost bough in its freshest green. These lilacs are very aged, and have lost the luxuriant foliage of their prime. The heart, or the judgment, or the moral sense, or the taste, is dissatisfied with their present aspect. Old age is not venerable, when it embodies itself in lilacs, rose-bushes, or any other ornamental shrubs; it seems as if such plants, as they grow only for beauty, ought to flourish only in immortal youth, or, at least, to die before their sad decrepitude. Trees of beauty are trees of Paradise, and therefore not subject to decay, by their original nature, but have lost that precious birthright by being transplanted to an earthly soil. There is a kind of ludicrous unfitness in the idea of a time-stricken and grandfatherly lilac-bush. The analogy holds good in human life. Persons who can only be graceful and ornamental—who can give the world nothing but flowers—should die young, and never be seen with grey hair and wrinkles, any more than the flower-shrubs with mossy bark and blighted foliage, like the lilacs under my window. Not that beauty is worthy of less than immortality,—no, the beautiful should live for ever,—and thence, perhaps, the sense of impropriety, when we see it triumphed over by time. Apple-trees, on the other hand, grow old without reproach. Let them live as long as they may, and contort themselves into whatever perversity of shape they please, and deck their withered limbs with a spring-time gaudiness of pink-blossoms, still they are respectable, even if they afford us only an apple or two in a season. Those few apples—or, at all events, the remembrance of apples in by-gone years—are the atonement which utilitarianism inexorably demands, for the privilege of lengthened life. Human flower-shrubs, if they will grow old on earth, should, beside their lovely blossoms, bear some kind of fruit that will satisfy earthly appetites; else neither man, nor the decorum of nature, will deem it fit that the moss should gather on them.

One of the first things that strikes the attention, when the white sheet of winter is withdrawn, is the neglect and disarray that lay hidden beneath it. Nature is not cleanly, according to our prejudices. The beauty of preceding years, now transformed to brown and blighted deformity, obstructs the brightening loveliness of the present. Our avenue is strewn with the whole crop of autumn's withered leaves. There are quantities of decayed branches, which one tempest after another has flung down, black and rotten; and one or two with the ruin of a bird's nest clinging to them. In the garden are the dried bean-vines, the brown stalks of the asparagus-bed, and melancholy old cabbages which were frozen into the soil before their

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unthrifty cultivator could find time to gather them. How invariably, throughout all the forms of life, do we find these intermingled memorials of death! On the soil of thought, and in the garden of the heart, as well as in the sensual world, lie withered leaves; the ideas and feelings that we have done with. There is no wind strong enough to sweep them away; infinite space will not garner them from our sight. What mean they? Why may we not be permitted to live and enjoy, as if this were the first life, and our own the primal enjoyment, instead of treading always on these dry bones and mouldering relics, from the aged accumulation of which springs all that now appears so young and new? Sweet must have been the spring-time of Eden, when no earlier year had strewn its decay upon the virgin turf, and no former experience had ripened into summer, and faded into autumn, in the hearts of its inhabitants! That was a world worth living in! Oh, thou murmurer, it is out of the very wantonness of such a life, that thou feignest these idle lamentations! There is no decay. Each human soul is the first created inhabitant of its own Eden. We dwell in an old moss-covered mansion, and tread in the worn foot-prints of the past, and have a grey clergyman's ghost for our daily and nightly inmate; yet all these outward circumstances are made less than visionary, by the renewing power of the spirit. Should the spirit ever lose this power —should the withered leaves, and the rotten branches, and the moss-covered house, and the ghost of the grey past, ever become its realities, and the verdure and the freshness merely its faint dream—then let it pray to be released from earth. It will need the air of heaven, to revive its pristine energies!

What an unlooked-for flight was this, from our shadowy avenue of black-ash and Balm of Gilead trees, into the infinite! Now we have our feet again upon the turf. Nowhere does the grass spring up so industriously as in this homely yard, along the base of the stone-wall, and in the sheltered nooks of the buildings, and especially around the southern door-step; a locality which seems particularly favorable to its growth, for it is already tall enough to bend over, and wave in the wind. I observe, that several weeds—and, most frequently, a plant that stains the fingers with its yellow juice—have survived, and retained their freshness and sap throughout the winter. One knows not how they have deserved such an exception from the common lot of their race. They are now the patriarchs of the departed year, and may preach mortality to the present generation of flowers and weeds.

Among the delights of spring, how is it possible to forget the birds! Even the crows were welcome, as the sable harbingers of a brighter and livelier race. They visited us before the snow was off, but seem mostly to have departed now, or else to have betaken themselves to remote depths of the woods, which they haunt all summer long. Many a time shall I disturb them there, and feel as if I had intruded among a company of silent worshippers, as they sit in sabbath-stillness among the tree-tops. Their voices, when they speak, are in admirable accordance with the tranquil solitude of a summer afternoon; and, resounding so far above the head, their loud clamor increases the religious quiet of the scene, instead of breaking it. A crow, however, has no real pretensions to religion, in spite of his gravity of mien and black attire; he is certainly a thief, and probably an infidel. The gulls are far more respectable, in a moral point of view. These denizens of sea-beaten rocks, and haunters of the lonely beach, come up our inland river, at this season, and soar high overhead, flapping their broad wings in the upper sunshine. They are among the most picturesque of birds, because they so float and rest upon the air, as to become almost stationary parts of the landscape. The imagination has time to grow acquainted with them; they have not flitted away in a moment. You go up among the clouds, and greet these lofty-flighted gulls, and repose confidently with them upon the sustaining atmosphere. Ducks have their haunts along the solitary places of the river, and alight in flocks upon the broad bosom of the overflowed meadows. Their flight is too rapid and determined for the eye to catch enjoyment from it, although it never fails to stir up the heart with the sportsman's ineradicable instinct. They

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have now gone further northward, but will visit us again in autumn.

The smaller birds—the little songsters of the woods, and those that haunt man's dwellings, and claim human friendship by building their nests under the sheltering eaves, or among the orchard trees—these require a touch more delicate, and a gentler heart than mine, to do them justice. Their outburst of melody is like a brook let loose from wintry chains. We need not deem it a too high and solemn word, to call it a hymn of praise to the Creator; since Nature, who pictures the reviving year in so many sights of beauty, has expressed the sentiment of renewed life in no other sound, save the notes of these blessed birds. Their music, however, just now, seems to be incidental, and not the result of a set purpose. They are discussing the economy of life and love, and the site and architecture of their summer residences, and have no time to sit on a twig, and pour forth solemn hymns, or overtures, operas, symphonies, and waltzes. Anxious questions are asked; grave subjects are settled in quick and animated debate; and only by occasional accident, as from pure ecstasy, does a rich warble roll its tiny waves of golden sound through the atmosphere. Their little bodies are as busy as their voices; they are in a constant flutter and restlessness. Even when two or three retreat to a tree-top, to hold council, they wag their tails and heads all the time, with the irrepressible activity of their nature, which perhaps renders their brief span of life in reality as long as the patriarchal age of sluggish man. The blackbirds, three species of which consort together, are the noisiest of all our feathered citizens. Great companies of them—more than the famous "four-and-twenty" whom Mother Goose has immortalized—congregate in contiguous tree-tops, and vociferate with all the clamor and confusion of a turbulent political meeting. Politics, certainly, must be the occasion of such tumultuous debates; but still—unlike all other politicians—they instil melody into their individual utterances, and produce harmony as a general effect. Of all bird-voices, none are more sweet and cheerful to my ear than those of swallows, in the dim, sun-streaked interior of a lofty barn; they address the heart with even a closer sympathy than Robin Red-breast. But, indeed, all these winged people, that dwell in the vicinity of homesteads, seem to partake of human nature, and possess the germ, if not the development, of immortal souls. We hear them saying their melodious prayers, at morning's blush and eventide. A little while ago, in the deep of night, there came the lively thrill of a bird's note from a neighboring tree; a real song, such as greets the purple dawn, or mingles with the yellow sunshine. What could the little bird mean, by pouring it forth at midnight? Probably the music gushed out of the midst of a dream, in which he fancied himself in Paradise with his mate, but suddenly awoke on a cold, leafless bough, with a New England mist penetrating through his feathers. That was a sad exchange of imagination for reality!

Insects are among the earliest births of spring. Multitudes, of I know not what species, appeared long ago, on the surface of the snow. Clouds of them, almost too minute for sight, hover in a beam of sunshine, and vanish, as if annihilated, when they pass into the shade. A musquito has already been heard to sound the small horror of his bugle-horn. Wasps infest the sunny windows of the house. A bee entered one of the chambers, with a prophecy of flowers. Rare butterflies came before the snow was off, flaunting in the chill breeze, and looking forlorn and all astray, in spite of the magnificence of their dark velvet cloaks, with golden borders.

The fields and wood-paths have as yet few charms to entice the wanderer. In a walk, the other day, I found no violets, nor anemones, nor anything in the likeness of a flower. It was worth while, however, to ascend our opposite hill, for the sake of gaining a general idea of the advance of spring, which I had hitherto been studying in its minute developments. The river lay around me in a semi-circle, overflowing all the meadows which give it its Indian name, and offering a noble breadth to sparkle in the sunbeams. Along the hither shore, a row of trees stood up to their knees in water; and afar off, on the surface of the stream, tufts of bushes thrust up their heads, as it were, to breathe. The most striking objects were great solitary

trees, here and there, with a mile-wide waste of water all around them. The curtailment of the trunk, by its immersion in the river, quite destroys the fair proportions of the tree, and thus makes us sensible of a regularity and propriety in the usual forms of nature. The flood of the present season—though it never amounts to a freshet, on our quiet stream—has encroached further upon the land than any previous one, for at least a score of years. It has overflowed stone-fences, and even rendered a portion of the highway navigable for boats. The waters, however, are now gradually subsiding; islands become annexed to the mainland; and other islands emerge, like new creations, from the watery waste. The scene supplies an admirable image of the receding of the Nile—except that there is no deposit of black slime; —or of Noah's flood—only that there is a freshness and novelty in these recovered portions of the continent, which give the impression of a world just made, rather than of one so polluted that a deluge had been requisite to purify it. These up-springing islands are the greenest spots in the landscape; the first gleam of sunlight suffices to cover them with verdure.

Thank Providence for Spring! The earth—and man himself, by sympathy with his birth-place—would be far other than we find them, if life toiled wearily onward, without this periodical infusion of the primal spirit. Will the world ever be so decayed, that spring may not renew its greenness? Can man be so dismally age-stricken, that no faintest sunshine of his youth may revisit him once a year? It is impossible. The moss on our time-worn mansion brightens into beauty; the good old pastor, who once dwelt here, renewed his prime, regained his boyhood, in the genial breezes of his ninetieth spring. Alas for the worn and heavy soul, if, whether in youth or age, it have outlived its privilege of spring-time sprightliness! From such a soul, the world must hope no reformation of its evil—no sympathy with the lofty faith and gallant struggles of those who contend in its behalf. Summer works in the present, and thinks not of the future; Autumn is a rich conservative; Winter has utterly lost its faith, and clings tremulously to the remembrance of what has been; but Spring, with its outgushing life, is the true type of the Movement!

THE IDEAL.

BY RH. S. S. ANDROS.

My soul's sweet sister! I had sighed,
  Long years had sighed, and knew not why;
Hope after hope sprang up and died,
  And Joy in silence passed me by:
I wept—but wherefore could not tell;
  Save that, sometime, there came a dream
Of one, whose voice about me fell
  Like moonlight on a forest-stream.

It came and passed—and then my heart
  Was dark till it returned again;
For though the Presence might depart,
  The Shadow haunted still my brain.
And thus I wandered, sad and lone,
  Scarce knowing why, or what I sought,
Till in thy look, and smile, and tone,
  There *lived* the Image of my Thought!

New Bedford, Mass.

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THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

PROTEST AGAINST THE DOCTRINE OF THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW THEREON.

WHATEVER difference of opinion may be entertained of the views expressed in the February Number of the Democratic Review, on the subject of International Copyright, or the force of the argument by which its conclusions are sought to be sustained, there can be no question that the permission to use its pages as a medium for opposing the principles there advocated, is an act of courtesy not usual even in literary controversy, and which demands warm and sincere acknowledgment.

Independent of its authorship, the article in question is entitled to claim, from all holding opposite sentiments, the respect due to every opinion which is found to court, rather than to shun, the test of open and candid discussion; and we therefore cannot help regretting that the question should have been presented in a form which, in some minds, might create a prejudice against it at the outset—as a claim set up by the authors of a particular country, rather than as, what it really is, a claim urged by the great body of American as well as European writers. If it was an attempt by Mr. Dickens, or any other English author, who has been "richly enough paid" at home, or by any body of English authors, to procure for themselves a pecuniary benefit for the republication, in this country, of works from which they have already derived a "munificent compensation," the demand might be justly treated with ridicule; but the claim is based on no such principles of narrow selfishness, nor is it obnoxious to any such construction. It has no sectional or national prejudices: it is made by Americans as well as Englishmen, and its English advocates who claim to have an interest in the republication of their works here, support the same principle in favor of all American and other writers foreign to England, whose works are to be found in every well-selected English library, yielding thence to their authors no recompense but barren praise.

By considering the question in this narrow point of view, we are in danger of doing as great injustice to the subject itself as to the individuals thus prominently placed before us. The very term *international* gives a denial to the charge, and plainly shows that its English advocates, by supporting the principle, undermine the foundation of the valuable copyright monopoly, the possession of which would be secured to them alone, under a more restricted system, and voluntarily seek to throw open its large and rich resources to American and other foreign writers; thus inviting competition, and becoming (so to speak) the advocates of free trade in the commodity from which they derive their subsistence—a proceeding we should have thought to be in entire accordance with the principles of the Democratic Review. It should also be borne in mind that, at their instance, the British legislature has already made the first advance, by a late enactment authorizing the grant of copyright to authors of works published out of that country, for a term not exceeding that secured to native authors, conditionally upon the works of their writers having a like protection in the foreign country.

Although we entirely differ from the Review, as to the effect of the competition with which American literature has to contend, and believe that a system of international copyright, upon equitable terms between authors and the public, would be no less an act of justice to native than to foreign authors, we do not intend to discuss this "meaner argument of expediency;" the present object being to show that the claim, in its "moral aspect," is founded on principles of justice and equity. It here becomes material to ascertain what right or property an author is considered by the Review to have in the works of

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his own creation—the results of his own labor; and as this is merely given in a negative form—the statement of what it is denied to be, the only method of placing it before the reader is by the extracts which follow; in considering which it should be kept in view, that the proposed International Copyright is not retrospective—is not an *ex post facto* law—does not seek remuneration for that which has already been richly enough paid—is not claimed for works already published, and therefore public property, on the terms upon which they were published; but seeks to embrace those only which have no existence, or which, if they have the semblance of being, exist only in the mind of the author, or at most, in manuscript, the work of his own hands.

"We once thought otherwise, but would now deny altogether the principle of a natural right of literary property, absolute, exclusive, and perpetual. The inspiration which speaks through the organ of the poet or the philosopher, or which directs the ingenuity of the inventor, is not his own, nor has he any such right of individual property in that which it has at once commanded and taught him to give to the world, as to be free, for himself, his heirs, executors, administrators, or assigns, for ever, to do with it what may seem meet to him or them—to destroy or suppress it, or forbid access to it to the whole or any portions of the race."

There is, doubtless, great difference of opinion, whether an author has an exclusive and perpetual right of property in his literary works; but as the International Copyright question does not necessarily involve this demand, and as no such claim is now sought to be enforced, it would be useless to enter into the discussion.

It is freely admitted that all who are endowed with superior mental powers, are bound by an obligation to the source from whence their qualifications are derived, to employ them as shall most conduce to the object for which they were conferred, the spread of truth and knowledge, and most advance the great interests of society; that their being allowed to "rust in us unused," is a fault differing only in degree from their misapplication; but is this obligation confined to those only to whom are granted superior mental qualifications? Certainly not. The natural talents and qualifications of all men, whether of mind or body, are alike gifts from the Creator, and impose upon all a like responsibility for their use, abuse, or misapplication. The same duty attaches to each individual—to the laborer who, by his physical strength, earns his bread by the sweat of his brow—to the mechanic, who lives by the exercise of his manual skill—to the farmer, who cultivates the soil—and to the seaman, who navigates the ocean: all are alike responsible; and he to whom "one talent" is granted is under the same obligation as he is to whom are entrusted "five talents."

As between man and his Creator, it may therefore be correct to allege that "the inspiration which speaks through the organ of the poet or the philosopher, is not his own;" nor in this view is the skill of the mechanic, or the corporeal strength of the laborer, his own. Even man's life itself is not his own: the power which granted that and all his other attributes, mental and bodily, is under no obligation for their continuance: one and all may at any moment be snatched from his possession, without his daring even to question the justice of the decree. Man, however, was made for society,—it is his natural state,—in no other condition could the purposes and ends of his existence be accomplished; and as there is an universal obligation from mankind to the Creator, so there are social and moral duties from man to man which are alike obligatory upon all. But there is this difference, the social obligations of mankind are in every instance reciprocal; each duty draws with it a corresponding claim. The duty of obedience from the citizen to the laws, enforced through the legally constituted authorities, involves a corresponding right of protection of life and property, which is no less a duty on the part of those to whom the task of government is entrusted. Parental affection and filial reverence, and even the claims of friendship, are in like manner reciprocal. No one will deny the mutual obligations of the laborer and his employer, and it matters not whether the labor be performed by mere physical strength, by manual skill and dexterity, or by the more toilsome and more ex-

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hausting labors of the intellect; "natural morals," no less plainly than the divine word, teach us that the laborer is worthy of his hire. It is upon this ground that we support the natural right of an author to his works, and the claim which he has upon society for remuneration.

The Review then proceeds:

"The unanimous good sense of all the nations which have legislated on the subject has not been mistaken in regarding this privilege of ownership in copyright or patentright as an artificial and limited, not a natural and absolute right of property. Accordingly, it has been granted—unlike other species of property—for limited terms of years, and generally confined to the subjects of the legislating sovereignty."

It may here be as well to observe, that the argument of the Review bears equally against the existing copyright, as it does against international copyright. In fact the only conclusion to be drawn from it is a denial that the author has any "property" in his works, or any "absolute right" to compensation for his labor. "The inspiration is not his own."—"The unanimous good sense of all nations" has not regarded copyright as an "absolute property," but as a "privilege of ownership."

Although, as before stated, difference of opinion exists as to the *perpetual* right of property of an author, we are not aware that any nation has denied him "a natural and absolute right of property" in his works. In this country, as well as in England, such right is distinctly recognized up to the time when they are published with his consent. Previous to such publication it has every incident of property, and the author possesses over it absolute and unlimited control. He can hold, transfer, sell or mortgage it; he can alter, enlarge, curtail, suppress or destroy it; and although it is neither lands, tenements, goods nor chattels, yet, divested of mere technicality, it is in the eye of the law as much property as houses, lands or merchandise. There is not a more firmly established rule than that previous to publication the law, at the instance of the author, will restrain all persons from printing, selling, making public, or in any way infringing or trespassing on the results of his labor; and this action is totally independent of any copyright law, and is founded on the absolute right of property or ownership.

It appears that a mistake, not unfrequently made, has influenced the whole train of reasoning on this part of the subject, and led to what we conceive to be an erroneous conclusion. This mistake consists in identifying the natural right or property of the author, with the *legal property* of copyright created, or invented for the express purpose of securing his natural right to a just and equitable remuneration, in the only manner in which it was possible to do so. But while we admit the author's property in copyright to be "artificial" in its creation, and "limited" as to its duration, we most strenuously object to the term "privilege of ownership." Who, we would ask, has, or claims to have, the right or power of conferring upon any man the privilege "of remuneration" for his labor? If it is admitted that he is entitled to be compensated, and that the copyright is secured to him as the means of remuneration, then, unless justice is a privilege, he cannot be said to have a "privilege of ownership."

That the products of the mind differ in many essential qualities from those of the hands, is no reason why the parties, by whose labor they are matured, should have no property in them; although it is obvious that such property must be guarded, and the fruits of it protected in a different manner. One man fells timber from the forest, and with the labor of his hands builds a house, the possession of which is the reward of his labor, and is secured to him by the law. Another constructs some work of art, from the exhibition of which he anticipates being able to derive the means of subsistence, and its inviolability is equally secured to him. But neither the mere possession of his works, nor the exhibition of them, would be the means of rewarding an author for his toil and pains. To make them available for his support he must multiply and spread them abroad by means of the press, and even this would be useless to him unless guarded by some provision against literary piracy. This security the laws of different nations have afforded by what is termed copyright, and it is the only mode in which remuneration could be secured, and at the same time made to depend

upon the estimation in which the result of the labor is held by society, for whom it was performed:—or, in other words, the value which society sets upon the work.

The error before alluded to seems to have led to the remark, that—

"No country has dreamed of protecting the copyrights or parentrights of other countries. It is a right entirely the creature of legislation, local, special, and conventional, founded partly on the equity of remuneration to the author and his immediate family, under the authority of that government of which he is a subject, and partly on the consideration of that expediency which dictates that such privilege should be conferred on him and his—for a term not too long to conflict with the general interest of the community—as an inducement to him and to others, superadded to those other and higher moral influences which bid him speak for the same reason that the bird sings, the flower blooms, and the star shines."

We would merely add on this point, that the laws of this country, which are founded on the English copyright statutes, are a distinct and positive recognition of the principles for which we contend, not founded on expediency, but on natural justice. In England the natural right of property of an author in his works, appears to have been recognized to a greater extent than in this country. There, a majority of the judges in the highest common law court, recognized the principle of an absolute and perpetual right; and although their decision of the case in which the point arose was subsequently reversed on appeal, yet the Court of Appeal, in order, as it would seem, to guard against the possibility of misconstruction, declared the reversal to be founded on the fact, that the statute in force having enacted that an author should be entitled to copyright in his works for a defined period, *and no longer;* the more extended claim, if it ever existed, was abridged by the statute, and that all remedy for its violation after the prescribed term was thereby taken away.

It is not material, for the present purpose, to consider whether an author has a natural and perpetual right of property, or only a claim for compensation. That he has either the one or the other, cannot, we think, be doubted; nor do we conceive that his absolute property in the copyright granted in various countries admits of a question. It therefore only remains to consider the doctrine that "no member of one political body or system can have the right to demand it from the government of another, unless by a transfer of residence he should bring himself within the pale of its protection, and the scope of its internal policy."

The claim for International Copyright has but recently been urged; that it has not hitherto been acted on unconditionally by any government, is no argument against its justice. While authors were content with the narrow and restricted protection, or right of property, or remuneration, limited to the country of which, by the accident of birth or the choice of residence, they were citizens, copyright laws of those countries may be considered as determining the amount of compensation for which their respective authors were content to toil and labor; and thus the mutual claims of society and authors were limited to, and satisfied by, the grant of copyright from the government under which they lived. The claim on society being thus satisfied, we can perceive no objection to the republication of their works in another country, so long as such republication does not deteriorate the value of the copyright property thus acquired. But if, by any cause resulting from such republication, the value of the national copyright is diminished, that diminution is an infringement of the author's property, a deprivation of so much of the remuneration for his labor, and a wrong against which he has a just claim for redress.

It is true that up to the present time all nations have, in this instance, sanctioned the selfish policy of thus appropriating the labor of foreign authors, but it has been done with the tacit consent, or sanction, of the parties interested. Authors have slept upon their rights, and as "vigilantibus, non dormientibus, servit lex," they can have no just cause of complaint for what is past. The demand being, however, made in America and throughout Europe, has now to be met, and granted or denied, on the principle of right and justice.

If an author has any natural right of property in his works, or claim on society for remuneration for his labor,

we conceive that it must be co-extensive with the benefits derived from his exertions. That right cannot be limited to the place of his birth or residence, but must extend to every country in which the fruits of his labor are made available, for pleasure or profit. He has not the liberty, says the Review, "to destroy or suppress it, or forbid access to it, to the whole or any portion of the race:" or in other words, his mental powers are conferred on him, not for the benefit of any particular nation; their results are not to be confined or circumscribed by the geographical limits of any state or sovereignty; they were designed for the whole human race, and the whole human race has a right to the benefit and enjoyment to be derived from them. Granting, then, that his talents are thus designed for the universal benefit of mankind—that, as between him and his Creator, he has no right to exclude any portion of the world from their use and enjoyment—the reciprocal obligations of society toward him must be equally extensive, and embrace all who avail themselves of the results of his pains and labor, and against all of whom he must have a just claim for recompense. As before stated, the duties of man to his Creator, and his social duties are distinct: but although distinct in their natures, they in nowise conflict with each other. The obligation to the due exercise of his natural powers of intellect, to the practical application of those powers, by study and labor, which exist from an author to his Creator, does not deprive him of a right, or claim, which he, in common with all men, has upon society. It surely cannot be contended, that in this instance alone, the rights and duties of mankind are not reciprocal. As regards an author, the whole world claims to be but a single community, having claims upon him as one of its members, and a common right to the results of his labor, of which he has not the power to deprive them. If, then, his right of remuneration is not binding on all who voluntarily make themselves participants, it cannot be binding on any; and thus his right, even to national copyright, would disappear "at one fell swoop," and he alone of all the human race be left without any natural right to benefit by the fruit of his toil and labor.

Let us suppose the case of an individual born and living in a small community, when civilisation is comparatively in its infancy. Whatever may be the state of society, that is his country, and there dwell his kindred and friends. If such a person, gifted with superior intelligence, should by dint of severe application, produce a work from which the world at large would derive great and lasting benefits, but which in his own land would be unproductive to him, would it be just to say to him, We have an absolute right to appropriate the results of your labor, but your right of remuneration depends on your renouncing all previous attachment to kindred, friends and country? No. The right of recompense is co-extensive with the benefits conferred.

Nor can we in anywise admit, that the claim of an author can be in the least degree satisfied or discharged by "the reciprocal pleasure of fame and conscious benefaction." This reciprocity seems to lean rather too much to one side. The benefaction is admitted to proceed from the author; whence emanates the fame? When the Roman General, returning victorious from foreign conquest, was greeted with a triumph, was he the Hero of the battle, or the Hero of the pageant? When the ashes of the great conqueror of modern times, claimed by the country for which his gigantic efforts had been so long exerted, were entombed with the gorgeous splendor of more than eastern fable, was his fame augmented by the pompous spectacle, or the surrounding thousands, assembled to do honor to his memory? When the poet recited his verses to enthusiastic crowds, was his fame based on the applause or on the poem? Applause, however sincere or widely extended, is but the evidence of fame already achieved; nor can the voices of assembled million, secure fame to any man irrespective of his own acts and achievements.

The mode in which the admitted obligation of society is proposed to be discharged, is open to serious objection:

"Individuals may, if they choose, volunteer to a great foreign author from whose labors they have derived pleasure and instruction, any tribute of their gratitude they choose—a far more sensible and acceptable mode of expressing their sentiments, by the way, than by public

balls and dinners. We do not doubt, that in the hour of Scott's need, a large sum might have been raised for him in this mode, which it would have been as honorable for the one party to receive as for the other to give. Or if the experiment were tried by any of our publishers, enjoying the public respect and confidence, of issuing the same edition of any new work by a popular English writer *at two prices*, the one a little more than the other, as a species of gratuitous author's benefit—some imprint on the title-page distinguishing between the two—a very considerable number of the beneficiary edition would doubtless be purchased, even if not more than of the other; and all, either recognizing a moral obligation or feeling an impulse of grateful liberality, would have an opportunity of satisfying their conscience and indulging their heart."

This "author's benefit" is a novel idea, whose efficacy we must beg leave to doubt until it has been made to submit to the test of experience. But is it enough, in return for actual profit and advantage, to confer a purely voluntary generosity? That a tribute spontaneously granted to genius in the time of need, would be honorable alike to the giver and receiver, we would cheerfully admit; but rather than to render assistance at the shipwreck, would it not be a more grateful task to avert the gale? Acknowledging the obligation, let us then not deny to justice, what we would yield to sympathy! If Sir Walter Scott, in his brightest days, when each fresh triumph of his genius was anticipated with a restless anxiety, and hailed with feelings of delight, had ventured to suggest that he had a moral claim on those who derived instruction, or experienced pleasure, from his labors, none could have denied the obligation, or would have waited until his reverse of fortune had changed the aspect of the claim. Honorable as under the circumstances then existing would have been the offering alluded to, and honorably as he might have accepted it, we rejoice that his proud and noble spirit of independence was not put to the trial. The brightest page in his history is that on which is recorded his triumph over adversity. Had his intellect been shattered, or his arm paralyzed by misfortune, his writings would still have raised an eternal monument to his fame, and his memory would have been hallowed through succeeding ages; but it would have wanted the halo which naught but that triumph could have shed around it. Highly as we must have esteemed him as an author, and deeply as we must have venerated him as a man, the brightest gem in his crown of glory would have been hidden from our view.

That a widely extended prejudice exists against the establishment of International Copyright, is owing to the imperfect knowledge of the grounds on which it is claimed, which are erroneously conceived by many to be totally different from those on which the existing copyright is founded. But let it be known that they are identical in principle; that to withhold the former, is to give a practical denial of the right to the latter; that it is to realize in the person of the author the words of the poet—

"Sic vos non vobis mellificatis, apes,"

to reduce him to a mere beneficiary, or dependant upon voluntary bounty,—and the sense of justice inherent in the human breast will revolt at the strange anomaly. The time we believe to be not far distant, when this claim of literature will be established, and we are not without hope that the genius and acquirements which preside over the Democratic Review will yet be exerted on what we believe to be the side of truth and justice. S.

NOTE.

We have cheerfully conceded to the intelligent and able author of the above paper, the privilege requested of attacking the position we thought it a matter of duty to take upon this question, in our Number for February, however at variance with general usage for a Review thus to allow itself to be reviewed in its own pages. The peculiar character of the question—the general prevalence, among our literary men, of the contrary opinion to the views maintained by us—the high ground of moral right, as well as of policy in the common interests of literature, and those of national litera-

ture in particular, on which the proposed privilege of International Copyright is demanded—lead us to this departure from the general theory and system of a work of this nature. At the same time we deem it proper to record this *caveat* against its being regarded as settling a precedent, to compel us on all future occasions to submit to a similar process of reply and rebuke in our own pages, whenever any individual may feel moved by the spirit to controvert our views on any or every subject discussed in them. This is a point on which it is essential to maintain the most unrestricted and irresponsible discretion—of which determination we thus give due and ample notice accordingly, to all and sundry whom it may concern.

In the meantime, while we abstain from trenching in jot or tittle upon the integrity of the text of the above paper—respecting even the phrases of personal civility and compliment with which its dose of argument is judiciously sweetened—we exercise the right of subjoining a very brief commentary by way of *per contra*.

In the first place we beg leave to refer the reader to an attentive and candid perusal of the Article in question, which is here combated. Our respondent is as honorable a disputant as one could desire to engage; and yet the insensible and unavoidable influence of controversy, even upon his mind, is such, that in several instances his exposition of the argument he aims at confuting is far from rendering it fair and full justice. We greatly prefer that the reader's comparison between the antagonist views on the different points considered, should be founded on a perusal of the entire statement of both sides, rather than on three or four short extracts, detached from their context, as they stand selected and quoted above.

Far from us the stupid presumption of saying that we shall never alter our view of this subject, and thus realize the wish and anticipation so kindly expressed by our courteous respondent. We have a high respect for the sacred right of change of mind, and hold the mere merit of "consistency," instead of being the "jewel" it is vaunted for, as not worth a common glass bead. Yet it must be by other processes of argument than one substantially admitting the main points of our own, that the Democratic Review is to be drawn over into the ranks of the advocates of the proposed International Copyright.

The skeleton of the argument employed by us on the other side was this:—

That there is no natural moral right of property in a published book, absolute, exclusive and perpetual, such as to vest in its author any rightful authority for ever and everywhere to control or limit at his pleasure its multiplication and diffusion among men. That this right of literary property, as it exists in all civilized nations, is a conventional and restricted one, as a temporary privilege, founded on the combined considerations of equity and expediency,—equity to the author, who ought to be supported in his noble labors, and remunerated for them; and expediency on behalf of society, whose interest it is to extend the most effective inducements to authors to exert their best powers for the public benefit. That an author (who is not forced by society to write), writes under an implied compact with the laws of the sovereignty to which the political distribution of the human race attaches him as a subject and resident; the law holds out to him certain inducements, on the strength of which he writes and publishes; if these conditions are fulfilled, all his rightful claims to pecuniary remuneration are satisfied, and he has no reason to complain, if in another country, the antipodes perhaps of his own, and a totally distinct political organization, his work is reproduced, for the benefit of a new population, without injury to any of the rights or interests of his secured by law at home. That to this foreign nation it is a question of expediency whether or not to grant him, to any greater or less extent, a privilege of copyright; and that actually in the case of the present demand upon our government on behalf of English authors, the preponderance of the expediency—an expediency coincident with the moral right of the matter—is against its concession.

This argument does not seem to us to be met in the above paper—capable as its writer certainly is of doing full justice to his cause. In disclaiming any demand for International Copyright as applicable to works already pub-

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lished, it virtually yields that ground of justice and moral right, on which alone its prospective application can be claimed; and indeed it in terms recognizes the view of the question taken on our side of the argument, when it refers to them as "works already published, and therefore public property, *on the terms upon which they were published.*"

We see but little force in the argument sought in the "firmly established rule, that previous to publication, the law, at the instance of the author, will restrain all persons from printing, selling, making public, or in any way infringing or trespassing on the results of his labor." *Previous to publication,* the author's manuscript is indeed privately and personally his own, on the same basis of right as any other species of property. But *after* he has chosen to give it forth to the world in *publication,* it becomes a very different question how far society have a right to multiply and distribute the copies of it. While there is an equity on his part to a certain remuneration, there is, as before said, an expediency on the part of society prompting to bestow it. The proper amount and duration of that remuneration is a question of policy to be determined by a liberal and wise legislation; and when it is thus established, the author, we repeat, writes and publishes under a virtual contract with the existing state of the law. In England, for instance, with this view, the sole privilege of publishing and vending is secured for a certain length of time—*after which it ceases, and the work becomes public property.* These conditions mark the limit at which the legislation of the country itself from which this demand now chiefly proceeds, fixes this equity on the part of the author, and corresponding expediency on the part of the public. Why, then, it may well be asked, is a foreign country morally bound to increase the author's remuneration by extending the surface of population or geography over which his privilege is to operate, rather than his own country to increase it by extending the period of time within which it is conferred?

But the whole argument seems indeed given up, on the page 612 above, in the two sentences commencing, "The claim on society being thus satisfied," &c. We perfectly agree with the limitation there stated to the admitted right of republication in another country. We have no right to republish here for the English market; and the trade driven by the Belgian printers in cheap republications of all interesting French books for smuggled introduction into France, will never find either an apologist in us, or a justification in any of the arguments we have advanced.

In the supposition made, of a great work produced by a citizen of a small community, where no market for it could be expected adequate to his remuneration or to the object of inducing him to write and publish—there is more ingenuity than real force. This is *not* the case in point of fact in the actual controversy under consideration. If it should ever arise, it will be time enough then to provide for it. In such a case, it would then perhaps be our true interest to grant the privilege in question, on the same ground of policy and equity on which it is now granted for a certain number of years to our own citizens, for the sake of remuneration and incentive. But in relation to the English public and English authors neither of these considerations can have any weight as arguments addressed to American legislation.

Neither able nor disposed to extend this Note beyond the limit of the present page, we abstain from proceeding any deeper or further into the discussion of this question,—which has indeed bearings, in its connection with the general subject of the philosophy of Property, which might lead us much further than there has yet appeared any occasion to go. Such points in the above paper as have not been here touched upon, we are content to leave to the intelligent reflection of the reader, and to a fair comparison of them with the arguments of our former Article.

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THE LAY OF THE LOWLY.

BY RH. S. S. ANDROS.

I MAY not boast of ancient name,
  And lineage of glory;
Nor for ancestral honors claim
  Proud niche in fane or story;
No trophy of the Past have I,
  No sword nor battered shield,
Nor pennon crimsoned with the dye
  Of Valor's gory field.

No Power is mine; nor Fame, nor Art,
  Nor hoard of gleaming treasure;
My wealth is but an honest heart,
  A love that hath no measure:
A heart, that knows nor sun nor set,
  And heeds nor kin nor clan;
A love, that hails a brother met,
  Where'er it hails a man.

But though my lot is low, the year
  Rich store of pleasaunce bringeth:
For me the dew distils its tear,
  With me the wild-bird singeth:
For me the winds have e'er a glee,
  The bright blue sky a smile,
And at my beck, glad harmony
  Awakes the forest-aisle.

Around my feet, where'er I stand,
  Meek, pleasant flowers are blowing;
And stately trees, on either hand,
  Their arms to heaven are throwing;
And merrily, in sun and shade,
  The brook goes laughing by;
While every bright star overhead
  Seemeth an angel's eye.

All things—above, below, around—
  Have portion in my gladness;
And if I sorrow, sight and sound
  Claim kindred with my sadness:
The wild-flower droops, the sky grows dim,
  The glad winds change their tone,
And Nature blendeth with her hymn
  The echo of my own.

And thus I live,—and though the proud
  Pass by me in derision,
What recks it? Scorning cannot cloud
  The brightness of my vision:
The sky still smiles, the blackbird sings,
  The clover blooms as sweet;
And still a thousand pleasant things
  Spring close about my feet.

New Bedford, Mass.

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THE MOTHER AND SON.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

One evening in the month of November, 1793, the principal personages of Carentan were assembled in the saloon of Madame de D——, whose *soirées* were the nightly resort of the society of the place. The accustomed gathering had on that particular evening awakened an unusual interest, in consequence of some circumstances, which in a large city would have attracted no notice, but in a small town strongly excited the general attention.

The evening next but one before, Madame de D—— had closed her doors against all the world; and on that immediately previous, she had again, on the plea of indisposition, declined to receive her customary visits. Even in ordinary times these two events would have produced at Carentan the same effect which in Paris attends a suspension of all the theatres,—on those days human existence is, as it were, incomplete; but in 1793, the course of Madame de D—— might have the most sinister influence upon her destiny. At that period, the slightest step of an unusual character hazarded by the nobles became to them a question of life and death.

Now, to understand properly the lively curiosity and the watchful keenness which this evening gave animation to the Norman physiognomies of all these personages, and especially to sympathize with the secret perplexities of Madame de D——, it is necessary that the part she was playing at Carentan, and the critical position she that moment occupied, should be explained.

Madame de D——, who was the widow of a lieutenant-general of high rank and distinction, had quitted the court at the commencement of the emigration. Owning a large property in the neighborhood of Carentan, she had taken refuge at that place, in the hope that the influence of the Terror would there be scarcely sensible. This calculation, founded on an exact knowledge of the country, was correct; for in reality the Revolution inflicted but few of its ravages upon Lower Normandy.

Although Madame de D—— had formerly associated with none but the noble families of the country round, on her visits to her estates, she had now, from policy, thrown open her house to all the principal townspeople of the place and to the new authorities, aiming to make them proud of her conquest, and carefully to avoid awakening on their part any feeling of hatred or jealousy.

Affable and kind, and gifted with that inexpressible sweetness which knows the art of pleasing without recourse either to humiliation or entreaty, she had succeeded in conciliating the general esteem, by an exquisite tact, whose adroit sagacity taught her to maintain always that delicate line where she could satisfy all the claims of this mixed society, without mortifying the touchy self-love of the *parvenus*, or shocking that of her old former friends.

About thirty-eight years of age, she still preserved, not the fresh and full charms of the young girls of Lower Normandy, but a slender, and, as it were, aristocratic beauty. Her features were delicately cut, her form graceful and easy. When she spoke, her pale countenance seemed to light up, and to become instinct with life. Her large black eyes were full of affability, but their calm and religious expression seemed to announce that the principle of her existence dwelt not within herself.

Having been married in the flower of her youth to a military man who was both old and jealous, the falseness of her position in the midst of a dissipated court, greatly contributed to shed that veil of grave melancholy over a countenance once doubtless radiant with all the charms and vivacity of love.

* From the French of Balzac, "Le Réquisitionnaire."

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Compelled constantly to repress every spontaneous impulse, every emotion of the woman's heart at theperiod when she still feels rather than reflects, passion had reposed unawakened in its purity at the bottom of her heart. Her principal attraction indeed proceeded from that pervading spirit of youthfulness which at some moments was revealed in her physiognomy, and which gave to her ideas a certain innocent expression of desire. Her aspect commanded restraint; but there were still in her bearing, in her voice, hopes and promises as in a young girl; and the man of the most insensible temperament soon found himself in love with her—but always with the maintenance of a respectful fear of her displeasure, from the imposing dignity of her polished manners, and because her soul, strengthened by cruel trials, seemed too far removed above the reach of vulgar minds, and forced men to feel their own inferiority. To such a soul some great and noble passion was a necessity. The affections of Madame de D—— were accordingly concentrated on one single sentiment—that of maternity. All the happiness and all the pleasure which life had denied to her woman's heart, she found again in the intense love she bore to her son. She did not love him merely with the pure and profound devotion of a mother, but with the coquetry of a mistress, with the jealousy of a wife. She was unhappy away from his side, anxious whenever he was absent; she could never satiate her eyes with gazing upon him; in him and for him alone did she live.

The full force of this sentiment will be appreciated, even by men, when it is added that this son was not only Madame de D——'s only child, but her last surviving relative—the one single being to whom could cling the fears, the hopes, and the joys of her life; for the late Comte de D—— was the last scion of his family, as she was left the sole heiress of his.

Everything had combined to kindle to an extraordinary intensity in the heart of the Countess a sentiment which is at all times so powerful a one with woman. She had succeeded in raising her son only through infinite difficulties, which had yet more tenderly endeared him. Twenty times had his physicians prophesied to her that she must lose him; but trusting to her own presentiments, her own hopes, and in spite of the decrees of the faculty, she had reaped the inexpressible joy of beholding him pass in safety through the perils of childhood, of witnessing with delight the progress of his constitution; then, thanks to her incessant care, he had grown up, and so gracefully had his youth developed itself, that at twenty he passed for one of the most accomplished cavaliers of Versailles. The whole was crowned by a happiness which does not reward the efforts of every mother, and she was herself in return adored by her son. Their spirits blended together in fraternal sympathies. Even if they had not been already united by the bonds of nature, they would have instinctively experienced for each other that friendship of manhood so rarely to be met with in life. Appointed to a second-lieutenancy of dragoons at eighteen, the young count had obeyed the point of honor of the times by following the princes in their emigration.

And so Madame de D——, noble, rich, and mother of an emigrant, was not insensible to the full danger of her cruel position. Absorbed in the aim of preserving for her son her large fortune, she had renounced the happiness of accompanying him. As she read the rigorous decrees by which the republic every day confiscated the estates of the emigrants at Carentan, she congratulated herself upon this act of courage. Was she not preserving the treasures of her son at the peril of her life? And as she heard of the terrible executions ordered by the Convention, she would sink to sleep happy in the consciousness that her sole treasure was in safety far from all these dangers, from all these scaffolds. She then took delight in the belief that she had adopted the best course to secure at once the safety of all that she held precious.

Yielding to this secret purpose all the concessions commanded by the unhappy necessity of the times, yet without compromising either her dignity or her opinions, she wrapped her grief in a mantle of cold mystery. She had foreseen all the difficulties which awaited her at Carentan. To come there to occupy the first position in society, was to brave the scaffold every day; but sustained by the courage of a mother,

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she knew how to win the affections of the poor by relieving without distinction every case of suffering, while she made herself necessary to the rich by watchfully ministering to their enjoyments.

Among the society she entertained were the procureur of the commune, the mayor, the president of the district, the public prosecutor, and even the judges of the revolutionary tribunal. The first four of these personages, who were unmarried, addressed their court to her in the hopes of winning her hand, whether by the terror of the evil they had it in their power to do her, or by the offer of the protection they could extend over her. The public prosecutor, who had formerly had the charge of the business of the Countess, strove to inspire her with affection by a course of conduct full of devotion and generosity;—dangerous cunning!—he was the most formidable of all her suitors. He alone knew the full extent of the large fortune of his former client; and his passion was stimulated by all the longings of an avarice which rested on the support of an unbounded power, the power of life and death in the district.

This man, who was still young, infused into his conduct such an air of nobleness, that Madame de D—— had not yet been able to decipher him. But, despising the danger that attended a contest of adroitness with the Normans, she tasked the inventive resources of that subtlety which nature has bestowed on woman, to play off all these rival suits against each other. By gaining time, she trusted to be able to reach in safety the end of the troubles; for at that period the royalists of the interior flattered themselves every day with the expectation of seeing the revolution brought to an end on the morrow—a conviction which wrought the destruction of many a one of their number.

In spite of all these obstacles, the Countess had maintained her independence skilfully enough, down to the day when, by an unaccountable imprudence, she had undertaken to close her doors. She inspired so deep and so sincere an interest, that everybody that came that evening was filled with an anxious alarm on learning that she had suddenly found herself unable to receive visitors; and with that openness of curiosity which characterizes provincial manners, they made particular inquiries about the misfortune, the trouble, or the illness by which Madame de D—— was afflicted. But to every question an old housekeeper, named Brigitte, made no other reply than that her mistress had confined herself to her own room, and would not admit even the servants of the house.

The kind of conventual life led by the inhabitants of a little country town, gives rise to a habit of analyzing and explaining their neighbors' actions, so natural and invincible, that after first bestowing their pity on Madame de D——, without knowing whether she was happy or distressed, everybody set to work to find out the meaning of her sudden retirement.

"If she had been sick," said one of the inquirers, "she would have sent for the doctor. But the doctor spent the whole day with me playing chess. He remarked to me jokingly, that in these times there is but one complaint—and unluckily that is one that is incurable." This little jest was cautiously hazarded.

Men, women, old and young, all then set about exploring the vast field of conjecture. Everybody espied a secret at the bottom of the affair, and this secret tormented every imagination. The next day the general suspicion became more and more inflamed. As there is no such thing as privacy of domestic life in such a place, the women were the first to find out that Brigitte had made more ample provision than usual at market. This fact was beyond dispute, for Brigitte had been seen early in the morning abroad on the square, and, what was very extraordinary, she had bought the only hare that was to be got. All the world knew that Madame de D—— was not fond of game. The hare became a new text for an infinity of guess-work.

The old men in their walks remarked a kind of suppressed bustle about the house of the Countess, which betrayed itself by the very precautions resorted to by the servants to conceal it. The footman was seen shaking a carpet in the garden. The day before, no one would have taken any notice of this; but now the carpet became a powerful piece of testimony in support of the stories all the world was weaving,—for everybody had his own.

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On the second day, when the news spread that Madame de D—— was said to be indisposed, the principal personages of Carentan assembled in the evening at the house of the brother of the mayor, an old merchant who was married, a man of integrity, and the object both of general public esteem and of the particular regard of the Countess. There all the aspirants to the hand of the rich widow had their own stories to tell—more or less probable as the case might be. Each of them thought to turn to his own advantage the secret circumstance which led her thus to compromise herself. The public prosecutor imagined a whole drama of events to bring Madame de D——'s son by night to her house. The mayor believed in a recusant priest from La Vendée seeking refuge there,—but then the purchase of the hare, on a Friday, was rather embarrassing. The president of the district made up his mind for some fugitive Chouan or Vendean chief closely pursued. Others were for a noble escaped from the prisons of Paris. All, in a word, suspected the Countess of one of those acts of generosity which the laws then called a crime, and which might lead her to the scaffold. As for that matter, the public prosecutor remarked in an under tone, that they must keep quiet,and endeavor to save the unfortunate lady from the abyss towards which she was thus rushing.

"If you make a noise about this affair," he added, "I shall be obliged to take it up—to have a search of her house—and then!——"

He did not finish the sentence, but everybody understood that terrible meaning that was left unspoken.

The sincere friends of the Countess became so alarmed for her, that on the morning of the third day the procureur-syndic of the commune had a line sent to her by his wife, to beg her to receive her company that evening as usual.

The old merchant ventured further, and called in person on Madame de D—— in the morning. Resolute on the strength of the service he wanted to render her, he insisted on being admitted to see her; but he was struck dumb with astonishment when he saw her in the garden, engaged in gathering the last flowers of the season for the ornament of some vases.

"She has no doubt given shelter to a lover," said the old man to himself, seized with compassion for the lovely woman before him. The singular expression on the features of the Countess confirmed him in his suspicion.

Deeply moved by that devotion so natural to women, but which always touches our hearts, because men are always flattered by the sacrifices that one of them makes for a man, the merchant informed the Countess of the reports which were in circulation through the town, and of the risk she was running.

"For," said he, as he concluded, "if among our functionaries there may be some liberally enough disposed to pardon in you a heroism that should have a priest for its object, none of them will have any pity for you if they should come to find out that you are sacrificing yourself to a sentiment of the heart."

At these words Madame de D—— looked up at the old man with an expression of bewilderment and despair that made him shudder, old as he was.

"Come with me," said she to him, taking him by the hand. She led him to her chamber, and there, drawing from her bosom a letter all soiled and torn—

"Read that!"—she cried, with a violent effort to give utterance to the words, and sinking back into her chair as though entirely overcome.

While the old merchant was looking for his spectacles and wiping them, she raised her eyes to his and gazed at him for the first time with curiosity; then with an altered voice—

"I trust myself to you!"—she said in a gentle tone.

"And have not I come to make myself a participator in your crime?" answered the worthy old man with an air of simplicity.

A thrill shot through her frame. It was the first time that in that little town her generous spirit had sympathized with that of another.

The old merchant understood at a glance both the affliction and the delight of the Countess. Her son had taken part in the expedition of Granville. He wrote to his mother from his prison. He gave her a melancholy and happy hope. In full confidence in his means of escape, he fixed three days within which he was to make his appearance at Carentan in disguise.

The fatal letter contained an agonizing adieu in the event of his not being in her arms by the evening of the third day. He concluded by requesting his mother to pay a large reward to the messenger who had undertaken, through the midst of a thousand dangers, to place in her hands this sad missive.

The paper trembled in the old man's hands.

"And this is now the third day!" cried Madame de D——, rising abruptly, seizing the letter, and walking agitatedly about.

"You have been very imprudent!" said the merchant, "why make purchase of provisions?"

"But he may arrive dying with hunger, exhausted with fatigue, and—"

She could not finish.

"I can count upon my brother," resumed the old man, "and I will go and secure him to your interest."

The merchant, then, regaining all the keen intelligence he had once applied to his affairs in business, addressed to her many counsels replete with prudence and sagacity. After agreeing together upon all they were mutually to say and to do, he proceeded, under various adroit pretexts, to the principal houses in Carentan, where he gave out that Madame de D——, whom he had just seen, would receive company in the evening as usual, notwithstanding her indisposition.

In the cross-examination which assailed him in every family, as to the nature of the Countess's illness, he encountered all their Norman keenness with their own weapons, and succeeded in throwing dust in the eyes of all the people who were busying themselves about this mysterious affair. His first visit worked wonders. He related in the presence of a gouty old lady, how near Madame de D—— had come to dying from a sudden attack of gout in the stomach. The celebrated Tronchin having once recommended to her, on any such occasion, to apply to her chest the fresh and warm skin of a hare, and to remain in bed perfectly motionless, the Countess, who two days before had been at death's door, was now so far restored, by strictly following the strange prescription of Tronchin, as to be able to receive her visitors this evening. This story met with a prodigious success, and the doctor of Carentan, who was a royalist at heart, increased its effect by the gravity with which he discussed the learned oddities of the specific.

But suspicion had nevertheless struck too deep root in some obstinate or philosophical minds, to be entirely dissipated; so that in the evening all those who composed Madame de D——'s circle came eagerly and early, some to watch narrowly her countenance, others from friendship,—while the greater part came under the excitement of the marvellousness of her cure.

They found the Countess seated as usual in a chair by the corner of the large stone chimney-piece of her drawing-room, which was about as unpretending as most of those at Carentan; for in order to avoid wounding the petty feelings of her guests, she had abstained from any of those enjoyments of luxury to which she had formerly been accustomed. No change had therefore been made in her house. The floor of her drawing-room had not even been polished. Leaving on the walls all their old sombre tapestries, she kept the common furniture of the country, burned candles, and followed all the customs of the place, adopting the complete provincial life, without shrinking either from its most annoying trifles or its most disagreeable privations. But knowing that her guests would be indulgent to every extravagance applied to their gratification, she neglected nothing in the way of ministering to their personal enjoyments. The dinners she gave them were excellent. She even went so far as to pretend avarice, to please their calculating habits; and after having had the adroitness of having particular concessions to luxury forced from her, she then knew how to lavish everything on them with an inimitable grace.

To return then to our starting point, at about seven o'clock that evening all the best society of Carentan was assembled there, seated on tapestry chairs, and describing a large circle in front of the fire-place. The mistress of the house, supported in her wretchedness by the sympathizing looks directed to her by the old merchant, displayed an unparalleled courage in undergoing all the minute questionings, and the frivolous and stupid conversation of her guests. But at every stroke of the knocker of the door, or at every sound

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of steps in the street, she concealed her agitation by starting topics interesting to the concerns of the country. She stimulated various discussions on the quality of ciders, and was so well seconded by the good old man, who understood her admirably, that the company almost forgot to watch her, seeing, as they did, her natural expression of countenance and her imperturbable self-possession. But the public prosecutor and one of the judges of the revolutionary tribunal remained taciturn, observing closely the slightest movements of her physiognomy, listening in the house, in spite of the noise, and from time to time addressing embarrassing questions to her, which however she would answer with admirable presence of mind. A mother can do and dare so much!

As soon as Madame de D—— had arranged her groups, and placed every one at table at games of boston, reversis, or whist, she remained a while longer chatting with some of the young people, with a manner of perfect unconcern, performing her part with the skill of a consummate actress; she soon led them to ask her for a loto board, when, on the pretext that no one but herself could find it, she left the room.

"I am suffocating! my poor Brigitte!" she cried, as she wiped the tears gushing from her eyes, which glowed with an unnatural lustre of fever, agony and impatience.

"He does not come!" she resumed, looking round the room to which she had ascended.—"Here I can breathe and exist! A few moments longer and he will be here! For he lives still, I am certain,—my heart tells me so. Do you hear nothing, Brigitte? . . . . . Oh! I would give the rest of my life to know if he is yet in prison or at this moment on his way across the country! . . . . . Would that I could cease to think!"

She examined anew, if everything was in order in the room. A good fire blazed on the hearth; the shutters were carefully closed; the furniture shone with cleanliness. The manner in which the bed was made proved that the hand of the Countess had been busy with Brigitte in the minutest details; and her hopes were written on all the delicate attentions to his comfort revealed throughout the whole of this chamber. There was all the graceful sweetness of love, and its purest endearments, in the odors exhaled by the flowers. None but a mother could have thus anticipated all the wants of a soldier, and have prepared for them gratifications so complete. An exquisite repast, choice wines, slippers, linen, everything, in a word, that could be necessary or agreeable to a traveller, was provided there, so that nothing should be wanting, that the delights of home should reveal to him a mother's love, and that no wish should be left for him to imagine.

"Brigitte!" said the countess, with a heart-rending tone of voice, as she went to place a chair before the table, as though to invest her prayers with a reality, and to strengthen the force of her illusions.

"Ah! madame—He will come!—He is not far——"

"I have no doubt but he is alive and on his way," resumed Brigitte, "for I put a key in the Bible, and I kept it on my fingers while Cottin read the Gospel of St John—and, Madame, the key did not turn."

"Is that very certain?" asked the Countess.

"Oh, Madame, that's very well known. I'd wager my salvation he is living yet—God cannot be mistaken."

"Oh! in spite of all the danger that awaits him in this place, would indeed we could see him here!"

"Poor Monsieur Auguste!" exclaimed Brigitte, "he is on foot on the open roads."

"And there is eight o'clock striking!" cried the Countess in terror.

Then, trembling at the idea of having remained longer than perhaps she ought in that room where she believed in the life of her son as she looked upon all that spoke to her of life, she descended to the drawing-room, but before entering it she stood a moment under the peristyle of the staircase, listening if any sound awoke the silent echoes of the town. She smiled upon the husband of Brigitte who was standing sentinel, and whose eyes seemed to have grown heavy with long listening, like her, to the murmurs of the square and of the night. She saw her son everywhere, in every object.

Affecting an air of gaiety, she presently re-entered, and set herself to loto with some little girls; but from time

to time she complained of being in pain, and at last returned to her seat by the chimney-piece.

. . . . . .

Such was the state of things and of minds in the house of Madame de D——, at the moment when, on the road from Paris to Cherbourg, a young man in a brown carmagnole—the indispensable costume of that day—was directing his steps to Carentan.

At the outset of the Requisitions,* there was little or no discipline, and as the exigencies of the moment scarcely permitted the republic to equip its soldiers on the spot, it was not unusual to see the roads crowded with requisitionaries still in their common dress, and either journeying in advance of their battalions to their depots, or loitering far in the rear. Being for the most part very young, their marches generally depended on their ability to support the fatigues of a long journey.

The young traveller here in question found himself considerably in advance of the detachment of requisitionaries which was proceeding to Cherbourg, and which the mayor of Carentan was expecting every hour, so as to distribute to these defenders of their country their billets for their lodging. This young man walked on with a step that had become rather heavy indeed but was still firm, and his whole bearing seemed to announce that he had long been familiar with the fatigues of military life. Although the foliage surrounding Carentan was brightened by the light of the moon, he had observed some large white clouds ready to strew the country with snow; and it was no doubt the fear of being overtaken by a violent storm, that quickened his walk, for it was more active than seemed to correspond with the fatigues of the day.

He carried on his back a sack almost empty, and had in his hand a box-wood cane cut from the high and thick hedges formed by this tree around most of the estates in Lower Normandy.

This solitary traveller entered Carentan, whose towers, tipped by the capricious gleams of the moonlight, had but just come in sight. His step awoke the echoes of the silent streets; and meeting nobody, the young man was obliged to inquire of a weaver who was still at his work, for the house of the mayor. This magistrate fortunately lived at a short distance, and the requisitionary soon found himself under shelter beneath the porch of that worthy individual, where he sat down on a stone-bench while waiting for the billet for a lodging which he had called for.

The mayor having summoned him in, he made his appearance before him, and became the subject of a rigid scrutiny.

The stranger was a young man of pleasing countenance, and seemed to belong to a distinguished family. There was a certain nobleness in his air, and the intelligence derived from a good education was stamped upon his countenance.

The mayor, after making sure that they were alone, directed to him a look full of interest and shrewdness.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Julien Jussieu," answered the requisitionary.

The magistrate allowed a smile of incredulity to escape him.

"And you come?"

"From Paris."

"Your comrades are far off!"-sumed the mayor, with a tone of mockery.

"I am three leagues ahead of the battalion."

"You have no doubt some particular attraction at Carentan, citizen requisitionary!" said the mayor with a cunning air.

"Very well!" he proceeded with a gesture imposing silence on the young man who was about to reply. "Very well!—we know where to send you.—Here," he added, handing him his billet, "good evening, *citizen Jussieu!*"

There was a tinge of gentle and good-natured irony in the tone in which the magistrate uttered these two last words. He handed him a billet on which was marked the house of Madame de D——. The young man read the direction with an air of curiosity.

"He knows very well that he has

* The term applied to the popular levies of the troops by the Republic, previous to the Conscription, as it was afterwards organized by Bonaparte.

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not far to go. And as soon as he is outside, it will not take him long to cross the square!" exclaimed the mayor to himself, as the young man was in the act of departing.

"He's a famous bold fellow!—Well, God be with him!—He answered every question. Yes, but if I had asked to see his papers!"

. . . . . .

At that moment, all the steeples and all the clocks in Carentan having struck half-past nine, the lanterns were all lit in Madame de D——'s antechamber; the servants were helping their mistresses and their masters on with their wooden-shoes, their great-coats or their cloaks; and the players having settled their accounts, were about to retire in a body, according to the established custom in all little towns.

"The Prosecutor seems to wish to stay behind!"—said a lady, as she perceived that that important personage was missing, at the moment when all parted in the square to return to their respective residences, after having exhausted all the formulas of adieu.

This terrible officer was in fact alone with the Countess, who waited with trembling till it might be his pleasure to take his leave.

"Citoyenne," he at last said, after a long silence in which there was something fearful, "I am here to see that the laws of the republic are observed."

Madame de D—— shuddered.

"And have you nothing then to disclose to me?"—he asked.

"Nothing!" she answered, with an air of astonishment.

"Ah! Madame!" exclaimed the Prosecutor, taking a seat by her side, and changing his tone, "pardon me. But at this moment a word may send your head or mine to the scaffold. I have studied too well your character, your soul, your manner, to partake of the delusion into which you have succeeded in casting your guests this evening.—You are expecting your son, I am convinced."

The Countess made a hasty gesture of denial; but she had grown pale; the muscles of her face had contracted, under the necessity she felt of assuming a deceptive firmness; and the implacable eye of the Public Prosecutor, riveted upon her, lost not a single one of her motions.

"Very well! Receive him," resumed the revolutionary magistrate;—"but do not let him remain later than seven in the morning under your roof; for to-morrow at daylight, I shall be here provided with a denunciation which I will have made to me."

She looked at him with an unmeaning air, which would have awakened pity in the breast of a tiger.

"I will prove the falseness of the denunciation," he pursued in a gentle voice, "by a thorough search, and you will then, from the nature of my report, be placed beyond the reach of further suspicion. I will speak of your patriotic offerings, of your good civism, and we shall *all* be saved."

Madame de D——, through fear of a trap, remained motionless; but her face was all on fire and her tongue frozen.

A stroke of the knocker echoed through the house.

"Ah!" cried the mother, terror-stricken, and sinking to her knees,—"to save him!—to save him!"

"Yes, let us save him!" resumed the Public Prosecutor, darting on her a passionate glance, "were it to cost *us* our lives!"

"I am lost!" she cried, as the Prosecutor raised her politely from the ground.

"Nay, Madame," he answered with a fine oratorical movement, "I would owe you to nothing—but yourself."

"Madame! Here he is! Here——" cried Brigitte, supposing her mistress to be alone. At the sight of the Public Prosecutor, the old servant became instantaneously, from the flushed and joyous countenance she at first exhibited, motionless and livid.

"What's the matter, Brigitte?" asked the magistrate, with a gentle and intelligent air.

"A requisitionary the mayor sends to us for a lodging!"—answered the servant, showing the billet.

"True," said the Prosecutor, after reading the paper, "a battalion arrives here to-night."

And he took his leave. It was too necessary to the Countess at this moment to believe in the sincerity of her old agent, to admit the slightest doubt of it. She rapidly ascended the stairs, in a violent palpitation, and with scarce strength to stand; then in an agony of emotion she opened the

door of the chamber, beheld her son, and falling lifeless into his arms—

"Oh! my child—my child—my beloved child!" she cried, through her sobs and a torrent of tears, and covering him with kisses impressed with a kind of frenzy.

"Madame!"—said the stranger.

"Ah!—it is not him!" cried the mother, stepping back with horror.

She stood erect, gazing upon the requisitionary with a haggard look and a tearless eye.

"Oh, holy God! What a likeness!" said Brigitte.

There was a moment of silence, and the stranger himself was struck with a thrill at the aspect of Madame de D——.

"Ah! Monsieur," she at length said, leaning for support on the husband of Brigitte, and feeling then the full extent of the grief whose first blow well-nigh killed her, "Monsieur, I am unable to remain longer with you. Permit my people to take my place, and to render you every attention."

She descended to her own room, resting on the arms of Brigitte and the old servitor.

"What, Madame!" exclaimed the housekeeper, as she placed her mistress in a seat; "is that man going to sleep in Monsieur Auguste's bed, put on Monsieur Auguste's slippers, eat the pie I have made for Monsieur Auguste!——Ah! though they were to guillotine me, I———"

"Brigitte!" cried Madame de D——.

Brigitte was mute. "Hold your tongue, then, you old fool!" said her husband to her in an under tone. "Do you want to kill Madame?"

At this moment the requisitionary made a noise in her room above, in the act of seating himself at table.

"Ah! I will not remain here," cried Madame de D——; "I will go to the green-house, and there I can better hear whatever passes outside through the night."

She was still floating between the fear of having lost her son, and the hope of seeing him yet re-appear.

The night was horribly silent. There was one dreadful moment for the Countess, when the battalion of the requisitionaries arrived in the town, and every man went in search of his lodging. At every step, at every sound, there was a disappointed hope; but nature soon resumed a frightful calm.

Towards morning the Countess was compelled to return to her room. Brigitte, who watched every movement of her mistress, not seeing her come forth, entered the room, and there found the Countess———dead!

"She has probably heard that requisitionary who is finishing dressing himself, and walking about Monsieur Auguste's room, singing their cursed *Marseillaise*, as if he was in a stable," cried Brigitte,—"and that has killed her!"

But the death of the Countess was caused by a far deeper emotion, and no doubt by some terrible vision; for at the exact hour Madame de D—— died at Carentan, her son was shot in the Morbihan.

. . . . . .

This tragic fact may be added to all the observations made upon those sympathies which disregard the laws of space,—evidences which some solitary philosophers are collecting with a learned curiosity, and which will one day serve to lay the foundations of a new science which has not yet found its Doctor Gall.

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THE BRAHMIN AND THE CRYSTAL DROP.

BY MRS. JANE L. SWIFT.

"Nay, Christian, I may never taste
  Of viands such as these;
I could not share thy board, and know
  Another hour of ease.
From early youth, I have been taught
  To love each living thing;
To guard with care the crimson stream
  That finds in life its spring.
Perchance the drops that circle now
  Within these agéd veins,
May flow afresh, in meaner form,
  When all my vigor wanes;
Perchance some being I have loved
  May hover round me still,
As bird, or household animal,
  The vacant place to fill.
I know not, Christian, but it seems
  A cruel thing to me,
To smite, with unrelenting hand,
  What never injured thee."

"Ah! Brahmin, thine 's an erring creed,
  Though dear to thee it be;
I will unveil in one short hour
  Its wayward subtlety.
There 's not a step that thou canst take
  Upon yon sunny plain,
But presses out some pulse of life
  That cannot throb again.
There 's not a plant or herb, that serves
  Thy table to supply,
But makes a home for myriads,
  Unseen by naked eye.
Each crushed leaf of the attar rose
  That yields thee sweet perfume,
Bears many a living atom on,
  To find its destined tomb.
Instinct with life—thou canst not breathe
  The purest summer air,
Without disturbing in their flight
  The motes that revel there."

"Thou wouldst not mock me, Christian, yet
  I cannot help but smile,
To hear thee speak such monstrous things
  Without one look of guile.
Wouldst tell me that the crystal drops,
  Within this brimming bowl,
Can be the home or element
  Of many a creature soul?"

"Aye, Brahmin, I would tell thee so,
  For thou mayst quickly see,

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A tiny world of life exists
  Which is unknown to thee.
Behold this glass—a simple thing,
  And still it magnifies
Ten thousand times the atoms small
  That mock the keenest eyes.
Here is one soft and silky hair
  That 's fallen on thy brow,
Thou seest how fine it is, how fair—
  Brahmin, behold it now!
Aye, start! 'tis wonderful, I ween,
  To thy unpractised gaze,
To find that hair like hempen cord
  Which holds the anchor stays.
I've taken from the costly fringe
  That decks thy turbaned head,
But a small portion of its woof,
  A single golden thread.
Look at it, Brahmin, see how coarse
  Its texture doth appear;
Surely, thou wilt not doubt the truth
  Of what I show thee here."

"'Tis wonderful, I will allow;
  But, Christian, thou hast shown
Only in strange and ruder guise,
  The things I long have known."

Stay, Brahmin, here 's one crystal drop,
  It came from yonder spring;
Now look—and truly tell the thoughts
  That single drop can bring.
Thou turnest pale—I see thy hand
  Is trembling as with fear;
Ah! Brahmin, 'tis a mighty power
  That formed that crystal sphere."

"I would not, Christian, for the gold
  That now in Ophir shines—
I would not, for the gems that glow
  In famed Golconda's mines,
Have dashed to atoms the belief
  I held when first we met—
  do forgive thee, Christian, but
  I never can forget.
How many hopes are blotted out,
  I need not stay to tell;
But life seems different now to me—
  Oh, Christian, fare thee well!"

"Nay, Brahmin, thou hast only learned
  How weak is erring man;
How powerless boasted reason is
  The works of God to scan.
Thou'st learned that each created thing
  Can teach some truth divine,
E'en as a crystal drop could shake
  A faith so firm as thine."

New York, March, 1843.

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THE ENGLISH IN AFFGHANISTAN.*

The English empire is undoubtedly, at the present moment, the most powerful on the face of the globe. She draws her resources from three quarters of the world. Her strength, drawing to a focus in her upper classes, and as remarkable for its capacity of concentration as for its immense abstract greatness; her vast wealth, and the character of her people formed by a continuance of contest, struggles, and exertion, peaceful and armed, prolonged through centuries, admirably qualified to develope every physical, intellectual, and moral energy—altogether render her at this moment the most desirable ally, and the most formidable foe, that the array of nations can produce.

The history of England constantly forces on the mind a parallel with that of Rome. The same constant appeal to arms, the same thirst for dominion, the same haughtiness and arrogance that unbridled power invariably generates. But with these things, England has others that Rome never had. If she is deficient in the softness and pliability that are engendered under a southern sun, the Christian religion has, on the other hand, gradually tempered the original harshness of the insular character, and the industry of her people gives her power an element of permanency that the Italian Republic never possessed. In addition to this, her geographical position has furnished her with a perpetual ægis that has kept at bay those foes which would otherwise have long since overrun her fields. The Channel only has saved England from the fate of Flanders and Holland:

——"that pale, that white-faced shore
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders.
——that England, hedged in with the main;
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes."

In no case has the power of England been better exemplified than in the Affghan war. France, after twelve years of contest, has hardly made an impression upon the African coast. Eight years of conflict have scarcely enabled our government to expel a few hundred Indians from the peninsula of Florida; while in a single season, this island race wages two wars, nine thousand miles from her borders—humbles the power of China, and avenges the blood of her sons under the walls of Cabul.

But, after all, the narrative of the Affghan invasion is one of total defeat. The plans of her statesmen are completely baffled, an army of seventeen thousand souls destroyed, and she is compelled utterly to abandon the country itself.

It is well that it is so, for no warfare was ever more unwarranted, few more criminal in their origin or execution.

In regard to the origin of this war, no obscurity exists. From the earliest days of the Anglo-Indian history, the course of the English has been one of constant aggression, without any shadow of excuse or apology. It has been conquest, in its most relentless and grasping form, while the vanquished country has been farmed out for the younger sons of the victors, who could find no support at home. India has been nothing but a paddock for the pet stock of England—a pasturage for her fat cattle.

Nor do we think that the greatest military glories of England are to be drawn from Indian story. As Macauley well says, "The contest between the English and the Bengalese was one between sheep and wolves, men and demons." And so it was with almost the entire population. There have been exceptions. Hyder Ali and his son were more serious opponents. The Mahrattas gave occasionally some

* The Military Operations at Cabul, which ended in the Retreat and Destruction of the British Army, January, 1842; with a Journal of Imprisonment in Affghanistan. By Lieut. Vincent Eyre, Bengal Artillery, late Deputy Commissary of Ordnance at Cabul. Murray. London. 1843.

Scenes and Adventures in Affghanistan. By William Taylor, late Troop Sergeant-Major of the Fourth Light Dragoons. Newby. England. 1843.

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trouble. But the contest was in no one respect equal; and from Clive's battle of Plassy to the victory of Assaye, there is nothing to furnish materials worthy of the muse of conquest. It has been a conflict between science and discipline, arrayed against ignorance, sensuality, and sloth. If Wellington had no other laurels than those which he culled in the jungles of Central India, his name could not long live in story.

But if their glories are not of the brightest, their crimes are of the darkest hue. The apologist of Hastings has only succeeded in giving prominence and notoriety to a series of the most lawless and atrocious outrages.

If India had been on the other side of Europe, if Christendom had had any knowledge of these transactions at the time, they could not have taken place. The moral sense of mankind, blunted and callous as it is, would not have permitted such horrors to be perpetrated year after year.

The early history of English India is a union of the horrors of Russian with those of Austrian despotism—the cruelties of the one, and the lethargic incubus of the other. As light poured upon the Asiatic territories of Great Britain, these things have become impossible, and there is no doubt that the present government is not merely free from open atrocity, but that in many of its departments it is controlled by a humane and benevolent spirit. The memoirs of Munro are alone sufficient to prove this; and, in truth, the whole colonial policy of England is now administered upon principles completely the reverse of those which were openly avowed during the whole of the last century. These states, while provinces, were treated with the utmost injustice and oppression. Canada is now a sort of Benjamin. Ireland was then plundered and trampled on ad libitum: she is now courted and caressed. India has unquestionably felt the same change.

But to return to the Affghan invasion. It is a story like that of the early days of the Cootes, the Clives, and the Hastings, and would perhaps have been another Rohilla war, if the invaders had not found very different circumstances to deal with.

The avowed and perpetual dread, the *cauchemar*, the nightmare of the Anglo-Indian, is a Russian invasion. Separated only by a territory of thousands of miles, and of which the great part consists of uncultivated and uncultivable deserts, the few hundred English in India exist in daily dread of seeing the bayonets of the Muscovite gleam across the Indus.

The country to the north-west of India is that occupied by the Affghans; and to possess this, and hold the passes of that country, frightfully broken into defiles, would, it has long been thought, make sure their dominion in the Peninsula.

A pretext was easily made. It was the same at which the English rulers of India have always grasped. They availed themselves of a contest among the Affghan chiefs for the supremacy, although the struggle was in fact ended when the British operations commenced. The respective claims of Dost Mahommed and Shah Soojah are to us indifferent. It is enough that England had nothing to do with the matter; that she had no more right to interfere with the Affghans than with the succession to the French throne.

But this is not all. She sided with the least virtuous, the least popular, the least respectable of the competitors. Dost Mahommed, a man of vigor and influence, whatever his crimes may be, was imprisoned at Calcutta, while Shah Soojah, a wretch debased by every Eastern vice, was marched into Affghanistan at the head of an army which the English had resolved should place him on the throne.*

But they had reckoned without their host. The people which they had now to encounter were as different from the Hindoos as the climate which they inhabited. When the English reached the snows and rock-bound land of Cabul, they met a race as iron as their soil. They were deeply imbued, as are all mountaineers, with love of country, and detestation of foreign interference.

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* An effort has recently been made (*vide* the last Edinburgh Review) by the adherents of the Whigs, to represent Shah Soojah as the superior of Dost Mahommed. We take the representations of Burnes and all the more competent travellers, expressed before the contest arose.

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All our accounts of this invasion and retreat are as yet from English witnesses. But there is in them enough, to justify a very different conclusion in regard to the character of the Affghans, from that arrived at in the works the titles of which we have placed at the head of this article. There is abundant evidence to prove, that if the Affghans had the vices of wild and uncivilized mountaineers, they had generous and heroic qualities. Greater devotion to country, and greater courage, are not often met with. We find in Sergeant Taylor's book the following account of one among the multitudinous incidents, that proves the hatred of Shah Soojah. It took place on the first advance of the English:

"Of the prisoners taken at Ghuznee, the majority were released on condition of serving in Shah Soojah's army; but some thirty refused these conditions. The Shah, on learning the circumstances, ordered them to be brought before him, and expostulated with them on the folly of their conduct. A chief, of haughty bearing, stepped from among the prisoners, and after overwhelming his Majesty with reproaches, told him that nothing should induce him to enter the service of a man who had brought the horrors of foreign invasion on his country. Then suddenly snatching a dagger from one of the attendants, he rushed with uplifted arms towards the Shah, and would have pierced him to the heart, had not one of his Majesty's servants interposed his person, and received the blow intended for his master. The faithful domestic fell dead at the feet of the Shah, and the officers and attendants instantly rushed towards the assassin with drawn swords; but he had already anticipated their intention, by plunging the poignard in his breast. The Shah, alarmed and exasperated, ordered the whole of the prisoners to be immediately executed, and in a few minutes their heads were rolling in the dust."

We hear a great deal, in the works before us, of Affghan "treachery" and "assassination." Every act of hostility against the English is an act of "*treachery.*" Every Englishman dies by "*assassination.*" We should be glad to know in what terms the act just recorded is to be designated. Thirty prisoners of war murdered in cold blood, because one of their number commits a crime, the others being wholly unconnected with the act, which is evidently one of individual desperation. We have always supposed that to put prisoners of war to death was held "treachery," and that to murder in cold blood might be fairly called "assassination."

It will not do to say that these are acts of Shah Soojah. He was the creature and protégé of England. The prisoners were the prisoners of England. The puppet king could do nothing without her support or connivance, and in giving him the unrestrained power of life and death over his prisoners, England, in every point of view, rendered herself responsible for his acts. It can be held nothing else than English "treachery," and English "assassination." What does Macauley, the apologist of Hastings, say in regard to the Rohilla war, that greatest in the long list of the atrocities of the modern Verres?

"If we understand the meaning of words, it is infamous to commit a wicked action for hire, and it is wicked to engage in war without provocation. In this particular war, scarcely one aggravating circumstance was wanting. The object of the Rohilla war was this—to deprive a large population, who had never done us the least harm, of a good government, and to place them, against their will, under an execrably bad one. Nay, even this is not all; England now descended far below the level even of those petty German princes who, about the same time, sold us troops to fight the Americans. The hussar-mongers of Hesse and Anspach had at least the assurance that the expeditions on which their soldiers were to be employed would be conducted in conformity with the humane rules of civilized warfare. Was the Rohilla war likely to be so conducted? Did the Governor stipulate that it should be so conducted? He well knew what Indian warfare was. He well knew that the power which he covenanted to put into Sujah Dowlah's hands would in all probability be atrociously abused; and he required no guarantee, no promise that it should not be so abused.

"He had troubled himself about nothing but his forty lacs; and though he might disapprove of Sujah Dowlah's wanton barbarity, he did not think himself entitled to interfere, except by offering advice. This delicacy excites the admiration of the reverend biographer. 'Mr. Hastings,' he says, 'could not himself dictate to the

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Nabob, nor permit the commander of the Company's troops to dictate how the war was to be carried on.' No, to be sure. Mr. Hastings had only to put down by main force the brave struggles of innocent men fighting for their liberty. Their military resistance crushed, his duties ended; and he had then only to fold his arms and look on, while their villages were burned, their children butchered, and their women violated. Will Mr. Gleig seriously maintain this opinion? Is any rule more plain than this, that whoever voluntarily gives to another irresistible power over human beings, is bound to take order that such power shall not be barbarously abused? But we beg pardon of our readers for arguing a point so clear."—(*Edinburgh Review, Article on Warren Hastings.*)

Here is another of the benignant acts by which England continued to ingratiate herself and her candidate with the Affghans. It closes the narrative of an attack upon one of the adherents of Akbar Khan during the first invasion:

"The old chieftain fought with desperation, and though frequently offered quarter, indignantly refused to accept it. He and the followers by whom he was surrounded, were all bayonetted on the spot, and in about four hours, the whole of the fortress was in the possession of our troops. In the immediate vicinity of the place where the Khan was killed, a shocking spectacle presented itself. His favorite women, about twelve or fourteen in number, lay heaped together in a pool of blood, their throats having been cut by order of the Khan, to prevent their falling into our hands."

Such is the manner in which an unoffending people were treated by the troops of a power, who had no more pretence of right for her conduct, than she could have had to interfere with the regency of the Duke de Nemours—or in the election of an American President. Such are the acts of a Christian nation, traversing ocean and land, deserts and forests, to find victims for her ambition and cupidity.

And then we are told of Affghan treachery. If, peradventure, a French force were to enter England, and a British Khan, somewhere about Middlesex, should be "with all his adherents bayoneted on the spot," and his wife (to say nothing of fourteen), left "lying in a pool of blood beside him," we fancy that his friends and relations would not be much disposed to stick at the ways and means of retaliation, although a little "treachery" and "assassination" should happen to mingle in their vengeance.

The simple statement of the case is this. The British commenced an aggressive, an unprovoked, and an unrighteous war. They used every means that "God and nature had put into their hands," to attain their end; and the Affghans did no more. On the one side the force was superior,—the other was obliged to resort to fraud. It was a contest of weakness against strength.

Such were the scenes which heralded and accompanied the entry of a Christian and civilized power, among the benighted Mahommedans of Affghanistan.

But Providence does not always remain blind or deaf to the voice of outraged humanity, and punishment has rarely followed more rapidly on the heels of oppression, than it did in this case.

In November, 1841, after a series of gross administrative blunders, the tide turned; and on the 6th of January, 1842, commenced that retreat which will long be famous in military annals. The English force was stationed at Cabul, and at Jellalabad. The envoy McNaghten was murdered. Burnes the traveller, (a far more valuable life), perished in a similar way; and after nearly two months of contest and negotiation—contest in which they were worsted—negotiation in which they were cajoled and deceived—the entire force at Cabul, consisting of seventeen thousand souls, commenced the retreat for Jellalabad. That entire force perished in seven days. The severity of the winter, and the yet more pitiless foe, destroyed the whole of it. One hundred English officers fell, and a vast amount of property (the Cabul magazine alone was valued at a million sterling) was destroyed. Such is the summary of this terrible retribution.

Lieutenant Eyre's book is full of interest. We can give, however, but two extracts; the first relating to the negotiation which led to McNaghten's death, and the second, in regard to the retreat.

This is the narrative of the negotia-

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tion, into which it is very evident nothing but gross infatuation could have led the British Representative:

"In leaving the cantonments, Sir William expressed his disappointment at the paucity of men on the ramparts, and the apparent inertness of the garrison at such a critical moment, saying, 'However, it is all of a piece with the military arrangements throughout the siege.' On his leaving the gate only sixteen troopers of the body-guard were in attendance, but the remainder shortly afterwards joined, under Lieutenant Le Geyt.

"Sir William now for the first time explained to the officers who accompanied him, the objects of the present conference, and Captain Lawrence was warned to be in readiness to gallop to the Bala Hissar, to prepare the King for the approach of a regiment.

"Apprehensions being expressed of the danger to which the scheme might expose him, in case of treachery on the part of Mahomed Akbar, he replied, 'Dangerous it is, but if it succeeds, it is worth all risks; the rebels have not fulfilled even one article of the treaty, and I have no confidence in them; and if by it we can only save our honor, all will be well. At any rate, I would rather suffer a hundred deaths, than live the last six weeks over again.'

"Meanwhile crowds of armed Affghans were observed hovering near the cantonment and about Mahomed Khan's fort, causing misgivings in the minds of all but the envoy himself, whose confidence remained unshaken. On arriving near the bridge, they were met by Mahomed Akbar Khan, Mahomed Shah Khan, Dost Mahomed Khan, Khooda Bux Khan, Azad Khan, and other chiefs, amongst whom was the brother of Amenoollah Khan, whose presence might have been sufficient to convince Sir William that he had been duped.

'The usual civilities having passed, the envoy presented Akbar Khan with a valuable Arab horse, which had only that morning been purchased for 3,000 rupees. The whole party then sat down near some rising ground, which partially concealed them from cantonments.

"Captain Lawrence having called attention to the number of inferior followers around them, with a view to their being ordered to a distance, Mahomed Akbar exclaimed, 'No, they are all in the secret;' which words had scarcely been uttered, when Sir William and his three companions found themselves suddenly grasped firmly by the hands from behind, while their swords and pistols were rudely snatched away by the chiefs and their followers. The three officers were immediately pulled forcibly along and compelled to mount on horseback, each behind a Giljye chief, escorted by a number of armed retainers, who with difficulty repelled the efforts of a crowd of fanatic Ghazees, who, on seeing the affray, had rushed to the spot, calling aloud for the blood of the hated infidels, aiming at them desperate blows with their long knives and other weapons, and only deterred from firing by the fear of killing a chief. The unfortunate envoy *was last seen struggling violently with Mahomed Akbar*, 'consternation and horror depicted on his countenance.'

"On their nearing Mahomed Khan's fort, renewed attempts were made to assassinate the three captive officers by the crowd there assembled. Captain Trevor, who was seated behind Dost Mahomed Khan, unhappily fell to the ground, and was instantly slain. Captains Lawrence and McKenzie reached the fort in safety, but the latter was much bruised in various parts of his body, and both were greatly exhausted from the excitement they had undergone.

"At the entrance of the fort, a furious cut was aimed at Captain McKenzie's head by a ruffian named Moollah Momin, which was warded off by Mahomed Shah Khan, that chief receiving the blow on his own shoulder. Being taken into a small room, they found themselves still in continual jeopardy from repeated assaults of the Ghazees without, who were with the greatest difficulty restrained from shooting them through the window, where the hand of some recent European victim (afterwards ascertained to be that of the envoy himself), was insultingly held up to their view. Throughout this trying scene they received repeated assurances of protection from the Giljye chiefs; but Amenoollah Khan coming in, gave vent to a torrent of angry abuse, and even threatened to blow them from a gun. It is deserving of notice, that amidst the congratulations which on all sides met the ear of Mahomed Shah Khan on the events of the day, the solitary voice of an aged Moollah was raised in condemnation of the deed, which he solemnly pronounced to be 'foul,' and calculated to cast a lasting disgrace on the religion of Mahomed. At midnight they were removed to the house of Mahomed Akbar Khan. As they passed through the streets of Cabul, notwithstanding the excitement that had prevailed throughout the day, it resembled a city of the dead; nor did they meet a single soul.

"By Akbar Khan they were received

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courteously, and were now informed for the first time, by Captain Skinner, of the murder of the envoy and Captain Trevor. That Sir William McNaghten met his death at the hands of Mahomed Akbar *himself there can be no reasonable doubt.* That chief had pledged himself to his coadjutors to seize the envoy that day, and bring him into the city, when the chiefs hoped to have been able to dictate their own terms, retaining him as a hostage for their fulfilment. Finding it impossible, from the strenuous resistance Sir William offered, to carry him off alive, and yet determined not to disappoint the public expectation altogether—influenced also by his tiger passions, and the remembrance of his father's wrongs—Mahomed Akber drew a pistol, the envoy's own gift a few hours before, and shot him through the body, which was immediately hacked to pieces by the ferocious Ghazees, by whom the dismembered trunk was afterwards carried to the city, and publicly exposed in the Char Chouk, or principal mart. The head was taken to the house of Nuwab-Zuman Khan, where it was triumphantly exhibited to Captain Conolly.

"Such was the cruel fate of Sir William McNaghten, the accomplished scholar, the distinguished politician, and the representative of Great Britain at the court of Shah Sooja-Ool-Moolk."

In regard to the fact of McNaghten perishing by Akbar Khan's hands, which we have italicized above, it is worthy of remark, that not only is it attended by "reasonable doubts," but there seems no proof of it whatever. He was last seen struggling with Akbar. All the rest is mere speculation. It is in every respect as likely that he was destroyed by the Ghazees, who destroyed Captain Trevor, and it is rendered even more probable, by the following narrative furnished by Captain McKenzie of his own escape:

"As I mounted behind my captor, now my energetic defender, the crowd increased around us, the cries of 'Kill the Kafir,' became more vehement, and, although we hurried on at a fast canter, it was with the utmost difficulty Gholam Moyun-ood-deen, although assisted by one or two friends or followers, could ward off and avoid the sword cuts aimed at me, the rascals being afraid to fire, lest they should kill my conductor. Indeed, he was obliged to wheel his horse round once, taking off his turban (the last appeal a Mussulman can make), to implore them for God's sake to respect the life of his friend. At last, ascending a slippery bank, the horse fell. My cap had been snatched off, and I now received a heavy blow on the head from a bludgeon, which fortunately did not quite deprive me of my senses. I had sufficient sense left to shoot ahead of the fallen horse, where my protector with another man joined me, and clasping me in their arms, hurried me towards the wall of Mahomed Khan's fort. How I reached the spot where Mahomed Akbar was receiving the gratulations of the multitude I know not, but I remember a fanatic rushing on me, and twisting his hand in my collar until I became exhausted from suffocation. I must do Mahomed Akbar the justice to say, that, finding the Ghazees bent on my slaughter, even after I had reached his stirrup, he drew his sword and laid about him right manfully, for my conductor and Meerzo Baoodeen Khan were obliged to press me up against the wall, covering me with their own bodies, and protesting that no blow should reach me, but through their persons.

"Pride, however, overcame Mahomed Akbar's sense of courtesy, when he thought I was safe, for he then turned round to me, and repeatedly said, in a tone of triumphant derision, 'Shuma moolk-i-ma me geered!' (*You'll* seize my country, will you!) he then rode off, and I was hurried towards the gate of the fort."

With this last striking statement should be remembered the fact, that the females, at the request of Akbar, were surrendered to guard them from danger, that they were treated with the most watchful care, and that they all reached their friends in safety.

And these are the people whom Major Dennie, one of the English officers in command, is pleased to term, "without exaggeration the most brutalized, sanguinary, and savage wretches, on the face of the earth."

The works which we are examining, are the works of English officers, necessarily hostile witnesses; and yet, without being put to the trouble of cross-examination, we discover facts remarkable in both ways, as establishing such atrocities on the part of the English—so much gallantry on the part of these "the most brutalized and sanguinary wretches on the face of the earth." We should be glad to see an Affghan narrative of these affairs;

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very glad to read the story of one of these same Giljye chiefs.

Next followed the retreat, and it is with unmixed compassion that everyone must read the sufferings of these gallant men. Men like those who fell by their hands, the victims of a system—guiltless themselves of every criminal intent—the mere agents in carrying out the ambitious and immoral policy of their country.

The glories of the stock from which we spring, nowhere shine forth more bravely than in adversity. It is then that the real courage and virtue of the Anglo-Saxon is exhibited; and no one can but feel proud of his English descent, in reading the narrative of these melancholy days. One of the most striking incidents connected with it, is the celebrated letter of Lady Sale, which we have not seen anywhere reprinted in this country, but which certainly deserves republication wherever types are known, for the honor of the sex and the glory of the race. It was written from Cabul while surrounded and beleaguered by a barbarous foe, to her husband, Sir Robert Sale, who was at that time in Jellalabad.

'My Dear Sale—The last letter I had from you, was dated the 1st, from Gundamuck. On the 2d, an insurrection broke out in Cabool, the shops plundered, Johnson's house and treasury looted (stripped), and burnt. He was in cantonments; his guards and servants murdered.

Troup and Warburton were in cantonments; their houses burnt; Sir A. Burnes, his brother, and Broadfoot murdered; Skinner supposed to be secreted by his gomashta; Sturt was sent by the General a message, and was stabbed in four places, in the King's presence—the face, the shoulder, a glance on the arm, and on the side. There are three principal chiefs at the head of this—Abdoola Khan, Atehokage Moota Mossin, and Secunda Khan. The Kussulbashes are in, but are afraid to declare openly in our favor. Shelton, with two regiments and one company, in the Bala Hissar. On the 3d, the twenty-seventh came in. They had to fight their way, being followed by two hundred men, and had five killed, and fifteen wounded; Gordon slightly wounded. A number of Kohistanees came into Cabool. The Trevors got out of the city with just the clothes they had on their backs. Their house burnt. The Affghans attacked the cantonment and fort, but were repulsed by Waller, who was wounded by a ball, which lodged in his arm-pit. Another large party, who have raised the religious standard, came against the cantonments at the rear gate, where our guns dealt destruction, and the cavalry cut them up. Sturt able to speak, the wound in his shoulder deep, the side not so bad, the lungs uninjured; the face-wound near the corner of the eye; he was struck on the bone with such force, that he was stunned for the moment; he had warded off two blows.

On the 4th, Khan Shurren Khan, and others drove part of the fighting men out of the town. The enemy took possession of the small fort nearly opposite our bazaar, that joins on the King's gardens. The guns played all day against the gate of the Shah Bagh, which is filled with the enemy; it cannot be blown open with powder, as there are too many people about it. A large party of horsemen showed themselves on the Shah Sang hill. Mahomed Khan's fort, where the town has been thrown down, has been taken possession of by the enemy. He is on our side, and therefore they have cut off all his son's ears. We shotted and shelled the fort opposite our bazaar all day, but with little or no effect. The Kohistans up in arms and furious. Maule and Thuler murdered; their men overpowered. Maule's khatajie (servant) alone escaped; came in half-naked this day, (the 14th). Saw killed, Gordon and Swayne, of the 44th. Robertson of the 44th, and four men wounded. Walsh, Holleken, Warren, and sixteen men, sixth cavalry, wounded; thirty-one missing. At tea-time an alarm; very brisk firing.

"5th instant. The troops employed all day; guns and mortars, with shot and shell, at the fort, with very little effect.

"6th instant. Sturt insisted, weak as he was, in shirt, plasters, and pay-jumas (drawers), on going to the General (Elphinstone), as there was no engineer there but himself. We have only Warburton and Eyre as artillery officers; no laboratory-men; the General gave him leave to do what he pleased. By 10 o'clock, we got all in order; by 12, a good breach, and in a few minutes it was carried. Reban killed; Dean wounded. Hobhouse, and twelve of the 12th, volunteered for the assault; one man badly wounded; those of the enemy who escaped, were joined by a large body of horsemen, well-dressed and mounted, evidently Kussulbash. Sturt says not more than two thousand, others say three thousand; a beautiful sight. Anderson's horse charged up the hill, and drove the enemy all along the crest of it,

to the extreme left, when the 5th cavalry charged up; they were hemmed; more Affghan horse came up, and they had a great struggle with swords, but the Affghan matchlock was so hot, that they in turn drove ours back all along the ridge, and they had out-numbered us so greatly, as to be able to retire in excellent order. Anderson's horse again went up the road to challenge them, but their position was good, and they maintained it. We had every man out on duty cantonments. A brigade was much wanted in the field. Two guns of Warburton's were seized by the enemy in the city, and the men forced to work them. They have thrown a number of balls into cantonments, and into Sturt's garden, Mahomed Khan's fort. Sir William McNaghten has given 50,000 rupees to a Kussulbash chief, to create a division in our favor, and promised him two lacs if he succeeds. The envoy and General agreed to send for the 13th and 35th, (Sale's brigade); at first the General would not, but yesterday the order went off for you to return with the 13th and 35th, leaving your sick, wounded, and baggage in safety, to come on by long marches; but much responsibility is thrown on you in this way, and you will have to fight great numbers near this, whatever the state of the country may be far off. The enemy have had possession of the Commissariat Fort these two days; to-day they have set it on fire, as also a village near the town that fired on them. We thought it was the city on fire. Sturt got the wall of the garden near the Commissariat Fort down by the sappers to-day. A new king and vizier had been set up, but the other chiefs will not have them. Codington's corps in Chauckan surrounded; all the officers wounded; Rattray and Salisbury killed. Sturt's wounds are doing well, but he overworks his strength; his mind keeps him up, and Harcourt tells me to give him wine and arrowroot. He cannot get open his mouth to get food in properly; his tongue and throat have suffered, and all the nerves about. He is out all day, and the soldiers help him about. Last night he did not get to bed till one, and then was waked up by a note. McKenzie defended the fort he was in, till his ammunition was expended, and then he cut his way out; has three wounds. We have intelligence that we were to be attacked to-night, and that they were making hoosa bags to throw into the ditch. No one had made arrangements for an attack. The General and Anquetil gave Sturt *carte blanche*. He has told off the officers and people to their posts, and paraded them this evening, and at nine went with Paton, Eyre, and Pellen, all the rounds. The envoy is in cantonments, and his place is a cavalry and infantry entrenched camp, and the walls loop-holed. We have a nine and a six-pounder in the battery next us, fifteen guns in position, the walls well-manned, and our men staunch. If we can get over to-night, we shall, I trust, repel the enemy till you arrive. Heaven shield us all! I should not be nervous, if I could see what was going on. I hope they will not attack us this night; but the unusual stillness of no firing, looks like mischief.

"8th instant. We had an alarm at four o'clock. The enemy attempted to take the fort back again; they made a large hole, and set fire to the bastion, but were driven back. We are all in high spirits, and look forward to your arrival with interest and anxiety. With our united love,

"FLORENTINE SALE.

"*Cabool, 9th November.*"

No greater proof of manly courage, in all history, is to be found than in this letter. Immured, imprisoned, in hourly danger of miseries worse than a thousand deaths—not a word of complaint, of supplication for relief, not one syllable calculated to increase her husband's anxiety, escapes the heroic woman. From Clelia of the Bridge to her of Saragossa, more gallant courage the sex has not displayed.

"Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males."*

We must give the narrative of the retreat which ensued on the evacuation of Cabul, in the words of Lieutenant Eyre:

"At starting, large clods of hardened snow adhered so firmly to the hoofs of our horses, that a chisel and hammer would have been requisite to dislodge them. The very air we breathed froze in its

* While these pages are going through the press, the works of Lady Sale and Lieut. Eyre have been re-published here. The Journal of Lady Sale is one of the most remarkable productions in the language; but we still think her private letter the best and most striking proof of her heroic fortitude. It contains, by the way, more evidence than was presented by Lieut. Eyre, that McNaghten fell by the hands of Akbar Khan.

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passage out of the mouth and nostrils, forming a coating of small icicles on our moustaches and beards.

"The advance proceeded onward without molestation, though numerous small bodies of Affghan horse and foot were observed hanging about our flanks, and moving in a parallel direction with ourselves."

The terrific days of the 7th and 8th are thus described:

"The force came to a halt on some high ground near the entrance of the Khoord-Cabul pass, having in two days accomplished a distance of only ten miles from Cabul. Here, again, the confusion soon became indescribable. Suffice it to say that an immense multitude of from fourteen thousand to sixteen thousand men, with several hundred cavalry-horses and baggage-cattle, were closely jammed together in one monstrous, unmanageable, jumbling mass. Night again closed over us, with its attendant train of horrors—starvation, cold, exhaustion, death; and of all deaths I can imagine, none more agonizing than that, where a nipping frost tortures every sensitive limb, until the tenacious spirit itself sinks under the exquisite extreme of human suffering. . . .

"Once more the living mass of men and animals was in motion. At the entrance of the pass an attempt was made to separate the troops from the non-combatants, which was but partially successful, and created considerable delay. The rapid effects of two nights' exposure to the frost, in disorganizing the force, can hardly be conceived. It had so nipped the hands and feet of even the strongest men, as to completely prostrate their powers and incapacitate them for service; even the cavalry, who suffered less than the rest, were obliged to be lifted on their horses. In fact, only a few hundred serviceable fighting-men remained.

"The idea of threading the stupendous pass before us, in the face of an armed tribe of bloodthirsty barbarians, with such a dense, irregular multitude, was frightful, and the spectacle then presented by that waving sea of animated beings, the majority of whom a few fleeting hours would transform into a line of lifeless carcasses to guide the future traveller on his way, can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. We had so often been deceived by Affghan professions, that little or no confidence was placed in the present truce; and we commenced our passage through the dreaded pass in no very sanguine temper of mind. This truly formidable defile is about five miles from end to end, and is shut in on either hand by a line of lofty hills, between whose precipitous sides the sun at this season could dart but a momentary ray. Down the centre dashed a mountain torrent, whose impetuous course the frost in vain attempted to arrest, though it succeeded in lining the edges with thick layers of ice, over which the snow lay consolidated in slippery masses, affording no very easy footing for our jaded animals. This stream we had to cross and re-cross about eight-and-twenty times. As we proceeded onwards, the defile gradually narrowed, and the Giljyes were observed hastening to crown the heights in considerable force. A hot fire was opened on the advance, with whom were several ladies, who, seeing their only chance was to keep themselves in rapid motion, galloped forward at the head of all, running the gauntlet of the enemy's bullets, which whizzed in hundreds about their ears, until they were fairly out of the pass. Providentially the whole escaped, with the exception of Lady Sale, who received a slight wound in the arm. It ought, however, to be mentioned, that several of Mahomed Akbar's chief adherents, who had preceded the advance, exerted themselves strenuously to keep down the fire; but nothing could restrain the Giljyes, who seemed fully determined that nobody should interfere to disappoint them of their prey. Onward moved the crowd into the thickest of the fire, and fearful was the slaughter that ensued. An universal panic speedily prevailed, and thousands, seeking refuge in flight, hurried forward to the front, abandoning baggage, arms, ammunition, women, and children, regardless for the moment of everything but their own lives.

"The rear-guard, consisting of H. M.'s 44th and 54th N. I. suffered severely; and at last, finding that delay was only destruction, they followed the general example, and made the best of their way to the front. Another horse-artillery gun was abandoned, and the whole of its artillerymen slain. Captain Anderson's eldest girl, and Captain Boyd's youngest boy, fell into the hands of the Affghans. It is supposed that three thousand souls perished in the pass, amongst whom were Captain Paton, Assistant Quartermaster General; and Lieutenant St. George, 37th N. I.; Majors Griffiths, 37th N. I., and Scott, H. M.'s 44th; Captains Bott, 5th cavalry, and Troup, Brigade-Major, Shah's force. Dr. Cardew and Lieutenant Sturt, engineers, were wounded, the latter mortally. This fine young officer had nearly cleared the defile when he received his wound, and would have been left on the ground to be hacked to pieces by the

Ghazees, who followed in the rear to complete the work of slaughter, but for the generous intrepidity of Lieutenant Mein, of H. M.'s 13th light infantry, who, on learning what had befallen him, went back to his succor, and stood by him for several minutes, at the imminent risk of his own life, vainly entreating aid from the passers-by. He was at length joined by Sergeant Deane of the Sappers, with whose assistance he dragged his friend on a quilt through the remainder of the pass, when he succeeded in mounting him on a miserable pony, and conducted him in safety to camp, where the unfortunate officer lingered till the following morning, and was the only man of the whole force who received Christian burial. Lieutenant Mein was himself at this very time suffering from a dangerous wound in the head, received in the previous October, and his heroic disregard of self, and fidelity to his friend in the hour of danger, are well deserving of a record in the annals of British valor and virtue.

"On the force reaching Khoord-Cabul snow began to fall, and continued till morning. Only four small tents were saved, of which one belonged to the General: two were devoted to the ladies and children, and one was given up to the sick; but an immense number of poor wounded wretches wandered about the camp destitute of shelter, and perished during the night. Groans of misery and distress assailed the ear from all quarters. We had ascended to a still colder climate than we had left behind, and were without tents, fuel, or food: the snow was the only bed for all, and of many, ere morning, it proved the *winding-sheet*. It is only marvellous that any should have survived that fearful night!

"*January 9th.*—Another morning dawned, awakening thousands to increased misery; and many a wretched survivor cast looks of envy at his comrades, who lay stretched beside him in the quiet sleep of death. Daylight was the signal for a renewal of that confusion which attended every movement of the force."

"Up to this time, scarcely one of the ladies had tasted a meal since leaving Cabul. Some had infants a few days old at the breast, and were unable to stand without assistance. Others were so advanced in pregnancy, that, under ordinary circumstances, a walk across a drawing-room would have been an exertion; yet these helpless women, with their young families, had already been obliged to rough it on the backs of camels and on the tops of the baggage yaboos: those who had a horse to ride, or were capable of sitting on one, were considered fortunate indeed. Most had been without shelter since quitting the cantonment—their servants had nearly all deserted or been killed—and, with the exception of Lady McNaghten and Mrs. Trevor, they had lost all their baggage, having nothing in the world left but the clothes on their backs; *those*, in the case of some of the invalids, consisted of *night dresses* in which they had started from Cabul in their litters. Under such circumstances, a few more hours would probably have seen some of them stiffening corpses. The offer of Mahomed Akbar was consequently their only chance of preservation. The husbands, better clothed and hardy, would have infinitely preferred taking their chance with the troops; but where is the man who would prefer his own safety, when he thought he could by his presence assist and console those near and dear to him?"

. . . . . .

"From Kutter-Sung to Jugdulluk it was one continued conflict; Brigadier Shelton, with his brave little band in the rear, holding overwhelming numbers in check, and literally performing wonders. But no efforts could avail to ward off the withering fire of Juzails, which from all sides assailed the crowded column, lining the road with bleeding carcasses. About three P. M. the advance reached Jugdulluk, and took up its position behind some ruined walls that crowned a height by the road-side. To show an imposing front, the officers extended themselves in line, and Captain Grant, Assistant Adjutant-General at the same time received a wound in the face. From this eminence they cheered their comrades under Brigadier Shelton in the rear, as they still struggled their way gallantly along every foot of ground, perseveringly followed up by their merciless enemy, until they arrived at their ground. But even here rest was denied them; for the Affghans, immediately occupying two hills which commanded the position, kept up a fire from which the walls of the enclosure afforded but a partial shelter.

"The exhausted troops and followers now began to suffer greatly from thirst, which they were unable to satisfy. A tempting stream trickled near the foot of the hill, but to venture down to it was certain death. Some snow that covered the ground was eagerly devoured; but increased, instead of alleviating their sufferings. The raw flesh of three bullocks, which had fortunately been saved, was served out to the soldiers, and ravenously swallowed."

Lieutenant Eyre was included among

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the prisoners, and he thus describes the sights which met their eyes as they advanced a day's march behind their retreating countrymen:

"At about eleven A. M. we started, under an escort of about fifty horse, for Tezeen, having been previously cautioned to use our swords and pistols in case of need, as an attack might be expected from the bloodthirsty Ghazees, who thronged the road. The retreating army had marched over the same ground on the previous day, and terrible was the spectacle presented to our eyes along the whole line of road. The snow was absolutely dyed with streaks and patches of blood for whole miles, and at every step we encountered the mangled bodies of British and Hindoostanee soldiers, and helpless camp-followers, lying side by side, victims of one treacherous undistinguishing fate, the red stream of life still trickling from many a gaping wound inflicted by the merciless Affghan knife. Here and there small groups of miserable, starving, and frost-bitten wretches, among whom were many women and children, were still permitted to cling to life, perhaps only because death would in their case have been a mercy. The bodies of Majors Scott and Ewart, and of Dr. Bryce, were recognized. Numerous parties of truculent Ghazees, the chief perpetrators of these horrors, passed us laden with booty, their naked swords still reeking with the blood of their victims. They uttered deep curses and sanguinary threats at our party, and seemed disappointed that so many of the hated Feringhees should have been suffered to survive. . . . Between Tezeen and Seh Baba we encountered the same horrifying sights as yesterday; we passed the last-abandoned horse-artillery gun, the carriage of which had been set on fire by the Ghazees, and was still burning; the corpse of poor Cardew lay stretched beside it, with several of the artillerymen. A little further on we passed the body of Dr. Duff, the superintending surgeon to the force, whose left hand had suffered previous amputation with a *pen-knife* by Dr. Harcourt! Numbers of worn-out and famished camp-followers were lying under cover of the rocks, within whose crevices they vainly sought a shelter from the cold. By many of these poor wretches we were recognized, and vainly invoked for the food and raiment we were unable to supply. The fate of these unfortunates was a sad subject of reflection to us,—death in its most horrid and protracted form stared them in the face; and the agonies of despair were depicted in every countenance. . . . . Within about five miles of Jugdulluk, we again entered the high road, along which our army had recently passed; and the first sight that presented itself was the body of a fine European soldier:—Again our path was strewed with the mangled victims of war. We reached Jugdulluk late in the evening; and, passing by the ruined inclosure within which the remnant of the force had so hopelessly sought shelter, we beheld a spectacle more terrible than any we had previously witnessed, the whole interior space being one crowded mass of bloody corpses. The carnage here must have been frightful. The body of Captain Skinner was recognized, and an Affghan was persuaded by Captain Lawrence to inter it during the night, Mahomed Akbar's consent having been previously procured."

We have spoken of the English *defeat* in Affghanistan. No other term can properly be applied to it. Immense efforts were made to retrieve the disgrace and disasters of this expedition. Two formidable bodies, under Generals Nott and Pollock, entered the country, and after an advance scarcely resisted, and no serious fighting, Ghuznee and Cabul were, in September, 1842, reoccupied by the British forces.

Lord Ellenborough issued one of his sesquipedalian proclamations, declaring "that the opinion of invincibility was again attached to British arms;" and to prove his assertion, a retreat was at once commenced. It is very evident, from the incidents attending it, that the English, though victors, were anything but masters of the country. It is very evident that they had merely made a marauding incursion, which the Affghan discipline did not enable them to withstand, but which had no tendency to establish the supremacy of the British in the country.

The account of the final retreat through the Khyber Pass, on the 7th of November, 1842, is as follows:

"The first division accomplished this task without difficulty. The second, commanded by Colonel McCaskill, was less fortunate, in consequence of having neglected to crown the heights. The marauding Affghans made an attack on the rear, and captured a considerable quantity of baggage, an affair which was attended by the loss of Lieutenant Christie of the Royal Artillery, and Ensign Nicholson of the 30th Bengal Native Infantry, one hundred Sepoys killed and wounded, be-

sides a number of camp-followers, and two guns, one of which was re-taken. This attack took place near Ali Musjid, on the 3d of November."

If any further proof were wanted that we have correctly characterized the whole affair as a *defeat*, it is to be found in Lord Ellenborough's proclamation, announcing his final determination to quit the country.

After stating that the army would be withdrawn to the Sutlej, the Governor-General proceeds:

"The Governor-General will leave it to the Affghans themselves, to create a government which is the consequence of their crimes.

"To force a sovereign upon a reluctant people, would *be as inconsistent with the policy, as it is with the principles of the British Government*, tending to place the arms and resources of that people at the disposal of the first invader, and to impose the burden of supporting a sovereign, without the prospect of benefit from his alliance.

The Governor-General will willingly recognize any government approved by the Affghans themselves, which shall appear desirous and capable of maintaining friendly relations with neighboring States.

"*Content with the limits nature appears to have assigned to its empire, the Government of India will devote all its efforts to the establishment and maintenance of general peace*, to the protection of the sovereigns and chiefs, its allies, and to the prosperity and happiness of its own faithful subjects.

"The rivers of the Punjab and the Indus, and the mountainous passes, and the barbarous tribes of Affghanistan will be placed between the British army and an enemy approaching from the west, if indeed such an enemy there be, and no longer between the army and its supplies.

"*The enormous expenditure required for the support of a large force in a false military position, at a distance from its own frontier and its resources*, will no longer arrest every measure for the improvement of the country and the people."

This keen satire upon the whole policy of the English government, this bitter condemnation of the wholesale sacrifice of life and treasure which it has involved, actually comes from the mouth of an English functionary in the flush of what he is pleased to call their "invincibility."

Such is the brief narrative of the first great defeat which the English have sustained in the East. We doubt whether the transient successes of 1842 can obliterate the memory of the great disasters of 1841, or restore the prestige of their "invincibility."

The whole affair has been a tissue of blunders of the most magnificent proportions. Napoleon's invasion of Russia was not more preposterous—nor more summarily chastised.

The results of this failure are yet to be seen. We are yet to learn how far the Russians will profit by the errors of their great rival, and how far the dangers which the English have so long apprehended, will be accelerated by their ill-judged efforts to prevent them.

Many and grievous are the "rubs and botches" in our own work. All government is a choice between evils. But let us thank God that we live under a system which furnishes no pretext or excuse for such wholesale oppression, robbery, and murder, as have been the daily illustrations of the annals of English government in India.

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Albert Gallatin

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POLITICAL PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

No. XXXIX.

ALBERT GALLATIN.

(*With an engraving on steel.*)

We are happy to embellish the present Number of the Democratic Review with an engraving of one of the most illustrious of the Patriarchs of the Republican Party, one of its founders, and for a long period one of its most powerful and efficient leaders—the only survivor of the cabinets of Jefferson and Madison. To discuss the important public occurrences in which this Nestor of American statesmanship directly and powerfully participated, or with which he was incidentally connected, would be to write the history of the country for no small segment of the period embraced within the annals of its present form of government; and in attempting such a notice as is consistent with the limits of a periodical, we shall in a great measure be confined to a summary of some of the leading events of Mr. Gallatin's political life. Long distant be the day when the departure of the venerable sage and patriot, from the midst of a generation already a posterity to him, to that repose where all the glorious compeers of his earlier career have now preceded him, shall afford the occasion for that more extended memoir, that cannot fail to constitute one of the most interesting contributions to the public history of the country to which his life has been equally an ornament and a benefaction.

Albert Gallatin was born at Geneva, in Switzerland, on the 29th of January, 1761, of a family and in a social position of the highest respectability. Having been left an orphan in his infancy, he was educated under the maternal care of an enlightened and distinguished lady, a distant relation and intimate friend of his mother. He pursued his studies with an earnest application of those talents of which all his subsequent career has given such conspicuous evidence, and with all the excellent advantages afforded by the academical institutions of his native city; so that when he graduated in 1779, at the university of Geneva, few young men of the day entered upon the stage of the world better prepared, by both the discipline and the acquirements of education, for the performance of an honorable and prominent part there. His historical courses were made under Müller. One of his classmates was the celebrated Dumont, the friend of Mirabeau, and the *translator* of Bentham.

The little precincts of his native republic afforded no worthy scope for either the energies or the aspirations of a young man just quitting the retirement of academical study, modestly conscious of his own capabilities, and deeply imbued with the bold and liberal spirit of the times. Nor are the instances rare in which Geneva has made noble contributions by the genius of her sons to the service of other states. It will suffice to allude, in passing, to Neckar and Benjamin Constant. Declining offers of advantageous and honorable employment under one of the sovereigns of Germany, and possessed by those political sentiments imbibed with his education, and of which his whole public career has been the expression, it was to the young republic of the west, just then struggling into being, that he turned the preference of his heart, and the eager devotion of his services. Unrestrained by any parental control, though in opposition to the wishes of his family, he emigrated to the United States, bringing with him to the country of his adoption an irreproachable character and the warm regrets of his friends. He arrived in Boston on the 14th of July, 1780. The following letter, which we find in the 8th volume of Sparks' Franklin, page 454, may be worth quoting, for the testimony it furnishes to the spirit in which was taken this decisive step in the life of the subject of this notice:

"FROM THE DUKE DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD D'ENVILLE TO B. FRANKLIN.

"*La Rocheguyon, 22d May,* 1780.

"SIR,—The residence of your grandson at Geneva makes me hope that the citizens of that town may have some claim to your kind attention. It is with this hope that I ask it for two young men, whom the love of glory and of liberty draws to America. One of them is named Gallatin, he is nineteen years of age, well informed for his age, of an excellent character thus far, with much natural talent. The name of the other Serre. They have concealed their project from their relatives, and therefore we cannot tell where they will land. It is supposed, however, that they are going to Philadelphia, or to the continental army. One of my friends gives me this information with the request that I will urge you to favor them with a recommendation. I shall share in his gratitude, and I beg you, sir, to be assured of the sentiments with which I have the honor to be, &c.

"LA ROCHEFOUCAULD D'ENVILLE."

Soon after his arrival he proceeded to Maine, and resided till the end of 1781 at Machias and Passamaquoddy, where he served as a volunteer under Col. John Allen, commander of the fort at Machias, and made advances to the government for the support of the garrison. In the spring of 1782, he was chosen by Harvard University, through the friendship of Dr. Cooper, instructor in the French language; which situation, however, he left for the south in the following year, soon after the peace. In the winter of 1783–4, he was engaged at Richmond in prosecuting the claim of a foreign house for large advances to the State of Virginia. This brought him into contact with many eminent members of the Executive and Legislature; in his intercourse with whom he gave such evidences of capacity as secured to him a highly favorable consideration, and attracted in particular the attention of Patrick Henry, from whom he received several marks of personal friendship. He predicted that Mr. Gallatin would rise to distinction as a statesman, and strongly advised him to settle in the west,—which in those days did not imply a more remote residence than the neighborhood of the Ohio.

In 1784–5, Mr. Gallatin acquired some large tracts of land in the western counties of Virginia, on which, having received his moderate patrimony from Europe, he intended to form an extensive settlement. He was prevented, by the renewed hostility of the Indians, from carrying this project into execution, and induced to take up a temporary residence within the settlements. In the spring of 1786 he purchased for that purpose a farm on the banks of the Monongahela, in Fayette county, Pennsylvania, on the borders of Virginia. The Indian war having been protracted for several years, he here became so identified with his neighbors and the associations of the place, that he abandoned his former project, and that which had been intended as his temporary became his permanent home.

In October, 1789, he was, without any effort on his part, elected by the people of the county of Fayette a member of the Convention to amend the Constitution of Pennsylvania; and from that moment he devoted all his faculties to the political career in which he was thrown. In that Convention he united himself to the Democratic party, in opposing all the attempts to intercept the voice of the people, either by the substitution of intermediate electors in lieu of a direct election, or by a representation, in the Senate, founded on the respective wealth of the counties. He was an advocate for the extension of the right of suffrage, without excepting the African race; and was desirous that it should be founded, not on taxation, but on a longer time of residence than is now deemed sufficient.

In the year 1790, he was elected member of the House of Representatives of the State, by the same county, and continued afterwards to be re-elected without any opposition, till he took his seat in Congress. His faculties were perhaps better calculated for practical purposes, than for the discussion of speculative opinions, and in a very short time he became the most prominent member of the Legislature. He applied himself principally to the arrangement of the fiscal concerns of the State, on the basis of a faithful payment of all its engagements, and of the annihilation of the State paper money. His quick and indefatigable industry, in making himself thoroughly acquainted with all the subjects under discussion, acquired him an extraordinary influence in the Legislature, and with members of both parties, though a decided and strenuous supporter of

his own. Of this no better proof can be given than his being elected member of the Senate of the United States in February, 1793, after only three years service in the Assembly, by a Legislature of whom a small majority were his political opponents, and though he had himself stated that there might be some doubts respecting his eligibility.

The principal question was, whether, having been an *inhabitant* of one of the States more than nine years prior to his election, he had become thereby entitled, in conformity with the Articles of Confederation, to all the privileges of citizens in the several States. It was admitted that this was a defect in the Articles of Confederation which was corrected in the Constitution of the United States, by the substitution of the word "citizens," for "inhabitants;" it having been provided by this last instrument that "the *citizens* of each State should be entitled to all privileges of citizens in the several States." It was insisted, that this provision could have no retrospective effect on those who claimed citizenship under the Articles of Confederation. He had undoubtedly acquired a legal domicil in Massachusetts in 1782, even if not in 1780. It was urged, on the other side, that Mr. Gallatin had not relied himself on that ground, since he had been actually naturalized under the laws of Virginia, in the year 1785; though in truth this had been only as a measure of abundant caution in reference to the title of the lands which he had purchased in that State at that period. On a petition against his eligibility, the question was discussed with great ability in the Senate, and, though properly a purely legal question, decided against Mr. Gallatin—already an object of dread to the Federalists of that body—by a strict party vote of fourteen to twelve, in February, 1794. He thus occupied his seat in the Senate only two months, during which time he performed a not inactive part in its business. It was on this occasion that the doors of the Senate were for the first time open to the public.

Considering that Mr. Gallatin was, at that time, barely of the constitutional age, that he had come to this country an isolated individual, a foreigner by birth, and was entirely unconnexions, we cannot well conceive of any greater compliment than that conferred on him by the Legislature of Pennsylvania; nor does the subsequent decision of the Senate in the slightest degree affect its value. It is, on the contrary, a confirmation of the consideration to which he had already attained with the country at large; no ordinary person would have lost his place for the reasons assigned for depriving Mr. Gallatin of his, reasons which depended entirely on a technical question as to the period from which his citizenship should date.

Mr. Gallatin returned to Fayette county in May, 1794, after an absence of eighteen months, on account of public business and of his marriage with the daughter of Commodore Nicholson, a distinguished officer of our revolutionary war. The western insurrection against the excise broke out shortly after in the county of Allegany about fifty miles from his place of residence. It originated in the forcible resistance to the serving of writs against delinquent distillers, returnable to the district court at Philadelphia. Forty such writs had been issued, of which thirty-four were against distillers in Fayette county, and had been served without the slightest opposition. The distillers had therefore met, and agreed to engage counsel for their defence, and for the future either to cease distilling or to enter their stills according to law. The spirit of opposition which had been exhibited against the serving of the remaining writs spread however with great rapidity. A series of excesses ensued, which threatened to involve all the Western counties of the State in actual insurrection and treason.

In that emergency, Mr. Gallatin relying on the undivided support of his own county, and on that of the peaceable citizens everywhere, determined to meet and oppose the storm. He attended for that purpose, by invitation, a general meeting of delegates from all the townships west of the Alleganies, ostensibly called to take into consideration the state of the country. He there opposed boldly and openly, and prevented the adoption of any warlike or treasonable resolutions. The fortunate arrival of commissioners on the part of the United States and of the State,

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the part of the general meeting, of conferees to meet with them. The subsequent and unremitted efforts of Mr. Gallatin and his associates, arrested the progress of the insurrection, and prevented any further acts of violence or opposition; but sufficient assurances of an entire submission could not be obtained within the short time necessarily allowed for that purpose.

Mr. Gallatin was, on the 14th of October, again elected, by the concurring vote of all parties, member of the Legislature for his own county. And, on the same day, he was most unexpectedly, and without his knowledge, elected member of Congress for the adjacent district of Washington and Allegany counties, in which he did not reside. The remaining active insurgents had their own candidate, who did not obtain three hundred votes: each party had as usual its regularly nominated candidates. The gentleman who had been previously nominated by the Republicans, Mr. Brackenridge, was upright and capable, and he was as much opposed to the insurrection as Mr. Gallatin himself; but the peculiar circumstances in which he found himself placed, in the very heart of the insurrection, had prevented him from taking, at first, as open a part in opposition to it as Mr. Gallatin. To use his own words, "My conduct during the early part of the insurrection was of such a nature, that except with confidential persons, it was not understood, and must have been thought to have been equivocal." This made him unpopular, and induced some members of the Republican party, at a meeting held three days before the election, to recommend Mr. Gallatin, who, notwithstanding the shortness of the notice, was elected, on the sole ground of his early and bold efforts to arrest the insurrection,—having himself no notice of the fact until after his election.

Under the temporary excitement occasioned by that event, both houses of the Legislature of the State, by an arbitrary vote, and in open violation of the Constitution, set aside the elections for the Legislature. This had no other effect but the immediate re-election of the ejected members, and to give an opportunity to Mr. Gallatin, in a speech published at the time, to state publicly all the facts connected with the insurrection, none of which facts were then or have ever since been denied or controverted.

Mr. Gallatin took his seat in Congress in December, 1795, and continued there during three Congresses, always re-elected by the same district; and he had been re-elected for a fourth term, when, on the accession of Mr. Jefferson to the Presidency, he was made Secretary of the Treasury. From the time when he became member of Congress, his public life is too well known to render it necessary to enter into details. He became at once one of the most prominent members of the Republican party. In fact, his position soon was distinctly recognized as its "leader" in Congress, though one of the youngest men of the body. Madison, himself, and Giles, were the three who then stood in the first rank of the great party struggle of which, during that period, Congress was the arena. Of these, Giles, though an able debater, was deficient in industry and the faculty of analysis. Madison's powers were, of course, of the highest eminence, and Mr. Gallatin, in his conversation, has always ascribed to him a superiority which, with a noble modesty, he has always been proud and glad to acknowledge. Madison was undoubtedly the greatest man that ever sat in the American Congress. Yet he wanted that thorough and extensive knowledge of the general subject of political economy, and especially finance, with that faculty of concentration on the strong points of his own and the weak ones of the adverse side, which, coupled with a rich and ready eloquence, invariable coolness and courtesy, and admirable parliamentary dexterity, made Gallatin the main reliance of the Republican party in Congress. Madison was, in fact, less of a party leader, and more of a judge, of an impartial, abstract political philosopher, taking in the whole extent of a subject within his range of vision, and presenting both and all of its sides,—so that it was even sometimes reproached to him by his party, that he suggested to their opponents arguments they would never have discovered for themselves. Nor were these coadjutors there for more than the first two years of that period, namely, the last two years of Washington's administration. Afterwards, Edward Livingston, of New York, and John Nicholas, of Virginia, were the only aids on

whom he had to rely—both, and especially the former, men of fine parliamentary ability, yet leaving to him still the responsibility of sustaining the chief brunt of the battle. John Randolph came in at the close of the period in question. It was there and then, during the four years of Mr. Adams's administration, that the revolution of 1801 was in truth fought and wrought; and it was undoubtedly true that there was no other man in the country to whose exertions its triumphant achievement was more to be ascribed than Mr. Gallatin. Jefferson, during this period, as Vice-President, sat as the presiding officer of the Senate. On the other side, there was arrayed a host of men of a high order of ability and eloquence,—Fisher Ames, Otis and Sedgwick, of Massachusetts; Hillhouse, Tracy, Griswold and Dana, of Connecticut; Sitgreaves, of Pennsylvania; James A. Bayard, of Delaware; Smith and Harper, of South Carolina, and John Marshall, of Virginia, afterwards the Chief Justice. It is hardly necessary to add that during that struggle, Mr. Gallatin became extremely popular with the Republicans, and equally obnoxious to the Federalists. In fact, his parliamentary career, though known only by tradition to the present generation, was one of a splendor unsurpassed by any known to our history. He spoke on every subject of debate that arose, and was, as we have already remarked, the main reliance of his side of the House on all. Such was the dread of his arguments, that the Federalists adopted a resolution prohibiting any one from speaking more than twice on any one subject, aimed solely at him, and designed to slacken the fire of his formidable and ever ready batteries of debate—a resolution which he soon, however, made them glad to rescind. They even tried to exclude him from the floor of Congress through an amendment to the Constitution, so as to require actual native citizenship for eligibility to that body; but though they passed resolutions to that effect through the legislatures of all the New England States, the ball was arrested in New York and Pennsylvania, and did not venture the attempt of proceeding any further South. Through all this, his opposition was always as fair, manly and patriotic, as it was skilful and eloquent; never degenerating into factiousness or petulance, and never leading him to give more than a single vote that the calmest retrospection has led him to regret.

We feel here tempted to insert a few quotations from authorities already in a public form before the country, in illustration of the view we have here slightly sketched of Mr. Gallatin's position and services in Congress.

In Jefferson's Correspondence, (Vol. iv., page 434–5), he says:

"There is one particular service rendered by me the most important in its consequences, of any transaction in any portion of my life; to wit, the head I personally made against the federal principles and proceedings, during the administration of Mr. Adams. Their usurpations and violations of the Constitution, at that period, and their majority in both houses of Congress, were so great, so decided, and so daring, that after combating their aggressions, inch by inch, without being able in the least to check their career, the Republican leaders thought it would be best for them to give up their useless efforts there, go home, get into their respective legislatures, embody whatever of resistance they could be formed into, and if ineffectual, to perish there as in the last ditch. All, therefore, retired, leaving Mr. Gallatin alone in the House of Representatives, and myself in the Senate, where I then presided as Vice-President. Remaining at our posts, and bidding defiance to the brow-beatings and insults by which they endeavored to drive us off also, we kept the mass of Republicans in phalanx together, until the Legislatures could be brought up to the charge . . . . . No person who was not a witness of the scenes of that gloomy period, can form any idea of the afflicting persecutions and personal indignities we had to brook. They saved our country however."

John Randolph, in a speech in the House of Representatives, April 15, 1824, thus alluded to Mr. Gallatin:

"What he now had to say upon this subject, although more and better things had been said by others, might not be the same that they had said, or might not be said in the same manner. He here borrowed the language of a man (Mr. Gallatin) who had been heretofore conspicuous in the councils of the country; of one who was unrivalled for readiness and dexterity in debate; who was long without an equal on the floor of this body; who had contributed as much to the revolution of 1801, as any man in this nation, and had derived as little benefit from it;—as, t

use the words of that celebrated man, 'what he had to say was not that which had been said by others, and would not be said in their manner,'" &c.

And in a note appended at the mention of Mr. Gallatin's name, adds:

"Albert Gallatin, 'the apostle of truth and the favorite votary of liberty,' as he was hailed by the companion of my early manhood. . . . . Had Montgomery, instead of falling on the heights of Abraham—where Montcalm and Wolfe, congenial spirits, also

——————'Forsook
Their mansions in this fleshly nook,'

survived to see the revolution of 1788–9 brought about, would it have ever been objected to him, that, by birth, he was an Irishman? Would his foreign descent have stood in the way of his claims to the chief magistracy of the country?

"Were Mr. Gallatin a French or Englishman, there would be some color to this objection. But he is a native of Geneva, and no good Genevese can worship at the shrine of a Bonaparte or a Bourbon. I think that it must be his citizenship of Virginia that stands mostly in the way of the elevation of this extraordinary man who sees himself postponed to persons in no respect considerable, except for the *modesty* of their pretensions, who had never, and can never, render a tithe of his public services, and whose names were not known out of their own parish, so late as the acquisition of Louisiana, and the commencement of Mr. Jefferson's second term of presidential service. No foreigner, be it remembered, can ever become president, who was not a citizen at the time of the adoption of the new constitution of 1787. The door will soon be closed against them for ever, be their merits and services what they may."

And the author of the celebrated Letters of Curtius, (John Thompson, of Petersburg, Virginia), thus gives an eloquent expression to the enthusiasm of admiration and gratitude of which Mr. Gallatin's noble services to the republican cause made him at that time the object:

"Nicholas, Livingston and Gallatin, were the most distinguished opponents of the alien and sedition bills. These enlightened patriots have long been objects of abhorrence and terror to all the enemies of our constitution and liberty. The splendid ability with which they have defended the interests, and vindicated the rights of the people, has endeared them to every admirer of genius, eloquence and virtue, whilst it has rendered them eminently obnoxious to all the partizans of usurpation and monarchy. The noble exertions of these illustrious men will never be forgotten whilst patriotism and talents are admired in the world. Their names will descend with renown to posterity, when their enemies and slanderers will be consigned to oblivion's deepest grave. In spite of the envenomed and execrable calumnies of venal printers, in spite of the rancorous and malignant invectives of licentious orators, in spite of the yells of an infuriated faction, and in spite of the senseless clamors of deluded multitudes, even the present generation will do ample justice to the small but intrepid phalanx who have exerted the sublimest energies of the human mind, in defence of liberty. I am not accustomed to panegyric, and the energy of language cannot express the gratitude and affection with which my heart overflows, when I reflect upon the services of these most excellent men.

"When I select the names of Gallatin, Livingston, and Nicholas, I am not unmindful of the merits and talents of many other gentlemen. I have selected them because they have been exposed to the most cruel obloquies of your party. Mr. Gallatin has been persecuted with all the detestable rancor of envy and malice. The accuracy of his information, the extent of his knowledge, the perspicuity of his style, the moderation of his temper, and the irresistible energy of his reasoning powers, render him the ablest advocate that ever appeared in the cause of truth and liberty. Patient and persevering, temperate and firm, no error escapes his vigilance, no calumny provokes his passions. To expose the blunders and absurdities of his adversaries, is the only revenge which he will condescend to take for their insolent invectives. Serene in the midst of clamors, he exhibits the arguments of his opponents in their genuine colors, he divests them of the tinsel of declamation and the cobwebs of sophistry, he detects the most plausible errors, he exposes the most latent absurdities, he holds the "mirror up" to folly, and reasons upon every subject with the readiness of intuition and the certainty of demonstration. Elevated above the intrigues of parties, and the weaknesses of the passions, he is never transported into any excess by the zeal of his friends, or the virulence of his enemies. His object is the happiness of the people, his means economy, liberty and peace, his guide the constitution. The sympathies which fascinate the heart and mislead the understanding, have never allured him from the arduous pursuit of truth, through her most in-

tricate mazes. Never animated by the impetuous and turbulent feelings which agitate popular assemblies, he preserves in the midst of contending factions, that coolness of temper and that accuracy of thought, which philosophy has hitherto claimed as the peculiar attribute of her closet meditations. He unites to the energy of eloquence and the confidence of integrity, the precision of mathematics, the method of logic, and the treasures of experience. His opponents slander him and admire him, they assail him with ignorant impertinence, and pitiless malice, and yet they feel that he is the darling of philosophy, the apostle of truth, and the favorite votary of liberty. Their hatred, like the rebellion of Satan, proceeds from the impatience of any superiority. There is a daily beauty in his life which makes them ugly. Instead of imitating his excellence they attempt to conceal it by a mass of obloquy; instead of reverencing his unparalleled wisdom and virtue, they sharpen the dagger of falsehood, and prepare the poisoned arrows of envy. The men who are supported by a foreign faction, have the effrontery to vilify him because he is a foreigner. Virtue and genius are not peculiar to America. They have flourished in every country and in every age. The merits of men are not to be ascertained by geographical boundaries. The mind has no country but the universe. Patriotism is not a narrow and illiberal prejudice in favor of the soil upon which we happen to be born. It is a rational and noble attachment to the country which gives us protection, and which secures our happiness. It is not incompatible with universal philanthropy; on the contrary, it is a modification of benevolence, softened by society and strengthened by gratitude. Mr. Gallatin is attached to the constitution because it is free, to the people because they are generous and amiable, and to the country because he has found in it an asylum from oppression and misery.

"Are not these ties at least as binding as the shackles of prejudice and habit? But the conduct of Mr. Gallatin is his best vindication. This foreigner has defended the constitution against the attacks of native Americans, and has displayed a noble ardor in the defence of his adopted country, whilst many of her sons repose in inglorious apathy, and whilst others assail her with detestable treachery and unnatural hatred. I will not compare your political conduct with that of this much vilified foreigner," &c.

We have mentioned that in all the debates of those times, Mr. Gallatin, with a most extraordinary versatility, took an active share in the discussion of every important subject, foreign or domestic, which was agitated. But there was one branch which, from the beginning of his political career and through the whole of it, engrossed his principal attention, and which he seems almost to have appropriated to himself.

When he came into public life in the year 1789, the state of the public finances was the engrossing topic of statesmen abroad and at home, though Mr. Gallatin has often been heard to remark that it was astonishing how little it was understood even by the men of the best general abilities in Congress, and especially in his own party. The modern system of public credit and of a growing public debt had already made alarming progress. In France it was the proximate cause of the Revolution. In England, efforts had been made, since the peace of 1783, to arrest its progress, which the war with France soon rendered abortive. At home the inefficiency of the Federal Government had, since the peace, caused a vast increase of the debt created by the war of independence. Deeply impressed with the threatened progress of this system, believing that a public debt was for a nation, as it is for individuals, a positive evil of great magnitude; that under the most favorable circumstances its tendency is to increase by artificial means the inequality of fortunes; and that, if permitted to become an ordinary state of things, the payment of interest, however just, becomes a permanent tax on industry in favor of idleness, Mr. Gallatin from the beginning devoted his faculties to the ultimate extinguishment of the public debt, first of his own State and then of the United States. But he would have this be done in conformity with strict justice. There must be a payment in good faith and without exception, of all the public engagements. The influence of his Genevan education was apparent in his whole public course on this subject, as well as in the religious care with which he has always, in his private affairs, abhorred and shunned any form of debt; having never, notwithstanding his relations with banks and the banking system, had the accommodation of a single cent from any of them. In Geneva a public opinion has long prevailed on the subject of debt and bankruptcy,

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which presents a lamentable contrast to that of which so much disgraceful and disastrous evidence has of late appeared amongst us. The law of the republic to which Montesquieu devotes a chapter, under the title of "*La Belle Loi*," is doubtless familiar to many of our readers, by which the children of any bankrupt were held disqualified for all public employment so long as any of their father's debts were left unpaid. Mr. Gallatin brought with him this salutary idea into our public affairs; and the success which attended his labors to infuse it into the minds of both parties, and into the legislation of the country, was perhaps the most important of the many services of which the praise is due to him. In the Legislature of Pennsylvania, he rejected at once the pretence that the depreciation in the price of the public securities, caused by the temporary inability to pay the interest, was a reason for not paying their full amount to the holders. And at the time when this was made the subject of declamation against the funding system, he insisted that funding was only providing for the payment of that which was due; and that the defect of the plan adopted consisted in the conversion of the arrears of interest into a three per cent. stock, which was tantamount to a reduction of fifty per cent. on that part of the debt; in the postponement for ten years of the interest on one third of the principal; and in the assumption of State debts to an arbitrary amount, without having previously ascertained by the settlement of accounts what was actually and justly due to each State. It is well known that this last measure, which was a subject of much contention, was defended partly from political considerations, partly in order to give immediate relief to some of the States who were laboring, as they thought unjustly, under the weight of oppressive taxation.

The state of the finances of Pennsylvania was favorable, and Mr. Gallatin found but little difficulty in carrying his views there into effect. He proposed that the creditors of the State should be paid in full conformity with the pledged public faith, and that for that purpose the State should pay to them the difference (amounting to more than twenty-five per cent.) between the nominal amount of their just demands, and that which the said creditors would receive from the United States, by subscribing to the assumption of the State debts. This measure, which was carried by a considerable majority, was sustained by all the members of the Republican party, not a single one of whom was known to be personally interested in the result.

Similar views were generally entertained by the same party in Congress; but at that time they counted more men of talent than of business among themselves. They had not sufficiently analyzed the facts, and their movements in that respect had been vague and desultory. It is a curious circumstance, in illustration of this, and of the manner in which almost everything was left to the executive departments, that prior to Mr. Gallatin's entrance into Congress, there had been no Committee of Ways and Means in the House of Representatives. The body depended for all information and all investigation of questions connected with the public finances, upon the Treasury Department, in which were in point of fact performed most of the important duties now appertaining to that committee. One of Mr. Gallatin's first acts, in 1795, was to procure its appointment. Mr. Gallatin became thoroughly acquainted with the subject in all its details. He explained his views in "A Sketch of Finances," published in 1796; and during the whole time of his serving in Congress, he embraced every opportunity to impress the necessity of a reduction of all unnecessary expenses, of a system of rigid economy, and of applying, in preference to every other object, all surplus revenue to the reduction of the public debt. This was urged so often, in so many shapes, and with such earnestness, that it gradually became the primary object of the Republican party. On their accession to power in 1801, he was selected—without having a single competitor, either named or thought of by any—for the office of Secretary of the Treasury, principally for the purpose of carrying into effect that policy for which the Republicans had pledged themselves. With what fidelity and success the pledge was redeemed is well known.

The public debt on the first of April, 1801, amounted to $80,000,000, and the annual interest on the same, to

4,180,000. During the first four years f Mr. Jefferson's administration, an dditional debt of $15,000,000 was inurred, for the purchase of Louisiana; nd a further sum of £600,000 sterling became due to Great Britain, in atisfaction of British private debts, he payment of which had been assumed by the treaty of 1794.

Mr. Gallatin, in his first annual report to Congress, proposed a permanent annual appropriation of $7,300,000 on account of the payment of the interest, and gradual reimbursement of the principal of the debt; and that this should have the priority of all others. This amount was subsequently increased to $8,000,000, on account of the purchase of Louisiana. A law to that effect was passed by Congress, who at the same time lessened the revenue by a repeal of all the internal taxes. The only addition to that revenue, till the year 1812, consisted of an additional duty, of two and a half per cent., on goods paying duties ad valorem.

The reimbursements on account of the principal of the public debt, between the first of April, 1801, and the first of January, 1812, (including the above-mentioned £600,000 sterling, and $3,750,000, on account of the purchase of Louisiana), amounted to $52,400,000 dollars. And the public debt was, on the last-mentioned day, reduced to $45,120,000, bearing an interest of only $2,220,000, and consisting of the following items, viz.:

Old debt at 3 per cent.	16,150,000
" at 6 per cent.	17,720,000
	$33,870,000
Louisiana debt balance,	11,250,000
	$45,120,000

Nothing can be more self-evident than the utter impossibility of discharging a debt, unless there be an actual excess of receipts over current expenditures; that a so-called "Sinking Fund" becomes a perfect mockery, whenever Government borrows more than it does pay; that an appropriation without a corresponding surplus would have been purely nominal; and that a most rigid system of economy was indispensable, in order to produce that surplus. In enforcing this with unabated perseverance, Mr. Gallatin was uniformly sustained by public opinion and by Congress. The progress of redemption, slow at first, increases afterwards with great compound rapidity; and a few years more would have been sufficient to effect the reimbursement of the whole debt. The war of 1812, necessarily arrested that progress, and again swelled the debt to more than $120,000,000. But the impulse had been given. The total extinguishment of the debt had become a fundamental principle of the Government. The original plan of Mr. Gallatin was pursued, with no other alteration than an increase of the annual appropriation from eight to ten millions of dollars. And by steadily persevering in that course, the whole debt was extinguished within about twenty years after the conclusion of the peace.

Nothing great can be performed without a singleness of purpose, which disregards all other objects as subordinate. And it may be, that if the redemption of the public debt had been less rapid during Mr. Gallatin's administration, the country might have been better prepared for war when it took place. Mr. Gallatin had, however, the sagacity to know that it would make but little difference in the degree of preparation of national defences and means of contest, for which it is impossible ever to obtain considerable appropriations before the near approach of the danger that may render them necessary. He knew that the money thus well and wisely devoted to the payment of the debt was only rescued from a thousand purposes of extravagance and mal-application, to which all our legislative bodies are so prone, whenever they have the command of surplus funds. It is a lamentable fact, which Mr. Gallatin has been condemned to witness in his old age, that scarcely had the United States been relieved from that burthen, through the operation of the policy originated and established by him, before the several States, in their individual capacity, incurred in a few years a debt exceeding in amount that which had been contracted during two wars.

It has always been the concurring testimony of all parties, that the Treasury Department has never been better

administered than by Mr. Gallatin. Jefferson's own testimony to this effect will be seen in the following extracts of letters written at the close of his Presidency, which we take from his published correspondence:

"MR. JEFFERSON TO MR. GALLATIN, OCT. 11, 1809.

"I hope . . . . . that you will consider the eight years to come as essential to your political career. I should certainly consider any earlier day of your retirement, as the most inauspicious day our new Government has ever seen. In addition to the common interest in this question, I feel particularly for myself the considerations of gratitude which I personally owe you, for your valuable aid during my administration of the public affairs, a just sense of the large portion of the public approbation which was earned by your labors, and belongs to you, and the sincere friendship and attachment which grew out of our joint exertions to promote the common good.—*Correspondence*, vol. iv., p. 136."

"MR. JEFFERSON TO MR. JONES, MARCH 5, 1810.

"Were we to believe the newspapers, which portend that Mr. Gallatin will go out, that indeed would be a day of mourning for the United States.—*Ibid.*, vol. iv., p. 143."

His official reports present models of clearness combined with conciseness. His well known Report on Roads and Canals in 1814, presented a valuable mass of accurate statistical knowledge, and gave his views at large on the subject of Internal Improvements of which he was a friend, considered chiefly with a view to strengthen the Union, by facilitating communications and shortening distances. Mr. Gallatin was the sole author of the National Road, intended as a model, and to show that the Alleganies interposed no real barrier between the Eastern and Western States. The credit of the organization of the Coast Survey on scientific principles, is also in a great degree his. In the execution of the law passed for that purpose, Mr. Gallatin made the wise selection of Mr. Hassler to conduct it, and sent him to Europe for the necessary instruments. The full value of this great work remains yet to be appreciated by the people of this country. Nor, in this slight allusion to a few of the great measures through which Mr. Gallatin has so deeply impressed the stamp of his hand upon the policy and destinies of his country, ought we to omit the Public Lands system, which was devised, digested, and carried into execution by him. As the holder of the purse, he at the same time exercised what may almost be termed a controlling influence over most of the other departments of the administration.

As the preservation of peace was a necessary ingredient for the accomplishment of the great object Mr. Gallatin had in view, it cannot be wondered that he should to the last moment have been opposed to the war, which public opinion forced on Mr. Madison's administration. But he was from principle a sincere lover of peace; he had entertained almost Utopian hopes, that the geographical position and political institutions of the United States might enable them to preserve it for an indefinite period of time. And the last years of his political life, in the diplomatic service of the country, were employed in promoting that object.

On the offer of the Russian mediation in 1813, Mr. Gallatin was eager that the opportunity of securing an honorable peace should be taken advantage of; and he retired from the seat in the Cabinet which he had filled with so much honor and usefulness during the Presidencies of Jefferson and Madison, to take part in the negotiations of Ghent, in order to bring his earnest efforts to bear upon that object. He performed an active part, with his distinguished associates, on that occasion. He then proceeded to London where, in conjunction with Messrs. Adams and Clay, he negotiated the commercial convention between the two countries, that succeeded the war. The rest of his public life has been passed in the diplomatic service. In all his subsequent missions to England, France, and the Netherlands, whilst sustaining with great force of argument the just rights of the United States, he successfully used his best endeavors in settling as far as practicable existing differences, and in strengthening the bonds of amity and mutual good will between America and foreign countries.

In France, where he resided as minister from 1816 to 1823, (a most interesting period in the history of Europe,

and of the internal affairs of France in particular, and when her capital, from which Englishmen had been so long excluded, became the centre of attraction for the whole civilized world), he paved the way for the existing commercial arrangements, and for the ultimate recognition of the indemnities justly due to American citizens. Within this period he was twice deputed on extraordinary missions: in 1817, to the Netherlands, where he was associated with Dr. Eustis, and in 1818 to England, with Mr. Rush, to which country he was again appointed Minister Plenipotentiary in 1826. In England he succeeded in arranging in a satisfactory manner the difficult question respecting the fisheries; in obtaining the abandonment of the British claim to the navigation of the Mississippi, compensation for the slaves carried away contrary to the provisions of the Treaty of Ghent, and the recognition of the forty-ninth degree of latitude as the boundary between the two countries, from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains. On other subjects, we may refer with satisfaction and pride to his correspondence with Mr. Canning respecting the West India intercourse, to his statement of the claims of the United States to the Oregon Territory, published by order of Congress, and to his conclusive arguments respecting the North-Eastern Boundary, which it was agreed to refer to arbitration.

With respect to the estimation in which Mr. Gallatin was held throughout his diplomatic career, we may safely say that no American abroad in that capacity ever maintained a higher position, in every point of view. He was usually looked to as the head of the diplomatic corps, in which he had for colleagues, at the two great capitals of Europe, not a few of the most distinguished men of the times. His spotlessness of private character, eminent talents, extent and minuteness of general information, and fine conversational powers, could not fail everywhere to attach to his person the most distinguished social consideration; while on the part of the governments to which he was accredited, the manly uprightness and good faith characterizing all his official conduct, in the full spirit of the American diplomacy, secured him the highest respect and confidence. A peculiar elegance of courtesy and tact, maintained without compromise of the high-toned republicanism of his political sentiments, also served in no small degree to conciliate the good will and good feeling of all parties, as well to the country as to its representative—of which he had, on more than one occasion, striking and gratifying proofs.

On Mr. Gallatin's last return to the United States, in December, 1827, he chose the city of New York as his residence; and, with the exception of the preparation of the argument, as one of the agents of the United States, to be laid before the king of the Netherlands, which occupied him for the first two years, he has not held any public office.

But his career since that time has been far from inactive. His interest in public affairs did not cease with his having a direct participation in their management. His essay, published in 1840, on the North-Eastern Boundary, in which the fallacies, by which the English had attempted to complicate a very plain proposition, are refuted, was the amusement of his leisure hours; while his essay on the map of Mr. Jay, before the New York Historical Society, recently published, will be the final discussion of a question, rendered by the Treaty of Washington matter of historical instead of diplomatic research.

He has published within that period two elaborate and able pamphlets on the subject of the Currency, which we can cheerfully admit to have been valuable contributions to the general discussion of that subject, though in some particulars their views vary from those of the school, political and economical, supported by ourselves. Mr. Gallatin has been more friendly to the banking system, including a national bank, than we think it has deserved; though it should not be forgotten that his opinions on this point had their origin in a period when the general subject was much less clearly understood, and was regarded by parties in very different lights than, with the aid of the great national experiences through which we have passed, is now the case. Looking only to the healthful use of the system, under pure administration—(and especially in reference to the earlier poverty of the coun-

try, when the stimulus and aid of the artificial capital thus created were perhaps beneficial where an altered state of things makes them now pernicious)—Mr. Gallatin did not, we think, rest his attention sufficiently upon the fatal evil of its liability and tendency to abuse. We believe that his opinions have undergone some material modifications within a recent period. But though he disapproved of the course of General Jackson's administration in relation to the currency, and, remembering the creation of the late Bank of the United States by the Republican party itself, saw in such an institution a safe and convenient fiscal machine for the transactions of the General Government, yet he was always very severe against the abuses of its management, and strong in denouncing the overaction into which the system ran; and his views of the proper functions of banks, and the proper principles of true commercial banking, partook of the clear and comprehensive sagacity which his mind has always applied to every subject that it touched. In fact, a National Bank being out of the question—which recommended itself to him merely as a restraining check upon the [illegible]ng system, and as a fiscal machine for [illegible]overnment—Mr. Gallatin appears in the publications referred to, in his own word, as an "ultra-bullionist." He proposed to limit the issues of a national bank to notes of denominations not less than *one hundred* dollars—a limit beyond the suggestions of many of the strenuous opponents of banks and paper money. Without claiming any right to speak authoritatively as to his opinions, we have indeed but little doubt that if Mr. Gallatin should again give to the country any further publications on this subject, they would be found to be very nearly, if not entirely, in harmony with those now generally prevalent in the Democratic party.

One valuable public service rendered by Mr. Gallatin has not been spoken of. We refer to his agency in effecting the return to specie payments by the banks of New York, in May, 1838. It may well be doubted whether that event would have taken place at that time without him. After his settlement in New York, he had accepted the presidency of one of the local banks, which he had directed in such a manner that by forcing payment to it by its debtor banks, it might have withstood the storm of the preceding year, could any public good have been effected by such a course at that time. This capacity gave him the opportunity to apply his influence and efforts to the great object of the resumption. In the two conventions of bank presidents held in New York, he was the chief advocate of that course, insisting upon it always on the highest grounds of moral obligation, without regard to any consequences of profit or loss. In this course he was well seconded by several of his associates, among whom it will not be invidious to name in particular Mr. Newbold, of the Bank of America, and Mr. Lawrence of that of the State of New York.

Mr. Gallatin is, as he has always been, a strong Free Trade man—an early disciple of the Adam Smith school. These views may be seen in his essay on the Finances, in 1796, and in his report on Manufactures to Congress in 1810. They were repeated with great force and ability in the Memorial to Congress on behalf of the Free Trade Convention of 1831, the preparation of which was committed to Mr. Gallatin.

We may here, in passing, allude to the interesting historical fact, that one of the first propositions brought forward by the Republican party, on coming into power in 1801, was for the abolition of those restrictions on the freedom of navigation, which had before been maintained on the ground of retaliatory discrimination. This proposition, which was more than once introduced into Congress by Gen. Smith, of Maryland, was resisted and defeated by the Federalists. It was not till after a lapse of fourteen years that that party came to understand better the true interests of the country, when the measure which they had thus opposed was now brought forward by one of their own number. Mr. Dana, of Connecticut, was the author of the well known law of March 3, 1815, which, short as it is in its terms, has ever since constituted the basis of the navigation policy of the United States, and which, with the exception of a comparatively trifling modification, is, *verbatim et literatim*, the proposition of General Smith of December 14th, 1801. The Commercial Convention with England, in 1815, above referred to, was the first application to practice of the principle

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of that altered and more liberal policy; and that instrument has continued the model of the subsequent conventions of a similar character with other countries. We trust that no serious danger is portended to the stability of this policy, by the recent demonstrations we have seen, of a desire to cloak the obnoxious principle of tariff protection under the disguise of retaliatory discriminations, withdrawn from the action of the more popular branch of our government by being put in the form of treaty stipulations.

Nor has the retirement of Mr. Gallatin been devoted exclusively to subjects connected with his public reminiscences. With a memory tenacious in the extreme, and to which all historical knowledge seems to be tributary, and with most accurate scientific attainments, no one can be admitted to his intercourse, without being convinced that his learning is deep and various. In 1836, Mr. Gallatin published, in the Transactions of the American Antiquarian Society, a "Synopsis of the Indian Tribes in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains, in the British and Russian possessions," the materials of which he had been for many years collecting—a work of vast labor, which will long remain as a valuable contribution to the literature of the country to whose political affairs its author's life had been devoted, as well as a very remarkable monument of the zeal and industry in scientific research, which no weight of years seems able to weaken. He is now understood to be engaged in a similar work with respect to those of Mexico. In the course of the present year, he has allowed himself to be elected President of the New York Historical Society, and he holds the same relation to the Ethnological Society, which has been recently organized under his auspices.

We are conscious of the meagreness and imperfection of this sketch of the life of one of the most able, useful and eminent of the great statesmen whose names adorn the annals of our country. We have left unnoticed many things which would have sufficed to make the honorable fame of many other men. Mr. Gallatin still continues the charm and the light of every circle in the midst of which his presence shines—not more venerable for those grey hairs which constitute the crown of glory and of beauty to the head of age—outnumbered as they are by the public honors and services crowded into the years by which they have thus been whitened—than delightful in the richness, instructiveness and elegance of his conversation. The faculties of his mind appear not less vigorous and vivacious than they could have been in the prime of youth. We have only to fear that that indulgent kindness which is rarely if ever appealed to in vain by the young, may be somewhat too severely taxed by the liberties of praise which we have ventured to take with his name; and which all but its subject will recognize as only an inadequate and unworthy expression of the veneration which he cannot but inspire, to all who, after reading his history in the history of the country, can enjoy the privilege of access to the society of so noble a relic and memorial of its better days.

MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

Nearly three-fourths of a year have elapsed since we intimated that the first movement had commenced toward a reconstruction of the commercial prosperity of the United States. At that time the strength of the storm which had overtaken the banking system of the United States had nearly spent itself, and most of the doubtful banks had stopped or were in the way of liquidation. Long and desperate had been the struggles of the advocates of the paper system to restore business on the basis of blind confidence in corporate promises. Scheme after scheme to retrieve affairs had failed almost as soon as projected, and the public mind had at last returned and settled down to the abiding principles of republican industry and frugality. The new crops of cotton, tobacco and rice, were coming into market on a cash

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system of business. The exchanges at all points showed a settlement of commercial balances, and an influx of specie, the proceeds of the crops, was looked forward to. The crops came forward, and the current of specie flowed steadily into the sea-ports until the following results have been produced:

Specie in New York Banks, July, 1842,	$5,405,862
Specie in New York Banks, May, 1843,	13,500,000
Increase,	$8,094,138
Specie arrived at New Orleans from August, 1842, to May, 1843,	$9,000,000

The value of money has gradually fallen from 6 per cent. to 4 per cent. on good paper in New York during this accumulation of specie, which has been in the winter months, when the channels of internal trade are for the most part closed, and of course the natural tendency of the plenteousness of money to stimulate trade was in some degree checked. So great a superabundance of money could not, however, long remain idle without promoting speculation in some branches of business. Speculation uniformly is engendered when money suddenly becomes plentiful, because capitalists, more especially banks, are anxious to improve their funds, and the growth of enterprise among regular business men is much too slow to absorb the idle capital. In our April Number, we remarked that the results of the late session of Congress, defeating all the "relief" measures of the dominant party in the national government, had cleared the way for more extensive transactions in stocks. The rapid growth of stock speculations, under the state of affairs then described, is seen in the following table of prices which we have brought up to the present time:

			1841.	1842.			1843.	
Rate.		Redeemable.	August 30.	February 15.	Dec. 15.	March 15.	May 15.
United States,	5½	1844	100 a 100½	96 a 97	97 a 99	101 a 101¼	100 a 100½
"	6	1844	— a —	97 a 99	99 a 100	101 a 101¾	101 a 102
"	6	1862	— a —	— a —	100 a 101	106 a 106	112 a 112½
New York,	7	1848-49	— a —	— a —	103¾ a 104	105½ a 105¾	106 a 107
"	6	1850-54-60	100 a 100½	79 a 80	96¾ a 99	103 a 104	106 a 107
"	6	1861-62-67	— a —	— a —	96¾ a 98	103 a 103¾	107 a 108
"	5½	1860-61-65	91¼ a 92	71 a 73	88 a 90	96½ a 97	101 a 101½
"	5	1845	93 a 95	80 a 87	92 a 93¾	96 a 97	98 a 99
"	5	1846-7-8-9	93 a 95	80 a 87	86 a 90	94 a 96	96 a 97
"	5	1850-1-7	93 a 92	68 a 71	85 a 86	92 a 93	95 a 96
"	5	1855-58	86 a 87	68 a 72	84¾ a 86	91¾ a 92	95 a 96
"	5	1859-60-61	83 a 82	— a —	85 a 86	90 a 90¾	94 a 95
"	4½	1849-58	75 a 77	— a —	79 a 82	85 a 90	88 a 89
Ohio,	6	1850	94 a 95	68 a 70	74½ a 75	70 a 71	84 a 85
"	6	1856-60	94 a 95	67 a 68	72 a 72½	70 a 70½	86 a 86
"	5	1850-56	84 a 85	— a —	60 a 65	60 a 65	80 a 81½
Kentucky,	6	——	84 a 85	67 a 68	78 a 78½	85½ a 85	96 a 97
Illinois,	6	1870	55 a 55½	18 a 19	18 a 18½	20 a 21	30 a 31
Indiana,	5	25 years.	55 a 57	19 a 21	20 a 21¾	24 a 25	30 a 31½
Arkansas,	6	——	59 a 60	35 a 45	28 a 30	28 a 30	35 a 36
Alabama,	6	——	— a —	50 a 55	65 a 80	60 a 65	70 a 72
"	5	——	— a —	— a —	65 a 75	55 a 60	60 a 65
Pennsylvania,	5	——	79 a 80	32 a 33	38 a 39½	39½ a 40	45 a 47
New York City,	7	1857	— a —	— a —	106½ a 108	107 a 109	111 a 112
"	7	1852	— a —	— a —	105 a 106	106½ a 107½	108 a 109
"	5	1830	84 a 85½	72 a 76	85 a 87	92 a 93	96 a 97
"	5	1858-70	84½ a 85½	77 a 78	84½ a 85	91 a 91½	95 a 96

This presents a general advance in the value of stocks almost unprecedented. The buoyancy and animation of the market still continues, and in all probability will so continue, until the money now seeking investment shall become absorbed by the slow progress of reviving commerce. The State of New York has made this spring, to pay arrearages to contractors, two loans, which have been taken as follows. In order to show the rates by comparison, we will prefix the terms of contracts for all the New York canal loans, as follows:

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TERMS ON WHICH THE NEW YORK CANAL DEBT WAS CONTRACTED.

	On Account of	Inte'st. pr. ct.	Terms.	Redeemable.	Amount.
1826	Oswego Canal,	5	par	July 1846	$ 227,000
"	Cayuga "	5	6 premium	" "	150,000
1828	Oswego "	5	par	" "	100,000
"	" "	5	2.55 prem.	" "	110,000
1829	Cayuga "	5	par	" 1849	87,000
1830	Chemung "	5	10.38 prem.	Aug. 1850	130,000
"	" "	5	11 "	" "	20,000
1831	" "	5	15.10 "	" "	140,263
"	Crooked Lake,	5	——	" "	100,000
1833	Chemung Canal,	5	17.51 prem.	" "	25,737
"	Crooked Lake,	5	——	" "	20,000
"	Chenango Canal,	5	15.51 prem.	July 1845	100,000
1834	" "	5	6.5 prem.	" "	900,000
1836	" "	5	3 "	" "	150,000
"	" "	5	3.25 "	" "	100,000
"	" "	5	1.55 "	" "	200,000
"	" "	5	0.75 "	" "	100,000
"	" "	5	par	" "	25,000
1837	" "	5	2 prem.	" "	50,000
"	" "	5	6.82 "	" "	19,030
"	" "	5	0.70 "	" "	525,969
"	Black River "	5	7.91 "	" 1850	169,091
"	" "	5	7 "	" "	10,064
"	" "	5	5 "	" "	137,090
"	" "	5	par	" "	252,000
"	Genesee Valley	5	par	" "	1,978,526
"	" "	5	11.18 prem.	" "	11,764
"	" "	5	8.15 "	" "	7,806
1838	Erie Enlargement,	5	0.26 "	" 1855	500,000
"	" "	5	0.75 "	" "	500,000
"	Chenango Canal,	5	par	" 1845	72,536
"	Black River,	5	3 prem.	" 1850	23,200
1839	Erie Enlargement,	5	par	" 1855	3,000,000
"	Black River,	5	par	" 1850	208,553
"	Oneida "	5	par	" 1860	25,000
"	Chenango Canal,	6	0.04 prem.	" 1850	20,000
1840	Erie Enlargement,	6	par	" 1854	500,000
"	" "	5	10 discount	" 1858	1,000,000
"	" "	5	9 "	" 1858	1,000,000
"	Chenango Canal,	5	5½ "	" 1853	20,000
"	Black River,	5	9 "	" 1858	250,000
"	Genesee Valley	5	10 "	" "	250,000
"	" "	5	9 "	" "	250,000
"	Oneida River,	5	9 "	" 1860	25,000
1841	Erie Enlargem't,&c.	5	15.75 "	" 1858	367,951
"	" "	6	par	" 1860	300,600
"	Chemung, &c.	6	par	" 1860	43,682
"	Oneida Lake,	5	par	" 1851	50,000
"	Chemung,	5	9 discount	" 1860	54,945
1842	Erie Enlargement,	6	par	" 1860	8,500
"	Genesee Valley	6	par	" "	10,000
	Total to 1842,				$15,938,306
April 4	For Contractors,	6	2.25 prem.	" 1861	300,000
May 5	" "	6	6.52 "	" 1860	320,000

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In 1826, a 5 per cent. stock, 20 years to run, was sold at nearly as high a premium as the 6 per cent. now, being a difference of near 20 per cent. in favor of the then rates. Since that period, however, the stock capital in the country has increased upwards of $250,000,000. In 1833, 34, when the paper inflation was gathering force, the 5 per cent. stock sold, it seems, at over 15 per cent. premium, but steadily fell to par under the increasing difficulties that ended in the explosion of 1836, 37. The large and constantly increasing issues which commenced in 1838, accompanied by inevitable consequences, sank the 6 per cents. to 80 in 1842. Under the plenteousness of money and increasing wealth of the country, a level of prices may be maintained for the present amount of stocks in existence, very nearly as high as those of 1830–31, more especially as the great reduction of banking capital has removed one of the principal drains upon the accumulations of industry.

These rates speak highly for the credit of the State of New York, more particularly when we contrast the rate now given, 106.52 for a 6 per cent. stock with that as seen in the above table, for the same description of stock in February, 1842, when the party in power at Albany promptly imposed the mill tax and stopped further loans of state credit. The difference is 28 per cent. in favor of the stock now. Ohio pursued a contrary course, and it was with the utmost difficulty she could maintain the rates of last year down to the middle of April. The officers of that State have issued proposals for $1,500,000 7 per cent. stock mentioned in our last as authorized at the late session. The time expired on the 13th, with only partial success.

The State of Illinois has taken a stand in regard to its debts which is likely to lead to the best results. The movement is an important one, because Illinois was one of the first states to hold out the iniquitous doctrine of repudiation. Under her present government, however, she has solemnly acknowledged her outstanding obligations, and taken efficient steps to settle them. The debt of the State of Illinois was about $12,500,000, whereof $2,500,000 was issued to the banks of the State, and has been withdrawn and cancelled by the law of the late session liquidating the Banks. Of the remainder, $5,000,000 composes the internal improvement debt, and was issued for the construction of rail-roads, &c. For this debt there was no other security than that afforded by the faith of the State. There remains $4,300,000 of canal bonds, which are secured upon the canal and the lands connected with and belonging to it. This canal is one of the most important works of the country. It is 100 miles long, and navigable for boats of 100 to 150 tons. It cuts the strip of land which separates the navigation of the great chain of lakes from the Illinois and Mississippi rivers, thereby completing a water communication between Buffalo and New Orleans. This important work, on which so much money was expended, was lying idle and becoming rapidly dilapidated for want of funds to complete it. The pressure of the times disabled the State from obtaining the money—the Banks failed—trade became stagnant, and prices fell very low. At such a moment it became necessary to lay a grievous and entirely unexpected tax upon the people to sustain the credit of the State. The borrowed money was apparently lost, and much mismanagement had prevailed in obtaining it. It was not therefore to be wondered at if the people resisted taxation, more especially as they were assailed with unmeasured abuse for becoming the victims of a vicious paper system. The first burst of the difficulty being over, the new legislature, at its last session, began to gather up the remnants and devise some means of settling in an equitable manner. Taxation, in the extremity to which the people were reduced, was out of the question. The property of the State was the only resource. That was unavailable and rapidly becoming valueless for the want of $1,600,000 to complete the canal. A compromise then was absolutely necessary for the interest of the creditors as well as that of the State. The lands belonging to the canal, at a very low estimate, are valued at $4,000,000, and would immensely increase in value on the completion of the canal which runs through them. Taking advantage of this circumstance, the State has passed a law to borrow $1,600,000 to finish the work, giving the holders of the canal bonds the first privilege of subscribing. The subscrib-

ers to the loan are to appoint two trustees, and the Governor of the State one. The canal with its lands is to be made over to these three trustees, who, upon the completion of the canal, are to sell the lands and repay the new loan, principal and interest, with the proceeds. The first receipts of the canal will then be applied to the interest on the canal bonds, then to that on the internal improvement bonds, after which to the principal of the canal bonds, when that of the internal improvement bonds will be discharged. The moral influence of constructing the great canal as at first intended, without taxing the people, will be productive of immense results. It will encourage the people to exertion, at the same moment that it will give them a market for produce, and raise its prices, develope their resources, enhance the value of their lands, and increase their numbers, by encouraging immigration. Under these circumstances, with an improved currency, a renovated trade, and debt diminished two-thirds, both the will and the ability to pay taxes for a discharge of the balance, will be exerted. Illinois will then be cleared of the foul blot of repudiation and the burden of a debt. The same general operations are likely to extinguish eventually all the debts that are now due by the American people.

The latest advices from abroad give a much better aspect to the commercial affairs of England than they have presented for many years. The great and long continued abundance of money had at last begun to exert its legitimate effects in promoting an increase of business. The consumption of cotton from January to May 1st, averaged an increase of 4,500 bales per week over the same period of last year, and in all the manufacturing districts there was a greatly improved business from the demands of the home trade. The crops of England promise thus far to be a full average, and therefore to assist the recovery in commercial affairs which the abundance of money is slowly stimulating. The effect of the new tariff of England has been thus far not so much to promote imports of agricultural products as to reduce prices to a point probably about 20 per cent. below that under the old law, beyond which prices cannot reach, because increased imports will then check the tendency to rise. The present disposition in both the United States and the government of Great Britain, to arrange by mutual concessions a greatly extended intercourse between the two countries is likely to result in the greatest advantages to the masses of the people in both countries. The cheap bread of the United States, by reducing the monarchical absurdity of protective tariffs, may be placed within the reach of the artisans of England. The great element of the home trade in Great Britain is the low prices of provisions. The apparent anomaly invariably presents itself, that when provisions are high trade is dull, and therefore employment for the operatives difficult to be procured. On the other hand, when the necessaries of life are cheap, trade improves and labor becomes in demand. The effect of the reduced tariff of last year has been to lower the prices of all provisions about 20 per cent., a fact which is proved in all the large government and company contracts lately made as compared with those of last year. This reduction of prices of food 20 per cent. in England is equivalent in its effects on trade to a rise of prices to as great an extent in this country, and under a system of free trade between the two countries, both results are brought about at the same time, because the margin of prices is so great that the withdrawal of the surplus here and the throwing it upon the market there, equalize the prices and animate trade in both countries. Hence the more provisions that are sold by the western farmers to England, the greater will be the consumption of cotton goods there, and by a necessary consequence the higher will be the prices of that cotton netted to the southern planter, while at the same time the increased sales of the farmers at the west will enable them to enhance their purchases from the domestic manufacturers. This process is now going on. The reduced tariff of England has produced the desired result, and trade is reviving to an extent which promises to sustain the rates of the very large crop of cotton gone and going forward, while other descriptions of produce are rapidly gaining favor. A rise in the prices of these articles produces an immense effect upon the exchanges by increasing the balance due this country. The rates of bills have been as follows:

PACKET-RATES OF FOREIGN BILLS IN NEW YORK.

	London.			France.			Amsterdam.			Hamburg.			Bremen.		
1841															
April	6⅞	a	8	f5.27½	a	5.28½	—	a	39¾	—	a	35½	—	a	76¼
May	7⅛	a	7¾	5.27¾	a	5.28	39½	a	39	35½	a	35¼	76½	a	77
June	8½	a	8¾	5.23	a	5.25	39½	a	40	35⅞	a	36	77	a	77½
July	8¼	a	8½	5.27½	a	5.28	39½	a	39¾	35¼	a	36¼	77¼	a	77½
August	8¾	a	9	5.25	a	5.27½	39¼	a	40	35¾	a	35¼	77¼	a	77½
September	9¼	a	9¾	5.18¼	a	5.20	40¼	a	40½	36½	a	36¾	78½	a	78¾
October	9¾	a	10¼	5.17½	a	5.18¼	40⅜	a	40½	36½	a	36¾	78½	a	79
November	10	a	10¼	5.20	a	5.21	40⅜	a	40½	36½	a	36¾	78½	a	78¾
December	8¾	a	9¼	5.25	a	5.26½	39¼	a	39	35¼	a	36	77½	a	77¾
1842															
January	8	a	8½	5.28¾	a	5.30	39½	a	39¾	35⅜	a	35⅝	76¾	a	77
February	8	a	8¼	5.27¼	a	5.28¾	39¼	a	40	35¾	a	35¾	76¾	a	77
March	7¾	a	8¼	5.27½	a	5.28¼	39¾	a	40	35¾	a	35¾	76¼	a	77
April	5½	a	7¼	5.37½	a	5.40	39	a	39½	35	a	35¼	75¾	a	76
May	8	a	8¾	5.30	a	5.32	39¼	a	39½	35	a	35¼	76	a	76¼
June	6¾	a	7	5.37½	a	5.40	39	a	39¼	35	a	35	75¾	a	76
July	6½	a	7	5.40	a	5.41	38½	a	38¾	34¾	a	34¾	75	a	75¼
August	6	a	6½	5.42½	a	5.45	38½	a	38¾	34½	a	34¾	74¾	a	75¼
September	7	a	7¾	5.32	a	5.33	39	a	40	35	a	35¼	75¾	a	76
October	8	a	8½	5.30	a	5.31¼	38¾	a	39¼	35¼	a	35¼	76	a	76¼
November	6½	a	7¼	5.40	a	5.41	38¼	a	38¾	34½	a	34¾	75½	a	75¾
December	6¼	a	6¾	5.40	a	5.42½	38½	a	38¾	34½	a	34¾	75¼	a	75½
1843															
January	5½	a	6	5.43	a	5.45	38¾	a	38¼	34¾	a	34¾	75	a	75¼
February	5½	a	5¾	5.43	a	5.45	38¼	a	38½	34¼	a	34½	75	a	75½
March	6	a	6¼	5.42½	a	5.43	38½	a	38¾	34½	a	34¾	75¼	a	75½
April	5½	a	5¾	5.41¼	a	5.42½	38½	a	38¾	34½	a	34¾	75¼	a	75½
May	8¾	a	9	5.27½	a	5.30	39½	a	39¾	35½	a	35¾	77¼	a	77½

Under the low prices which ruled down to the middle of April, upwards of $20,000,000 in specie were imported, notwithstanding that prices of American produce there were constantly falling. For the last few packets the rates have attained a rise which not only prevents further imports, but, under the shortened supply of bills and increased demand from the importers, threatens to send back a portion of that already received—a contingency which would be prevented by a rise in the prices of produce in England. The import of goods has been interfered with and checked in an eminent degree by the existing onerous tariff. By preventing the regular and uniform movement of trade it has in a manner forced the importation of a large quantity of the precious metals, which would otherwise have been received in the shape of goods. The goods would gradually have been exchanged for the produce of the interior, promoting trade without causing any revulsion. The specie accumulates and remains idle, until every description of speculation like that now going on in stocks, is stimulated into existence. It gradually extends to all branches, until prices rise, and a sudden and large importation of goods produces revulsion and disaster. The high tariff of 1828–32 produced the same effect. Speculation then ran into stocks which rose very high, as seen in the table given in a former part of this article. New York 5 per cents. rose to 17 per cent. premium in 1833. The creation of innumerable new stocks was the result. The following table will show the progress of paper money in the leading States down to January, 1843:

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BANK CIRCULATION AND AGGREGATE SPECIE OF THE LEADING STATES AT SEVERAL PERIODS.

	1830	1835	1837	1839	1842	1843
Massachusetts,	5,124,090	9,430,357	8,986,497	9,400,412	9,509,102	8,049,904
N. York, chartered,	7,959,280	16,199,505	24,198,000	19,373,142	12,312,769	9,734,465
" free,	——	——	——	1,800,000	2,187,229	2,297,406
Maine, ...	549,110	1,787,796	1,912,418	2,036,640	1,585,820	1,106,261
New Jersey, . .	——	1,755,829	1,918,017	2,104,000	1,177,653	1,138,342
Ohio, ...	2,301,000	5,221,520	9,341,230	8,430,220	889,257	1,116,048
Maryland, . . .	1,970,240	2,130,340	3,310,835	3,798,667	1,160,836	1,242,397
Georgia, . . .	2,719,356	3,694,239	8,058,739	5,639,708	4,972,138	2,835,559
North Carolina, .	1,431,543	2,050,518	3,319,428	2,114,140	902,197	1,496,041
Virginia, . .	3,857,964	5,593,198	9,107,347	8,231,718	7,753,300	5,393,612
South Carolina .	4,230,120	7,488,727	7,223,616	4,566,327	1,415,909	1,231,607
Kentucky, . . .	——	87,564	4,105,155	5,418,320	2,475,046	2,801,209
" U. S. Br.	3,223,566	3,100,870	——	——	——	——
Louisiana, . . .	1,301,483	5,114,082	7,909,788	6,280,588	4,003,162	1,216,237
Alabama, . . .	743,200	3,472,413	9,340,230	7,211,340	5,388,067	210,000
Indiana, . .	——	456,065	2,516,790	2,985,370	2,960,414	1,732,518
Illinois, . . .	——	178,810	1,565,373	3,729,513	1,296,349	——
Missouri, . . .	——	——	28,000	671,950	305,850	273,490
Total Bills, . .	35,400,952	67,761,833	102,841,443	93,792,255	60,595,098	42,875,096
" Specie, .	10,278,110	23,143,543	27,192,117	33,475,760	21,944,097	23,646,329

The proportion of paper money in these States is not greatly now in excess of that of 1830, but the quantity of specie held by the banks is much larger. In the twelve years which have elapsed, many of the States, particularly Alabama, Illinois, Michigan, Ohio and Louisiana, have gone through all the vicissitudes attending the creation, culmination, and final liquidation of an immense amount of bank capital. They have now commenced a new commercial cycle, with the experience of the past for their guide and caution, not again to embark in such hazardous monopolies. It has been fully tested, that corporate banking institutions do not facilitate regular trade. Their only effect is first to monopolize business and ruin private exchange dealers; they then stimulate speculation, create a fictitious animation in trade, generate revulsion, leave the community powerless and without remedy in the hands of usurers, and the exchanges in a perfect chaos of disorder. The liquidation of the banks and the withdrawal of their paper from circulation, have effected, in accordance with the laws of trade, an equalization of the exchanges more perfect than they have heretofore approximated. It has been a prevalent idea with the community, when habituated to a paper currency, that if that paper is withdrawn, they will be without a circulation, but no sooner is it effected, than specie flows in and supplies its place as if by magic. The banks of the country have also conducted most of the mercantile collections through their mutual correspondence. In the Atlantic cities the imports and domestic goods were sold by merchants at from six to twelve months, for the notes of the country dealers, payable at the place of their residence. These notes for the most part were discounted with the sellers' endorsements by the city banks, and remitted at maturity for collection to the country banks. This was looked upon as an indispensable machinery for the conduct of mercantile affairs. It was apparently an easy and prompt manner of collecting debts, but it contained an inherent vice which wrought out inevitable destruction. The same institutions which facilitated the collection of debts for the New York merchants, enabled the country dealer to avoid payment. The note was in most cases renewed, or met by the discount of another. Hence, although the individual merchant received nominal payment for his goods, the actual discharge of the debt did not take place, but a balance accumulated in favor of the Atlantic border, a great portion of which was never paid. The facility with which notes were discounted, led the merchant to sell as great an amount of goods on time as possible, and a competition as to length of credit grew up. The country dealer was guided in his purchases less by the probable amount that he could actually sell, than by what he could meet by the aid of discounts. Hence the amount purchased invariably exceeded that

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which could be paid for by the product of industry in each year. The above table indicates the rise, progress, and downfall of the system. The accumulating balance due the Atlantic States, crushed the banks. The system is now of necessity changed. As the banks pass from existence, individual houses, of skill and integrity, take their places, and step into the business. Affiliated houses, spread over the Union, corresponding with New York, as the great centre, can collect bills and equalize the exchanges to far greater perfection, than can be done by corporate associations. The country dealer knowing that he can have no assistance from banks, to perfect his payments at maturity, carefully limits his purchases to an amount which he is confident he can actually sell, prior to the maturity of his paper. When his note falls due, it is presented to him in the form of a draft, or acceptance, through an individual house. This must be met by his actual collections from the neighborhood, the amount of which is paid in the discharge of his draft, and is remitted to New York, in the shape of a bill against produce, gone forward, which bills always find ready sale with the collecting house. In this state of affairs, no door is left open to overtrading, because the country dealer has no means of extending his purchases beyond the ability of his own customers to buy, whose ability is always equal to the amount they have to export.

During the past year, several causes have operated to reduce the business of New York, the commerce of which has been as follows:

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, YEAR ENDING DEC. 31, 1842.

	ARRIVED.			CLEARED.		
	No. of Vessels.	Tonnage.	Imports.	No. of Vessels.	Tonnage.	Exports.
United States,	1368	406,623	46,834,847	1250	300,738	13,891,943
British, -	368	91,614	1,948,192			
French, -	9	1,806	100,617			
Spanish, -	1	83	4,195			
Dutch, - -	11	2,314	165,666			
Hanseatic, -	61	20,136	1,484,901	288	98,303	3,664,341
Russian, -	4	1,628	149,723			
Swedish and Dan.	51	15,805	79,316			
Sardinian and Sic.	16	4,215	156,918			
Portuguese, -	2	362	34,485			
South American,	14	2,168	250,019			
Total, - -	1905	546,754	$51,208,879	1538	399,041	17,556,284
" 1841, -	2001		75,000,000			
Decrease, -	196		$24,000,000			

This table, which is official, gives a great falling off for the year, and it can mostly be attributed to the operation of the tariff which, as well by the high rates it imposes as the onerous manner of levying the duties, has proved a great bar to commercial operations. This tariff will probably be the subject of commercial negotiation between the United States and Great Britain, as in the late parliamentary debates, the policy of that Government was avowed to be, to make no further reductions in duties, than are reciprocated by other governments. Of the precise nature of the negotiations, formal or informal, understood to be on foot in [illegible] to this object, we cannot speak. On this subject we must await further developments. It would certainly be in the highest degree satisfactory to witness a cordial co-operation between the two countries for the mutual and reciprocal reduction of their tariffs, though, so far at least as regards this country, it is not by the simple treaty-making power that important legislation of this kind can be enacted, consistently with the principles of our Government. However, we have little doubt that the next Congress will be willing enough to meet England half-way—(and we trust a little further)—in *this* kind of commercial retaliation.

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NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

The Neighbors: A Story of Every-day Life. By FREDERIKA BREMER; Translated from the Swedish, by MARY HOWITT. Boston: James Munroe & Co, 1843. 2 vols. 12mo.

The H—— Family. By FREDERIKA BREMER; Translated from the Swedish. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1843. 12mo. pp. 212.

The President's Daughters. A Narrative of a Governess. By FREDERIKA BREMER. Translated from the Swedish, by a Lady, Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1843. 1 Vol: 12mo.

Miss Bremer's popular novels, of which we have here given the titles of three, deserve a more extended notice than we can now give them, and a more critical judgment than we are as yet prepared even to form. We have not as yet quite made up our minds as to their precise value. We have read them, as have so many others, with very great pleasure; and have supposed ourselves to be pleased without determining precisely *why* or *how*. There is an indescribable charm about these quiet, simple tales of domestic life, that one rarely meets in our own more elaborate novels,—a sweet, gentle, and loving spirit breathing through them, that it does one good to commune with. We really do not know whether they should be called works of a high order of genius or not; but this much we do know, that we rise from the perusal of one of them with gentler feelings, better satisfied with the world, better pleased with our friends and neighbors, better content with our lot in life, and more sensible of and grateful to our Heavenly Father, for the innumerable blessings that we daily and hourly receive at his hand.

One great charm of these tales is in the very lively pictures they give us of Swedish domestic life, of which we have hitherto known so little; but we believe the readers of the "Neighbors" were very generally surprised to find how very much, after all, Swedish every-day life is like our own. Differences there doubtless are, but the whole ground-work, judging from these novels, is exceedingly English. This fact, had we time to dwell on it, would lead to some very interesting speculations concerning the perpetuation and transmission of National Life, and its various manners and customs. The Swedish and Anglo-Saxon families are branches of one and the same family, and had originally very much the same kind of life. Change of place has not destroyed altogether the original identity or similarity. The same thing occurs again when we compare our own domestic life with that of the mother country. When we read one of Miss Austen's novels, we do not seem to ourselves to be holding intercourse with strangers three thousand miles off, but with our own neighbors and every-day acquaintances. We pass into Mexico, and we feel that we are in New Spain. Wherever we choose to go, habits, manners, customs, modes of thinking and feeling, are transmitted from generation to generation, by a law as uniform and as certain in its operation, as that by which the cast of the features is transmitted from parents to children. No matter where he is born, or where brought up, an Englishman is always an Englishman. The remarkable tenacity of national character and national physiognomy we observe in the Jews, would, were it not for intermarriages with other varieties, be equally remarkable in the Englishman, or even the Frenchman. The tenacity of races is a great fact in history. We owe our political institutions, nearly all the arrangements of our public, social, and domestic life, to our English ancestors. If these had not been, as it were, a part and parcel of our inmost nature, we could never have successfully adopted and maintained them. France, Spain, and Spanish America, make sad work in attempting to Anglicize their manners and institutions. Here is involved a fact, which our politicians and speculators on the origin and foundation of government would do well to study. What is common to us all, what we as Americans are every day living, and what we perhaps believe to have been original with us, may very possibly be traced to our English ancestors, through them to the bands led in by Hengist and Horsa, and through them to the original Saxon family, and thence into the night of ages.

But we return to Miss Bremer's charming novels. Of the three we have mentioned, we think The Neighbors, the first that was published in this country, will continue to be the greatest favorite. The active, pleasant, frolicksome, serious, affectionate, charming little wife, who always does and says the very thing she should, and has the faculty of making all comfortable and joyous around her, who has a smile or a tear for all, as one or the other is proper, and always energy to aid

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all who are in trouble, and that too without obtruding her sympathy, or suspecting herself of being a prodigy, is one of the finest female characters in the whole range of fictitious literature. Serena, in the same work, married to Bruno, intended for a perfect character, is less interesting, less lovely, than Bear's little wife. Bear himself is a noble character, admirably drawn and sustained throughout. Ma Chère Mère and Bruno are too Byronish, too melodramatic, as well as the episode of Hagar. They remind you perpetually of the Corsair, and Lara, and the Riscoque by George Sand, and are, after all, blemishes rather than ornaments of the work.

The H—— Family is of a different character from The Neighbors, although, we see, it is from the same hand, and has many of the same excellences. This is translated by a young gentleman in Boston; and though as a translation it may not possess the ease, grace, and freshness of Mary Howitt's, it yet strikes us as being very cleverly done.

The President's Daughters is superior to the H—— Family, and hardly, if at all, inferior to The Neighbors. It gives us a glance into more elevated scenes of Swedish life, and is therefore less novel and interesting, as the manners and customs of the highest classes of society in all European countries are very much the same. National peculiarities are to be found always, and everywhere, mainly in the great mass of the people, and what are termed the lower classes. Nevertheless, this is a very interesting tale, full of serious and even profound thought, often expressed with no little brilliancy and force. It is written with a high aim, and will bear more than one reading. If The Neighbors pleased us the most, this certainly interested us the most in the author, and gave us the highest idea of her capacity. This, translated by an accomplished lady of Boston, is exceedingly well done, and will as a translation by no means suffer even by a comparison with Miss Howitt's.

We owe our thanks also to the publishers, Messrs. Munroe & Co. of Boston, for publishing these works in a form in which they are readable, and may be preserved. The cheap method of publishing recently adopted, has its recommendations to those who regard their purses more than their eyes; but we aver, that we ourselves find a good book much the better in a good large type, on a fair page, with a broad margin.

The Doctrine of Life, with some of its Theological Applications. Boston: Benjamin H. Greene. 12mo. pp. 74.

This is a work by William B. Greene, son of the accomplished and talented gentleman who lately filled the office of postmaster of Boston. Educated at the Military Academy at West Point, and late of the U. S. Army, he a short time since resigned his commission, and is now, we believe, studying theology at the Baptist Seminary at Newton, Mass. The work itself gives promise of an author of a very high order. Mr. Greene, here, shows himself, assuredly, to possess very remarkable powers of philosophical apprehension, and also of expression. A little more practice, and he will give an example of as good a style of writing and expression for philosophical subjects as the language affords. It is clear, forcible, dignified, eloquent, and well sustained.

As to the subject matter of this little work, this is not the place to speak. The doctrine of Life here set forth has the air of being that set forth by Rev. O. A. Brownson, in his Letter to Dr. Channing, on the Mediatorial Life of Jesus, though it is by no means the same. Mr. Brownson's doctrine is, that Life is the product of the *joint* action of two forces, Subject and Object—or Me and Not Me; and that its character is determined by one and the other. Change the subject, and you change the character of the act; change the object, and you also change it. Mr. Greene assumes Life to be a *struggle* between two forces; that it consists in antagonism, and that its character is *absolutely* determined by the object. Which last seems to imply fatalism, and at least denies free agency; because, if it be true, then the character of my acts does in no wise depend on me, but absolutely on the object in opposition to which I act. Moreover, we apprehend this doctrine, that the act is absolutely determined by the object, is not true. The action of a man and of a horse, when led up to a stack of hay, will not be exactly the same. Why not? Is not the object the same? The difference of action can, then, be accounted for only on the ground of the difference of the subjects, that is to say, the difference between the nature of the horse and the nature of the man.

Nevertheless, though we could find some fault with the book, yet we regard it as a remarkable production, and as indicating on the part of its author very extraordinary powers, and a serious aim, which will one day give us a philosophical and theological writer of a very high order.

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The Law and Method in Spirit-Culture; an Interpretation of A. Bronson Alcott's Idea and Practice, at the Masonic Temple, Boston. By CHARLES LANE. Boston: James Munroe & Co. London: G. Green. 1843. 8vo., pp. 40.

This *brochure* appeared in the Dial for April last, and is a benevolent attempt of one friend to expound and defend the views of another. A. Bronson Alcott, is the famous author of the *Orphic Sayings*, a somewhat remarkable man, as all who know him must admit, and moreover a man of very considerable, oftentimes of very surprising abilities. He is the great man of the American Transcendentalists, the very Coryphæus of the sect. In him all the tendencies of the sect may be found in their greatest perfection, nay, so perfect as to be more than perfect, for they seem to exist in him in an exaggerated degree. He is, as some one has said, "Transcendentalism gone to seed."

Those who wish as clear, and as intelligible a statement of his doctrine, as mortal man can be expected to make, will do well to purchase and read this pamphlet. Mr. Lane is an Englishman just come amongst us, a man of no common abilities, who has been drawn here by his reverence for Mr. Alcott. Those who would wish to know Mr. Alcott's practice as a teacher, will do well to consult the Record of a School, by Miss E. P. Peabody, Boston, 1836.

The Simple Cobbler of Aggawam in America. By Rev. NATHANIEL WARD. Edited by DAVID PULSIFOR. Boston: Munroe & Co. 1843. 8vo., pp. 96.

The principal value of this book is in its being a production of one of the old Puritans and early ministers of New-England. Its author was born at Haverill, England, in 1570, of which place his father was a clergyman. He was educated at Cambridge, studied and practised law, travelled on the Continent, afterwards commenced the study of Divinity, became a preacher of the Gospel, and was settled at Standon, in Hertfordshire. He was a friend of the early settlers of New-England, and being silenced as a preacher in his parish for non-conformity, he came to this country in June, 1634, and was settled as pastor of the Congregation at Ipswich, or Aggawam, in the same year. In consequence of ill health he was released from his engagement, 1636, but remained some time in the colony, whose interest he labored diligently to promote. He subsequently returned to England, where he died in 1653.

The work written in 1645, was first published in London in 1647, and went through several editions in that same year. It was reprinted in Boston in 1713, from which and one of the earlier editions this present edition has been prepared. It is a curious book, which in a jesting way says many shrewd things. It is characterized by a good deal of ability as well as a vein of quaint humor, not always to be looked for in the stern old Puritans. We have been much struck by the light it throws on the Puritan notions of Toleration. The falsest notions on this subject were entertained by the Puritans and Independents of England. Nothing is further from the truth, than to represent them as the advocates of the rights of conscience and religious liberty. It was religious liberty they most of all detested. Toleration they regarded as a device of the devil, and the Rev. Mr. Ward trusts that there is no one in Parliament in favor of it. Our Puritan fathers said, "We have the truth;" what they wanted was that the State should establish their form of faith and discipline, and tolerate no other. This was the full extent of their love of religious liberty. And because the English Government would not grant them this, a portion of them came here, and attempted to do it for themselves. Religious liberty was first established in the new world by the Catholics in Maryland, the Baptists in Rhode Island, and Quakers in Pennsylvania. The Congregationalists in New England and the Episcopalians in Virginia came more lately to its support.

Aletheia; or Letters on the Truth of the Catholic Doctrines. By the Rev. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D.D., Author of "History of the Church," "Father Rowland," &c. New York: Published by Edward Dunigan, 151 Fulton-street. 1843. 12mo. pp. 382.

The Catholic Cabinet, and Chronicle of Religious Intelligence. A monthly periodical. Published by Charles N. Holcomb. St. Louis: May, 1843.

The handsomely printed little volume first above named, (to which is prefixed a good engraved likeness of its reverend and learned author), consists of an exposition, in a popular and agreeable form, of all the leading doctrines of the Catholic Church. The beauty of its paper and type would alone suffice to make it a readable book in these latter days, even if it possessed no better claim on the reader's attention. Very few Protestants have any distinct idea of what the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church really are, though undoubtedly there is now abroad a spirit of inquiry, of consciousness of ignorance and desire for information, which must secure for a well-written work of thi

character a considerable circulation, among other than Catholic readers. We do not, however, think that its efficiency for the object we presume to have been in the author's view, is much promoted by the poetical variations with which its pages are so liberally interspersed.

The first Number of the new monthly periodical above named, which is just issued as an organ of that strong and growing sect in the Mississippi Valley, offers a very imposing view of the revival and progress which Catholicism is making in every quarter of the globe. It gives indication of an editorial ability which will doubtless commend it to the favor of those who sympathize with its views and aims.

The Karen Apostle; or, Memoir of Ko-Thah-Byu, the first Karen convert, with Notices concerning his Nation. By Rev. Francis Mason, Missionary to the Karens. First American edition. Revised by H. J. Ripley, Professor in Newton Theological Seminary. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, 59 Washington street. 1843. 12mo. pp.

The Karens are a very curious people, in a subject and almost servile condition, scattered about in villages in various parts of Burmah and Siam, chiefly in the former. They are chiefly interesting from the possession of scriptural traditions evidently derived originally from the Bible, and for the elevated ideas of God and religion cherished by them even in the midst of the dark and brutal paganism by which they have so long been surrounded and oppressed. Very striking details on these points are given in the Appendix to the little volume above named. It is obvious that no heathen people could afford so favorable a field for missionary enterprise, and accordingly it seems to have reaped there, within a few years, a success of the happiest character. A biographical sketch is here given of the first Karen convert—a remarkable man, as it appears, who earned the title here bestowed upon him, by the zeal with which, after his own baptism in 1828, he applied himself to the preaching and propagation of Christianity among his people.

Speeches and Forensic Arguments. By Daniel Webster. Vol. 3. Boston: Published by Tappan and Dennett. 1843. 8vo. pp. 563.

The present volume is a continuation of the two which were issued about two or three years since, and completes the series of all Mr. Webster's more important speeches down to the period of his entrance into General Harrison's cabinet. The publishers announce also their intention of collecting into a volume, to be published in uniformity with the present series, all the more important of the state papers that have proceeded from Mr. Webster's pen, during his administration of the affairs of the Department which he has just vacated—especially the important and elaborate documents connected with the negotiation of the Washington Treaty. The name of Daniel Webster must always occupy a prominent place on that page of the annals of the country embracing the period of his political life. Even, therefore, beyond the section of country, and the class of peculiar partizans, where Mr. Webster's popularity is chiefly to be found, his "Works" cannot fail to have a national value entitling them to their just position in every American library.

A Lecture on the Uncertainties of History, delivered in the Hall of the House of Representatives of the United States, before the Capitol-Hill Institute, December 17th, 1842. By Levi Woodbury. Washington: Printed by J. & G. S. Gideon. 1843.

Sir Robert Walpole's celebrated expression of his opinion as to the veracity of history, may have been in some degree affected by his consciousness of how little good and how much evil it would have to record of his administration. Mr. Woodbury has, at least, no similar reason for a desire to forestall its verdict by an impeachment of its justice. The Lecture above named is highly creditable to him, as one mingling with the high excitements of politics the gentler tastes and pursuits of elegant letters. It contains many excellent criticisms on the subject denoted by its title, and affords a number of passages which we had marked for quotation, but which we regret to be forced to forego.

Sonnets and other Poems. By William Lloyd Garrison. Boston: Published by Oliver Johnson. 1843. 12mo. pp. 96.

South of the Potomac, Mr. Garrison is everything that is vile and infernal; to a certain class of admirers north of it, he is only a little less than divine. But whether the one or the other, or neither, we believe that both sides of the river will agree that he is *not* a Poet.

We are compelled by our limits of space to postpone to the next Number a notice of several other books on our table.

MONTHLY LITERARY BULLETIN.

AMERICAN.

A new Temperance work, by Mrs. Ellis, author of "The Wives of England," &c., entitled, "A Voice from the Vintage, or the Force of Example, addressed to those who think and feel." The Langleys will issue this work in a few days, in their beautiful uniform edition of the works of this popular authoress. The Messrs. Appleton, it is to be presumed, will be prompt to "go and do likewise." Cooper has sent to the press, a new border story, entitled, "The Hutted Knoll." Dr. Harris is engaged on "A Life of the late Commodore Hull." McLellan has a volume of poems in press, to be styled, "Mount Auburn and other Poems." Dr. Stephens of the Historical Society, Georgia, has nearly completed his History of that State. A miscellaneous volume by Mrs. M. L. Gardiner, is also in course of printing.

Ticknor has in press, a new edition of Mary Howitt's "Birds and Flowers, and other Country Things," a beautiful volume for the spring and summer months. "Barry Cornwall's Songs and other short Poems." "Lays of my Home and other Poems," by John G. Whittier—an American poet, second to none. "Motherwell's Poems," a new edition, with many additions. "Phillips' Mineralogy," a new and enlarged edition, edited by Frances Alger. "A Word about War, and a Word about Judgment," by the author of the "Drunken Sea."

Harper and Brothers announce "The False Heir," by G. P. R. James, Esq. "The Gospel Promotive of True Happiness," by Rev. H. White. "Life of Sir David Wilkie; with his Journals, Tours, &c," by Allan Cunningham. "Journal of the Disasters in Affghanistan; 1841-42," by Lady Sale. "Lives of the Princes of Wales," by F. Williams, Esq. "The Revolutions, Insurrections and Conspiracies of Europe," by W. C. Taylor, LL.D. "Life of Addison,' by Lucy Aikin. "The Campaign of 1812, in Russia." Translated from the German of General Carl Von Clausewitz. "Adventures of Mr. Ledbury, and his Friend Jack Johnson," by Albert Smith. "Memoirs of the Reign of George III," from Letters of Horace Walpole, never before published. "Devereux, Earl of Essex," by Charles Whitehead. "Rockland Castle: a Tale of the Great Rebellion," by Mrs. A. T. Thomson. "Days at the Factories." "Life and Times of St. Bernard," from the German of Neander. "History of our own Times," by the author of "Frederic the Great, his Court, and Times." "The Lost Ship," by the author of "Cavendish." "The King's Son," edited by Mrs. Holland. "Memoirs on the House of Commons," by W. C. Townsend. "The Conquest of Mexico," by W. N. Prescott, author of "Ferdinand and Isabella."

Hewitt has just issued No. 5 of Dr. Wainwright's "Illustrated Prayer," the plates of which are of high merit and beauty. This work is, as it ought to be, very popular.

ENGLISH.

James's new work is to be called "Eva St. Clair."

Mr. Colburn announces for immediate publication:—1. "Lives of the Princes of Wales," by Folkestone Williams.—2. "The King's Son," edited by Mrs. Hofland.—3. "Hargrave, or the Adventures of a Man of Fashion," by Mrs. Trollope.—4. "The History of our Times."—5. "Steam Voyages on the Moselle, &c.," by Mr. Quin.—6. "Madame D'Arblay's Diary," vol. 6.

Just published, Mrs. Trollope's new romance of fashionable life, entitled "Hargrave, or the Adventures of a Man of Fashion." It is highly praised. We also see announced, "A Journey to Kalat," "Doings in China," and "A Voyage round the World," by Captain Belcher.

Mrs. Trollope's "Jessie Phillips" is to be issued in monthly parts.

Letters from Berlin mention the death, in that city, at the age of sixty-six, of the Baron de Lamotte-Fouqué, known through all the world of letters as the author of the spiritual and beautiful legend of "Undine."

Grindrod, the author of the prize essay, "Bacchus," has nearly finished a new work on Tobacco.

A Miss Clarke has been occupied a dozen years in preparing a Concordance to Shakspeare, which is immediately to be published in numbers.

M. Von Humboldt has, during the winter, completed his great work on Upper Asia, so long in anticipation. It will

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NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Tuesday, May 2d.—The regular meeting of the Society was held at the Historical Rooms in the New York University. The chair was taken by the Hon. Albert Gallatin, LL.D, President of the Society, assisted by Vice-Presidents Lawrence and De Witt. A large number of members were in attendance, together with many visitors, including several distinguished strangers. Mr. Catherwood's beautiful drawings of the magnificent ruins of Central America and Yucatan, were conveniently disposed around the Rooms, and attracted great attention.

The minutes of the last stated and special meetings having been read and approved, the Secretary, Mr. John Jay, submitted an invitation from the Massachusetts Historical Society, to join with them in the second centennial celebration of the confederation of the New England colonies, on the 29th May inst., at Boston—where a discourse will be delivered by the Honorable John Quincy Adams.

On motion of Mr. Wetmore, the invitation was accepted, and the President authorized to appoint delegates to represent the Society.

A circular was also submitted from the Committee appointed by the National Institute, for the promotion of science, to the scientific and learned societies throughout the United States, announcing the postponement of the general meeting of the Institute, to the first of April, 1844.

A letter was read from Mr. Omeroli, the United States Consul at Florence, announcing the transmission of an abstract of the Diary of the fourth convention of the scientific men of Italy, held at Padua, published in the Journal of Commerce of Florence, in which are mentioned the principal subjects treated and discussed in the different sections of the same.

A communication was received from William B. Crosby, Esq., presenting to the Society a hollow silver button, in which a note was contained recovered from a spy employed by Sir Henry Clinton, during our Revolution.

A note was read from Mr. Alexander Walsh, requesting the acceptance by the Society, of an accompanying parcel of old newspapers and manuscripts, of which more particular notice will be taken at the next meeting.

cations, the Society balloted for persons who had previously been nominated, and the following gentlemen were elected resident members: Wm. J. Hoppin, Wm. M. Pritchard, Charles E. Butler, Benj. F. Butler, Alex. R. Wyckoff, Philip M. Lydig, Henry G. Stebbins, and John Bigelow.

The President said that he had lately received from Mr. Cochran for the Society, an autograph letter of General Washington, which he should request the Secretary to read, as he thought it both interesting and valuable, as showing the simplicity of his character, the inconveniences of the times when it was written, and the great economy of his style of living when Commander-in-chief of the American armies.

The Rev. Mr. Walter, through whom it had been received, rose to say, that in intention it had been presented to the Society thirty years ago, and it was entirely owing to accident that it had remained so long in his possession, and remarked that it was particularly interesting, as being almost the only letter of a playful character which has been found among the papers of the Father of his Country. The letter was then read by Mr. Jay as follows:

"*West Point, August, 16th, '79.*

"Dear Doct.—I have asked Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Livingston, to dine with me to-morrow, but ought I not to apprise them of their fare? As I hate deception even where the imagination only is concerned, I will.

"It is needless to premise that my table is large enough to hold the ladies—of this, they had ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered, is rather more essential, and this shall be the purpose of my letter.

"Since our arrival at this happy spot we have had a ham (sometimes a shoulder) of bacon to grace the head of the table—a piece of roast beef adorns the foot, and a small dish of greens or beans (almost imperceptible) decorates the centre. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, (and this I presume he will attempt to do to-morrow), we will have two beefsteak pies or dishes of crabs in addition, one on each side the centre dish, dividing the space and reducing the distance between

without them would be near twelve apart. Of late he had the surprising luck to discover that apples will make pies, and it is a question if amid the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples, instead of having both of beef.

"If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates once tin, but now iron, (not become so by the labor of scouring), I shall be happy to see them.

"I am, d'r Doct., your ob't serv't.,
"GEO. WASHINGTON.

(Superscribed)
"DR. COCHRAN, New Windsor."

Mr. Wetmore, Chairman of the Executive Committee, called the attention of the Society to the beautiful drawings on the walls, illustrating the discoveries made by Mr. John L. Stephens, during his recent tour in Yucatan. It was well known that Mr. Stephens, whom it was the pride of the Society to own as an associate, had now given to the world his complete written descriptions of the extraordinary discoveries he had made. The engravings which accompany the published volumes were necessarily on too minute a scale, to afford any adequate idea of the vast and magnificent superstructures, the remains of which were found in that interesting country, or of the very beautiful sculptured decorations which adorned them. That portion of the labor which was to bring before our observation a more perfect and satisfactory representation of these relics of a forgotten race, was reserved for Mr. Catherwood, the companion and friend of the traveller. How well that work had been accomplished, the Society had now the means of judging, and certainly nothing could be more creditable to the skill and taste of the artist and the antiquarian.

With some further appropriate remarks, Mr. Wetmore, on behalf of the Executive Committee, submitted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the recent discoveries of ruined cities exhibiting a style and architecture different from any elsewhere, and the remains of a people and history unknown, have given a new aspect to the American Continent, and afford highly interesting and important subjects for historical research.

Resolved, That the valuable works on Central America and Yucatan, by our distinguished associate, Mr. Stephens, by whom the remains of fifty-one cities were visited, and forty-seven of them brought to the notice of the civilized world, have added greatly to the scanty knowledge throw light upon the important questions that are yet to be solved in relation to the origin of the races by whom they were inhabited, and that the fuller illustration of those antiquities on a larger scale by the pencil of Mr. Catherwood, with accurate scientific details of architecture and art, is a worthy object of American enterprise, and may fitly be regarded as a debt which the new world owes to the old.

Resolved, That the proposal of Messrs. Harper & Brothers is eminently deserving of the favor and support of the American Republic, and that we confidently recommend it as an object of national pride to the Historical Societies of other states, and to all colleges, universities, literary and scientific institutions throughout the United States.

Resolved, That the Executive Committee are authorized to take such measures as it may deem expedient to disseminate a knowledge of the proposed work of Mr. Stephens, and to give effect to the recommendation of the Society.

Resolved, That the rooms of the Society be opened on Friday evening, the 5th instant, at half past seven, for the admission of members, their friends and families, to view the drawings of Mr. Catherwood.

The proposals of Messrs. Harpers for publishing by subscription, "The Antiquities of America, by John S. Stephens, with one hundred illustrations by F. Catherwood," having been asked for, were read by Mr. Wetmore. The design is to present, on a large scale, and in an enduring form, the ruined cities of Central America, Chiapas and Yucatan, most of which have been discovered and brought to the knowledge of the world by the instrumentality of our own citizens. There is reason to believe that the field now opened will be entered very soon by travellers and artists from Europe, and this work is proposed in order that the full and complete illustrations of the discoveries referred to, with all the details of extraordinary buildings, sculpture, paintings, symbols, and hieroglyphical decorations, may be accomplished as an American work, on a scale sufficiently large for all purposes of architectural, antiquarian, and scientific investigation. The size of the work will be imperial folio; the size of the plates twenty-eight by twenty inches; that is, of the same dimensions with Humboldt's great work on Mexico. It is intended that in execution it shall be of the highest grade of art. The expenses of the expedition, in which the drawings were procured, have been reimbursed by previous publications, and this proposal

same time the publishers give notice, that they will not undertake the work unless secured against loss by a subscription list of at least three hundred. The work will be issued in twenty monthly numbers, at five dollars per number, each to contain five engravings, the whole with letter-press fully describing the buildings and subjects represented in the engravings, forming four volumes, and making the price of the work one hundred dollars.

Remarks were made eulogistic of the proposed work and its authors, by Prof. Robinson, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Folsom, Colonel Stone, Mr. Benedict, and Mr. Duyckinck.

The President before putting the question, asked leave to express his earnest wishes for the publication of the work. It had been justly observed that, unless done on the large scale now proposed, it would convey but very inadequate notions of the progress in agriculture and sculpture which the aborigines of Yucatan and Guatemala had attained. But he would particularly call the attention of the Society to the *truth* and *authenticity* of the drawings of the ruins brought to light by Messrs. Stephens and Catherwood. Baron de Humboldt's great work on Mexican Antiquities was published by the illustrious author himself. A valuable addition by Mr. Nibel is of the same character. But with respect to Guatemala and Yucatan, not only more than forty places have been visited by our travellers, which, till then, were buried in oblivion, but even some of the former works on places which had been visited, were published under less favorable circumstances. The description of Palenque, by Del Rio and Dupaix, however valuable, was published long after their death, from copies more or less correct, of the rough draughts by the artists originally employed; and although the outlines are doubtless correct, the finishing and attempted restoration are less authentic.

The well-known character, skill, and experience of the eminent artist employed on this occasion, give a complete guarantee of the scrupulous fidelity of the original drawings. All the larger designs will, like the twelve specimens now exhibited, be executed by Mr. Catherwood himself, and the plates be engraved under his immediate superintendence. Another circumstance will add particular interest to this work. Mr. Catherwood is the only artist and antiquarian who has visited and studied the most celebrated ruins of the other hemisphere and those of America. Ten years of his life were diligently employed in studying and taking correct drawings of the ancient architectural monuments of Egypt, Syria, Greece, and Northern Africa. No man was better qualified to point out, in all their details, in the explanations that would accompany the plates, both the analogies and dissimilarities between these celebrated remains and those of our own world. As a work honorable to the country, and calculated to promote the interests of science, Mr. Gallatin felt that he might conscientiously recommend it to the liberal patronage of the citizens of New York, and generally, of the lovers of science throughout the United States; and he hoped that, under the auspices of this Society, it would meet with that encouragement, without which the intended publication cannot be effected.

The question was then put, and the resolutions unanimously adopted.

Professor Robinson resumed the reading of his paper on "The Druses," which Messrs. Wiley & Putnam are about publishing in the "Bibliotheca Sacra;" on the conclusion of which a vote of thanks was passed, and the Society adjourned.

ERRATA.

In the Article by O. A. Brownson, in the Number for May, on Universal History, several typographical errors occurred, among which, the reader is requested to correct the following:

Page 463,	second column,			1st line on the top,				for	precept,	read	*presence.*
"	"	"	"	8th line from bottom,				"	*dele,*	"	*it.*
"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	our,	"	*all.*
"	"	"	"	7th	"	"	"	"	heart,	"	*hearts.*
"	465,	first	"	27th	"	"	"	"	cause,	"	*change.*
"	467,	"	"	19th	"	"	"	"	discussed,	"	*dismissed.*
"	"	second	"	21st	"	"	"	"	There,	"	*Then.*
"	470,	first	"	24th	"	"	top,	"	objective,	"	*objectionable.*
"	472,	"	"	22d	"	"	bottom,	"	departed,	"	*defeated.*
"	"	second	"	10th	"	"	"	"	M. Rayor H. Collard,	"	*M. Royer Collard.*

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